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FOX CONNER, MAJOR-GENERAL, U.S.A.

HOOVER . . . . . *HON. GEORGE H. MOSES*
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THE SORROWS OF MENCKEN . . . . . *CATHERINE BEACH ELY*
FARM PRICES AND THE VALUE OF GOLD . . *PROF. JOHN R. COMMONS*
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HOW TO LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY . *REV. DR. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON*
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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD . . . . . .
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~ BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION ~

MAJOR-GENERAL FOX CONNER (*The National Defense*) is a soldier who takes stock of the armed forces of our country and the principles upon which the Nation was founded. Born in Mississippi a half century ago, the General went through the regular educational preparation for the Army at West Point, was in France during the War as a member of General Pershing's Staff, later becoming Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army of the United States; and is now doing duty in the Pacific, where he has just been assigned to the command of the Department of Hawaii.

¶ *George H. Moses* (*Hoover*), the son of a country preacher, spent his boyhood in the same town where Daniel Webster was born and reared. He followed this distinguished example at Exeter and Dartmouth, also in the United States Senate, *sub intervallo longo*. Of himself the Senator says: "My only profession has been that of a newspaper man; though I have been in politics ever since, in college, I became secretary to the Governor of New Hampshire. Meantime, I have held various State offices; have served as American Minister in the Balkan States, and am now in my third term in the Senate."

¶ *Charles H. Sherrill* (*Islands for Debts*), diplomat, lawyer, sportsman and author, has had a varied career. He has represented our Nation abroad as Minister to Argentina, was the originator of international inter-university athletic matches, has been decorated by several countries, is a member of many clubs, and has written, besides other works, an interesting series of "stained glass tours" of Spain, Flanders, Italy, *et cetera*. He has taken the lead in developing in New York University a Department of Fine Arts which is now of international scope. He will be remembered as a former contributor to this Review.

¶ *Catherine Beach Ely* (*The Sorrows of Mencken*) has a pen with paprika on its point, for she dares to say some of the things that many have been thinking in silence. Product of Illinois, college trained in Ohio, topped by residence study in Europe, Miss Ely has felt herself fully equipped to popularize art themes, publishing works concerning modern art tendencies and critical sketches, but we know that her field is broad enough to include also politics and stinging rebukes to literary *poseurs*.

¶ *John R. Commons* (*Farm Prices and the Value of Gold*) is a prophet in the Middle West whose voice should be heard country-wide on an issue now much to the fore. Born in Ohio, educated at Oberlin and Johns Hopkins, he has taught at other institutions than Wisconsin University, where he now holds the Chair of Economics. Distinguished author of many and varied publications on economics, Dr. Commons has lately specialized on the stabilization of industry and employment. In his present article he authoritatively discusses some fundamental phases of the agricultural problem, and he will complete the discussion in a second article in our next issue.

¶ *Foster Ware* (*Meet the Mayor*) is, first of all, one of those rare individuals, a native New Yorker. He contends that he knows a great deal about Mayors, having voted for a number of them in his time. Also he has served as a reporter on *The New York Times*, *The Sun*, and *The Evening Post*, likewise as a member of the staff of *Life*, and as a contributor to numerous other humorous and serious journals. On the staff of *The Evening Post* he used to take an occasional turn at Christopher Morley's column, "The Bowling Green", and also in a delightful series of stories for that newspaper, he very nearly succeeded in making Barnum's Ann Street famous

¶ *Donald C. Stockbarger* (*Ultraviolet in Modern Life*) is Assistant Professor of Physics in The Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Born in Indiana in 1895, he received the greater part of his higher education at M.I.T., and was there awarded the degree of Doctor of Science. For a number of years he has been actively engaged in studying the production, analysis, uses and characteristics of ultraviolet radiation, and has been retained as consultant, in this field, by several large

corporations. His fascinating account of what we may term invisible light and its powerful physiological effects upon mankind will prove a revelation to the majority of readers.

¶ *Charles Edward Jefferson* (*How to Live in New York*) was designed to become a lawyer, as his Ohio birth and training indicated, but he switched to theology under the influence of Phillips Brooks in Trinity Church, Boston. In that city Dr. Jefferson married and continued his ministry till the Broadway Tabernacle in New York called him. One of the first clergymen outside of Connecticut ever to be chosen as a successor of an original Fellow of the Yale Corporation, this noted preacher has lectured widely, has written extensively, and has traveled in diverse directions, Newfoundland, Alaska, Norway and Sweden, Russia, Turkey, Greece, and elsewhere.

¶ *Stewart Edward White* (*The Dead Lift*) has seen life among the lumbermen and loggers of Michigan and Canada, in the goldfields of Alaska, in the timberlands of the Sierras, as well as on the plains of Africa. Given every opportunity to study human nature as it is, and as an aftermath of the many stories he has written, Mr. White is able to express a sound philosophy which has been evolved during these busy years. As a former contributor to this REVIEW he will be pleasantly remembered.

¶ *Robert Underwood Johnson* (*The Hall of Fame*) is known as poet, editor, and diplomat. Following his editorial connection with *The Century Magazine* he was chosen Director of the Hall of Fame of New York University, for which he has many far-reaching plans toward extending its national, educational and patriotic influence. A year's leave of absence from this post enabled Dr. Johnson to fulfill the appointment of American Ambassador to Italy, made by President Wilson.

¶ *Henriette Weber* (*Silk Stockings and Sedition*) is a writer who has had an interesting career. Daughter of a noted chemist, she resolved at the mature age of five to become a professional pianist. Speedily she overcame years of preparation, finished her musical education in Berlin, directed concerts for The Art Institute of Chicago, and wrote musical criticisms for *The Evening Sun*, in addition to lecturing and writing in general on art and music. She now contributes entertainingly to our pages, depicting the foibles of fashion.

¶ *John Hunter Sedgwick* (*A Mid-Victorian Nordic*) is not himself so distant from the modern day as to be numbered among the Victorians. Till lately feature and editorial writer for *The Boston Evening Transcript*, he has also contributed "Broadcasts" to that paper, and is known for his previous articles in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Although a member of the Bar of the State of New York and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Mr. Sedgwick's literary touch is mellowed by several years of continuous residence in Europe. In his present article he interestingly connects one of the classic romances of several generations ago with one of the vital social and ethnic controversies of today.

¶ *Calvin T. Ryan* (*Why King James Still Lives*) has been called the "Copey" of the Middle West, referring to the well-known Charles Townsend Copeland, Professor of English at Harvard University. Now head of the Department of English at Iowa Wesleyan College, Mr. Ryan is himself a graduate of Harvard, and a native of the State of Maryland. His appreciation of the King James version of the Bible is peculiarly timely in view of the various new translations which have recently been issued and which are the subject of much popular and academic discussion.

¶ *Jay B. Nash* (*Athletics for Girls*) is a leader in the recreation movement of America. For several years he has been in charge of one of the best known systems of recreation in the country, working in Oakland, California, at Columbia University, and now at New York University. Professor Nash not only preaches the gospel of play, but practises it, golf and fishing being his favorite sports.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

WHETHER the excitement we get from our own age is pleasant or disagreeable is largely a matter of our own personalities and our capabilities for adjustment. Up to a certain point at least we can make it pleasurable by a conscious open-mindedness toward the New—a conscious striving toward a sympathetic attitude toward the times in which it is our good or ill fortune to live.

From coast to coast in the United States there is, for example, a new architecture coming into life. We are beginning to appreciate the possibilities of steel and concrete, and to use new media with originality; our newer buildings by forward-looking architects are less and less likely to be merely bad copies of Gothic or Classical models.

With this new architecture, which is developing abroad as well, to be sure, and nowhere with more boldness and fresh beauty than in the Scandinavian countries, is coming new decoration—witness the Frankel skyscraper furniture in New York as a striking example—and much of it serving well the twin purposes of use and beauty.

Painting and music have their share to contribute to all this; none of the arts escape the influence of its times. Honegger composes music about a great locomotive and Antheil follows with the suggestion that the noise of a factory be made into a modern symphony for the pleasure and benefit of the human beings who have to work in the clatter and din. It is always possible to shout "Rot" at all this, and return, rejoicing, to Bach, Brahms and Beethoven—and who would wish to forget them?—but is it not more interesting to see if we cannot winnow what may be good from the utter chaff of contemporary expressions of culture?

Books to Assist Us

There are a number of books in the present landscape that will prove themselves useful to this end. Some of them will exasperate the conventional-minded to the point of frenzy, I am sure, but there is, after all, small reason for apoplexy in anything of the sort. If we can only be patient, time will take excellent care of the whole matter. . . .

In France, Charles Edouard Jeanneret, whose professional name is Le Corbusier, is quite famous as an exponent of the new architecture. No sensitive soul who has ever looked out a train window at the new suburbs of Paris can doubt that France needs a new architecture; by comparison American suburbs are too beautiful for words.

M. Le Corbusier's contribution to the discussion of modern art and architecture is *Towards a New Architecture* (Payson and Clarke, $6), which comes to us in a translation and with a foreword by Frederick Etchells. The book is abundantly illustrated, many of the pictures being American. So far as the building of dwellings is concerned, M. Le Corbusier enunciates this

The Bed's Head Bookshelf

(In this place will appear each month the mention of one or more books winnowed from the thousands published in recent years—books chosen for their enduring qualities and their fitness for a place at bibliophiles' "beddes' heds.")

John Galsworthy has won a sure place in English literature as novelist, playwright and essayist. For all his honors in these divisions, there are some who prefer his short stories, in particular his long short stories, such as may be found in "Five Tales". These and many more may be had in one volume called *Caravan* and published by Scribners in 1925 at $2.50. Here are 760 pages of as good writing as may be had in contemporary literature, many tales skilfully told, and by one of the finest stylists our age has produced. This volume happens to be peculiarly suited to that last half-hour of the day when, comfortable in bed, we pause pleasantly between work and worry and the brief oblivion of sleep.

ATHLETICS *for* WOMEN

"*The Athletics for Women Series* is especially valuable at this time when there is a crusade for physical education of girls and young women. The achievement of women in world championships in long distance swimming, in tennis and golf has given them front-page prominence in the daily press. The athletics of girls are no longer amateurish exercises behind closed doors, but their swimming, their basketball and tennis games are with boys on the same plane as with other girls. They swim as well, hike as long, and play basketball as skilfully as the young men.

This means as much for character as for health, for ethics as for athletics, and *A. S. Barnes and Company of New York City are doing more to promote the ennobling of womanhood than all other publishers combined.* 'Fundamental Danish Gymnastics for Women' is one of their famous contributions to this great cause." — *Journal of Education, Boston.*

TENNIS FOR WOMEN

With Special Reference to the Training of Teachers. By LOU E. ANDERSON, Physical Education Department, University of Washington. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth. $1.60.

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OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION

In view of Professor Nash's article in this number of the REVIEW (see page 99) these books will be of interest. They form an appropriate gift.

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principle: "A house is a machine to live in." After we have recovered from the shock of this unromantic statement, we are forced to see how much truth there is in it. What I found most striking in the book, however, was a discussion of the city of the future. And small houses, built of modern materials, and designed in complete forgetfulness of tradition, are to be seen here, many of them freshly beautiful. "Out with the styles!" is the Frenchman's battle cry; he wishes to "let inner need shape outward form."

Edwin Avery Park's *New Backgrounds for a New Age* (Harcourt, Brace, $5), appeared two or three months ago, but it is a permanently valuable contribution to the subject under discussion. Mr. Park has a great deal to say on the subject of modern interiors, and there are many illustrations to make the book more interesting.

They Shock Us Less Now

One does not have to try very hard to recall the time when the names of Cézanne, Van Gogh, Picasso, Gauguin, and Picabia were signals for witty sallies and outbursts of indignation from the Traditionalists who had then learned to accept the Impressionists, who in their turn had been laughed to scorn. C. J. Bulliet, art editor of *The Chicago Daily News*, has written an admirable handbook on modern painting and sculpture, *Apples and Madonnas: Emotional Expression in Modern Art* (Pascal Covici, $3.50), with many excellent illustrations.

This is a combination of catalogue and criticism; it contains some mention of just about every figure of any consequence in the Modernist movement here and abroad, and is written for the layman. Mr. Bulliet is an enthusiast, but it is not at all necessary to accept his judgments as final in order to enjoy his appreciations.

Not so many months ago, a young American composer named George Antheil gave a concert in Carnegie Hall, of which the principal feature was a "Ballet Mechanique," scored for fourteen mechanical pianos, a sheet of tin, a fire siren, and so on. The result was an amusing evening for those who escaped permanent deafness. Ezra Pound would have understood what it was all about; at any rate, he attempts an explanation in *Antheil: A Treatise on Harmony* (Pascal Covici, $2.50). I have not yet caught up Messrs. Pound and Antheil, but this small book is not all foolish by a good deal, although one works very hard to understand it.

A Van Gogh Autobiography

The most fascinating and important documents pertaining to the Modernist movement in painting to become available recently are *The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh* (Two volumes, Houghton Mifflin, $15, illustrated). These are the letters from the Dutch painter, whose career ended in madness and suicide, to his brother, written between 1872 and 1876; there is also a memoir by the sister-in-law, J. Van Gogh Bonger. These volumes are easily among the outstanding publications of the year in their field.

Of great interest also in the field of art is a new edition of the Samuel Isham *History of American Painting* (Macmillan, $12.50). Five chapters have been added by Royal Cortissoz to this handsome volume, which was first published in 1905. It contains a dozen full-page photogravures and 41 illustrations in the text.

Two new series on American artists have just begun, "Modern American Etchers," and "Contemporary American Painters," the first published by Minton, Balch at $3.50 a volume, the second by Payson and Clarke at $7.50. Arthur Heintzelman is the subject of the first of the books on etching, and Albert Sterner of the other series. There is a biographical sketch of Mr. Sterner by Ralph Flint.

Books about New York

Two new books on New York have many interesting drawings of the city we are watching make its way upward. Will Irwin's *Highlights of Manhattan* (Century, $6), which is a particularly good-looking book, is illustrated by E. H. Suydam's delicate and yet vigorous pencil-drawings; and Stephen Graham's *New York Nights* by Kurt Wiese's striking sketches of our soaring buildings.

Mr. Irwin's book is one of great charm, useful as a Baedeker, and at the same time good to read. It is written by a man who not only knows his New York from the

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BOSTON ATLANTA NEW YORK CHICAGO CHARLOTTE . SPARTANBURG

Battery to the Bronx, but who loves it and understands it; who knows its past legend as well as its present history. I think on the whole those of us who live on Manhattan need such books more than any one else. Your visitor sees the city, your resident rarely strays off a well-beaten path, and if he does, he usually has to ask a policeman how to get home.

Mr. Graham's book is the account of nocturnal explorations in Gotham. It tells the story of what the city's night-life, the life of cabarets, night clubs, speak-easies, of Texas Guinans and other more or less well-known ladies. This volume, too, has its appeal for the resident of New York who has to work for his living and cannot, therefore, sit up all night or pay $25 a bottle for cider with carbonic acid gas in it, and a champagne label on it. Out-of-towners will rejoice in the revelation that New York is, after all, a very wicked city, and therefore a delightful place to visit.

There is another "picture-book" that deserves a mention. It is called *Romantic America* and is made up of 305 full-page photographs taken in all parts of the United States by E. O. Hoppé, and reproduced in rotogravure in Germany (B. Westerman, $7.50). It is a liberal education in Americanism to study these pictures, the subjects for which have been chosen with admirable intelligence. They make a truly amazing panorama of a country so large and so varied in its interest and beauty that not even its own inhabitants can lay hold of it.

Prince von Bismarck Arrives

Month after month it is almost imperative for a reviewer to announce that the field of biography is unfailing in its richness. This has been an especially good year for biography—perhaps I have said the same thing of the past four or five years, and if so, it was true each time I said it. At the moment, the German Emil Ludwig, whose *Napoleon*, published early this year, is still selling rapidly, occupies the center of the biographical stage, with Otto von Bismarck standing beside him.

For Herr Ludwig has not only done a full-length study of the Iron Chancellor in *Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter* (Little, Brown, $5), but he offers a brief study of the same worthy in a volume of biographical essays called *Genius and Character* (Harcourt, Brace, $5) and a trilogy of plays, *Bismarck: The Trilogy of a Fighter* (Putnam, $3.75). The plays are "King and People: 1862–64," "Union: 1870," and "Dismissal: 1890." The plays follow the Bismarck memoirs closely and are historically accurate.

The Bismarck biography seems to me the most considerable of Herr Ludwig's books to reach America. His *Napoleon* is a finely romantic piece of novelized biography, but it takes no genius to make Napoleon fascinating. It is perhaps too much to say that Herr Ludwig has made the founder of the German Empire exactly fascinating, but certainly he has taken one of the least attractive personalities in modern history and made it understandable and interesting.

His *Bismarck* is long and detailed, but it is history as well as biography, and exceedingly well done. The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul, and while I have heard some criticism of it from German scholars, it reads with all the smoothness and grace any one could ask.

A Life of Francis Joseph

Of first importance in somewhat this same field is Eugene Bagger's full-length study of *Francis Joseph: Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary: 1848–1916* (Putnam, $5). It was no simple task to strip away the myths that have come to cluster about the ruler of the Austrian empire through so many long and troubled years, but Mr. Bagger has carried out the task admirably, allowing us to see the real personality of the Emperor. There is an ample historical background for this portrait, and much, naturally, of interest to those who are interested in the underlying causes of the World War.

The second volume of Sir Sidney Lee's already famous *King Edward VII: A Biography* is now available (Macmillan, $8 a volume), covering "The Reign," which lay between the years 1901 and 1910. The first volume is sub-titled "From Birth to Accession." This biography is handsomely done, lavishly illustrated, and well-written. The first volume won it a place among the

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books of our times in its particular field that are certain to endure.

Two other important biographies of political figures are Anna Bowman Dodd's *Talleyrand* (Putnam, $5) a full-length biography cut according to the old pattern, but well and soundly done, and a new edition of Hilaire Belloc's brilliant study of *Robespierre* (Putnam, $5). The Belloc book was written a matter of thirty years ago, but Mr. Belloc has not found it necessary to make any important changes. In the years that have elapsed since its first appearance it has made many ardent admirers, and will doubtless be welcomed heartily in its new format, which is an attractive one.

A Fine Shelley Biography

The outstanding biography of a literary figure to be published recently is undoubtedly Professor Walter Edwin Peck's *Shelley: His Life and Work* (two volumes, Houghton Mifflin, $12.50). There are many lives of Shelley, and many critical studies of his poetry and prose, but this is a real contribution, a scholarly biography which must take its place at once as an indispensable source-book for all future biographies of the poet.

There are innumerable footnotes and half the second volume is devoted to appendices; "Interchapters" take care of the writings of the poet in their correct chronological positions. As a book to read, such a biography has certain obvious objections, but there are fine passages in this "Shelley." For reference, it is invaluable.

Two biographies of George Sand have made their appearance this season, both of them by women. The abundance of biographical material available for these studies makes it possible for both to be significant and interesting and not to cover the same ground in the same manner. I shall not attempt to choose between them; each has its merits.

One is Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn's *The Seven Strings of the Lyre: The Romantic Life of George Sand* (Houghton Mifflin, $4), the other, Marie Jenney Howe's *George Sand: The Search for Love* (John Day, $5), a biography in story-form, with considerable emphasis laid upon the fight for feminine freedom. Madame Kalénine's final volume of the *Journal Intîme*, published as late as last year, brought forth much new material for biographers of George Sand. Miss Schermerhorn's "Seven Strings" are, of course the seven principal lovers. Both these are rich books and should help an age peculiarly capable of understanding a woman born out of her time to appreciate fully her conflict with the conventions.

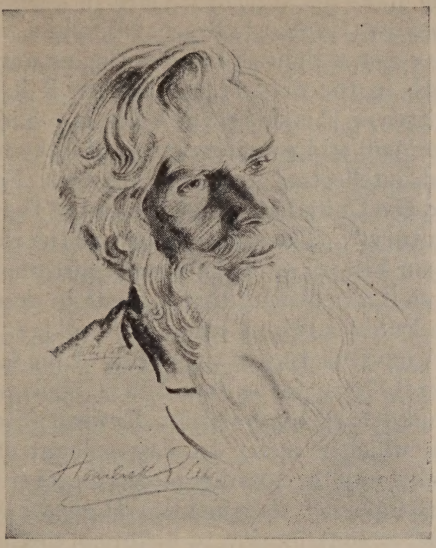
Stormy Weather Ahead!

First- and cable-page news of the times gives unusual topical value to a recent book on the subject of Imperialism. This is *The White Man's Dilemma: A Study of the Climax of the Age of Imperialism* (John Day, $2.50). Mr. Peffer agrees in the main with Upton Close's *Asia in Revolt* of a few months ago; his thesis is that the time has come when the white man cannot hold his millions of acres of conquered territory without fighting for it. Subject races, he declares, are either in open revolt or restless and anxious, in China, Abyssinia, Egypt, Hayti, Nicaragua, and so on.

It will be observed that certain American sore sports are included in this picture of world-affairs. Mr. Peffer finds the United States thoroughly imperialistic, the modern conquistadores of banking and industry proving themselves quite as capable and thorough as the older men of steel and blood. He has a good deal to say about Nicaragua and also about recent events in the Philippines, very little of it calculated to make the liberals of the land rejoice.

So far as Nicaragua is concerned, Henry L. Stimson's *American Policy in Nicaragua* (Scribners, $1.25) is a complete explanation of the Administration's acts in that country. Mr. Stimson, an ex-Secretary of War, was sent to Nicaragua to make a thorough investigation of the occupation of the country, and his report is one which finds events proceeding satisfactorily. It is a defense, which spares no pains to show that the steps taken by the American Government have been amply justified and will work for the good of both countries concerned.

Another world sore spot is Persia, which happens to be at a place on the globe where the currents of British and Russian influence cross. This is not a comfortable position



HAVELOCK ELLIS

writes of

MARRIAGE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

IN THE January FORUM, Havelock Ellis, most eminent of authorities on the psychology of sex, tells how he would humanize a basic institution. His article will be regarded by some, inevitably, as revolutionary, but by all as creative of a broader and more sympathetic conception of the "holy state."

OTHER ARTICLES OF NOTE

DOES ADVERTISING PAY THE PUBLIC? — *A Debate*
Stuart Chase vs. Roy S. Durstine
WISER DAUGHTERS — Warwick Deeping
THE CITIZENSHIP OF THE POPE — Gino Speranza
THE CHILD JESUS OF PRAGUE — Paul Claudel
DO WE NEED REGIONAL GOVERNMENT? — William Bennett Munro
THE MODERN CURRENT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE — Paul Elmer More
ARE HEROES HEROES? — Fitzhugh Green
THE AMERICAN CREDO — Agnes Repplier
DISRAELI—PART IV — André Maurois

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for a small country, and recent events have proved that the hard work done of late years by the Persians to rehabilitate their country may be set at naught at any time by international jealousies. *The New Persia* by Vincent Sheean (Century, $2.50) goes thoroughly into these matters and reveals a state of affairs that accords very well with the point of view of Mr. Peffer.

For years, the Black Christian kingdom of Abyssinia has resisted with force and success the threats of the larger nations to put it under subjection. Adowa is a name Italy will not soon forget, but there are certain straws in present diplomatic winds that make the future dark for another small country. The Chamberlain-Mussolini entente bodes no good for the land where Menelik ruled so long. James E. Baum's *Savage Abyssinnia* (Sears, $5), is less concerned with these matters than with the people and flora and fauna, but it is just as well to know as much as we can about the scene of prospective world-events in advance. Mr. Baum was with the Field Museum expedition in Abyssinia, and writes as an expert naturalist, but without forgetting the romance, adventure, color and strangeness of a strange land. Its leading personalities, from Ras Tafari down, are skilfully sketched.

Mark Sullivan, Historian

By all odds the most entertaining book about America I have read for months is the second volume of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*. This one is called *America Finding Herself* (Scribners, $5). The first volume, it will be recalled, was *The Turn of the Century*. *America Finding Herself* takes up the story after the turn of the century, but in order to cover our own generation thoroughly, Mr. Sullivan has to go extensively into the formative years of the leaders of our day. The result is a perfectly delightful stringing together of all kinds of facts, important and unimportant; I suspect the deeper and more lasting result is a thoroughly sound history of this country during the period covered. Mr. Sullivan's journalism is a novel and informal way of writing history; certainly it is fascinating and as I have suggested, I believe it is a good deal more than that.

Of prime interest to the more serious students of American history is Bernard Fäy's *The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America* (Harcourt, Brace, $5), which would have won a Pulitzer Prize as the outstanding work in the field of our history if it been written on this side of the Atlantic. This is a thorough and complete study of "the moral and intellectual relations between France and the United States at the end of the 18th Century." The subject is one of the richest in our history, and the French historian has given it a treatment that more than deserves the Pulitzer Prize Committee's eulogy.

A novel picture of the events of the fateful year 1776 is to be found in a book called simply, *1776* by Jonathan Rawson (Stokes, $3), which is a day by day account of the twelve-month, carefully pieced together from contemporary documents. Here we have another contribution to historical method.

The Russia of Rasputin

By an odd and striking coincidence a number of books have appeared recently on that curious period of Russian history immediately preceding the Revolution, when the dominance of the ex-horse thief, Rasputin, gave a perfect Middle Age flavor to the Court of Nicholas II. One of the most dramatic of these books is *Rasputin* and is by Prince Youssoupoff (Lincoln Mac Veagh—The Dial Press, $5). It was this youthful Prince who killed Rasputin after inviting him to his Palace with the promise that the *starets* would have the opportunity of meeting the Prince's young and beautiful wife.

The story of the night of Rasputin's death is grippingly dramatic; the rest of the book is merely a childish setting forth of the viewpoint of aristocratic Russia, and is worthless except, perhaps, as a perfect picture of the eternal Bourbon. The Prince would have us believe that it was Rasputin alone who brought about the Revolution, and that before the War Russia was a perfectly delightful country to live in, which it doubtless was . . . for the nobility.

A solider book of more durable quality is *The Reign of Rasputin* by M. V. Rodzianko, ex-President of the Imperial Russian Duma (Stokes, $4). Rodzianko was a stout-hearted old Tory patriot, who, while suffer-

ing under certain definite limitations, was a man of strength and courage, and who did what he could in an impossible situation. His account of the times is a record of his own hopeless failure to cope with the demoniac power of Rasputin and the bursting forth of other dammed-up forces all over Russia.

Another book that covers the same period from a different angle is *The Tragic Bride: The Story of the Empress Alexandra of Russia* by V. Poliakoff (Augur) (Appleton, $3), which is the human side of the Czarina's tragedy, a fair setting forth of the difficulties of a stranger in a strange land, who was so painfully long in giving the Czar the needed heir, and who eventually fell under the evil spell of Rasputin because she thought the Holy Man would help the health of the pathetic little Czarevitch.

The Russian story is carried into its following chapter by Alexander F. Kerensky in *The Catastrophe* (Appleton, $3), in which the leader upon whom the world pinned its hopes for a short time tells what he tried to do to save his country from Bolshevism and why he failed. Another Russian book which is not political or historical in its nature, but which is curiously revelatory of so much that is puzzling in Russian character is *Solitaria* by V. V. Rozanov (Boni and Liveright, $4). This odd book contains matter from *The Apocalypse of Our Time* and also has an account of the author's life by E. Gollenbach. Rozanov has been called the greatest Russian writer of our times; certainly there is no figure any more fascinating. *Solitaria* is made up of many brief quotations from the pen of Rozanov on the greatest variety of subjects, and the biographical sketch is a good one.

To Europe on a Little Money

One of the significant movements of our day is the great annual rush to Europe by people of relatively moderate means, some who go abroad for serious purposes, others merely for a holiday. Not so many years ago, it was at least mildly *declassé* to travel anywhere else on steamers than first-class, but this has all been changed. So-called "tourist accommodations" in remodeled steerages or second-class offer at present all the comfort and convenience any one could wish, and a great many people of wealth travel "tourist" to avoid other people of wealth who travel first-class.

Mary Lena Wilson tells the story in *Ladies Third* (Duffield, $2.50) which is an account of six weeks in Europe on $600. It is a good guide book for such a tour, with a lot of practical information, and written in a colloquial style that makes it painless reading. Any one contemplating such a journey could hardly make a better investment, and if I may be just a bit personal, I know from experience that Miss Wilson has figured accurately. Her allowances are on the generous side, if anything.

A number of other travel books have made their appearance in recent weeks, one of the notable ones being Sisley Huddleston's *In and About Paris* (Doran, $3.50), with sixteen delightful illustrations by Hanslip Fletcher in collotype. This book may be enjoyed whether you know your way to the little Gothic church of St. Pierre atop the Butte de Montmartre or not. The writing is charming and Mr. Huddleston knows Paris from years of residence.

Dragon Lizards of Komodo by W. Douglas Burden (Putnam, $3.50) tells the story of a famous expedition in search of the lizards which had their pictures on all the newspaper front pages only a short time ago. The book is subtitled: "An Expedition to a Lost World," and as the dragon-lizards are the last survivors of a once flourishing race of prehistoric monsters, the designation is justified. There are many illustrations from photographs.

Through Little-Known Asia

New Journeys in Old Asia by Helen Churchill Candee, illustrated by Lucille Douglas, (Stokes, $4) takes us through Indo-China, Siam, Java, and other countries in that quarter of the globe, where there are ruined temples like nothing else wrought by the hand of man, and a richly colorful existence besides. *Beyond the Bund* by Philip Kerby (Payson and Clarke, $2.50) is a collection of sketches of Chinese life in Shanghai, the everyday life of street and marketplace.

Two of the new travel books are about Italy, H. Warner Allen's *Italy from End to*

End (Dodd, Mead, $4) which is a useful guidebook and a charming account of many of the things to be seen from the Swiss border to the heel of the boot; Katharine Hooker's *Through the Heel of Italy* (Henkle, $5) is a handsomely made book about one small, but, of course, exceedingly picturesque bit of the country, written by an experienced traveler and illustrated with well-chosen photographs.

Harry L. Foster writes of Samoa and the Tongas, and the remote mountains of the Fijis in *A Vagabond in Fiji* (Dodd, Mead, $3), which is full of adventure in a romantic land coming to be visited more and more by tourists, but not tourists who care to go very far inland.

Some Holiday Volumes

At this season of the year there are always innumerable books of more or less holiday appearance, some of them all dressed up for Christmas and of little use thereafter, but others of a durable beauty. For example, John Day has published a new edition of *Salammbo* with illustrations by Mahlon Blaine, who did the illustrations for *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* last year. It is $5 boxed, and is a fine piece of bookmaking, in addition to the interest the excellent Blaine illustrations have.

Wilfred Jones has done lovely woodcuts for a limited edition of Edgar Jepson's curious *The Horned Shepherd*, published by Macy-Masius, also at $5, the type handset, and the paper of high quality. Only 2000 copies of this limited edition were printed, but I believe there will be another as the combination of the text and the woodcuts seems likely to prove irresistible to buyers of beautiful books.

Wilfred Jones is also responsible for the decorations and illustrations of a new edition of E. W. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town*, now securely established as a classic of American literature. Dodd, Mead are the publishers and the price is $3.50.

Another particularly charming book is Esther Singleton's *Dolls* (Payson and Clarke, $7.50), with many illustrations, which in themselves make up not only a history of dolls, but a history of costume. This book is boxed, the jacket gay, and Miss Singleton has made her history one that any reader can enjoy, no matter how remote he or she may imagine the general subject to be.

New Books of Humor

While we are in this holiday mood, we might have a glance at that part of the landscape which is covered by the agreeable word humor. An event in this field was the recent publication of a book of Don Marquis's *archy and mehitabel* (Doubleday, Page, $2), the material for which originally appeared, as so many of us well remember, in Mr. Marquis's columns in *The Sun* and *The Tribune*. It takes something approaching genius to make a cockroach and an alley cat understandable and sympathetic characters, and that is what Mr. Marquis has done with the literary bug, archy, and his friend, mehitabel, whose motto is "toujours gai" and who is forever the lady, no matter how undignified, and even immoral, her conduct may appear at times.

Dialect humor, I have found, appeals very much, or not at all. There are many of us who enjoy Milt Gross, and many others who cannot see his talent. If you like Mr. Gross, you will enjoy his latest parody, *De Night in de Front From Chreesmas* (Doran, $1), which he has illustrated in his own inimitable manner. To me this is a very funny book, but I make no sweeping recommendations. . . .

A light-hearted piece of writing is *Confessions of an Author's Wife* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), the anonymous account of what it means to be married to a writer. The reader is privileged to try to identify the *menage* described, but it is not too easy, even if it were altogether polite. More wives than author's wives will enjoy this amusing book.

Those who have followed J. Storer Clouston's charming Lunatic through several highly diverting volumes will find *The Lunatic in Love* (Dutton, $2) well worth reading. I think this series is the best of its kind now running; it has ample elements of mystery and suspense, and the humor of situation is not strained or affected.

Half a Loaf by Franklin P. Adams (Doubleday, Page, $2) is a collection of pieces from Mr. Adams's column in *The World*, The Conning Tower.

Novels For Entertainment

From these humorous books to novels of the lighter sort that neither pose nor offer to solve any of the deeper, darker questions of life, is an easy step, and the current lists offer a good choice. The costume novel, "cloak and sword," never loses its popularity; a choice recent example is *The Gentleman in Armor* by Robert J. Casey (Sears, $2), which tells the story of René de Bar, Duke of Lorraine, and King of Naples and Jerusalem, the friend of Jeanne d'Arc.

The Black Bull by H. Bedford Jones (Putnam, $2) is a rousing yarn of Venice in the days of the Borgias, by the author of another good historical novel, *Rodomont*. Ellis Middleton's *The King's Pleasure* (Lincoln Mac Veagh—The Dial Press, $2) is a story of Maryland and England in the days of Charles II, with Nell Gwynn playing an important part. *On the King's Couch* by Octave Aubrey (Boni and Liveright, $2.50) has Casanova for its principal, and is a lighthearted, witty, agreeably *risqué* piece of entertainment.

Alas, Poor Yorick by Alfred H. Bill (Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown, $2.50) is another diverting book, the subject being three fictitious adventures concerning that eminent parson, Lawrence Sterne. This is high comedy, and Mr. Bill has done the trick very neatly. From the French comes another light bit, *The Gay Dreamers* by Roger Devigne (Stokes, $2), which concerns the lives of five ancient toy vendors of Paris, and has a joyously fantastic quality, well preserved in the translation by Frederick Taber Cooper.

A Bradford Psychograph

After that journey into one of the pleasure-gardens of the landscape, let us turn our eyes toward some of the more sober features of the literary outlook once more. There are several biographies that remain to be mentioned, not the least important Gamaliel Bradford's splendid *D. L. Moody: A Worker in Souls* (Doran, $3.50), which is a thoroughly interesting psychograph of a famous preacher.

Henshaw Ward is one of the clearest and most understandable writers of our day on the subject of evolution, and it is therefore perfectly natural that he should have done an admirable biography of the Father of Evolution. His *Charles Darwin: The Man and His Warfare* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5) will, I believe, take its place well toward the top of studies of the English scientist, who has had as great an influence upon our age as any other man, and perhaps the greatest influence of any other man. Mr. Ward's book is documented and illustrated, useful alike to scholar and the ordinary seeker after enlightenment.

I do not know whether what is properly a monograph may be included with biographies or not, but any rate I should like to say that one of the most interesting books I have read lately was *Imhotep: The Vizier and Physician of King Zoser and Afterwards the Egyptian God of Medicine* by Jamieson B. Hurry (Oxford University Press: American Branch, $2.50). The tomb of King Zoser has been unearthed only recently. Imhotep should have had all the credit that has been given for so long to Aescalapius; he was a great physician, a great magician, and a great man. That he should have become a god in time is not at all surprising, and the process by which he made his way from earth to heaven is worth following.

Thoreau as Naturalist

J. Brooks Atkinson's *Thoreau: The Cosmic Yankee* (Knopf, $2.50) is more nearly essay than biography, although there is a brief biographical sketch in it. Mr. Atkinson who wrote in a recent number of The North American Review on the theatre, is a naturalist of parts who knows the Thoreau country as few have known it since Henry David passed on. It is as a naturalist that he writes of Thoreau, paying scant and disrespectful attention to Thoreau as a social philosopher. I think this tends to make his study lopsided, but it is lopsided in the most agreeable direction, and it is written with passion and understanding.

Odell Shepard has just published *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), a book one naturally mentions along with Mr. Atkinson's. It is an excellent piece of editing and makes available the cream of the rich journals which not even the most ardent

of the admirers of the man can find time to study in their original form.

The Woman Question

John Langdon-Davies, rushing in where older men might fear to tread, has tackled the question of women in a provocative book called *The Short History of Women* (Viking Press, $3). The emphasis is upon the sexual aspects of the matter, Mr. Langdon-Davies being quite unsentimental and hardboiled about what is a troublesome business at best —at least in civilized countries.

This author owes a good deal to Gibbon and to Westermarck and perhaps to Crawley; so does nearly every one else who sets out to write on questions of morals and anthropology, I suppose. But I am not sure Mr. Langdon-Davies has digested all his material, as there seem to be occasional contradictions in his book and an occasional lack of clarity in his thinking. Be those things as they may, his book is highly readable, and if it was designed to stir up a rumpus, it has already succeeded perfectly.

Readers who care to pursue this particular subject any farther will find Alice Ames Winter's *The Heritage of Women* (Minton, Balch, $3) a compendium of information on the outstanding women of the ages, with a background for each lightly sketched in. Mrs. Winter writes with an easy flow of thought that makes for comfortable reading; her book seems to me relatively unimportant, but quite entertaining.

Minton, Balch have also issued in a handsome new edition the Brothers Goncourt's *The Woman of the 18th Century* ($5), subtitled: "The Woman of France, Her Life from Birth to Death, Her Love and Her Philosophy in the Worlds of Salon, Shop and Street," which should be sufficient description of a book that is already a classic.

Burns Mantle's "Best Plays"

One indispensable book for the drama shelf is Burns Mantle's annual of the best plays. *The Best Plays of 1926–27 and the Year-Book of the Drama* (Dodd, Mead, $3) is now available. The first of these volumes appeared in 1920. An unusually fine book on *The Theatre* is by Stark Young in the Doran "Modern Readers' Bookshelf" series. The price is $1.50, and the last two chapters alone are worth the money. Incidentally, Mr. Young has translated Machiavelli's comedy *Mandragola* for Macaulay, making an Italian classic available in English for the first time. The play is published, with the Lord Macaulay essay on Machiavelli, at $2.50.

Two recent books on aviation deserve a word. One is Lowell Thomas's *European Skyways* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), which tells the story of flying from the start to the present and explains how to get about Europe by airplane. Mr. Thomas has traveled a matter of 25,000 miles by air. The other is *The Zeppelins* by Captain Ernest Lehmann and Howard Mingos (Sears, $4) with seventy-five illustrations. Captain Lehmann is a naval architect at the Zeppelin works, and writes vividly of the part the great dirigibles played in the World War, as well as of their future.

The More Serious Fiction

The more serious novels I have left to the last for no especial reason. Elizabeth Madox Roberts's *My Heart and My Flesh* (Viking, $2.50) is a worthy successor to Miss Roberts's *The Time of Man*, a different sort of book in *milieu* and in the writing, but exhibiting great power and establishing Miss Roberts securely as one of the best of the newer novelists now writing English. The new book deals with an aristocratic Southern family, where *The Time of Man* dealt with the poor white. Perhaps the second book is not so rounded and so nearly perfect a piece of work as the first, but there is not sufficient let-down to discourage those who prophesied great things of Miss Roberts when they read her first book.

The most recent prize novel, *Rebellion* by Mateel Howe Farnham (Dodd, Mead, $2), which won for its author $10,000 from *The Pictorial Review* and its publishers, is a distinct disappointment. It purports to portray the struggle between an independent daughter and a sternly tyrannical father, but Mrs. Farnham has begged the question by a number of clumsy evasions, resorting to such worn tricks as lost papers concealing a family scandal, which are found, as the saying goes, in the nick of time. The book is not well constructed, and the prose is sadly

lacking in any distinguished quality. Its selection does not speak well for the other fifteen hundred manuscripts from which it was chosen.

Horace Walpole's *Jeremy at Crale* is now available in book form (Doran, $2.50) and the "Jeremy" fans will welcome it. It shows their hero in school as a football star, and is an agreeable book to read.

Kathleen Coyle Pushes On

Kathleen Coyle, who was introduced to the American reading public with *The Widow's House* three or four years ago, and who won a *succes d'estime* at once, is strengthening her position with critics and public as her novels continue to appear in this country. *Shule Agra* was published this spring, and now *It is Better to Tell* (Dutton, $2.50) is available, the story of an unmarried mother and her children. Miss Coyle writes exquisite prose.

It is not often that a novel by Ben Ames Williams reaches the public in book-form first, as Mr. Williams is highly popular with magazine editors. But his latest, *Splendor* (Dutton, $2.50) has not appeared elsewhere. It is a newspaper story, a long novel of more than five hundred pages.

One faces no simple task, I realize in attempting to convince the American public that there is anything really interesting about the national sport of Spain. But there is a good deal more to bull-fighting than its rather obvious cruelty to the horses, which is the part that offends us Anglo-Saxons. The mystical element in the sport is what gives it real significance, and it is not possible to reach a full understanding of Spanish character without delving at least a little into the origin and meaning of the killing of the bull.

As a simple, easy-to-read explanation of this part of bull-fighting, I recommend heartily *The Bullfighters* by Henry de Montherlant (Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press, $2.50), a novel which is otherwise interesting. M. de Montherlant is a Frenchman who has fought bulls in Provence and in Spain, and who understands what the game is all about. The first part of the book is not especially exciting, but it grows steadily in interest, and ends with a thrilling account of a battle with a "criminal," a wicked bull which refused to give up his life easily despite the religious and deeply personal meaning of his death to the youthful *torero* who plunged the sword into him.

A Novel of New England

Herbert Gorman, poet, critic and novelist, has written about his native New England in *The Place Called Dagon* (Doran, $2.50), which is the story of a community where secret rites are held, and which is a mystery novel in a sense, but in a deeper sense an exhibition of the spirit that hanged witches at Salem as a shaping force in human lives. There was something of this in Mr. Gorman's earlier *Gold by Gold*, written under the influence of Joyce, and a skilful use of the Joycean technique, but the new book is a far better novel than its predecessor.

Not very many of the newer Russian writers are known to us, and this adds interest to the publication of a strange story with an autobiographical basis, *The City of Bread* by Alexander Neweroff (Doran, $2.50). Neweroff died in 1923 at the age of thirty-seven. His book tells the story of a journey to Tashkent, the "City of Bread" in search for supplies after he had seen three of his children starve to death. Naturally, this is a grim, stark story, but it is sincerely and vigorously done.

Two years ago or so, a re-telling of the Tristan and Iseult legend caught the fancy of the French critics, and well it might have, for Joseph Bedier's *Tristan and Iseult* (Albert and Charles Boni, $2) is a beautiful book. The translation is by Hilaire Belloc, and in plan and in the quality of its prose, the story is worthy of a great and ever-moving legend.

Selma Lagerlöf's new novel, *Charlotte Löwensköld* (Doubleday, Page, $2.50) is especially interesting because it is a novel of modern Sweden, and its gay social life. The plot turns about the conflict in the heroine's life caused by the fact that her hand is sought by an aristocrat and a business man. Miss Lagerlöf has handled here a modern theme with the skill and interest that one associates with her stories of other days, and the world has already amply recognized her genius in painting genuine pictures of Swedish life.

The Long Short Story

Lovers of the short story will find a new anthology interesting. It is *A Book of Long Short Stories by Eminent Authors* selected and edited by Arthur Nethercot (Macmillan, $3.50). The range is from Thackeray to Dreiser and the selection is a good one. Someone should take a day off and give this form a satisfactory name, for "long short story" is inevitably awkward and brings us to say "short short story." Any long story is a long story, but not every long story is a long short story, so we are denied the simplest characterization. Thus far, however, the form has not had its limitations defined by any theorizing critic, and it can do without a good name if it can also avoid being told that it must be thus and so, as the short story used to be told, much to its detriment.

Willard Huntington Wright has made a choice of *Great Detective Stories* (Scribners, $2.50) designed to show the evolution of the detective story, and incidentally, to furnish entertainment, which it does satisfactorily. There are seventeen tales and a good introduction, and the range is from "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" to H. C. Bailey's "The Letter Box".

Edward J. O'Brien's yearly anthology, *The Best British Short Stories* is now out for 1927 (Dodd, Mead, $2.50). There are twenty-seven stories, including the Irish Supplement, and the selection is a good one, as usual.

Horse-lovers will find pleasure in *Hosses: A Collection of the Best Stories About Them* compiled by Charles Wright Gray (Holt, $2.50); there are seventeen stories in this collection, three or four of them at least being of the sort that could not be kept out of any collection of yarns about horses, and the rest fair to excellent.

The second volume of the two-volume *History of English Literature*, by the Frenchmen, Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, is now available from Macmillan. It covers the period between 1660 and 1914 and was written by M. Cazamian. The price is $5, and the book a splendid one except that the type is so small as to make it worth anyone's eyesight to try to read it and the paper of a poor quality. A book of this importance deserves better treatment at the hands of its publishers.

What "reader-interest" has had to do with directing the currents in English literature is engagingly told in *The Shaping of English Literature: And the Reader's Share in the Development of Its Forms*, by Amy Cruse (Crowell, $3.50). The author tells the whole story from scop and gleeman to modern children's books; she has written a highly readable and scholarly book, and from a fresh point of view.

From the New Books

Following are some tid-bits from a number of the current books, some of them gay, some whimsical, and some a bit serious, if one may speak of tid-bits as serious.

"I do not think I have ever seen an American expatriate drunk in Paris"—Ford Madox Ford in *New York is Not America.*

(Perhaps it should be explained that Mr. Ford's eyesight is good, and lives in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, very near the corner of the Boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail. *Editor's note*)

"An apple by Paul Cézanne is of more consequence artistically than the head of a Madonna by Raphael"—C. J. Bulliet in *Apples and Madonnas.*

"A novel is a fiction in prose of a certain extent—" Abel Chevally, as quoted by E. M. Forster in *Aspects of the Novel.* Mr. Forster fixes the "certain extent" as from 50,000 words up.

"Human beings are interested in fooling one another most of the time"—Henry de Montherlant in *The Bullfighters.*

"Fear, sanchopanchesque fear, alone, inspires the cult and worship of steam and electricity, makes us fall on our knees and cry mercy before the monstrous giants of mechanics and chemistry"—Miguel de Unamuno in *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho Expounded with Comment.*

"Most of Thoreau's unhappiness and uneasiness came from the human rather than the natural elements of life"—J. Brooks Atkinson in *Thoreau: The Cosmic Yankee.*

"Private profits cannot be made the basis of a privileged public position. The freedom

of the press is not guaranteed on the ground that the press is a going, dividend-paying business"—Silas Bent in *Ballyhoo: The Voice of the Press.*

"It is a curious fact, of which I can think of no satisfactory explanation, that enthusiasm for country life and love of natural scenery are strongest and most widely diffused precisely in those European countries which have the worst climate and where the search for the picturesque involves the greatest discomfort"—Aldous Huxley in *Essays Old and New.*

"The discoveries of science and their application to economic processes gave the Occident range and command of weapons that made conquest of the rest of the world possible. Industrialization gave it needs that made the conquest essential if not inevitable"— Nathaniel Peffer in *The White Man's Dilemma: A Study of the Climax of the Age of Imperialism.*

"In extant books on the interaction between Christianity and paganism it is not sufficiently emphasized that devout pagans believed in their doctrine of the deification of pre-eminent men, and specifically the pagans of the imperial era in the godhead of their Emperor quite as earnestly and tenaciously as any Christians ever believed their dogma of the Incarnation"—Edward Lucas White in *Why Rome Fell.*

"It is immoral to be afraid of reality; to distrust the truth is ultimate infidelity; intolerance is the ultimate cowardice"—Judge Ben B. Lindsey in *The Companionate Marriage.*

"Americans have never known how to resist a man who could talk like a pirate and act like a Presbyterian, and Jackson could do both to a perfection not approached by any of his successors until the days of Theodore Roosevelt"—Gerald W. Johnson in *Andrew Jackson: An Epic in Homespun.*

"If one considers the civilizations of France and England as the center of the Occidental world of the eighteenth century, it may be said that about 1770 this world was undergoing a religious and sentimental crisis that was impelling nations toward a moral and political ideal differing from the one that was still officially accepted"—Bernard Fäy in *The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America.*

"'You remember, I said life was a tragedy. As soon as we have learned, the thing that taught us dies—and just because we learned, we grow fond of whatever taught us. That's why it seems as though the things we are fond of always die.'" (Lilith speaking)—John Erskine in *Adam and Eve.*

"Time changes the very shape of things and genius must be worshipped. But first it must be dead"—Manuel Komroff in *Juggler's Kiss.*

Other Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Horace Walpole. By *Dorothy M. Stuart.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Here we find Walpole the indifferent poet, and the prolific writer of excellent letters.

Viscount Leverholme. By his *Son.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

An extraordinary story of an unusual man, who was the builder of a vast industrial concern.

My Eighty Years. By *Charles F. Dole.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

Besides being the record of a man whose life was devoted to the furtherance of religion and learning, this book is a splendid picture of New England during the period when faith was a mightier force than reason.

Julius Caesar. By *Victor Thaddeus.* New York: Brentano's. $5.00.

A moving and extremely readable story of the great proconsul and the grandeur that was Rome.

Lord Northcliffe. By *R. Macnair Wilson.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.00.

The life story of the great newspaper man who only wished to have his life last until the World War was won.

Up From the City Streets. By *Norman Hapgood* and *Henry Moskowitz.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

This is the story of Alfred E. Smith, dependable and authoritative.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Three Plays for Three Players. By *Charles Rann Kennedy.* Chicago: The Chicago University Press. $2.50.

These plays, modern in form but founded on classic tradition, were written for Edith Wynne Mathison, Margaret Gage, and Charles Rann Kennedy.

Escape. By *John Galsworthy.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

This is an episodic play in a prologue and two parts depicting the motif: "It's one's decent self one can't escape."

Music: Classical, Romantic and Modern. By *Eaglefield Hull.* E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

This is an outline of music, from the sublimities of Palestrina and Bach, through the romantic period which

brought forth "music fertilized by literature", to the slashing cacophanies of the ultra-moderns.

From Grieg to Brahms. By *Daniel Gregory Mason.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

These are stimulating studies of modern composers which are now brought out in a new edition.

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

Standing Room Only? By *Edward Alsworth Ross.* New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

With science rapidly overcoming the famine, plagues and death-dealing diseases of the world, and the present rate of increase, the question is raised as to what will be in another century the pressure of population.

Why Stop Learning? By *Dorothy Canfield Fisher.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

Universal literacy is by no means the equivalent of universal education. This book is about the new stretch of road leading towards an educated citizenry.

Rudiments of Economics. By *William W. Hewett.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.75.

This book expresses in brief, simple form the real spirit of economic science without dodging the more fundamental of economic principles.

Industry's Coming of Age. By *Rexford Guy Tugwell.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

The most startling development in industry since the end of the eighteenth century is now reaching a culmination.

Man's Quest for Social Guidance. By *Howard W. Odum.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

The major problems which face man in the struggle for better social guidance are introduced and analyzed with penetrating insight, and each problem is discussed synthetically in the light of sociological research.

FICTION

The Man Who Conquered Death. By *Franz Werfel.* New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

A depressing but powerful story of poverty and old age in Vienna after the War.

Venture's End. By *Karin Michaelis.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

The heroine tried to get along without marriage while accepting all that success and motherhood could offer, but found out her mistake before the book closes.

Conflict. By *Olive Higgins Prouty.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

This is the story of the incessant struggle between conscience and desire in a woman with strong emotions and high ideals.

Beau Geste. By *Percival Christopher Wren.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.

This is a presentation edition, with illustrations by Helen McKie, of a piece of fiction which is already well known to the popular minded public.

The Master Mind. By *Cleveland Moffett.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

Concerning the daring crimes of a band of thieves in Paris who are defying French law.

The Rough Riders. By *Hermann Hagedorn.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

A romance of Theodore Roosevelt and the Spanish War.

Murugan—The Tiller. By *K. S. Venkataramani.* Madras: Svetaranya Ashrama. Rs. 2/8.

Showing what peace and contentment can come from a Utopian dream of establishing men's dwellings on justice and social righteousness.

When Tutt Meets Tutt. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

New collection of stories concerning the famous firm of Tutt and Tutt, attorneys at law.

Our Mr. Dormer. By *R. H. Mottram.* New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

The book deals with the advance of an English provincial Quaker banking family, following its vicissitudes from 1813 down to the present day.

HISTORY

The Forerunners of Saint Francis. By *Ellen Scott Davison.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

These studies, partially completed by this pioneer in the lore of the tenth and eleventh centuries of French history, were edited by Gertrude R. B. Richards after the death of the author.

The Church and the Russian Revolution. By *Matthew Spinka, Ph.D.* New York: The Macmillan Company.

Trained in Chicago, Dr. Spinka has collected data from original sources in Russia, toward a more scientific knowledge of the Eastern Church, especially the Slavic Orthodox.

The Life of Rome. By *H. L. Rogers* and *T. R. Harley.* New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Certain important aspects of Roman home life and religion are given in these pages.

As I Knew Them. By *Henry L. Stoddard.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

As editor and publisher for many years of *The New York Evening Mail*, Mr. Stoddard has long been one of the outstanding journalists of America, and his book of memoirs constitutes certain phases of history.

The World Talks It Over. By *Burr Price.* New York: Rae D. Henkle Company, Inc. $1.75.

A fact story of the League of Nations—its genesis, organization, and accomplishments, together with an account of American official and unofficial participation in its activities.

The House of Lords in the XVIII Century. By *A. S. Turberville, M.A., B.Litt.* New York: $7.00.

The present work is in continuation of an earlier book, which attempted an intensive study of a short period; here a span nearly seven times as long is covered.

The Spanish-American Frontier (1783–1795). By *Arthur Preston Whitaker.* Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

A study of Indian alliances and secession plots, land-jobbing schemes and fur-trading interests, diplomacy at Madrid and Philadelphia, intrigue at New Orleans and Pensacola.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

LETTERS

Letters of Richard Wagner. By *Wilhelm Altmann.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

These letters, in two volumes, not only show the inner life of an interesting personality but reveal something of the titanic power that produced some of the greatest music the world has ever known.

Statesman and Friend. Edited by *Worthington Chauncey Ford.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

The correspondence of John Adams with Benjamin Waterhouse, 1784–1822.

Letters of a Loyalist Lady. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. $3.50.

The letters of Anne Hulton, sister of Henry Hulton, Commissioner of Customs at Boston, 1767–1776.

LITERATURE

The Classical Tradition in Poetry. By *Gilbert Murray.* Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.00.

The substance of these chapters was delivered at Harvard University, by the first incumbent of the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship.

Free-Lancing for Forty Magazines. By *Edward Mott Woolley.* Cambridge: The Writer Publishing Company.

The writer tells how he succeeded in marketing his work among the outstanding publications, and the methods he has evolved as a result of his personal success.

Introduction to the Reading of Shakespeare. By *F. S. Boas.* New York: The Oxford University Press. $1.00.

Designed to give the great body of general readers, who are sufficiently alive to the value of reading, an authoritative and scholarly work in simple style.

The Portrait of Zelide. By *Geoffrey Scott.*

A new edition of a fascinating sketch of Madame de Charriére, with her disconcertingly alert mind, her impulsive temperament, and her arrowy spirit, quick, amusing and amused.

MISCELLANEOUS

Costume and Fashion. By *Herbert Norris.* New York: E. P. Dutton. $7.50.

For anyone who needs authentic detail of Middle Age dress for purposes of designing, play producing, art or interest of any kind, the illustrations will be of invaluable assistance.

This Smoking World. By *A. E. Hamilton.* New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

The author discusses smoking from the viewpoint of the chemist, the doctor and the psychologist.

The Silk Dyeing Industry in the United States. Edited by *Albert H. Heusser.* Paterson, N. J.; Silk Dyers' Association of America.

This sizeable volume presents the history of men who have made practical the vision of America's ultimate supremacy in textile and allied arts.

British Documents on the Origins of the War (1898–1914). Edited by *G. P. Gooch* and *Harold Temperley.* 2 vols. $3.00 each.

These volumes of authentic information can be secured at The British Library of Information, 44 Whitehall Street, in New York City.

Fundamental Gymnastics for Women. By *Dorothy Sumption.* New York: A. S. Barnes and Company.

These gymnastics are a valuable contribution in the field of physical education.

Organization and Administration of Playgrounds and Recreation. By *Jay B. Nash.* New York: A. S. Barnes. $4.00.

Millions of dollars are spent annually on playgrounds and recreation. This book, by a contributor to the present issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, shows how best to conserve that vast amount of money.

Major Sport Fundamentals. By *Charles E. Hammett.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

This book presents in compact form methods which have been successful.

Armistice Day. Edited by *A. P. Sanford* and *Robert Haven Schauffler.* New York:

An anthology of the best prose and verse on the patriotism connected with this memorable observance.

POETRY

Caroling Dusk. Edited by *Countee Cullen.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

An anthology of negro poetry containing many arresting and significant verses; also brief bits concerning the biographies of those who have written these poems.

Tristan and Isolt. By *John Masefield.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

This play in verse is based on the ancient tradition of the romantic love-story which took place in Cornwall in olden days.

The Third Book of Modern Verse. Edited by *Jessie B. Rittenhouse.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

This third volume in the series inaugurated by *The Little Book of Modern Verse* contains the best work since 1919 of about one hundred and fifty outstanding poets.

Steep Ascent. By *Jean Starr Untermeyer.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Here we have a slim volume of poems by one whose work is mentioned in the above anthology concerning modern verse.

Songs of the Shadows. By *Edith Tudor-Hart.* London: Fowler Wright, Ltd.

This book has received in England a most gratifying reception, and its author is not only a writer of merit, but also has many literary and social connections both in Canada and in the United States.

On Wings of Song. By *Laura Rathbone.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd.

The poems in this volume celebrate the emergence of a gifted singer into a wider field of creative activity than hitherto embraced by her.

Garden Verses and Other Poems. By *Ada Stewart Shelton.* Boston: The Stratford Company. 50 cents.

Quaint and charming notes on many flowers which bloom in gardens, as well as word-pictures of New York in its youth.

RELIGION

The Gospel of Sadhu Sundar Singh. By *Friedrich Heiler, Ph.D., D.D.* New York: Oxford University Press.

The life story of the great evangelist who has come out of India to witness for the Gospel of Christ.

The Church in the World. By *William Ralph Inge.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

Collected essays by the Gloomy Dean who has been much in public notice of late.

Christianity and Social Adventuring. Edited by *Jerome Davis.* New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

Here are brought together the views of some of the most alert men and women of the country in an endeavor to bring home to all Christians the fact that the churches must take an active part in local efforts to meet social needs.

Changing Foreign Missions. By *Cleland Boyd McAfee.* New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $2.00.

A book likely to be recognized as a very notable addition to the literature of missions.

God and the Golden Rule. By *Joseph Fort Newton.* New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

These articles were born of a busy ministry, in the midst of human need and yearning . . . they have many titles but only one theme, the life of God in the soul.

Toward the Light. By *Mary Fels.* New York: George Dobsevage. $2.50.

The volume is a lucid, sincere and selfless endeavor to help humanity.

Nature Lovers' Knapsack. Edited by *Edwin Osgood Grover.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

A book of poetry for those who journey upon the Open Road, delightful also for a winter's evening under the reading lamp or before an open fire.

Lines of Thought. By *Charles William Hetzler.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $1.50.

The philosopher as well as the poet speaks in these lines, which carry a poetic message.

Christianity. By *Charles Guignebert.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

The history of Christianity is presented by this professor in the University of Paris who examines the subject in the past and in the present. The author shows generalship in marshalling his facts and in extracting and setting forth the significance which is wrapped up in this great assemblage of facts.

The Story of Confucius. By *Brian Brown.* Philadelphia: David McKay Company. $2.50.

This is not a dry discourse, but is intended to give the average reader a clear and comprehensive outline of the known facts about Confucius together with his o sayings taken from *The Analects,* and other writings.

The Story of Buddha and Buddhism. By *Brian Brow* Philadelphia: David McKay Company. $2.50.

Mr. Brown gives in clear and comprehensive form t known facts about Buddha's life; together with the sa ings of this religious leader, who lived in 600 B.C., a was generally called the "Great Enlightened."

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

The Human Habitat. By *Ellsworth Huntington.* Ne York: D. Van Nostrand Company. $3.00.

The growth of human geography discussed with especi reference to America and its newness of territory.

Mind and Body. By *Hans Driesch.* New York: T Dial Press. $3.00.

One of the most famous of modern biologists, a founder of the school of vitalism, delivers a telling a sault against the materialists, discussing the relatio between the physical and mental in man, and showi that it is no longer possible to regard man as a mechan cal being.

Romance of the Sun. By *Mary Proctor, F.R.A.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

This third volume in the popular astronomy series give the superstitions and myths with which primitive ma explained the heavens.

Man, God and Immortality. By *Sir James Georg Frazer.* New York: The Macmillan Company $3.00.

The present volume may serve, it is the hope of the au thor, as a clue to guide students through the mazes o his larger works.

TRAVEL

Seeing Italy. By *E. M. Newman.* New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $5.00.

This is an intimate and personal story—neither guid nor history nor academic description which every visito to Italy should secure.

So You're Going to France. By *Clara E. Laughlin* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

The vivid, intimate, and dramatic way with which th author has dealt with the backgrounds of history an literature has made her books the most popular of al modern travel guides.

Desert Winds. By *Hafsa.* New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

The reader of this book can travel anywhere in North Africa with his eyes opened to the meaning and the significance of the panorama that will confront him.

Roaring Bones. By *Prince William of Sweden.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

These are a traveler's tales, exotic, strange, entertaining, for Prince William was fascinated with the life he observed in many wild and weird places of the earth.

Strenuous Italy. By *H. Nelson Gay.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

The story of a country greatly handicapped by nature and of how she is successfully solving her difficult problems and fighting triumphantly for power and prosperity.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1928

THE NATIONAL DEFENSE

BY FOX CONNER, MAJOR-GENERAL, U.S.A.

THAT "War to end War" was merely a slogan of propaganda seems to be established by the continued disturbed conditions of the world. There has been no single moment of world peace and tranquillity in the ten years which have passed since 1918. These years have recorded no event which now more than in the past insures the observance of international law without recourse to arms. Although our own soil has not been disturbed, American lives and property have each year since the Armistice been threatened and sometimes destroyed in widely separated quarters of the globe. It is not therefore inappropriate to take stock of the armed forces upon which we may again have to rely to maintain those principles upon which this Nation was founded.

Some knowledge of the development of public opinion is indispensable to any correct appreciation of the present condition of the National Defense. The Constitution of the United States imposes upon the Congress the duties of raising and supporting armies. The Congress is responsive to public opinion and the development of that opinion may readily be traced by examining the debates on the floors of the House and the Senate. Such an examination shows a better and better appreciation of the problems of National Defense. At the same time not a few present-day statements bear a striking resemblance to the wild outbursts of fifty or a hundred years ago.

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In the early days of the Republic public opinion, as reflected by members of the Congress, largely held the view that we could never be attacked and that as a consequence money spent on the National Defense was money wasted. For example, on March 22, 1810, Mr. Randolph, in advocating on the floor of the House of Representatives a bill reducing the Regular Army, said:

> With respect to war—We have, thank God! in the Atlantic, a fosse wide and deep enough to keep off any immediate danger to our territory. The belligerents of Europe know, as well as we feel, that war is out of the question.

The Regular Army was reduced; but it is well to remember that British troops stood on the soil of Mr. Randolph's native State within three years. In 1810 a section at least of public opinion held the Regular Army, and indeed trained troops of any kind, in abhorrence. On April 16, 1810, Mr. McKee said in the Halls of the Congress:

> Would any gentleman be willing to submit the defense of everything he holds dear, to men who have loitered out their days in camps and in the most luxurious ease and vice? . . . You could not expect but that they would take to their heels whenever danger assailed them. . . . In what, sir, does the strength of this Nation consist? In standing armies or fleets? No, sir, but in the affection of the people to the Government. They think and judge for themselves, and whenever war appears indispensably necessary, you may ask your citizens to turn out and they will do so. They will rally around the standard of the country, and present an united front to any foe.

A little over two years after Mr. McKee made this statement, four thousand untrained troops from his native State mutinied, abandoned "the standard of the country", and returned home. Our greatest political leaders of the period of 1812 seemed to be hypnotized by the idea that the untrained citizen could spring to arms and overcome any and all obstacles between the rising and setting of the sun. Thomas Jefferson, ex-President of the United States, wrote:

> The acquisition of Canada as far as Quebec will be a mere matter of marching, and give us experience for the attack on Halifax, and the final expulsion of England from this continent.

Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, said:

> We have the Canadas as much under our command as England has the sea. I am not for stopping at Quebec or anywhere else, but I would take the whole continent.

In the War of 1812 the United States employed more than 520,000 men, and at no one time did the British number more than 17,000, but history does not record the fall of Quebec, much less the submission of the Canadas. On the contrary, British troops entered our territory and sacked and burnt towns and villages throughout the extent of our frontiers, from the Great Lakes to Maine, from Maine to the Floridas, from the Floridas to the uttermost western point of our territory. At the close of the war the whole of Maine from the Passamaquoddy to the Penobscot was ruled and governed under the British flag. The treaty signed at Ghent on December 14, 1814, did not grant the "immunity from search and impressment" for which the United States went to war. But this treaty took away the privileges, which our New England citizens had enjoyed, of carrying on fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Since the beginning of time men have proclaimed the immediate approach of the Era of Universal Peace. In 1842 the proponents of this belief brought about a reduction of the Army. Although definite harbingers of an early war with Mexico were numerous, Mr. Edwards, in the House of Representatives, on August 3, 1842, said:

> We have no prospect of war. . . . We have more reason to suppose that the world will grow wiser; and that the humane and oft-repeated wish of the wise and good, that the sword and the bayonet may be converted into the scythe and the plowshare will be realized.

Shortly before the outbreak of the Mexican War, February 14, 1845, Mr. R. Smith on the floor of the House of Representatives, in referring to the United States Military Academy, said:

> I am satisfied that we shall never have an efficient Army while this institution exists;

and Mr. Cary inquired:

> What distinguished officers have graduated at this school?

On February 19, 1845, Mr. Duncan seems to have included all regular officers in a denunciation of West Point on the floor of the House of Representatives:

> I speak of those who adorn their superior organs of speech with moustaches, and their inferior organs of speech with the imperial spot—those who carry

more whiskers around and below their faces than brains under their scalps; toad-eaters and boot-licks to their superiors. . . . Again: permit me to enquire why appropriations are made year after year to that worse than useless institution, West Point Academy, a perfect system of profligacy and extravagance, a nursery of a popinjay aristocracy.

Since West Point is the most democratic of all our institutions, with its corps of cadets the most perfect cross section of the best we have in America, it is difficult to understand these attacks on the United States Military Academy. The words of General Scott, the victor of the War with Mexico, and himself not a graduate, should never be forgotten:

I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish.

Few, if any, wars have been so full of lessons for students of National Defense as our Civil War. Most serious students of the history of that war have reached the conclusion that an available field force of 50,000 fully trained and equipped men would have saved the country the lives of hundreds of thousands of her youth, billions of treasure, and untold suffering. Some there were who saw this in the beginning; in the Senate on July 10, 1861, Mr. Lane said:

I believe if we had had a standing army of 40,000 true men last January, the present disastrous condition which has overtaken the country would never have befallen it.

However, in 1861 there were but few who realized that untrained, unorganized, three-months volunteers could not carry through a war, and one of our most influential newspapers raised the cry "On to Richmond!" The Congress took up the cry and imperative orders were given General McDowell to begin the campaign which was to end so disastrously at Bull Run. So confident were the majority of Congress that making a soldier was merely a matter of putting a musket on a man's shoulder, that on July 19, 1861, the House of Representatives adjourned until July 22, so that its members could organize a picnic to witness the battle that was to end the war.

Although we later forgot them, some of the lessons from Bull Run were immediately apparent. Soon after the battle *The Albany Evening Journal* said:

> We have learned, too, the importance and necessity of discipline. Effective troops, however excellent the material, cannot be found in workshops, the corn fields, or the city. They must have military training, without which every "On to Richmond!" movement will prove a failure.

In spite of all history, the idea that a Special Providence renders preparedness on our part a useless extravagance constantly recurs. On April 14, 1896, Mr. Livingston, in the House of Representatives, said:

> Now, Mr. Chairman, I do not take much stock in the danger of an early war with Spain or England.

Even Mr. Cannon said on the same day:

> I want to say that I do not believe we will have war the coming year,—no war this year, nor next year, nor the year after. I doubt if there will be any during this century or perhaps the early years of the next century.

Within a few days more than two years from the day on which these predictions of "no war" were made, the United States engaged in war with Spain. As in all of our wars, we then experienced dangerous delays and difficulties, not only in organizing and training the hastily raised forces but also in supplying them with the simplest necessities of the soldier. As always, the War with Spain was followed by strenuous efforts to divert attention from our failure to prepare. Charges of incompetence against the War Department were rife. On June 2, 1898, Mr. Cannon on the floor of the House of Representatives tersely stated the facts concerning the lack of uniforms:

> We could not have the uniforms on hand because the money had not been appropriated.

Following the War with Spain we had to undertake by force of arms the suppression of insurrection in the Philippines. To protect American missionaries and other citizens in China the Army was called on to send an expedition to China. In addition the Army was called upon to set up provisional governments in Cuba and Porto Rico. These problems, the acquisition of

Hawaii, and the construction of the Panama Canal, awakened the interest of the country in questions of National Defense. Then, too, President Roosevelt and Secretary Elihu Root took an aggressive and active part in all questions pertaining to the National Defense. Not the least of Mr. Root's contributions to the cause was his rescue from oblivion of the manuscript of General Upton's *The Military Policy of the United States.* It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this action. Published as a public document, the results of General Upton's studies were made available not only to members of the Congress but to a wide circle of thinkers and writers. For the first time the facts as to our lack of preparation, the true history of our wars, and the terrific dangers we had run as the direct result of mistaken policies, or lack of policies, were made accessible. General Upton set forth facts which emphasized not only the result of our lack of preparedness, but such glaring defects as ninety-day volunteers; lack of an organization capable of expansion in emergency; forgetting or ignoring the lessons of each war; inadequate training—in short all our principal shortcomings in National Defense as revealed by each of our wars. The recent history of the National Defense shows that we have profited from many of the lessons which so plainly follow from the facts presented by General Upton. But there is still a tendency to believe that each war is the last, and many of us are perhaps in the same attitude of mind as was Mr. Dies when in the House of Representatives on January 18, 1913, he said:

> God has placed us upon this great, rich continent, separate and secure from the broils and wars of Europe.

Our fancied isolation, however, received at least a temporary shock in the troubles that came to us immediately upon the outbreak of the World War and in the necessity of protecting our citizens against banditry in Mexico. Intelligent public opinion throughout the land demanded provision for the National Defense and the Congress undertook the task of formulating the National Defense Act of 1916. While there were great differences of opinion as to what should be provided, the debates on that act show that the Congress was practically unanimous as to the necessity for a substantial increase in the military establishment.

The events of the World War and the reorganization of 1920 cause us sometimes to lose sight of this act of 1916. Not only was it the law under which we organized the armies which we put into the World War, but much of the act remains in force today. It is therefore desirable to recall the strengths provided under it.

That law provided for a Regular Army of 12,031 officers and 221,045 enlisted men, including Philippine Scouts. It provided for an Officers Reserve Corps, an Enlisted Reserve Corps, and a National Guard of about 435,000 officers and men. It provided for the adequate training of the National Guard and for camps for the training of citizens. Unfortunately only a small portion of the act had been realized when we were plunged into the World War. The actual strength of the Regular Army when war was declared on April 6, 1917, was a little over 121,000 enlisted men. The National Guard had about 66,500 officers and men in Federal service, with about as many more in their armories at home. In drawing conclusions from the World War it is important to remember that the 66,500 officers and men of the Guard still in Federal service on April 6, 1917, had seen a year's active service on the Mexican border. Many others of the Guard had been recently mustered out of Federal service after similar duty.

It was from a nucleus of a little less than 200,000 officers and men actually in Federal service that we expanded until on November 11, 1918, we had two millions of men in France with as many more preparing to come.

But our admiration of what we accomplished in the World War should not blind us to what could not be done nor to defects which under other circumstances might bring disaster. After we declared war it was almost six weeks before the Selective Service Act under which we were to raise the men required became a law. It was not until September 5, five months after the declaration of war, that the first men were called to the colors under the Selective Service Act. It was more than a year after the declaration of war when we put a single division into an active part of the line, and it was seventeen months before an American Army under its own leaders occupied the line. Practically all the guns and airplanes used by us on the front line were of foreign manufacture, as was also practically all of the artillery ammunition we fired at

the enemy. The American Expeditionary Forces received ten tons of supplies from our Allies for each seven tons received from home. The men we had in France during the winter of 1917–18 were saved from nakedness by British-made uniforms. Even buttons to replace those bearing the crown of King George were in part made by our Allies. To the last our dependence upon our Allies was absolute in guns, artillery ammunition, airplanes, and tanks. The World War found us unprepared both in men and in matériel. The untold billions of money which we spent after the war was upon us could not relieve the Allies from the weary and critical months upon months of holding the line behind which we could prepare. In the end we played a decisive part, and the Armistice found us at least on a par with our associates. But what would have been the end if the French or British lines had crumpled at the time of the Caporetto disaster in the fall of 1917?

It would require a volume to enumerate the lessons taught by our participation in the World War. But in so far as the necessary laws are concerned, most of the lessons are summarized in the National Defense Act as amended in 1920. As amended the act provides for one Army in which the regular establishment is the least in size but is the keystone of the entire structure in organization and training. The lesson that higher organizations must be kept in being is recognized by the requirement of law that all components of the Army shall at all times be organized into brigades and divisions. The ever increasing importance of matériel is recognized by specifically charging an Assistant Secretary of War with the mobilization of industry. The general conception upon which the strength in personnel was based is best shown by the words of the act:

> The organized peace establishment, including the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves, shall include all of those divisions and other military organizations necessary to form the basis for a complete and immediate mobilization for the national defense in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress.

Under this conception the act provided a Regular Army of 17,726 officers and 280,000 enlisted men. The National Guard was to have a strength of approximately 435,000 officers and men. The

strength of the Organized Reserves was by inference left to the War Department for determination.

The act as amended provided machinery and strengths which made it possible for the first time in our history for the War Department to work out in every detail satisfactory and effective plans for the National Defense. The plans prepared by the War Department contemplated that the Regular Army would furnish the necessary overhead for all components, the overseas garrisons, the necessary schools and detachments both for its own training and that of the other components, and nine divisions for immediate use in an emergency. The National Guard was to furnish eighteen divisions in condition for immediate use in defensive missions. The Organized Reserves were to furnish the officer and enlisted keymen necessary to begin the organization and training of twenty-seven divisions. Each of the three components was to furnish the auxiliaries which in modern war are more than ever before essential to support and supply the divisions. It was the plan of the War Department that the Regular Army and National Guard would be called immediately upon the outbreak of an emergency, and that sufficient ammunition and similar items would be maintained in peace to supply their combined strength of twenty-seven divisions until production on a large scale could begin. The Organized Reserve divisions could under these plans not take the field until production got into its full swing. With the indispensable auxiliaries the Regular Army and National Guard divisions were to constitute three field armies numbering in all about a million and a half men, and this was the number for which it was proposed to provide ammunition and such other supplies as could not be procured promptly on the outbreak of war. Although in the World War we did not get artillery ammunition to the front in the nineteen months we were at war, it is generally believed that better planning will in the future enable us to get into quantity production in approximately one year. In a year's time then it would, under the plans, be possible to augment the Regular Army and National Guard battle order by such Reserve divisions as might have completed their training. It will be noted that the full peace strength provided by the National Defense Act for the Regular Army and National Guard

is less than half the million and a half men which those two components were to number on a war footing. Since about six months are required to recruit and train the soldier, it would not be until the second six months that we could put a million and a half men in the field.

For a nation such as ours, a field force of a million and a half during the second six months of war can hardly be termed over-preparedness, nor could a force of seven hundred thousand, most of whom could at best be trained only for a purely passive defense, be similarly characterized. On the other hand there can be no question but that the plans which have been outlined were sound and wise, and if carried out would guarantee the National security.

But the forces contemplated in time of peace by the National Defense Act have never been provided. At the present time the Regular Army has less than 125,000 enlisted men, and the National Guard totals about 180,000 officers and men. The components on which we must exclusively rely during the first six months of a war are but little over one-third the strength contemplated by the National Defense Act. The Selective Service Act lapsed with the World War and we have no law, except for voluntary enlistments, for providing the men we would require in another emergency. It has become the fashion to measure National Defense in terms of dollars and not in requirements in men and matériel.

Of the three components, the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves, of the Army of the United States, the Regular Army is in the most unsatisfactory condition. With the numbers on overhead, on duty with the other components, and in overseas garrisons a fixed minimum, any reduction in enlisted men in the Regular Army necessarily falls on units in the United States, and primarily on the Infantry, Cavalry, and Field Artillery. In addition, the beginning of an emergency is precisely the time when our need for troops at the various schools is greatest. The present reduced strength of the Regular Army makes it impossible for it to provide fifty thousand mobile combat troops. The training necessities of other components result in the mobile troops of the Regular Army being scattered through-

out our vast territory. The organizations are so small that they can hardly be considered to be more than skeleton units which can conduct summer training camps for the other components. Shortage of funds coupled with the disgraceful condition of the shacks in which many of the troops are housed demand the use of the soldier as a common laborer to the undoubted detriment of his training. As a matter of fact this great Nation of nearly a hundred and twenty millions of people has not in home territory a single battalion, let alone a regiment or division, ready today to take the field at war strength or at any really effective strength.

To any one who studies our problems it must be apparent that the greatest defect in the National Defense is the lack of any force instantly available at war strength. This is true whether we consider a minor or a major emergency. A detailed study of the most powerful combination that can be imagined against us would show that a Regular force of three divisions and a Cavalry division (in all 75,000 men) instantly available for offensive operations, and backed up by the National Guard, would be worth more in actual defense than a million men raised in the second six months of war. We should at the earliest possible moment put at least one division on a war footing and keep it in condition for instant use. In the meantime our most crying need is adequate financial support to maintain what we now have in matériel as well as personnel. The National Defense costs money, but so do police, fire departments and other forms of insurance. The great body of the American people want adequate defense, but the enemies of such preparation are now, as they always have been, inertia, false slogans, and lack of information as to our actual preparation. Whether we have adequate defense or not depends entirely on whether or not the great body of intelligent public opinion takes the trouble to inform itself as to the true facts. Surely it is not too much that for a moment that opinion should Stop! Look! Listen!

HOOVER

BY THE HON. GEORGE H. MOSES

AUGUST 2, 1923, was a fateful date in this country. A President had died and another President, in natural succession, took office. August 2, 1927, was also a fateful day in this country. The President who had succeeded, four years earlier, and who had confirmed his succession in his own right by the most sweeping of majorities, renounced his office. I say renounced, because no man doubts that Calvin Coolidge could have had another nomination, no matter what its digital designation, or that he could have had another election, though not by anything like the seven million margin which he secured in 1924.

The laconic sentence with which the President made known his decision found the country ill-prepared for it. With few exceptions, public men looked upon another Coolidge candidacy as inevitable. I was one of the small group who held otherwise; and I had not hesitated to say so. It required no great genius of political ratiocination to perceive that the Presidency is a sucked orange to Coolidge; that there is nothing for him in a continuance in the White House beyond the dubious kudos of having served longer than Washington, Jefferson, Jackson or Grant; that another term would be recognized everywhere as his last, and that in it would come the natural falling away from him of those politicians whose eyes are turned to the rising rather than the setting sun; that with this would come a slackening of his grasp upon Congress, never too secure; that his nomination, to be really prized, must come with substantial unanimity and with a great show of enthusiasm, neither of which could be guaranteed; and that the march of his ensuing term must not be written with excess of diminuendo. The Coolidge tradition runs in the ascending scale—from member of a city government to the Presidency; and, more than any of our public men, he observes the canons of consistency. His course was plain and he followed it.

Nor is it possible to doubt the form of words which he chose to clothe his choice. We of New England, at any rate, know our vernacular. When Calvin Coolidge said, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928," he meant that he is not a candidate and that he will not be a candidate. Those who seek to read another meaning into his words are doing him no real service. Whatever else he may be—and I have heard many criticisms of him, in some of which I have joined—he is not a double-dealer. He is a man of whom one may tell what he thinks by what he says. Those who have declined to take him at his word may be readily classified. They consist of a group who see themselves fading out of the picture when he takes his departure and another group who have been taken by surprise and, not knowing what to do, are running around in circles and seeking to make use of Coolidge as a convenient hitching-post until they can reach a conclusion. At any rate no bill of attainder can lie against those of us who have foreseen that Coolidge would not again be our candidate and who were not taken unawares by his renunciation, though we had not expected it to come until later. I, for instance, had thought he would make his statement in December, when the assembling of Congress and the meeting of the Republican National Committee would synchronize. I had entirely overlooked the connotation of the anniversary of his accession.

But neither I nor those now acting with me have been at any time oblivious to the fact that Coolidge is bound to be a large factor in the approaching campaign. I do not mean in the sense that he will attempt to name his successor. This course would fit his tradition no better than any of the others which I have already named; and I doubt if he will lift his finger or raise his voice in this regard. But there is no doubt of the widespread confidence in and enthusiasm for the Coolidge policies. To continue them is the plain purpose of the great majority of the American people. Whoever carries the Republican banner in the campaign of 1928 must march under the Coolidge colors. Naturally, therefore, those of us who knew that Coolidge himself would not lead us have been casting about for the man who best could.

The natural sources from which to seek a President are the Congress, the Governors of the States, and the President's Cabi-

net. Under circumstances as they now exist, the last-named has seemed to me the proper group from which to make the choice which will insure the continuance of the essential policies under which the country has been so prosperous and so contented. Five of the ten members of the Cabinet are inheritances, but all of them, through longer service under Coolidge, bear the latter's stamp the more plainly. They have sat at the council table with him when his plans have been formulated, and they have been his executives to carry these plans forward.

Among this group one man stood forth clearly as having had a larger experience and in a wider executive field than any of his associates: Herbert C. Hoover.

Hoover had come into the Cabinet following, and as an almost direct consequence of, a great career in executive positions in the fields of private enterprise and quasi-public life. All of his mature years had been spent as a mining engineer, as a directing force in large business organization, in administering Belgian relief, and in carrying on the work of food conservation during the war. He has thus been always in an occupation where it has been necessary to bring together large numbers of men—and women—to mould them into a compact and efficient organization, to demonstrate the largest possible tact and consideration, to secure the greatest return for each dollar expended, to stand up for the representative rights of those whose interests were in his charge. Is not this a catalogue of the major requirements for the successful administration of the Presidency of the United States? If a man has succeeded in doing all these things in other and varied fields of endeavor, and has done them superlatively well, why has he not the basis of past performance to warrant his serious thought of the Presidency?

To these we may now add another chapter of achievement. The Department of Commerce over which Hoover presides is the catch-all of the Government. In it are substantially a dozen more or less unrelated bureaus, dealing with subjects as diverse as mining, aviation and fisheries, so that it may be said to function in the heavens above, in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth. Into it have been cast all these diverse elements, as into a crucible, and the Hoover solvent has fused them

into a homogeneous executive substance whose fluid, yet stable, power functions effectively in far-flung fields. There is no friction in the Department of Commerce. One hears there no screech of slipping belts, no squeak of complaining pulleys. The well-oiled, well-adjusted machine proceeds efficiently amid all its complexities of function.

In producing this result Hoover has not, as some think, merely filled his Department with selected chiefs and subordinates who know no will but his. It is true that all who have ever served with him anywhere have soon become imbued with a sense of his compelling mastery of his task, and this, together with his eminent sense of fairness, his willingness to take counsel and his friendly consideration, has bred a wonderful loyalty in all his associates.

Hoover is a horse for work. As if the routine duties of his Department were not enough to engross his activity, we find him taking on many other duties which his chief or his own sense of service have laid upon him. He has become the "trouble man" of the Administration. A coal strike, a flood, each widespread in its disastrous effects, finds Hoover dispatched to the scene to find or to administer the remedy. And numerous organizations, not official in their nature but no less national in their character, find him as a moving spirit.

Is Hoover a candidate? He has not said so; but we are making a candidate of him. He is attending to his job as Secretary of Commerce; but we are carrying him to the people. It is surprisingly easy to secure a Hoover reaction almost everywhere. Among business men, among laborers, among farmers who farm the land instead of the farmers, among women voters—even among the politicians—Hoover sentiment has long existed and is growing. The business men have long recognized Hoover as one who comprehends their problems and who wants to help in solving them properly. The laboring men have found him sympathetic and helpful in all his efforts to adjust and ameliorate their conditions. The real farmers have seen him as an intelligent student of their affairs and seeking for a real remedy for such genuine ills as they have. The women of the country have always been with Hoover. The work which he conducted and

for which he marshalled them in war time touched that vein of sentiment of helpfulness which all women possess; and, seven years ago, they constituted a large part of that impressive popular support which he had in the preliminaries to the campaign of 1920.

The politicians have been slow to see in Hoover anything of a kindred fellowship. They doubt his partisanship and they especially doubt his quality as an organization man and his willingness to "play the game." They cannot have observed him very closely in these last six years nor can they have listened to him very attentively. Hoover himself has said: "I am a partisan member of my party." He has vigorously declared his belief in that aspect of our constitutional system which makes for the two-party scheme of political control. He has not attempted to upset the accepted order. I am sure he will not do so as President.

There are many hurdles which Hoover must top before reaching the White House finish-line. His opponents will set them up; therefore I need not dwell upon them. But I think he will top them all. There is much political map-making these days. Most of it proceeds on the theory that a few leading candidates will dominate the Republican convention and will at last devour each other. Then the dark horse will be brought out to claim the blue ribbon. This is good political reasoning in general. It has one present flaw, however: We intend to make Hoover so strong between now and June that nothing of this sort will occur.

And—more than all else—he can not only be elected but re-elected. I do not fear for 1928. The scars which the Democratic donkey put upon himself in 1924 are still fresh and there are many of his grooms who take delight in showing them. But 1932 is another matter. Hoover will give us such an Administration that we shall hold and augment all those elements which have combined in two successive campaigns to give the Republicans their unprecedented majorities. The chieftains of my party may be content to play for the stake of a single term more of Republican control of the Nation. I am not. I want to foresee and to assure Republican control until the fourth of March, 1937. That is why I am for Hoover.

ISLANDS FOR DEBTS

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

So widespread was the approval of the Administration's policy of adjusting the amounts to be paid us by creditor nations in accordance with their capacity to pay, (which resulted in our foregoing about fifty per cent. of those debts,) that one hears nothing more from the few bitter-enders who clamored for the "last cent". Fair-minded equity has routed the Shylock policy. Let us hope we have heard the last of those extremists. But, on the other hand, a new voice lately arose in the land; certain groups of learned Professors demanding that all foreign debts be cancelled and forgiven. German Professors were so constantly wrong during the war that one wonders if these American Professors are more infallible now than were then their Teutonic prototypes! One must be kindly in criticising the logic of Professors, because (unwittingly) they suffer from a distressing handicap, viz.: their audiences cannot answer back, so they lack practice in logic for defending their theses.

But is there not a middle ground between the two extremes of an intolerant Shylock and a benignant Professor lavishly surrendering to foreigners American savings invested in the Liberty Loans that provided the money now owed us by other nations? "Charity begins at home" is a narrow minded slogan, but nevertheless charity need not be exclusively reserved for foreigners; surely some may be expended upon our national needs and particularly our national defense.

The writer believes there is a way by means of which the burden of these debts upon foreign taxpayers may be lightened, while at the same time vital features of our national defense may be safeguarded. Such vital factors are the defense of the mouth of the Mississippi, that majestic artery feeding and fed by the heart of our great Middle West, and the Panama Canal, that water link between the coastwise commerce of our Atlantic and Pacific

seaboards. Never let us forget that this canal doubles the value of our Navy, our first line of national defense, by permitting its speedy transfer from one ocean to another in case of need.

President Wilson's purchase of the Danish Islands in the Caribbean Sea will be even more heartily approved, as safeguarding an American peace in those regions, by our descendants than it is by us. Posterity will probably acclaim President Roosevelt more for championing the Panama Canal than for any other act of his Administration. All friends of President Coolidge hope that in similar fashion he will father the Nicaragua Canal, a waterway needed not only for our rapidly growing inter-ocean traffic, but also for doubling facilities for rapid transfer of our defensive war ships from one coast to the other. Present statistics of Panama Canal traffic show that it is approaching its limit of capacity, so there is no time to be lost in commencing construction of another such waterway. The world's commerce needs the Nicaragua Canal, and so do our own merchant marine and especially our Navy. The efficiency of our Navy would be vastly increased, and the safety of its transfer from one ocean to another materially advanced, by the possibility of its using two canals instead of one. At present an enemy navy and its airplanes need to watch only the Panama Canal. It would be a far different problem to watch two Pacific outlets from the Caribbean—a certainty would be dissolved into anxious guessing! By all means let us put the work in hand, and with that energy for which our constructive ability is famous.

But, says the reader, what has all this to do with lessening the burden upon foreign taxpayers engaged to pay back part of the money lent by American investors in Liberty Loans? Everything. Following and developing the principle of the original Monroe Doctrine, which excluded *new* European Colonies from the American Hemisphere, those foreign debts could and should be reduced or cancelled by the relinquishment by England, France and Holland of their islands and coastal possessions in and around the Caribbean Sea. These colonial possessions do not pay, but are a burden to English, French or Dutch taxpayers, and so that burden would be reduced as well as the greater one of their war debts. Thus those taxpayers would be doubly relieved.

The chief value of those islands and those shore strips is as naval outposts of the Powers owning them, and they contain but few French, English or Hollanders from their own home countries. Naval outposts against whom? Look at the map. They confront the mouth of our Mississippi River, of our Panama Canal, and of our Nicaragua Canal that is to be. If they are possible naval bases against us, now is the time to use the war-debt situation to protect our taxpayers in the future, as well as relieve foreign taxpayers of today.

If they are naval bases against each other or against other foreign Powers, then all the more reason for our providing now against dangerous contingencies. We do not want any future foreign wars fought near the mouth of our inter-ocean canals or our Mississippi, so near us as to endanger our neutrality. Suppose the battle of the Falkland Islands (that significant contest between Great Britain and Germany) had taken place off British Honduras, close to the Panama Canal; would not our neutrality have been endangered far more than by a contest off a remote South Atlantic island?

It might have been untimely earlier to urge this protective step so obviously important to the principal water highway of the Middle West and the coastwise trade of both our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, but now is the time when, thanks to President Coolidge's fair minded policy of debt adjustment and Secretary Mellon's admirable conduct of it, definite totals have been assessed for those debts and payments begun upon all, even upon that Agreement still lacking ratification by the French Parliament. Now it has become merely a matter of book-keeping to transfer those possessions to us against reduction or cancellation of debts owed us by England and France. As for Holland, her continued mobilization for defense throughout the war so increased her national debt that her taxpayers would surely be pleased if we reduced their burden by purchase of Dutch Guiana and her adjacent islands.

One of the chief arguments for debt cancellation advanced by the learned Professors advocating it was that the Great War was as much our war as that of the Allies, upon whose territory it was waged, and that they took us in as full partners. But did they?

Partnership means the sharing of assets. At the end of the war, what share did we ask or receive when the sharing of those assets took place? Nothing at all, thank Heaven!

Certain European statesmen have recently permitted themselves to say that American foreign policy lacks coherence, but they overlook our unanimous belief in the Monroe Doctrine. Democrats and Republicans alike support that splendidly defensive document which contains no thought of offensive militarism. Republicans as well as Democrats recall with satisfaction those far-seeing words of Thomas Jefferson in his letter of August 4, 1820, to William Short: "The day is not far distant when we may formally require a medium of partition through the ocean which separates the two Hemispheres, on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard."

The Monroe Doctrine since its very beginning has been a progressive policy, and several Presidents have set up milestones which mark its advance. Let us consider a few such forward steps made in modern times. President Grant said in his message concerning Santo Domingo, May 28, 1870: "The doctrine promulgated by President Monroe has been adhered to by all political parties, and I now deem it proper to assert the equally important principle that hereafter no territory in this Continent shall be regarded as subject of transfer to a European Power." This means that the present European owners of colonies in this Continent would be infringing the modernized Monroe Doctrine by any *transfer* of these colonies; also we would feel it our duty to prevent any European creditor of any American Republic from exerting pressure over a cession of land. This forward step of President Grant reminds us that Congress had already in President Madison's time passed the Joint Resolution of January 3, 1811, to prevent England purchasing from Spain the territory which is now our State of Florida.

At the beginning of President Cleveland's negotiations with England in 1895 over the disputed boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana, Lord Salisbury flatly said: "The Government of the United States is not entitled to affirm as a universal proposition, with reference to a number of independent States, for whose conduct it assumes no responsibility, that its interests

are necessarily concerned in whatever may befall them, simply because they are situated in the Western Hemisphere." President Cleveland disagreed with the noble Lord, greatly to the benefit of Venezuela as well as of our national prestige. His reply to Salisbury (contained in his message to Congress) was that the Monroe Doctrine, "important to our peace and safety as a nation, and essential to our free institutions . . . was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our Republic endures."

Another important extension of the Doctrine is that Act of our Senate embodied in the so-called Lodge Amendment of 1912:

> Resolved, that when any harbor or other place in the American Continents is so situated that the occupation thereof, for naval or military purposes, might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States cannot see, without grave concern, the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has such a relation to another Government, not American, as to give that Government practical power of control over it for national purposes.

It is doubtful if most Americans realize how significant an advance in the Monroe Doctrine was recently made by President Coolidge, and favorably received by the press and people of our country. It is the most recent milestone in the modernization of the Monroe Doctrine, and is quoted here because it takes into such patriotic account the protection of the Panama Canal. In his admirable address of April 26, 1927, before the United Press in New York City, he said:

> Toward the Governments of countries which we have recognized this side of the Panama Canal we feel a moral responsibility that does not attach to other nations. We wish them to feel that our recognition is of real value to them and that they can count on such support as we can lawfully give when they are beset with difficulties. We have undertaken to discourage revolution within that area and to encourage settlements of political difficulties by the peaceful mode of elections. This policy is bound to meet with some discouragement, but it is our hope and belief that ultimately it will prevail.

It is important to notice that these advanced steps taken during the Administrations of five great Presidents, either directly by them or by their influence through the Congress, have each and every one to do with defending the American peace of the

Caribbean Sea. In Madison's time the subject matter was Florida, in Grant's it was Santo Domingo, in Cleveland's Venezuela and British Guiana, while the so-called Lodge Amendment of 1912 (strongly endorsed by President Roosevelt) had to do with the proposed sale of certain strategic Mexican property to a Japanese commercial company. President Coolidge's splendid advance concerns itself with the peace of all the Caribbean littoral, "this side of the Panama Canal".

When will there ever be a better time than now, since the adjustment of foreign debts to the United States, to gain that "medium of partition through the ocean . . . on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard," so earnestly desired by the far visioned Jefferson in 1820? And, furthermore, now is the time to relieve the taxpayers of England, France and Holland, by reducing their national debts in exchange for their Caribbean possessions, while at the same time we safeguard for our posterity the mouths of our two inter-ocean canals and our Mississippi from dangers of wars originating in other continents than those of the American Hemisphere. Is not this a reasonable middle ground for international debt adjustment?

The foreign press gives its readers to believe that there is now under consideration by the leading European Powers an entire re-shuffle of certain Spheres of Influence around the Mediterranean Sea. That does not concern us; but we and our children's children are vitally concerned in readjusting the situation around our own Mediterranean—the Caribbean Sea.

THE SORROWS OF MENCKEN

BY CATHERINE BEACH ELY

THE exile of Henry Mencken among us ignorant, naïve Americans is a tragedy of modern letters. Self-condemned to this unhappy existence by his own decision, and not by our insistence, he continues to afford us the unparalleled spectacle of his supreme condescension. He endures our stupidities and crudenesses with pained disgust. With what one would call a missionary's zeal, were not the concept missionary so foreign to his taste, he labors to convert us to the sophisticate's viewpoint. He abandons the civilizations of other lands, presumably more in harmony with his fastidious predilections, in order that we Americans may feel the contrast between his lofty intelligence and our inane futilities.

What desperate isolation, that of this apostle of pessimism stranded on the shores of cheerful, constructive America! Constructive—the very word makes the indignant Mencken shudder at the rawness of a nation bent on erecting its own destiny and well being, though undoubtedly this egregiously prosperous country of ours offers a convenient financial environment to the mental alien.

Mencken laments the blundering ineptitude of America's history. With consummate disregard for the fitness of things, we left an enlightened Old World in the Seventeenth Century and embarked in crude boats, landed upon crude shores, and began our crude career. Gathering momentum, our foolishness launched us into the international disagreement of 1917. Not content with the bourgeois obsession for engineering our own destiny, we must needs meddle in the affairs of Europe at a moment when our intrusion was most embarrassing to the theories of the defeatists and to the schedule of the Teutons—our absurd chivalry of 1917 was the bitterest dreg in Mencken's sorrow-cup. Since then he castigates us with the whip-lash of his exasperation.

Increasingly we provoke his diatribes concerning our inferiority to a sophisticated Europe which he voluntarily abandons to dwell among us "boobs," as he airily designates us.

Our idiotic cheerfulness aggravates Mencken. Destitute of the acrimony which marks the superiority of the alien *literati*, we pursue our inferior bourgeois objectives with hopeful vigor, with candid and unseemly optimism. The world has been revolving on its axis since 1492, and America has not yet learned the proper attitude of cynical acquiescence to fate and of jesting unconcern for human responsibility. She insists on being useful and altruistic in spite of the oral and written precepts of our conspicuous intellectual, Mencken the Mentor. Full many a time he pushes us Yankees beneath the dark waters of pessimism, but unfailingly we bob up again on the life-preserver of our buoyant instinct for overcoming difficulties and dangers. In America apparently we cannot realize that conquering obstacles is obsolete.

Mencken deplores our antiquated regard for the sacredness of home, church, and history. We are so slow to learn that there is no such word as tradition in the lexicon of modern thought. Tradition implies affection for the past, whereas the Mencken school would have us understand that we have no past and no future worth cherishing, only the present for donning harlequin's attire and proclaiming the farcical futility of human endeavor.

Hero worship exasperates the cynics as the most foolish phase of tradition. To make a hero of an American is to imply that there is something fine in human nature and, worst of all, in American human nature. Acknowledging gratitude for a salient personality in public life runs counter to the sophisticate's assumption that gratitude is a weakness and that there is no greatness of character. Yet, in spite of Mencken's tutoring, incorrigibly stupid America continues to cherish her sacred memories and hopes. She persists in erecting monuments to her heroes, and in teaching her school-children to believe in Country and Flag—foolish America! disgruntled Mencken!

Patriotism heads Mencken's list of bourgeois offences. To be a patriot is to stir the risibles of advanced thinkers. How arrogant of America to value her experiences as a Nation, how

tasteless her self-reminders of her evolution as a Republic! Columbus might better have remained comfortably in Italy; as for the Puritans, if they had foundered in the deep sea, we should have been spared the record of their austere follies. England was well rid of us, yet we are none the better for our independence. This dollar-chasing America presumes to prate of patriotism, to sing the glories of her birth, and to seek divine guidance. Mencken sorrows over all these childish tendencies, sorrows because our Nation will not cast aside her preoccupation with reminiscent emotions. Patriotism implies team-work, the submersion of the Ego, the upward look, the strong right arm, the romance of history, whereas Menckenism puts the individual in a vacuum and tells him to exist without the atmosphere of enthusiasm expressed in national service and devotion.

America is incurably religious, although Mencken points inexorably to the signposts of modern intellectualism. She persists in putting faith and will power above barren mental cerebration. Underneath her crust of materialism she cherishes spiritual ideals. America's spiritual energy angers Mencken, because he makes himself believe that the religion of America is synonomous with hypocrisy, superstition and wrong-headedness. What right have we Americans to the consolations and inspirations of piety—we least of all peoples!

For the Mencken school faith is demoded, aspiration a weak delusion. Yet America refuses to repudiate religion. She makes it the foundation of her institutions, the motive-power of her charities, the keynote of her progress. Mencken sorrows over America's narrow conformities, so contrary to the self-sufficiency of intellectualism. The American bourgeois blunders onward and upward instead of reclining at full length in the dry lands of Rationalism.

As an alleviation for the crass stupidities of the American "booboisie", Mencken has founded a school of congenial spirits. A select inner circle of Americans choose him as their guide and pattern. Our Menckenites form an esoteric band of superior minds, whose special function it is to deride all things American. They reflect his prejudices and imitate his cawings and croakings at our absurdities. Chief among them in stereotyped implicit

obedience is Sinclair Lewis. Self-acknowledged star pupil of Menckenism, Lewis incorporates his master's theories into novels which put the dunce cap on America and condemn her to the dark corner as the world's most imbecile race.

Mencken's band of imitators—the bad boys of literature—console him for his grievance at sentimental America. He has imparted to them his swagger, his bravado. They jeer at the plain person, who in the grapple with life turns to sentiments which brighten the bleakness of an unkind environment by revealing a goal worth a struggle. Like street arabs pelting strangers in comely garments, they throw derisive epithets at the kindly virtues and gracious deeds which brighten sombre places.

They have the brawler's delight in destruction—the instinct to break the bright wings of idealism, to silence the song of hope, the flutter of expectation. They love to tease, to worry, to injure the purposeful citizen pursuing the round of homely existence. "What's the use!" they sneer; "your work is futile, your faith nonsensical, your courage childish—you poor dupe, you preposterous bourgeois!" Thumbing the nose, they scoff at the harmless effusions of life. Parades, both literal and figurative, with the old fellows in uniform, the young ones beating the drum and playing the fife, the applause and enthusiasms of the crowd as an outlet for human ardor, offend the superiority complex of the Mencken coterie.

Mencken, critic *in perpetuum*, assuages his vexation at our perverse Americanisms with the cup of malice which he prepares for himself. His caustic middle age will pass into tart old age spent in the America he disdains but refuses to desert. For, were he absent from foolish America, his occupation would cease. With no America to berate, his career would vanish, his mentality atrophy. Having stored up for himself no gentle thoughts, no mellow traditions, no mild benignant pleasures of the mind, how could he live in a land he did not despise? How could he endure a congenial environment after the bracing air of antagonism to all things American? On his peak of scorn he noisily bewails America; but he enjoys his sorrows.

FARM PRICES AND THE VALUE OF GOLD

BY JOHN R. COMMONS

Professor in the University of Wisconsin

I

In the public discussion of so-called "Farm Relief" problems attention has been drawn to many of the causes of the present disparity between the prosperity of the industrial world and the distress in our agricultural region. The disparity has been attributed to the lack of foreign demand for the farmers' products, to the tariff, to excess production, to the inefficiency of the farmers, to the inability of the farmers to organize, and to other causes. In this discussion, however, another factor is usually overlooked—the effect of changes in the value of gold upon farmers' prices.

The value of gold, like the value of cotton or wheat, is its power to purchase other commodities offered in exchange upon the markets. In the case of other commodities we measure their value by a standard unit of a single commodity, gold, which a standard unit of the given commodity, a pound of cotton or bushel of wheat, will purchase. This is its "price". Price is the gold value of an arbitrary unit of the specified commodity in exchange for an arbitrary unit of gold. In the case of gold itself, however, we measure its unit value, not by a single commodity, cotton, wheat, iron, etc., but by an average of the prices of all commodities. This is the so-called "index number" of prices, or commodity price level. Inversely, it is an index of the changing value of gold.

The monetary disturbances since the beginning of the World War have familiarized the public with the changing value of gold. Taking the year before the war, 1913, as an arbitrary base, and calling the then average of all commodity prices in America 100, the index number rose to 247 in May, 1920, and fell to 138 in

January, 1922. That is to say, the value of gold, which changes inversely to the price level, fell from an arbitrary 100 per cent. in 1913 to 41 per cent. in May, 1920, then rose to 72 per cent. in January, 1922. Again by March, 1923, prices had risen to 159, meaning that the value of gold had fallen to 63. There then came a fall of prices to 145; then a rise to 161, and a fall to 145 in July, 1927. Inversely the value of gold rose to 69, then fell to 62, then rose to 69, for the corresponding dates.

Of course, individual prices do not move up and down uniformly with the movement of the average of all prices, and herein lies the problem of farmers' prices. The total gold value of the farmers' crops is the product of the quantity produced multiplied by the gold value per unit of that quantity. In general, a large crop brings a low price and a short crop a high price, so that the *total gold value* of the crop does not change uniformly with changes in the gold value of a *unit* of the crop. This depends upon the law of supply and demand of the particular commodity relative to supply and demand of other commodities and of gold.

But this law of supply and demand has had curious distortions during and since the war. It is commonly spoken of as though the value of gold remained stationary. This error is serious, because gold is not only the common measure of the value of commodities, but is also the legal tender instrument through which the law of supply and demand operates. By means of the gold value of the cotton or wheat crop the farmers of cotton or wheat buy all other commodities, and thus they convert their gold value into the quantities of other commodities which they need. Even more important, the gold value of their crops is the means by which they pay their taxes and debts.

Realization of the error of a stationary value of gold will help us to understand some of the otherwise queer distortions of the law of supply and demand. Thus, in 1919 the world's cotton crop was twenty-one million bales and the American producers received an average for the year 1919–20 of 35 cents a pound at the farm. In 1921 the world's cotton crop was only fifteen million bales. In view of this, we should have expected the price to rise above 35 cents. But it fell to 17 cents for the crop year. A *decrease* of over one-fourth in the supply did *not* bring an increase

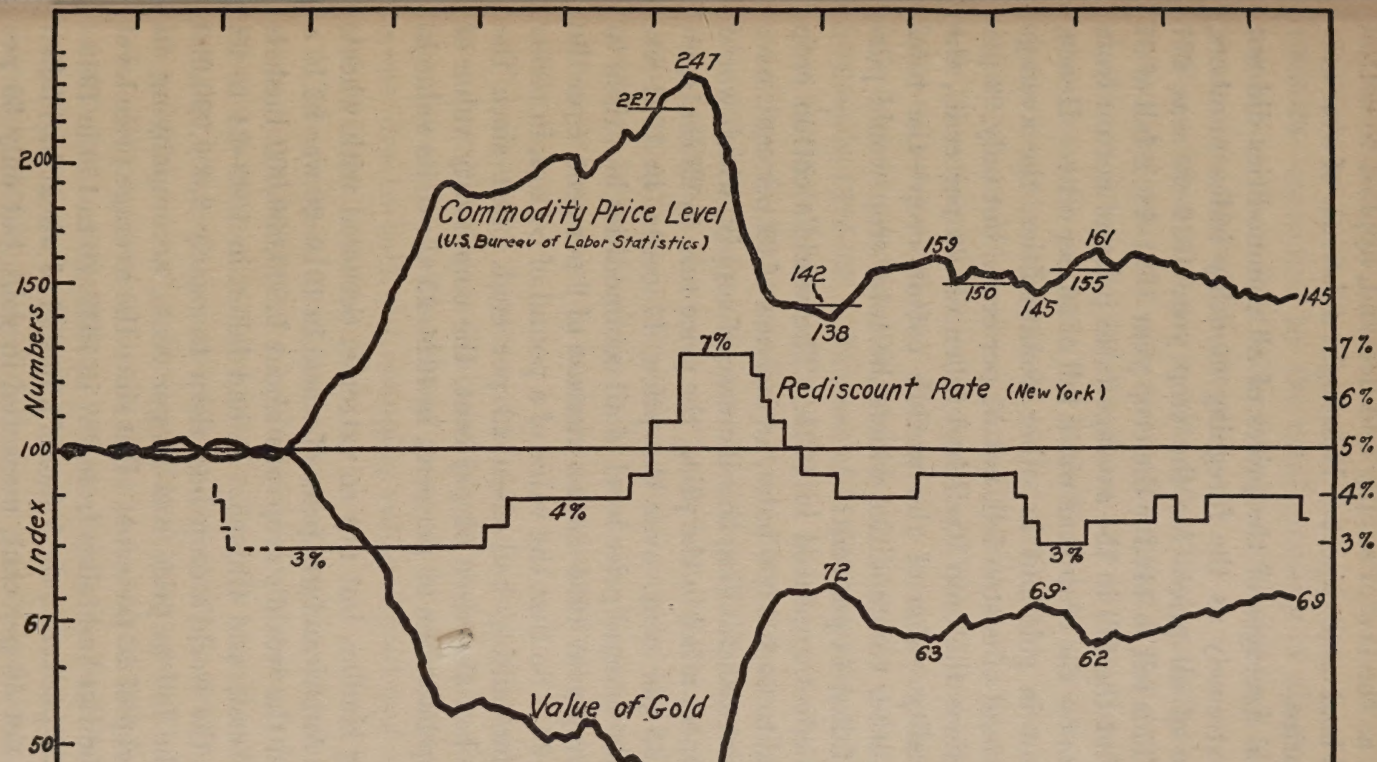

Chart I - Rediscount Rate and Value of Gold

of the price, as the law of supply and demand, applied to cotton alone, would lead us to expect. It brought a *decrease* of over one-half of the price.

The annual averages of the prices of all commodities did not change as extremely as the foregoing monthly index numbers. The average of all prices for the crop year 1919–20 was 227 (*Chart I*). This fell to 142 for the crop year 1921–22, a fall of 37 per cent. But the fall in the average farm price of cotton from 35 to 17 cents for the crop year was a fall of 52 per cent. Hence, measured, not in gold but in other commodities, the average value of a pound of cotton fell, not 52 per cent., but only 23 per cent.; and, since the crop itself had fallen off 28 per cent., the total commodity value of the world's cotton crop—the total quantity of other commodities which the total crop would purchase—had fallen 44 per cent.

A reverse effect appeared in 1924. The world's cotton crop had increased to 24,900,000 bales, an increase of 62 per cent. over 1921–22. Notwithstanding this increase of supply, which would lead us to expect a fall in the price, the price rose to 23 cents, an increase of 35 per cent. over the price, 17 cents, in 1921–22. Meanwhile the general price level of all commodities had risen to 155 for the crop year 1924–25, an increase of 9 per cent. over the 142 of 1921–22. So that the value of a pound of cotton, in terms of other commodities, had risen 23 per cent. But since the world's crop had also risen 62 per cent, the commodity value of the total crop had risen 99 per cent. in 1924–25 above its value in 1921–22.

Something similar, but not so extreme, occurred with wheat. The average American farm price of wheat in 1919–20 was $2.19 a bushel, when the world's crop was about 2,800,000,000 bushels (excluding Russia and China). It had fallen in 1923–24 to 92 cents, when the world's crop had risen to nearly 3,600,000,000 bushels. The fall in price was 58 per cent., accompanying an increase in crop of 26 per cent. But since the average price level of all commodities had fallen from 227 in 1919–20 to 150 in 1923–24, a fall of 34 per cent., the value of a bushel of wheat had fallen in 1923–24, not 58 per cent. measured in gold, but only 35 per cent. measured by the average of the prices of all commodities.

On the other side, since the world's crop had increased 26 per cent. above 1919–20, the total value of that increased crop in 1923–24—measured by the total quantity of all commodities it would purchase—had fallen 19 per cent., although the gold price per unit had fallen 58 per cent.

The reverse occurred in 1924–25. The general price level of all commodities for the crop year rose about 3 per cent. in 1924–25 above the level of 1923–24 (from 150 to 155), but the price of wheat rose 38 per cent. in 1924–25 and 58 per cent. in 1925–26 above its price of 1923–24. Converting this into the prices of other commodities, the commodity value of a bushel of wheat rose 34 per cent. in the crop year of 1924–25 and 52 per cent. in 1925–26 over 1923–24. But, at the same time, the world crop fell from 3,600,000,000 bushels in 1923–24 to 3,100,000,000 bushels in 1924–25, a decrease of 11 per cent. below 1923–24. So that the total value of the world short crop of 1924–25—the quantity of all commodities it would purchase—had increased only 22 per cent. in 1924 over the value of the larger world crop of 1923, although the price per bushel had increased 38 per cent.; and the total commodity value of the crop for the following year, 1925–26, increased 45 per cent. over the larger crop of 1923–24, although the price per bushel had increased 58 per cent. over the 1923 price.

The foregoing figures are, of course, only approximations and averages, but they indicate fairly well the magnitude of the shifting of wealth that has been going on in the matter of farmers' crops, due to both the changing value of gold and the changing size of crops. (*Chart II.*)

While farmers' gold prices have been moving in this erratic way, the gold prices of manufactured products and of non-agricultural raw materials have been relatively stabilized. Non-agricultural prices in general fell 41 per cent. in 1921 (from 250 in May, 1920, to 147 in January, 1922), but agricultural wholesale prices fell 52 per cent. in the same period (from 248 in May, 1920, to 120 in January, 1922). Again, while non-agricultural prices rose 8 per cent. in 1924–25 (from 150 in June, 1924, to 162 in February, 1925), agricultural prices rose 21 per cent. in the same time (from 137 in June, 1924, to 166 in March, 1925). Again in

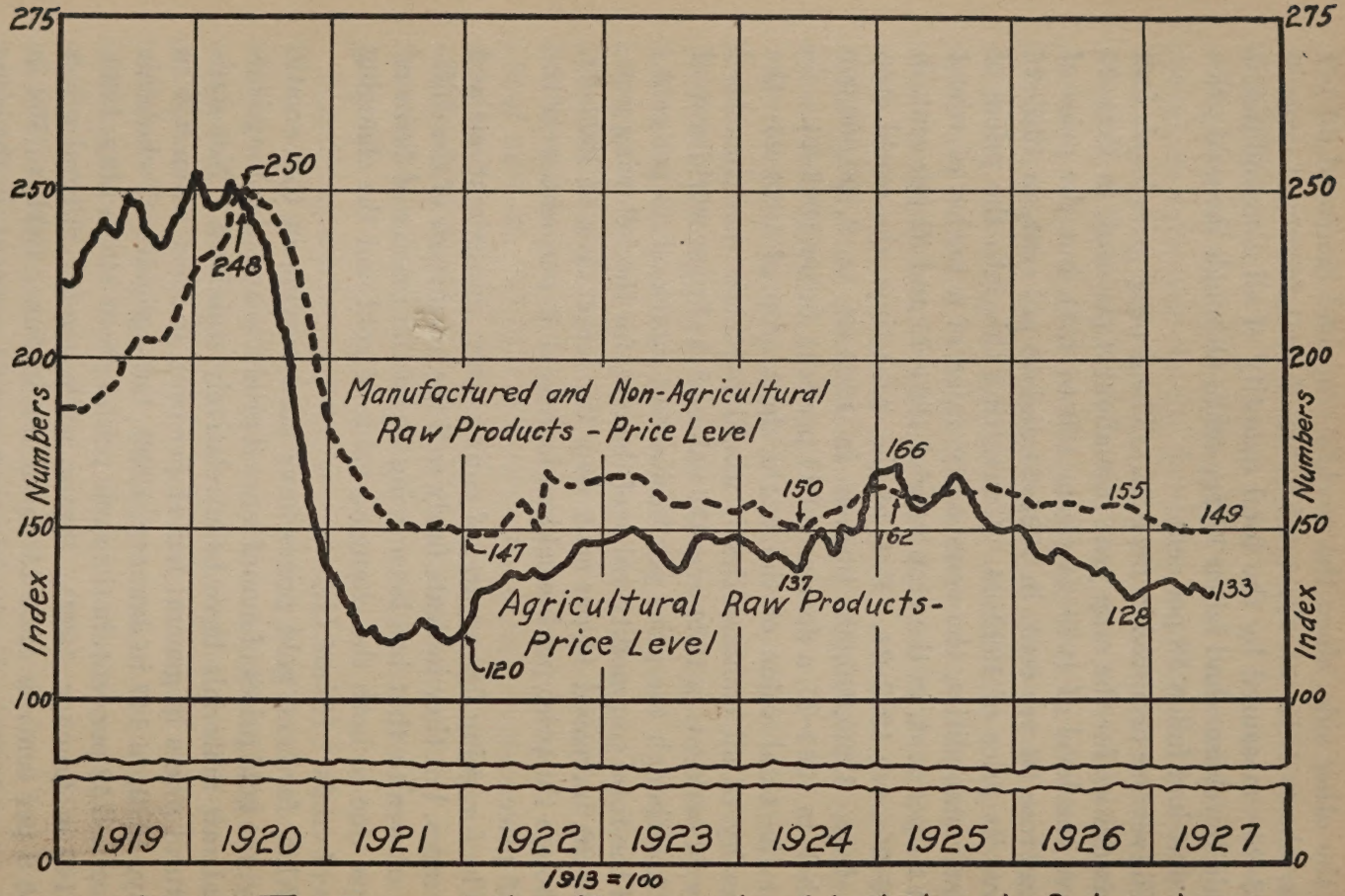

Chart II - Comparative Movements of Wholesale Prices in Agricultural and Non-Agricultural Industries

1925–26, when agricultural prices were falling 23 per cent. (from 166 in March, 1925, to 128 in November, 1926), industrial prices were falling only 4 per cent. (from 162 in February, 1925, to 155 in December, 1926). In 1927, however, agricultural prices came up 4 per cent. (from 128 in November, 1926, to 133 in May, 1927), while non-agricultural prices fell 4 per cent. (from 155 in December, 1926, to 149 in May, 1927).

These differences between the fluctuations in agricultural and non-agricultural prices are explained in part by the fact that manufacturers have been learning, during the past twenty years and especially since the war, how to stabilize their prices and thus partly to counteract changes in the value of gold. They are learning to manufacture only after orders are received, as merchants have learned to buy "from hand to mouth", so that they do not pile up inventory in either finished goods or raw material. The farmer, however, starts producing six months or more ahead of his date of sale, and he has but little warehouse room of his own to hold the crop until orders arrive from consumers. Manufacturers, too, can lay off their workers and shut down their plants when prices fall, and take them on again and start up their plants when prices rise; and they have learned to accumulate reserves to pay interest and dividends when their plants are idle. But the farmer must keep his family going. He cannot stop feeding his live stock and thus retain former savings for reserves.

Manufacturers have also learned the ethical device "follow your leader" and "live-and-let-live". Formerly their competition was cut-throat, like that of the farmers at present. The large manufacturers would cut prices, destroy competitors and enlarge their business by taking over their competitors' customers and workers. Now they do not cut prices nor overproduce, unless the small competitor invokes discipline by cutting prices and overproducing. Competition displays itself in the arts of salesmanship without cutting prices. The consumer pays, the competitor lives. This is the live-and-let-live policy of modern business. It would not be practicable without a protective tariff, which shuts out the cut-price goods of foreign manufacturers—a barrier which does not equally assist the farmer. While the farmer sells the bulk of his staples in a world market of unregu-

lated competition, the manufacturer sells in a tariff protected market ruled by live-and-let-live follow-your-leader ethics. This policy of not cutting prices preserved the United States Steel Corporation, strangely enough, from dissolution at the hands of the Supreme Court in 1919, and now the collective control of prices is the authorized American manufacturing policy.

This collective control explains, in part, why farmers' prices change more violently than other prices. The gold price of cotton in 1921–22, as shown, fell 52 per cent., and wheat fell 58 per cent. in 1923–24, when the general level of gold prices for the crop year, including cotton and wheat, fell 37 per cent. in 1921–22, and the net fall in 1923–24 was 34 per cent. In 1924–25 cotton rose 35 per cent. above 1921–22, and wheat rose 38 per cent. above 1923–24, while the general level of all prices for the crop year, including cotton and wheat, rose only 3 per cent. over the preceding year 1923–24, and 9 per cent. over 1921–22.

The farmer has not obtained the power of collective control, and so is exposed to the danger of excessive crops and changes in the value of gold.

This collective control policy has been extended by law to the money and credit market. Indeed its most notable instance is the Federal Reserve System, which now controls the world value of gold. One-half of the world's monetary supply of gold is now owned by the twelve American Reserve Banks. This gold cannot be used directly by the 10,000 member banks as their individual gold reserves. The member banks' lawful reserves now consist almost entirely of demand deposits, that is, credit balances at the Federal Reserve banks. If hand-to-hand currency is needed by member banks, they get it, not in gold, but in the form of gold certificates or Federal Reserve notes issued by the Reserve banks and calling for gold on demand. These twelve banks act as a unit in handling their gold reserve. Under direction of central committees and the Federal Reserve Board they are not competing banks—they are a system and they exercise collective control of member banks.

This follow-your-leader policy in American finance is not limited to the twelve Reserve banks and the 10,000 member banks. It extends to the whole world. The impoverishment of

Europe, the need of paying to America nearly $1,000,000,000 annually in gold (or its equivalent) as interest and amortization of public and private debts, and the resultant Federal Reserve ownership of more than half the world's monetary gold, compel European central banks to follow the lead of the Federal Reserve system, which is now, in effect, the Central Bank of the World.

Furthermore, member banks are prevented, by the working rules of the Reserve system, especially since 1921, from borrowing at the Reserve banks at low rates of interest and then re-lending to customers at higher rates of interest, except in cases of temporary emergency. This means that one member bank cannot steal its competitor's customers by easier loans or lower rates, but all member banks must act alike, charging similar rates of interest and each taking only its fair share of the common fund of reserve credit, whose volume in turn is controlled by the Federal Reserve banks acting in unison as a system.

Evidence of this control of the volume of credit is the fact that the impounded gold of the Reserve banks amounts, at present, to about eighty per cent. of their deposits and note liabilities, whereas, according to the law, the Reserve banks might legally expand both the notes and the member bank reserves up to the point where the gold would be only 40 and 35 per cent. respectively of the Reserve banks' outstanding notes and member banks' deposits. That is, legally, they could double the present volume of notes and member bank reserves, if they so wished and occasion offered, thus practically doubling the present volume of commercial bank deposits and currency available for business and commerce, and still be on a legal gold basis. This, indeed, is what would happen if the member banks were allowed to compete with each other for business by expanding loans. And this is what did happen in 1919–20, when the Reserve banks themselves kept their re-discount rates down to four per cent. and expanded their Federal Reserve note issues and their loans to member banks to the legal limit. At that time the system did not attempt to control the expansion of loans by member banks, and the latter allowed prices to run up to 247 in May, 1920, in response to demands for loans by business customers.

This rise of prices was stopped and a deflation was produced in

1920, when the system took control by rapidly raising re-discount rates—the prices charged to member banks for the use of the impounded gold reserve—from four per cent. in 1919 to seven per cent. in 1920. As a consequence member banks raised their rates to business customers from the previous five per cent. up to eight per cent. on the best commercial paper, and to even higher rates on other loans, and curtailed their advances or refused to loan altogether. This brought into play the psychological factors which reduced the demand from the business community for loans. Then the level of prices fell from 247 to 138.

What happened, we can see, is that by raising the price—the re-discount rate—for the use as credit of its impounded gold, and by urging, counselling and demanding curtailment of loans by member banks, the Reserve system reduced the volume of credit in use, thereby raising the value of gold and lowering the world gold price level of commodities.

The reverse operation occurred in 1922. The price (re-discount rate) for the use of gold as a basis of credit was reduced rapidly to four per cent. in 1922, and subsequently during that year the value of gold fell eleven per cent. (72 to 63), and inversely prices rose fifteen per cent. (138 in January, 1922, to 159 in April, 1923).

Since that time its power to exercise such control has been increasing by reason of an increased stock of gold, and at the same time, the Reserve system has learned a new method of control. It has learned not only how to control the *price* of credit, as in 1920,—the commercial discount rate charged by member banks, —but also how to control the *volume* of credit in use. This was learned in 1923, and is the now well-known "open market operation". If, for example, a Federal Reserve bank buys $1,000,000 in Government securities from a broker, it pays that broker by a check drawn against its own impounded gold—a "cashier's check". The broker sells that check to a member bank,—that is, deposits it,—receiving in exchange a commercial deposit credit, making an increase of $1,000,000 in the volume of checks which the broker can use as money. The member bank, in turn, presents the check to a Reserve bank. If the member bank is in debt to the Reserve bank, the check reduces the size of its debt and makes room for an additional loan of the same amount. If

not in debt, the member bank receives an additional credit reserve equal to $1,000,000.

This increase in its credit reserve raises the loaning limit of the system as a whole, on the average, tenfold, because member bank reserves are legally fixed at a minimum of seven, ten, or thirteen per cent., averaging about ten per cent. All the member banks of the system, taken as a whole, may therefore lawfully increase their loans to business customers by ten million dollars, owing to this increase of one million in Federal Reserve credit to a member bank. Thus the increased limit to which all the banks in the country can increase the supply of deposits to be used as money by business men is about ten times as much as the amount of Government securities which the Federal Reserve banks buy on the open market in exchange for their cashier checks drawn against their own impounded gold. One result of this increased supply of bank credit is to reduce the rates of discount charged to business men by member banks on their commercial loans—an "easy" money market.

On the other hand, if a Federal Reserve bank sells $1,000,000 of Government bonds to a broker, it receives from the broker a check to that amount on a member bank. When this is charged against the member bank's account at the Reserve bank, the result is a reduction of $1,000,000 in the member bank's credit reserve, or a reduction in the reserves of other banks upon which the particular bank draws for deposit at the Reserve bank. This reduces the limit of lending power for the system as a whole $10,000,000, or ten times as much as the amount of Government securities which a Federal Reserve bank sells on the open market. Then the member banks, in order to keep within their legal limits, must either contract the total of their commercial deposits (which serve as money) by the amount of $10,000,000, or else enlarge their reserve credit by borrowing $1,000,000 at the Reserve bank. Since the member banks cannot so suddenly contract their loans to business customers, this operation is known as "forcing the banks to borrow". One result, however, is to force the member banks to raise the rates of discount on loans to business customers —to create a "tight" money market.

So important were these open market operations discovered to

be that the Federal Reserve banks in 1922–23, approved by the Federal Reserve Board, took the initiative away from the individual Reserve banks which previously acted competitively, and concentrated it in the hands of an Open Market Investments Committee. Since then the open market operations have been conducted by a single committee representing the system as a whole. Thus controlling, as a unit, the open market buying and selling of securities, and consequently controlling, to an indefinite extent, the volume of reserves of member banks and, through them, the volume of commercial deposits which serve as the modern form of money, the Federal Reserve system controls to a greater or less extent, according to circumstances, the business situation and the price level.

Thus the Federal Reserve system has two instruments for controlling the value of gold. It can change the supply of credit by open market operations, and it can change the *price* of credit by changing its re-discount rate. While there are evident limits to the extent of this control, the two instruments have been used together effectively since 1922.

For, example, in the early part of 1922, the Reserve banks, not then acting in concert, bought $400,000,000 of Government securities in the open market, thus raising the legal limit of member bank deposit liabilities, for use by customers as money, approximately four billion dollars. This was accompanied by a lowering of discount rates, a general rise in prices during 1922 to April, 1923, from 138 to 159, and a fall in the value of gold from 72 to 63. On the other hand, beginning in the latter part of 1922, the Reserve banks, now beginning to act in concert, sold $400,000,000 of securities in the open market. This forced the member banks to restore their impaired reserves by borrowing from the Federal Reserve banks $500,000,000 in order to maintain the legal reserve of deposits in the Reserve banks against their customers' deposits. This, in turn, reduced the limit on their legal capacity to lend to the public about ten times as much, or four billion dollars. This, again, forced member banks to raise the interest rates on business loans. In this way, only a slight raise of the re-discount rate was needed, in 1923, to stop the inflation of commodity prices and the deflation of the value of gold. The inflation of prices and de-

flation of gold had started in 1922, but was stopped in April, 1923. But the deflation, starting at 159 in April, 1923, ended with a fall in the prices of commodities to 145 in the early part of 1924, and a corresponding rise in the value of gold from 63 to 69.

Again, in 1924, when there was great distress in agriculture owing to falling prices, accompanied by threats of radical legislation and a Presidential election impending, and especially when it was desired to help European countries to get back upon a gold basis, the reverse process was started. Open market securities were purchased to the amount of $470,000,000, thus increasing the legal lending power of member banks by ten times that amount and adding a possible $4,700,000,000 to the purchasing power of the public. Also the rate of rediscount was reduced to three per cent. in New York (*Chart I*), and there then occurred the remarkable rise of prices (or fall in the value of gold) in 1924, which we have already mentioned. But in 1925 securities were again sold on the open market, the rates of re-discount were raised, prices fell from the peak, 161, in March, 1925, to 145 in July, 1927, and inversely the value of gold rose from 62 to 69.

Thus the Federal Reserve system has learned by experience how to control the value of gold for the entire world through open market operations and changes in re-discount rates, accompanied by effective publicity, advice and moral suasion.

It was an effort to use this knowledge gained by this experience that brought on, in September, 1927, a crisis within the Federal Reserve system itself and attracted the attention of the public. The Open Market Investments Committee had bought, during August, about $640,000,000 of Government securities. These purchases would raise the lawful limit of the lending power of member banks about ten times as much, providing potentially $670,000,000 of additional bank money. Concurrently, eight of the Reserve banks reduced their re-discount rates one-half of one per cent., which would permit member banks to reduce their commercial rates by about the same amount.

But the Chicago Reserve Bank, contrary to the advice of the Federal Reserve Board, refused to reduce its rate. The Board then took action and ordered the Chicago Reserve Bank to reduce its rate to the lower level of the other Reserve banks. It obeyed

the order but protested, and spokesmen for it claimed, according to newspaper reports, that the Federal Reserve Board exceeded its lawful authority and that the reduction of re-discount rates was an "inflationary measure". The action of the Federal Reserve Board was reported to have been taken by a divided vote of four to three, the four members coming from the Mississippi Valley, the three members from Massachusetts, New York and California.

It will be noted that this procedure in 1927 is a repetition of the procedure of 1924. There had been, in the former years, a fall in prices from 159 to 145, and the inverse rise in the value of gold from 63 to 69. But, by buying on the open market $470,000,000 of securities, and by reducing the re-discount rates from four and one-half per cent. to three per cent., the remarkable rise of prices occurred from 145 to 161, with its fall in the value of gold from 69 to 62. Furthermore, in that year, as above noted, the prices of agricultural products rose twenty-one per cent., while non-agricultural prices rose only eight per cent.

Repeating this experience, there had been, as shown above, a fall between 1925 and 1927 in the general level of prices from 161 to 145 and a rise in the value of gold from 62 to 69. And at the same time there had been a twenty-three per cent. fall in agricultural prices (to November, 1926) while the fall in non-agricultural prices was only four per cent.

It is not surprising that the members of the Federal Reserve Board from the agricultural sections of the Mississippi Valley should insist on repeating the practice of 1924. Instead of regarding it as an "inflationary" measure, they might properly look upon it as a "restorative" measure, seeing that the deflation was caused by the system, and also knowing that the system has the power, by selling securities and raising re-discount rates, to check inflation, if it desires, when the level of 1924–25 has been restored.

This split between the majority of the Federal Reserve Board and the Chicago Reserve Bank apparently confirms, by a majority vote, the conclusions reached in the foregoing pages. *The Federal Reserve Bulletin* for September, 1927, states the conclusions of the majority. It says that during the month of August—

The discount rates at eight Federal Reserve Banks were reduced from four to three and one-half per cent. and there was a corresponding reduction in the rates charged on bankers' acceptances. These reductions were supported by purchases of United States securities by the Reserve banks. Money rates in the open market, which had been tending downward since midsummer, showed a sharp decline following upon the reduction in Reserve bank rates, and the lower rates in this country have been an influence causing funds to be transferred to foreign money centers where higher rates prevail, with the consequence that Sterling and other exchanges have advanced. This advance of Sterling and of other European exchanges will assist foreign buyers in making their autumn purchases of grain, cotton and other American farm products. Thus the establishment of lower rates for money in the United States at this season of the year is facilitating the marketing of American crops and, at the same time, by relieving the pressure for funds on foreign banks, is exerting a favorable influence on the international financial situation.

This statement expresses, indeed, the expectations of those who apparently intended to repeat the process of 1924 described above, when the rise of the general price level, by the purchase of securities and reduction of rediscount rates, was accompanied by a rise of twenty-one per cent. in agricultural prices and a rise of eight per cent. in non-agricultural prices. The division of the Board on this matter of policy brings the question into practical politics, and will receive consideration in its relation to other questions in the next number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

MEET THE MAYOR

BY FOSTER WARE

At a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the City of New York, Mayor James J. Walker, sitting in judgment on a matter involving the petition of a coal company to construct a pocket in the environs of Jamaica, Long Island, relieved himself of the following profound sentiment:

"I don't know anything at all about it."

It was one of the few utterances of "Jimmie" Walker's on that occasion which did not call for a laugh. Translating the tone of voice rather than the mere words, the thought which he seemed to be trying to convey was: "This sort of thing makes me sick. I am the Mayor of New York. It is a large job. Doubtless coal pockets in Jamaica are important, but such matters seem to me among the things which a Mayor should not be asked to bother his head about. Am I right? We will now pass on to the next item."

Confessions of this sort are becoming commonplace in New York's City Hall, and to some they are refreshing. They seem to mark the end of an old era and the beginning of a new one. "Jimmie" Walker has served two years as Mayor of what his predecessor used to call the Wonder City of the World, and to date he has politely and resolutely declined to become pontifical in office. If New York is indeed a Wonder City—it cannot have changed completely since Hylan went out—"Jimmie" Walker wants no one to infer that he is a Wonder Mayor. There is much that he doesn't know the half of. In a nice, pleasant, casual way he likes to let the people "out front" understand this.

The people "out front", incidentally, constitute that limited part of the population which actually does meet the Mayor. Gad about as he will, the Mayor of New York must sooner or later come face to face with the little group of serious citizens who always show up at a public hearing. He may choose his other

contacts, but this one is thrust upon him. He cannot escape it. Periodically the doors of the old Council Chamber are ceremoniously thrown open, the members of the Board of Estimate file in, and a motley array of men and women elbow their way into the old-fashioned pews which are reserved for the public. The capacity of the chamber, I should say at a guess, is not more than three hundred. Since Mayor Walker opened his show, the room has seldom known anything but a full house.

Traditionalism surrounded these meetings with the Mayor, until Walker took office. In the fiery days of Hylan, the high-pressure efficiency days of Mitchel, and the severely magisterial régime of Gaynor—to go back no further—there always was a certain air of dignity and grandeur about the proceedings. Walker has banished that. Other Mayors may have declared war on Graft, taken up the cudgels in behalf of Efficiency and a Business Administration, struck out heroically for the People and against the Interests. These feats of statesmanship are not in Walker's line. Militancy he has, of a sort, but it hides behind a mask. He would rather floor an opponent with a "wise-crack" than overwhelm him with a convincing argument. It seemed to some unthinkable that this method would ever supersede the standardized City Hall procedure. Yet it has been functioning now for twenty-four months, and if there is any diminution in its effectiveness the signs are not visible to the observant eye.

In the vernacular of Broadway, Walker's show is still "going over big". At the end of two years it still is a "wow". Having established himself in the estimation of his public as a "kidder" and a master "wise-cracker", he could not now extricate himself from that rôle even if he wanted to. One often wonders, looking over the room at a public hearing, what all the people are there for. Relatively few of them ever really take part in the discussions. My guess is they are there to hear "Jimmie" Walker "pull a good one". He rarely disappoints. The man who in his salad days wrote *Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?* is nothing if not conscious of his duty to his public. Perhaps he subconsciously realizes that, after all, they made him what he is today. Certainly without the aid of their timely bursts of laughter he would be hard pressed to hold up his end of a

debate in municipal government. The chorus is as essential to Walker's jazzy administration as it was to the drama of the ancient Greeks.

Walker has the Irish-given gifts of a quick thinking apparatus and a glib tongue. While others are addressing the chair, you can almost see him formulating a well-chosen "snappy comeback". Whether he favors a motion or not, it will do no harm to kid it—a little. The public must have its laugh. A word from the Mayor will get it. He picks his cues with an actor's intuitive sense of the right moment. Instinctively "the public" sets itself for the sparkling word. There is a holding of breath in the rear seats, an instant of suspense, a hush of expectancy for what the Mayor is about to say. You experience nothing like it outside of the theatre.

Let no one infer that the Mayor of New York maintains a claque or that Tammany is packing the hall with a troupe of trained laughers. The Mayor's contribution to the joy of living is given spontaneously enough and the laughter which it evokes bears all the earmarks of the real article. Nevertheless there is just a suspicion that the Mayor enjoys the mirthful proceedings somewhat less than he did in the beginning. He is compelled by his reputation to carry on. Such is the power of suggestion that the good citizens in the rear seats have persuaded themselves that every word he utters is pretty sure to be funny. It is a heavy responsibility to place upon any man's shoulders. But Walker has never shirked it.

He rather likes this part of his job, I imagine. His fame as a puller of "nifties", a fashioner of snappy lines, has spread far. Whether or not it has been well and fairly earned may be questioned. "Wise-cracking" today is a specialty, a profession. Some men make a living by it. Perhaps, if he had to, Walker could, too. But as a professional he would find himself judged by more exacting standards than those set up by his City Hall "public".

Consider, for instance, an average day's output from the "Jimmie" Walker "wise-cracker" barrel. It is at a regular meeting of the Board of Estimate. The "public", as usual, is present. The following are from notes taken on the spot:

THE MAYOR, *apropos of something:* Everybody has a business, a profession or a racket. (Laughter) . . . I don't write letters and I don't read letters. (Laughter) . . . *To a long-winded lobbyist with whom he has been very patient:* Now listen, I've yessed you long enough. (Loud laughter) . . . *To the same gentleman who remonstrates, "But my dear Mr. Mayor—":* Not dear but expensive. (Snorts and chuckles) . . . *To the long-winded citizen again:* Listen; can't we two boys play after hours? . . . *To a viewer with alarm:* Just where do you keep this private detective bureau of yours? . . . *To a speaker who announces he has almost forgotten what he wanted to say:* It don't make any difference here. You don't have to remember anything—just talk right along. (Ha-ha-ha) . . . *To a member of the Board:* Did you ever appear before the City Planning Committee? Yes? You're a brave man. (Salvos) . . . *To the public at large:* Everybody wants coal but nobody wants coal pockets. (Murmurs of amused approval) . . . *To a speaker on the Budget who says he will deal briefly with the police:* You'd better or we may have to call in a couple of them. (Unrestrained laughs) . . . *To another who protests he wasn't accusing the Mayor:* Well, you've got an awful tricky way of complimenting me. . . . *To a pleader who cannot stop talking:* Did you ever hear of the eight-hour law? . . . *To a veteran lobbyist who has grown slightly deaf in the service:* That's the most accommodating ear I ever met . . . (Random shots): He didn't use wool soap either—it shrunk a little . . . That ought to be referred to the aquarium . . . Let's get a search warrant . . . (Laughter *ad lib.*)

I am assured that the day on which the foregoing sallies were noted was a typical day and that the Mayor was in his usual good form. From observation I might add that the "public" seemed to be in excellent form. Seldom had the back seat warmers enjoyed so many good hearty laughs. As to the quality of the humor there may be varying opinions. As to the cause which it serves, no doubt can exist. "Jimmie" Walker today is more popular with his constituents than at any time since he became Mayor.

His credo—if it may be called that—is, Be Yourself. He stands ready to meet all comers on that basis. He is enormously patient with the dull, slow-going, long-winded, self-important bores who infest his office and consume hours of his time. He only asks that they concede his right to go his own way even as they go theirs. Nor must they take it amiss if all they get for their pains is a Walker "wise-crack" or two. Look at the portraits on the surrounding walls and then at Walker. Plainly styles in Mayors have changed.

His fondness for clothes is as notorious as his tardiness at

meetings. He may arrive late but he is always dressed to the minute. He possesses a boyish, straight-lined figure which is the delight of the tailor. Though he may dress (in some opinions) not wisely but too well, being fond of tight-fitting suits and symphonic color schemes, the Walker apparel proclaims not merely the man but the town he rules. A certain establishment advertises clothes "in the New York manner". That describes the Walker wardrobe. Parisians, when they saw him, called him *chic*. He unquestionably is the first Mayor of New York who ever could have achieved this distinction. Judging by the portraits of his distinguished predecessors he is also the first Mayor to attain that nice balance between cuff and coatsleeve which is the despair of so many would-be "good dressers".

Perhaps he stepped out of his class, as they say in the ring, when he entered the Mayor's office. It had always been regarded as a job for political heavyweights. He is admittedly no heavyweight, either physically or intellectually. It is a question whether he qualifies even as a light-heavyweight. But as things turn out, that does not matter. Indeed his very deficiency in respect to the "larger aspects" of his job has been converted into an asset. He is glad to turn over large and intricate matters, like the transit problem, to abler and more experienced men. Even in the matter of establishing a coal pocket in Jamaica he will rely upon the advice of others rather than pose as an expert himself. But when it comes to handling delicate situations, such as determining the closing hour for night clubs or welcoming the largest Swiss cheese in the world, no one can turn the trick more neatly and with more reflected credit to the city than the Mayor himself.

Added to other accomplishments, he has a good radio voice and a face which films well—qualities not to be overlooked in present-day office holders. Nature and training endowed him with a larger assortment of the so-called social graces than were given to Tammany Mayors of old. These he has capitalized to his own and his party's advantage. But it is the "wise-crack" that distinguishes him above all else. This is his Excalibur. He relies on it in all crises. It has never failed him and probably never will. For he has the good sense not to laugh at his own jokes.

ULTRAVIOLET IN MODERN LIFE

BY DONALD C. STOCKBARGER

A THING which is growing increasingly popular and yet is not a fad must have some genuine good in it for the public. Ultraviolet radiation, often referred to as a ray or as invisible light, is one of these things. True, some fads are likely to appear among the uses of every good thing when public attention is directed toward it, but the legitimate uses are stable and will remain so for all time. Photographers, criminologists, chemists, physicians, theatrical producers, archæologists, physicists, dentists, biologists, botanists and a host of others are employing this interesting radiation in their trades and professions. The layman, after reading of the wonders of this invisible agent, is likely to arrive at the conclusion that it is both new and mysterious. It is neither.

The discovery of ultraviolet has been attributed to Ritter, who in 1801 found that certain light-sensitive chemicals were also sensitive to an invisible radiation beyond the violet of the visible spectrum. His experiments had to do with silver salts such as are used in making photographic paper. Nearly all discoveries are traceable to earlier findings, and so here we can turn back through our histories of science to 1666, the year in which Newton discovered the visible spectrum. When he separated the spectral colors of sunlight by passing a beam of the latter through a glass prism, he was close to finding the ultraviolet rays. But Newton's eyes, like our own, could not see them, and, having no reason to suppose that anything of the kind existed, it probably never occurred to him that a search should be made for invisible colors.

Gamma rays, which are emitted by certain radioactive substances, X-rays, ultraviolet, which is not at all the same as violet ray, visible light, infrared or radiant heat, and electrical waves such as are used in the transmission of radio programmes and wireless messages, all belong to the same family. We believe

them to consist of energy transmitted through space in the form of waves. Physicists have for years been unable to agree on how the energy is able to travel, but there are several facts which have been established, viz.: It travels at the tremendous speed of about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second through space which has been made as devoid of matter as the best of modern vacuum pumps will permit; it has this speed, no matter to which branch of the family it belongs; and it behaves in many ways like sound. It has long been established that sound travels in the form of waves, and it is known that the waves from two tuning forks which vibrate at slightly different rates, i. e., emit sounds of slightly different pitches, produce a beat note which is a sound of much lower pitch. The same thing is responsible for the disagreeable sensation sometimes received when bells which are not properly tuned are played in unison. Light exhibits some of the same properties as sound in the laboratory and, therefore, we are led to the conclusion that it is composed of waves. In passing it may be of interest to mention that the annoying heterodyning sometimes experienced by radio listeners is often due to nothing other than a beat note produced by two broadcasting stations operating on slightly different wave lengths.

Sound and light belong to entirely different families. The one in which we are interested is known as the electromagnetic spectrum. The waves of which it is composed vary in length as we go from one end of the spectrum to the other, from an extremely small fraction of a millimetre to thousands of metres, the order of increasing wave lengths being the same as the order in which the members of the family were given above. Wireless waves might be compared with the largest waves on the ocean, and ultraviolet rays with the tiny ripples along the shore.

White light, instead of being one particular kind of radiant energy, is really a mixture of many kinds, each of which we call a color. Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red are the colors with which we are familiar, but the physicist in his laboratory is able to distinguish a great many more distinctly different hues. On the short wave length side of violet, in the ultraviolet region, the artificial eye of the scientific laboratory is able to

distinguish still more colors which cannot be seen at all by the human eye. In general, names have not been given these invisible colors; they are described by their wave lengths, which are of the order of magnitude of two ten-thousandths of a millimetre. Each of these kinds of ultraviolet has its own characteristic properties and is as different from the other kinds as blue is from green or red. This fact is of great importance and is one which is generally overlooked by those who speak of ultraviolet. Sadder to say, it is too often overlooked even by those who are attempting to make use of it. It is as essential to consider the color of the ultraviolet ray as it is to note whether the traffic tower light is red or green.

Ultraviolet colors being invisible, it is not always easy for the user to determine the composition of the radiation; it may be made up of one or many different kinds. He should, if in doubt, consult some authority and not make the common mistake of assuming that his ultraviolet will do the same thing as that of his physician or chemist. For example, certain of the sun's ultraviolet rays are responsible for the sunburn so readily obtained in the summer. These same rays experience considerable difficulty in passing through smoke and heavy layers of air, and therefore do not reach the earth's surface in such abundance in the winter. This fact, and not that it is cold, accounts for the slowness with which one receives a sunburn in winter. At high elevations, as on snow capped mountain tops, sunburn is common. Exposure for hours or days to ultraviolet from which the burning rays have been excluded is attended by no discomfort.

Red glass is colored because it is unable to transmit the other colors of light. No known substance is colorless in the ultraviolet, but quartz and fluorite and a few other materials transmit a great many of the invisible colors and are therefore generally more valuable to the ultraviolet worker than are the glasses, no matter how colorless they appear to the eye; for the latter are, with few exceptions, opaque to most ultraviolet colors.

Often we see the statement that common window glass is opaque to ultraviolet. Such a statement is false. What should be said is that the glass is opaque to a few kinds of solar ultraviolet, and not that it does not transmit ultraviolet at all. As a

matter of fact it transmits a large percentage of the solar ultraviolet energy. The particular invisible colors which it does not transmit are believed to be of great therapeutic value, and, therefore, materials which are transparent to them have been developed to replace ordinary window glass. We find fused quartz, special glass and various flexible materials on the market, nearly all of which transmit to a certain extent the kinds of solar ultraviolet which cannot pass through ordinary windows. The choice depends upon how efficiently the material transmits the desired rays, and upon the cost. A wide variation in these factors is offered.

All very hot objects emit infrared, light and ultraviolet, the relative amounts of each depending upon the temperature. The sun, the filament of the modern electric incandescent lamp, and the crater of the carbon arc are good examples of such sources of ultraviolet. Flaming arcs, particularly the quartz mercury arc, and electric sparks, are powerful sources. It is well known that the visible colors of these various sources are decidedly different; they vary in appearance from red to blue and even white. Likewise, the invisible colors are far from being the same. The ultraviolet radiation from one source may not be able to do at all that which the radiation from another can accomplish.

The quantitative measurement of ultraviolet radiation is a fascinating art. The rays are directed upon a very thin, blackened strip of metal, where they are absorbed and converted into heat. The resulting minute increase in temperature of the strip is measured by means of a sensitive thermometer capable of detecting a few millionths of a degree rise. Such a thermometer is ordinarily an electrical device requiring extremely nice manipulation for its successful use. The instrument responds equally well to all colors of ultraviolet and can be employed in the study of visible and infrared radiation as well. There are other devices which respond to certain colors of the visible and invisible radiations, and may properly be employed under some circumstances, but for general work the method described is nearly always adopted.

While we attribute the discovery of ultraviolet to a Nineteenth Century scientist, the use of it in the treatment of disease is of

ancient origin. Sun treatments are known to have been given about 2000 years ago, and probably date back much further, because the practice of sun worship is very old. For various reasons sun treatments became a lost art until in the Eighteenth Century. Since that time they have enjoyed an increasing popularity.

The discovery that the ultraviolet in the sun's rays was largely responsible for many of the beneficial effects probably was one of the greatest single advancements made in heliotherapy. Immediately new fields were opened and much more careful scientific studies were made. Heliotherapy, the art, began to take on the aspects of a science.

It is not a full grown science yet, however, for much remains to be learned, and until there is closer coöperation between physicians and physicists there is little hope that it will become full grown. Neither the physician nor the physicist is sufficiently well informed in the other's field to permit him to undertake intelligent investigations in ultraviolet therapy. Probably in many instances one is unwilling to call upon the other for aid lest he lose credit to himself thereby. Fortunately, however, the need for united effort is being recognized to a greater and greater extent, so that within the next few years many facts concerning the use of ultraviolet in therapy should be brought to light.

At present we believe that the sun's ultraviolet is essential to our well being. This is not saying that the ultraviolet rays in sunlight are sufficient in themselves. Nature ordinarily does not work that way. Vitamins are essential to our diet, but who would dare to suggest that we try living on Vitamin A alone? Common sense seems to indicate that sunlight as a whole is essential to our well being. That ultraviolet is of great importance has been found by noting the change in health produced by removing certain kinds of this radiant energy from the sunlight by placing ordinary window glass between the subject and the sun. Furthermore, this is not saying that ultraviolet will cure every kind of disorder. There are indications that its rightful field is a large one, but in many cases it would appear far better to consider it as a necessary component of a balanced scheme. It may have its place along with correct diet and possibly medicaments in restoring general good health.

For years sanatoriums in different parts of the world have been relying in part on sunshine in the restoration of health, particularly in the treatment of pulmonary and surgical tuberculosis. Of course, it is always somewhat difficult to determine in so complicated a system as the human body just how much effect is due to sunlight and how much to carefully regulated diet and exercise. The results of the combination, however, are gratifying.

The method of treatment with sunlight is interesting. The exposure begins with a small area of skin, often on the feet, and is of but a few minutes' duration. The following day the length of exposure to this same area is increased, and a short exposure is given to a new area. Progressively larger areas are exposed until the entire body can withstand direct sunlight for hours. Even in the winter tubercular children are permitted to play out of doors with shoes, short trunks and hats for clothing. They seem to enjoy their hikes, coasting parties and snow battles quite as much as the children who are bundled up to the ears.

Statistics show that rickets are most pronounced in the spring in the case of children who have been kept indoors the greater part of the time during the winter months, and that after playing out in the sunshine during the summer the disease is not nearly so prevalent. Furthermore, children with rickets can be cured through exposure either to direct sunlight or to artificial ultraviolet of the proper composition. These facts seem to indicate that ultraviolet has its place in the maintenance of good health.

Whatever the minute facts concerning ultraviolet therapy may be, the present tendency is to expose oneself to sunlight as much as possible, both on the beach and in the home or office or school. The majority of the medical profession agrees that this is wise. Many schools are replacing their old windows with panes of special glass which do not entirely obstruct the passage of those colors of ultraviolet which are known to be essential, and the time will undoubtedly come when nearly all of us will have at least a few "ultraviolet windows" in our homes and offices. Sedans, busses, street cars and railway cars will likewise follow suit. Possibly some progressive bus company will soon advertise that its patrons can obtain their daily sun baths while riding to and from work; it should appeal to the public.

The subject of special windows requires some further discussion, however. In the first place, in order to obtain the beneficial effects of solar ultraviolet the radiation must strike the body. It is not always possible nor is it ordinarily desirable to sit in the direct path of glaring sunshine. Yet those who are not in fairly bright sunlight may not expect to profit much by the expensive window installation. Use needs to be made of two characteristics of ultraviolet, namely, that it can be scattered by a diffusing medium and that it can to a certain extent be reflected by many kinds of surfaces, just as visible light is reflected and scattered. If a room be equipped with windows which will effectively diffuse the radiation and be painted with a paint having high reflectivity for ultraviolet, it no longer remains necessary to sit in the path of the sunlight. Diffusing skylights should be nearly ideal.

In the second place it is conceivable that a noticeable increase in the rate of fading of our rugs and draperies will result from their exposure to the shorter wave-length rays which we now exclude through the use of ordinary glass. It is known that these rays are active destroyers of some of the dyes. How serious this menace will prove to be we cannot at present predict.

The length of exposure to ultraviolet required to maintain or restore good health appears to be governed by the pigment of the skin. Physicians irradiating babies having rickets have noted that exposures which were sufficient for the White ones were entirely inadequate for their Negro cousins. A similar, although perhaps less marked, difference exists between blondes and brunettes. It is the experience of many who overexpose tender skin to the summer sun that more or less painful sunburn results, whereas if short exposures are taken at first, a coat of tan is developed which effectively reduces or removes the danger of becoming burned. The same thing is experienced by those who expose themselves to powerful electric arc radiation. Some do not tan to as dark a shade under the arc as under the sun, but the resistance to burning increases. It is the belief of many that tan also decreases the desirable therapeutic action of ultraviolet, so that longer exposures are required to accomplish what shorter ones could do before the tan appeared. Exactly what rôle tan plays here seems not to be clearly understood.

We find two schools of thought concerning the kind of ultraviolet which is best to employ. One maintains that any powerful radiation having a generous assortment of the invisible colors is not only safe but just as effective as sunlight. The results obtained in some clinics seem to bear this out. There is one great difference between solar and arc radiation, however, in that the former is entirely lacking in the very short wave-length rays. Although they are emitted by the sun, they are absorbed somewhere between that body and the earth, probably by ozone. While there are rays in sunlight in the summertime which are short enough in wave length to burn us, they are not nearly so burning as the much shorter ones in arc radiation. Those of the second school believe that burning is bad, in that it counteracts much of the good that comes from the longer wave length ultraviolet, and, therefore, that burning rays must be avoided. They specify the use of sources of ultraviolet which in quality or composition duplicate as nearly as possible the sun's rays. Granted that burning is to be avoided, the question arises as to whether or not even many of the very burning rays of the arcs are to be regarded simply as more potent therapeutic agents which can do the work as well as their longer wave length relatives in the solar spectrum, provided that they are not used in excess. Experimentation will answer this question. In the meantime the safe rule may be to avoid becoming burned if the maximum therapeutic value is to be obtained.

Then comes the question as to whether the average layman should undertake to prescribe his own ultraviolet treatments in his home. Apparently the answer is both yes and no. If he is in need of professional aid, it would probably be as foolish for him to treat himself with ultraviolet as to select his own medicines. The well informed physician is competent to prescribe and administer ultraviolet where and when it is needed, and the matter should be placed in his care. But the case may be altogether different if maintenance rather than restoration of good health is under consideration. If it be acknowledged as true that sunlight with its full strength of ultraviolet is good for one, then it would appear to follow that any radiation not deviating too far from solar radiation in quality should be safe to use in moderation.

When sources emitting ultraviolet of the same kind as that of the sun are developed, or if experience proves that any good electric arc radiation is safe to employ, we may expect to have "artificial suns" in our bathrooms or bedrooms to help keep us in the best of physical condition at all times. A few of us have them now, and we enjoy our radiant baths. As time savers they are remarkable, for ten or fifteen minutes of their radiation is the apparent equal of an afternoon or day at the beach.

Artificial sources of ultraviolet such as the electric arc have one drawback which deserves mention. Their short wave-length rays are capable of burning the eyes seriously in a very short time, so that it is necessary to protect them with glasses or goggles. An ordinary spectacle lens or piece of window glass has been found to render perfect protection. An eye which has received too much bare arc radiation feels as though it were full of cinders.

Ultraviolet has its place also in photography, for photographic films and plates are very sensitive to the longer wave length kinds. Even when glass camera lenses and glass-enclosed arcs are employed, sufficient ultraviolet reaches the film to shorten the exposure time required to produce good negatives. To the motion picture producer this means that less glaring illumination may be employed with no reduction in speed, a condition appreciated by those who have to face the lights for great lengths of time. The ghastly bluish green mercury arcs are well adapted to this type of work and are often seen even in portrait studios.

There is another kind of photography, often called dark photography, in which ultraviolet radiation alone is employed. This is accomplished through the use of filters which permit the passage of certain invisible colors only. In general, photographs of objects taken in this manner have an entirely different appearance from what might be expected. Often invisible finger prints, traces of ink and stains can be detected, so that to the criminologist and archæologist ultraviolet has a very practical value. The biologist, too, has a place for dark photography, for many microscopic bodies which ordinarily appear nearly devoid of any characteristic markings are found in this way to be as highly decorated as ladybugs.

The biologist does not stop with the use of ultraviolet in photography alone, however, for he has found that ultraviolet of certain wave lengths is most effective in the destruction of bacteria. Practical use of this fact is to be seen in some of our bottling concerns where water is purified by irradiation before being poured into the beverage syrups. For the sterilization of drinking water the ultraviolet method has the great advantage of introducing no unpleasant flavor such as may result from chemical treatment. Numerous attempts have been made to sterilize milk and similar liquids, but obstacles such as opacity to the radiation and the tendency of the materials to suffer some chemical change have usually stood in the way of complete success.

In chemistry, both in the research laboratory and in the industries, ultraviolet radiation is assuming an ever increasing degree of importance, for its use not only speeds up many old processes but also makes possible numerous new ones. Take for example the gas, hydrogen, which normally exists as diatomic molecules and which strongly resists attempts to break it down into single atoms. The monatomic gas differs from ordinary hydrogen in that it is highly reactive and therefore is much desired in certain classes of chemical work. Not long ago it was discovered that when a mixture of hydrogen and mercury vapor is irradiated by one particular color of ultraviolet, some of the hydrogen is dissociated. This opened a whole new field for investigation. In passing, and to illustrate a statement made earlier concerning the difference in quality between the ultraviolet radiation from different sources, it should be mentioned that the one particular wave length of ultraviolet responsible for this decomposition of hydrogen is to be found only in quartz mercury arc radiation. In the brightest of tropical sunlight this pure gaseous mixture would remain unchanged even if left for years. The color of the ray must be considered in every case. Numerous other examples of the use of ultraviolet might be cited, but it suffices to state that in some of the industries employing chemicals this radiation is playing as large a rôle as the chemicals themselves. Solar radiation is used wherever possible, but in many places the manufacturers have installed quite elaborate electric arc equipment.

Even in this hasty survey mention should be made of the effect of ultraviolet on our house paint. Linseed oil, the vehicle which gives paint its adherent properties, not only dries more quickly under the influence of ultraviolet, but also deteriorates under prolonged exposure. For this reason we are likely to find the sunny sides of our houses in need of painting sooner than the less exposed areas. Efforts to produce a paint which protects not only the wood but to a marked extent its own dried linseed oil are said to have been successful, and if so we may soon hope to cut property maintenance costs very considerably. While this is hardly to be classed as a use of ultraviolet, it illustrates the value of studying its characteristics and thus becoming acquainted with it.

Certain substances, including many dyes, glow in ultraviolet like the figures on luminous watch dials. The visible colors produced depend upon the materials themselves and vary from blue to red. Mercury arcs covered by suitable filters can easily flood a darkened room or theatrical stage and thereby make possible ghost and other weird scenes ordinarily impossible of attainment. The effects need not be ghastly, however, as anyone who has seen them can testify. In recent years some of the most strikingly beautiful stage lighting effects have been obtained in this manner. Costumes, uninteresting in ordinary light, if chemically treated are brilliantly colored on the darkened stage when irradiated with ultraviolet.

Fluorescence may some day play no small part in making night driving less dangerous, if suitable materials can be made cheaply and in sufficiently large quantity, for automobile bodies and roadways could be treated so as to be as visible as in daylight under the rays of ultraviolet headlights. Two drivers meeting on the road could each see the other's car perfectly without suffering the least discomfort from glare. Of course it is but a dream now, but it may be realized by 2000 A.D. Possibly the application will be made to airplanes rather than automobiles. In any event the present system of headlights could still be used when not passing other vehicles. The pedestrian problem could be solved by dyeing all outer garments with fluorescent dyes. He should then be safer than he is now.

During the recent war, beams of ultraviolet were directed on distant luminescent substances for the purpose of secret signaling. A somewhat similar application in the convoy system consisted in mounting a quartz mercury arc, enclosed in an ultraviolet filter, on one vessel. Observers on other vessels followed the course by sighting on the ultraviolet source with telescopes equipped with fluorescent eye-pieces. The source was invisible to all save those with the special telescopes.

Still a different kind of signaling is possible through the use of ultraviolet as a carrier wave for radio messages, for this radiation being related to radio waves can be substituted for the latter. It is doubtful whether practical use could be made of this, owing to the fact that the conservation of the energy in transmitting over long distances would be a serious problem. It is nevertheless an interesting fact that spoken words and music, whether a solo or a full orchestra, can be transmitted without appreciable distortion over ultraviolet.

Like Scheherezade's recitation to Schariar, this outline might be extended indefinitely and it might well be made very interesting. From around many of the applications of ultraviolet to modern life could be unwound threads with which exciting mystery stories, love dramas and tales of the underworld could be spun. Writers of fiction have already told a few, no doubt, and probably will tell many more, but the average writer is likely to go astray when dealing with the cold, scientific facts. It has been the aim of this article to so acquaint the layman with ultraviolet radiation that he can intelligently read and criticise the various things pertaining thereto which are published from time to time either as news or as advertising matter. If he be imaginative he will also spin his own yarns.

HOW TO LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY

BY THE REV. DR. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON

It is not easy to live anywhere if one has high ideals and strong desires. It is especially hard to live in New York City. This is because New York is unique. To be sure every city is unique, but New York is unique in a multitude of ways. For instance, no other American city has an island at the center of it, on which over two million people are living. No other city has two wide rivers flowing through it, cutting the land into a narrow strip, thus creating an unparalleled congestion of traffic. No other city asks so many of its people to live twenty and thirty and forty stories above the sidewalk. No other city in the United States cuts its bedroom space into such small bits, and asks the bulk of its population to put up with such meager home accommodations. New York is probably the noisiest of all the cities in the world. We have recently added airplanes to our repertoire. New York is the most uncomfortable of all cities to get around in. No other city has so many automobiles to the square yard. There is no way of traveling in comfort inside New York, not even in a Rolls Royce. The highest priced automobiles crawl up and down Fifth Avenue like snails. No other American city has six million people in it. That is the cause of most of our troubles. It is these people who make it difficult for us to live. In New York we are compelled to live close together. Our neighbors are not across the street; they are on the floor above us, and on the floor below us, and just across the hall. They peer in at our front windows, and at our back windows, too. There are no side windows in New York. They listen in through the partitions. We can never get people out of our eye. Wherever we go they are with us, great crowds of them. They have filled up the subway before we arrive. They have packed the elevated train before we get there. They have jammed every store before we decide to go shopping. If we go into a bank we are compelled to

stand in line. If we want to buy a theatre ticket we stand in line. If we want to buy a bunch of radishes we stand in line. No matter where we go there are a hundred people ahead of us. They swarm like the frogs and locusts of ancient Egypt. Egypt had ten plagues. We have only one, the plague of people.

We could get on better with them if they were not so close to us. They elbow us and jostle us and shove us and step on us. Even when we get them out of our eye they tarry in our ear. When we go into the inner chamber and shut the door, we cannot shut it tight enough to keep out the sounds of people. We hear them day and night. "Night" is only a poetic expression, for New York City is like the New Jerusalem. There is no night there. A Biblical writer informs us that once upon a time there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. No one has ever made such a statement about New York. How to live in a city close up to people who never keep still is one of the vexing problems of modern civilization.

And what a variety of people! They are here from the ends of the earth. They have brought their languages and customs and household gods. They have brought their odors and manners and habits, their oddities and vices and notions. New York is a foreign city built on American soil. It is Nineveh and Babylon and Rome and Tyre all rolled into one, and round this huge bundle of life the Goddess of Liberty has wrapped the Stars and Stripes. How to live in such a Babel of languages and such a bedlam of noises and such a welter of human nature, is a problem indeed.

But however difficult it may be, many people do it. Six million people do it, and most of them do it three hundred and sixty-five days every year. Multitudes of them do it victoriously, some of them do it radiantly, almost hilariously. More would do it triumphantly if they would only set about it in earnest.

The person who purposes to live in New York ought to free himself from inherited or acquired prejudices against the city. Some people start out with the assumption that New York is the wickedest city since Sodom. The assumption is false. New York City is no wickeder than other cities. It is no viler than the

average country town. There is a vast amount of sin in the city, but not more in proportion to its population than in any other place. Thousands of the best people in the world live in New York City, and have lived here for many years without showing the slightest trace of contamination from their slimy surroundings. If a man is forever slandering New York in his heart he ought to go elsewhere. Not all one's time should be devoted to the question, "What is wrong with New York?" There is a deeper question to consider, "What is right with New York?"

After one has rid himself of his prejudices he ought to exorcise his conceits and his fads. Many New Yorkers are unhappy because of their egotism. They shone like stars of the first magnitude in their home town, but in New York their light is dimmed. A girl who has a wonderful voice in a village, finds on arriving in New York that her voice is not so wonderful as her village friends imagined. A young man who is a reputed Demosthenes in his town, finds on reaching New York that the people would rather see Babe Ruth make a home run than listen to the most eloquent Demosthenes who ever lived. A business man considered phenomenally clever in a city of a hundred thousand, is surprised on coming to New York to discover that there are other clever men beside himself. There is a great company of the disappointed in New York. Social climbers fail to climb and look doleful. Ladder-of-fame climbers cannot reach the rung on which their heart was set, and life is now "sound and fury, signifying nothing". No other city has a greater genius for taking the bumptiousness out of a person than New York. Like a sensible old woman, she takes her children one after the other on her knee and says, "Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think, but let him think soberly. Be not wise in your own conceits."

New York City is fiercely hostile to fads. She steps on all the fads with merciless promptness. There is a silly notion in certain educational circles, that a child ought never to be made to do what he does not want to do, and that he ought to be allowed to do just what he feels like doing. When people come to New York and start to doing just what they feel like doing, the city at once points out their error. One person is sent to the psycho-

pathic ward in Bellevue, another is sent to the Tombs, another to the Island, and another to Sing Sing. All the people in our prisons are there for the simple reason that they were doing the things they felt like doing.

To live in New York one must step lively. Some one has jocosely said that we have only two classes here, the quick and the dead. Those who do not join the first are promptly numbered among the second. Men are stationed at strategic points throughout the city to exhort us to step lively. A New Yorker must be quick in the use of his feet, and of his eyes, and of his mind. Sluggishness is penalized. Lethargy is dangerous. Some mortals do not like to step lively. Let them move lively toward the country.

One of the slogans of New York is "Watch your step!" New Yorkers cannot afford to stumble or fall. If anyone falls, somebody is on top of him inside of ten seconds. One must watch his step in more ways than one. In eating and sleeping and exercising, in seeking acquaintances and making friends, one must watch his step. New York is not a city to be sick in. Sickness is too expensive. Prices are well-nigh crushing for those in good health. They are still heavier for invalids. If any man or woman is planning to be sick, let him keep out of New York.

The city is a master teacher in patience. To live happily in New York, one must have more than the patience of Job. What cannot be cured must be endured, and there are a lot of things in New York which cannot be cured in our generation. The subway jam, for instance, what can be done with that? Many persons pronounce it "abominable", "horrible", "atrocious", "outrageous", "infernal". These all seem to be fitting adjectives. The only trouble is they are all futile. The subway muddle cannot be solved by the use of adjectives. The only method at present available is to suffer and to wait. It has been said that "Tribulation works patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." We New Yorkers have had a deal of experience, and that experience leads us to hope that some day things are going to be better.

To live wisely in New York one should cultivate a friendly disposition. He should be ready to lend a hand. The city as a

whole cannot be changed. Reformers who rush to New York with the idea of making it over are found at last under a juniper tree. New York does not want to be reformed. She is too big a chunk of human flesh for any one man to cope with. No matter how earnestly she is denounced and exhorted, she refuses to budge. But one can keep alive in him a disposition to help others. The individual is always within reach. Every man with open eyes can find a chance every day to do a noble and helpful deed. No one of us can do much, but each one of us can do a little, and when we are faithful in that which is little, we are faithful also in much.

It is a good thing for a New Yorker to look often at the stars. Their steady, silent fires suggest permanence and order and purpose. The God who created the stars has also created New York City. If He created the stars for a purpose, the city was no doubt created for a purpose too. If God has a plan for the universe, He has a plan for our little earth, and if He has a plan for our earth, He has, of course, a plan for New York City. This city is big and rich and powerful, and her location is strategic. It looks as though she must have a tremendously important rôle to play, and a highly exalted position to fill. Her mission must be immeasurably important, and her failure to play the rôle assigned her would be a tragedy of cosmic dimensions. To be permitted to live in such a city is a privilege and a challenge, for to each New Yorker the opportunity is given to make a contribution, however small, to the higher life of the greatest city of that promising world which Columbus lifted out of the sea, and one of the most wonderful cities which have been permitted to play a part in the great drama of human life.

THE DEAD LIFT

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I

THERE is at the very beginning a dead lift to all personal achievement. We have to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps; and nothing is going to help us. Once we have made even a small start, plenty of forces rush to our aid; but until we have made that small start we can almost imagine them as intelligences waiting to see if we are worth helping. More prosaically, the powers of growth are always ready; but before they can operate we must at least rouse ourselves to prepare a plot and plant a seed. Nobody is going to do that for us.

There is no use in talking about it, the human race is ineradicably conservative by instinct. Even the most convinced of us is very reluctant to set about anything new that implies real exertion. That goes for little things and for big things too. After we have got things nicely settled, we do hate to disturb them. Why do we, as a whole, remain quite calm over the claims and counter-claims as to Relativity, for example; and froth at the mouth and run in circles over the claims of the Spiritists? Simply because we can acknowledge the one without having to do anything about it; but if we admit the other we shall have to take hold and upset and reform our whole scheme of living. In other words, one is no trouble to us; and the other is. You will notice that those people—the scientists—to whom Relativity *is* a trouble raise enough row about it; just as they have in the past raised a row about Darwin's theories, or Pasteur's, or Mesmer's, or Lodge's, and as many others as you please. These people all made trouble for the neatly established; caused it to be remodelled, sometimes torn down and built up again.

Of course we know the fellow who goes singing to his work. Indeed, a good many of us, perhaps most of us, are fond of our work. But when we have arrived at the singing stage, it has

ceased to be new work. We have been at it for some time. The period of the first dead lift is past. We have our alliance and are on our way; at least as far as that particular thing is concerned. But bluff we as we may, the most of us are reluctant to tackle anything new; very reluctant. We tear the leaf off the calendar; we sharpen the pencils; we tinker with the typewriter key that really does not require tinkering; we raise or lower the window a trifle; we allow ourselves to be momentarily deflected by welcome trivialities. By the time we have settled down we have given an excellent imitation of an old mallard duck circling his pond almost interminably before alighting; or of a small boy postponing his inevitable plunge into cold water. "It takes us a little time to warm up," say we in extenuation. Perhaps.

Or if we have a serious book we really want to read; or a particularly long letter we must write, we shy off from it as long as we decently can. We do so even though we know we are going to enjoy it when once we get into it. Some of us, with consciences, or with a humorous appreciation of ourselves, overcome this instantly and plunge in. A whole lot of us stand shivering on the bank so long that we never do go in at all. We return the serious and overdue book to its owner with a few vague generalizations which we hope may get by; and we never write the letter at all. Those of us who do go at it promptly, do so not from any inner and spiritual grace that exempts us from this universal human characteristic, but because long experience has taught us that "eventually, why not now?" is a sound motto. I remember a notoriously lie-abed man unexpectedly agreeing without argument to get up at four o'clock in the morning for some purpose or other. Somebody expressed surprise at the readiness of his acquiescence.

"Oh, I'd just as soon get up at four as at eight," said he. "I hate just as much to get up at eight as at four; there's no difference!"

II

This fundamental laziness demands a definite small effort in the overcoming, even in the trivial matters of everyday life. It becomes a sweating dead lift when we address ourselves to any-

thing of major importance, especially if it is something new, and a little strange to us, and outside our usual channels of thought and activity. But there is no sense in worrying about it, or lashing our consciences with it, or depreciating or despising ourselves as worthless lazy creatures. We are lazy because we are creatures, but that does not make us worthless. Let us acknowledge that all creatures are naturally lazy, and let it go at that. The point is, are we grown up enough to admit the fact; and to make the dead lift? It is failing to make the dead lift that constitutes the worthlessness.

Being lazy is the natural state of physical being. We are lazy because we insist on identifiying ourselves too completely with our physical sides. We talk of the physical self as Me instead of Mine. We say that I am sick, instead of that a thing belonging to me called my stomach is sick. We do not, however, remark that I am out of order, when the motor car develops a knock. As a matter of fact, I am not sick at all; unless I believe what my stomach clamorously informs me. Darwin possessed a most cantankerously ailing body, but there are very few evidences that he was ever personally ill.

For, and here is the important point, the physical body has a very definite zone of action of its own; just as definite a zone of action as quicksand, or social life, or another personality, or the conventional world at large, or any of the other things we have been talking about. Within that zone of action it is very powerful; and anything that comes within its periphery, unless insulated, must be affected. In that aspect it differs in no wise from any other thing or force. The only difference is that while we can, if we wish to do so and think it wise, avoid many of the zones of action of these other things, we can in no manner avoid that of our physical bodies. Indeed, we leave it so rarely that we have, as we have seen, come to identify it with ourselves.

And strangely enough, though we may appreciate the necessity of insulating ourselves against other people and other things; though we may come to an understanding of these other zones of action and how to fortify ourselves against them, it never occurs to us that it might be advisable to insulate also against this one. Or only vaguely; and without system or understanding.

For it is a curious thing how much we will stand from this body-individual of ours that we would not stand from anybody else in the world. No matter how reprehensibly jelly-fishy or mushy we are in character, there are limits to what we will stand in the way of complaints or demands or boredom. The worm will turn at last. But this body thing of ours seems to be an especially privileged character. It is a spoiled child. We turn the whole spotlight of our minds on it whenever it is pleased to demand our attention. What is the result? What is the result in the case of any other spoiled child? Instantly it takes to itself altogether too much importance. It is no longer merely one of the lesser occupants of the room wherein grown-ups hold converse on grave matters of importance: it makes itself the center, and everybody has to stop talking to listen more or less politely to its babbling, and must forego doing things in deference to the limitations of its intelligence and the length of its legs. And the more attention we give to it, the more attention it demands. When it has exhausted legitimate means, it invents things to call to our notice, it exaggerates them, and insists upon them; it imposes a super-significance upon its own small affairs; it tries—and to a great extent succeeds—to regulate the whole conduct of life according to its own standards. Like other spoiled children, it ends by thinking it is the whole family; and it comes near to making us think so, too.

We can, at a pinch, send the real spoiled child to the nursery; or flee its presence at a pace it cannot emulate; or even, if we are desperate enough and our moral natures have been sufficiently shattered, murder it. But we have to live with that other spoiled child of the body. It has that one great advantage. Furthermore, our situation is complicated by the fact that at the very first, when we were babies, and for a considerable time thereafter, it *was* the whole family. We were the body. To all practical intents and purposes, and for a long time, the child is its body or the body is the child. Its necessities and its demands are paramount to all others. We had first of all to be assured of physical existence before we could go on to any other. And the body will not let us forget that fact. Only very reluctantly does it relinquish its dominance. Why not? That is nature. In a manner

of speaking, primary development might be considered the emergence of self, the ego, from purely physical dominance.

Now any emergence from dominance implies a conflict. The thing getting out from under is struggling to do so: the thing dominating naturally wants to hold its job. There is an objection, a resistance. The spoiled child's natural instinct is to continue to be the whole show if possible: and when he finds people turning their attention elsewhere, he will kick and howl and generally make himself disagreeable in order to draw notice back to himself. He will continue to impose his own ideas and ideals just as long as he can.

III

The merely physical ideas and ideals are very worthy ones, but they are limited in scope. They have chiefly to do with being fed and warmed. Beyond that they want to be comfortable. If we remain within their zone of action, and permit ourselves to be wholly influenced by it, we are living within very narrow limits. All we—as well as our body—will want then, will be to eat and sleep and to get just enough exercise to keep our functions going. The various lower forms of life exhibit this ideal most gracefully and completely. That is the sort of thing the body is.

But as we move up into the higher forms of life, we find—even though only in embryo—an expanding, outreaching quality which we call ambition. The animal moves about much more than the plant because he has certain incentives which are lacking in the plant. The plant is getting along all right, but the animal wants to get along a trifle better, and he is willing to do a little migrating and experimenting.

Sometimes he experiments rather uncomfortably, undergoing hardships in the following of this instinct to be better fed and warmer and more secure. At the body's immediate expense he undertakes new things. It must of course be pointed out that these very incentives are most often imposed by the body's make-up. He is warmer blooded than the plant, and his food often moves about or varies in abundance; but the incentive is real for all that. The manner of its imposition is relatively unimportant. Now our ambitions or incentives are of

precisely the same sort, though of a higher degree and greatly expanded. They, too, are most often imposed by necessity.

But, as we get on in development, we find that some of these are necessities that have little to do with the physical environment, but with something we have evolved within ourselves. At first we, like the animals, migrate and make war and invent various coöperatives and ingenious material civilizations because we want to be better fed and sleep more softly and enjoy more fully the comforts of life.

As we go on, however, they have increasingly less and less to do with our childhood physical selves. They are made up from more subtle desires, having to do with the occupation of a wider radius of life. We not only want to be kept going biologically, but we want to get and keep such things as self respect or good reputation. We want to get out in the world. We want to expand. We want to get in touch with higher things. These are all very real, concrete incentives; just as real and just as insistent in their way as the desire for food and warmth and shelter.

But they are in no wise concerns of the body. The body can get on quite well without any one of them.

IV

That is where the trouble begins. The body is accustomed to having all our attention. It is the spoiled child. We have progressed to the point where we have other interests, outside the nursery. The body is no longer the whole thing.

What happens? Just what happens when attention is removed from any spoiled child. It fights, with the best weapons it has, to keep as much of our attention as it can. It raises a row. And since it has its own compact, self-centered zone of action, its row registers on us. The form the objection takes, as far as we interpret it, is inertia. The child lies down flat on the floor and refuses to budge, unless we make it. It is quite a job to make it.

V

That state of affairs will continue as long as we permit certain things.

It will continue just as long as we hang around the nursery and lend too credulous an ear to what our bodies tell us. According to them it is always too much trouble, or too hard work, or too exhausting. According to them it would be much pleasanter to sit in the sun and eat a tamarind. And according to them there is always something the matter: there isn't energy enough in the boiler, or there's a headache in the offing. There! didn't you notice that? Now wait a minute and it will come again!

And the more we listen to them, the more they tell us!

We *should* listen to them to a certain extent, as we shall shortly see; but we need not "lower our threshold" to lend our attention to all the small babblings. Most of them will die away, if we continue to ignore them.

This state of affairs will continue, also, as long as we permit ourselves to remain uninsulated in the zone of action of our merely physical selves. We must attend to our insulation there as heedfully as we do to our insulations in the world outside.

It will continue as long, too, as we persist in identifying our *selves* principally with the physical, so that when things happen to our bodies we think of them as happening to us. If we could get a little more the attitude of their happening to something belonging to us, it would lift us from that complete sharing of inertias and reluctances and objections and generally stand-pat proclivities which in sum constitute the dead lift.

VI

For that limited self of ours is a great stand-patter. It is as unambitious as the motor car, which also we own. It is a mechanism; and merely because as children we began as mechanisms, we have kept it in the spotlight of our minds, and ended by thinking of it as ourselves. It is a vitally necessary mechanism, of course. We can get along without an automobile: but we have as yet discovered no way of getting on without a body. That is why we have centered ourselves in it. But of itself, deprived of the presence of our self consciousness, it is only a machine; and while it is true that we cannot move without it, why it is equally true that it cannot do much without us. It can continue to

exist, that is all, like an oyster on a rock. When our directing consciousness is withdrawn from it, as in catalepsy, it is quite helpless. It may retain a certain vitality, a certain force, but force is not enough. The thing needs also direction, if it is to go anywhere but around and around.

That is one great lesson this so-called mechanical age can teach us. It is a great symbol held before us to induce us to consider our mechanisms as apart from the force and intelligence that operates them.

All of which assures us that the inertia, the reluctance to get at it, the inherent laziness of the human creature, the weight in the dead lift, is after all only a matter of misplaced attention. We are altogether too much focussed upon what our bodies do not want to do. They object that it isn't worth while; why bother? what's the use? it's too much trouble; let's be comfortable; everything is going along all right. And since we are prone to think of our bodies as ourselves, we listen to them and more or less adopt their ideas as though they were our own. We follow their extremely limited experience of what they want, rather than any considered knowledge of what the whole being wants. We are compromising with the child, although really at heart we know better, simply because we are not definite enough in our own minds. We are fuzzy; and because we have never clearly considered the matter, we allow this childish thing to impose itself.

It is rather humiliating, when we stop to think of it. Why, we never really and definitely take charge even of the things that concern the body, and which we know to be good for it! We know we ought not, merely from the point of view of the body's welfare, to eat so much, or smoke so much, or drink so much. We know we ought to put the thing to bed earlier, and exercise more. Do we do all this? We do not! We allow the spoiled child to have its own way; and as a consequence we grow fat and ailing and apoplectic. We actually consider ourselves quite strong minded when we rouse ourselves to the point of bribing some physical trainer to make our bodies do what they should! We cannot ourselves make the brat behave: so we call in an outsider!

Since we have no great authority in these simple matters that

concern the body, since we allow it so dominating a voice in its own affairs, concerning which we know much better than it does, why, in the name of common sense, should we expect it to keep its mouth shut concerning our other businesses, with which it really has nothing to do at all? Of course it is going to say its little say about them. We have consistently encouraged it to say its little say. I do not suppose any of us are particularly entranced with the child that lips in eagerly and persistently and clamorously on its elders' conversations. Our tolerance—if it is someone's else child—is a mere convention of politeness. We certainly should not dream of acting on its opinions. Yet we cheerfully and unthinkingly permit this other childish thing to have a lot to say to us about everything we want to undertake, and with which it has nothing whatever to do, things that are not its business at all!

This, to repeat, is not so much ignorance of the situation as sheer carelessness and inertia. That, and the lack of a little clear thinking. We have not realized that if we do not want this voice clamoring in our ears, we can move out of the nursery into the drawing room. In more philosophic language, we can take our center of consciousness out of the physical body's zone of action. We must either do that, or else insulate ourselves effectively; for inside anything's zone of action, as we have seen, it is very strong, nd is likely to have more influence than it should.

VII

It will hardly be necessary, for most of us, to remember that in spite of all the foregoing, the influence of the physical body is a necessary part of life. There are people who consistently "mortify the flesh", and pat themselves on the back for doing so. There are even people who beat themselves with whips, or burn themselves with hot irons, and starve themselves on three prunes and two nuts a day. The extremest of the lot deny the validity of pain, which is the body's protest; or are horrified at the reality of pleasure, which is normally the body's approval. But asceticism, fortunately, is a waning cult; no longer an evil sufficiently powerful to be fulminated against. One can trust the normal healthy instinct to revolt effectively against that kind of success.

But it is well to point out that the body is right enough about what it knows. We would be fatuous to pay no attention at all to what it tells us. When, through certain nerves, it advises us in no uncertain terms that we have something decidedly wrong on the right side of the abdomen, we might do well to ask the doctor about appendicitis. The body is perfectly right in telling us not to pick up a red hot poker, or walk on a sprained ankle, or bump into a brick wall. When it tells us about such things it might be well at least to investigate; to find out what it is all about.

And its ideas as to what constitutes pleasure are not wholly negligible. They should be heeded—in proportion. They represent a very necessary occasional state. It merely depends on who is in charge, you or it. If you are the directing force, then they may furnish an invaluable, replenishing, vacationing, balancing proportion in life. Any plea for asceticism or the Spartan life is wrong. There is a catch in it; and instinctively we know it. If we do not know it, we become cranks or Reformers with the capital R, and a nuisance to everybody, including ourselves.

We cannot thrust the body's advice aside indiscriminately. If we do, we are quite likely to steer into trouble. We breed within us inhibitions and complexes and such things. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the body's reluctance to be up and about it is due to its self-satisfaction with present comfortable conditions. But the hundredth time it may really have something the matter with it, something that requires for its cure that we sit still by the fire.

That is where our analogy with a mechanism breaks down somewhat. The body is not a true mechanism. It has a sort of aggregate consciousness of its own. We can leave the flivver in the garage, or take it out, as the mood suits us, and its slow resentments of rust and rattle do not soon affect us. The body is different. It has most of the attributes of consciousness. From the point of view of development it is an inferior consciousness: but it is a real one. The flivver in the garage cannot get at us, unless we go out and climb into it, and start its engine, and hear its dismaying knock. But the body has its lines of communication by which it can always reach the real Us. Over these lines of communication it can send not only its messages but its resentments.

That is where the danger of asceticism comes in again. The body's clamorings, under indulgent encouragement, very easily become too insistent, but it has its rights. We cannot force it, without damage; any more than we can force a child without damage. Oh yes, it can be done! The older generation did it. They bossed their children on the "speak when you're spoken to", "it's your duty to love and obey your parents", idea. The result at last was in the new generation. Forcing results in flat rebellion or all sorts of asceticisms and fanaticisms and nervous jim-jams. There is a sort of half-truth in it all, just enough to give it vitality and make a lot of us think that it must be the right thing to do. But our deeper instincts rebel.

Our deeper instincts are quite right. Any driving or forcing of the body by sheer will power is terribly damaging to the nervous system. It is a strain on the machinery, like going without lubricants or adjustments. And it has never worked well. If past experience is any good to us, we may consider the point proved. If we are to direct the body, we must do so by a friendly, somewhat humorous sort of coöperation rather than control. It is in the child stage of development; and we must from our maturity handle it as we would a child whom we would direct and regulate but whose love and good will we would retain.

VIII

All of which leads us back to the first consideration of all. At the risk of wearisome repetition we must say, that our first act in overcoming the deadly inertia that overwhelms us on approaching any new effort is to step aside from the thing that originates the inertia. We must realize that we *can* step aside from it. That realization comes from a recognition that we are not our bodies; that we haven't been our bodies since our earliest childhood. We, as entities, are distinct from our machines. Our bodies are like our motor cars; something that we own. We can step in and out of it also, in the sense that we can center our attention in it or out of it. We can run it, or we can leave it idle, as the directing part of us sees fit.

After all, that directing part is the only We that is likely to go

on. The body does not; that is certain, nor the aggregate cellular life of the body; not for very long. Certain cell groups persist for a little while after the directing part has permanently withdrawn, but they cannot maintain themselves. Our flivver would run a little while, and we not there, until the gasoline gave out; but it would not get anywhere.

Once we understand this clearly, we see why we have to make a dead lift at all, why there is this oftentimes horrible inertia to overcome before we can make a start at anything worth while. That helps. Our reluctance to get at it is a natural thing, inherent in our mixed make up. Our "weariness of the spirit" is not of the spirit at all. It is in the very nature of our evolution and development, of everybody's evolution and development. We are not personally lazy. Merely we possess historically stand-pat bodies, with puerile ideas of their own. The ideas are quite appropriate to mere bodies as bodies, but we have gone beyond that.

Once the rationale of a thing is grasped, it loses the terror of mystery. We understand. We need no longer fumble. We can tackle the job with assurance and confidence.

IX

And when we realize that this first dead lift is necessary because of our own constitution and not because of something mysterious, extraneous and compelling, why then we see we must do it, on our own, without help. It is our personal job. Nobody can lend us a hand. No force of growth or mysterious outside power is coming to our assistance. Not at the beginning. We shall, as we see, get plenty of help from the whole universe once we get started. But even without analysis we must all realize that even in the simplest things, once we have roused ourselves to get at it,—whatever it is,—we fall easily into the swing of work. It is a little hard to heave up out of the arm chair by the fire, but we thoroughly enjoy the walk; we hesitate to take the plunge, but the cool water is grateful and refreshing; we fiddle with things on the desk, and do little puttery odd jobs, and generally postpone settling down to pencil and paper, but when at last we do so we

work smoothly and pleasurably and rapidly. It sometimes seems as though our reward for breaking through inertia, for making the first dead lift, is that we thereby tap some higher circumstance of the task in hand, that the thing came easier because we rose to a point of help. However that may be, we have at least discovered one important truth:

The dead lift is always much easier than the physical instinct told us it was going to be.

X

All in all, from the larger aspect, this dead lift of initial effort is about the first step, the first vague determination toward unifying ourselves. It is our first attempt to understand and develop our spiritual make-up. The accomplishing of it is actually our first unifying in that it is bringing into harmony the directing We and the machine that We direct. The instant the directing We realize that we are Ourselves, and not identified with the machine; as soon as we realize that we are not the machine, but can step out of the machine and analyze it and understand our relations therewith; as soon as we realize that its decisions as to where it is to go are not important, but that its functioning ideas may be; as soon as we understand the physical mechanism's inertia, and why that inertia exists; as soon as we grasp the reason for its existence, and what it is for, and the use of it, and the necessity and possibility of guarding against its zone of action, so soon have we for the first time established a harmony within. And not until then. Until these relationships are clearly visualized, there cannot fail to be a conflict. We will carry on through a low anarchistic order of living, through unregulated impulses and reactions and juxtapositions—a sort of ferment without forward progress.

We free ourselves by uniting ourselves.

THE HALL OF FAME

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Every American is a stockholder in the Hall of Fame. This is a slogan which I have adopted in commending this institution at New York University to the attention and interest of the public, and it probably will not be long before these words become familiar to Americans everywhere. I doubt if there is in the United States an institution more distinguished in its aims, or one more free from personal bias of any sort. The Hall of Fame was conceived by the late Dr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken, then Chancellor of New York University, as a patriotic influence, and that purpose has been constantly kept in mind in its administration. Chancellor MacCracken was engrossed by the desire thus to hold up to the country the example of public service and to multiply the inspiration of personal genius. His successor, Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Chancellor of the University, and the present writer, as Director of the Hall of Fame, have been impressed by the increasing possibilities of the Hall as a conservative force. Indeed there are more cogent and poignant reasons for such an institution now than ever before. At the time of its foundation in 1900, the world was not yet endangered by the sinister purposes of such ultra-radicals as the Bolshevists, who have made themselves the foes of representative government everywhere; nor was it then fashionable in certain quarters to seek for flaws in the great personages to whom the Nation owes so much for its foundation and maintenance. Moreover, the spirit of irreverence and excessive social revolt had not then spread throughout the country. I believe it is not claiming too much to say that in the Hall of Fame, through its exaltation of our greatest men and women, a new breakwater has been erected against the tides of violent thought and action. It is now one of the permanent conservative influences of our time, and to strengthen it in carrying out this purpose is the aim of those entrusted with its direction.

I think few persons appreciate its national character. It is not a local organization in any sense. No one connected with New York University has a voice in the selection of the names which are to be inscribed in the Colonnade. These are chosen by a College of Electors of at least one hundred distinguished persons, men and women, representing every State in the Union: Actual or former university or college presidents; historians and professors of history and literature; scientists; authors, editors and artists; men and women of affairs; actual or former high public officials; actual or former justices, National or State. To name these would be to include not a few persons who in time to come may themselves be honored in the Colonnade. The visitors to University Heights, where the beautiful buildings of New York University and the Colonnade of the Hall of Fame are situated, are increasing from year to year, and the correspondence at the Director's office has the widest possible range. Evidences are constantly being received that the Hall of Fame is fulfilling its great purposes, and the interest and pride of the country are already enlisted in its support.

The question of what constitutes fame will always be debatable. Murray's *English Dictionary* defines it as "the condition of being much talked about, chiefly in a good sense; or, reputation derived from great achievement." Chancellor MacCracken held that "fame is the opinion of the wise in regard to great men, accepted and held by the multitude of the people". My only amendment to that would be to insert the word "intelligent" before the word "people". Obviously, it is easy to confuse popularity, temporary vogue, and the multiplication of one's deeds with the more solid considerations that underlie fame. P. T. Barnum and Gene Tunney, who would doubtless receive a very large vote in a plebiscite, would hardly be entitled to the franchises of the College of Electors. That in the six quinquennial elections the work of the Electors has been admirably conducted is manifest from the very small amount of criticism of their choices. I think it may safely be said also that they are more desirous to exclude names that should have no place in such a roster than to make sure of including every person whose claim to inclusion would be defensible. As time goes on and the names

of greatest reputation are substantially included, it will become more and more the province of the Electors to choose persons who are not popularly famous, particularly to a later generation, but who *ought* to be so. For instance, in certain industrial branches of science it is easy for the public to discover the merits of inventors or thinkers, but there are many scientific accomplishments which are not known to the general public and not appreciated by it, and, in order to make an adequate tribute to these, the mere fact of vogue will become more and more negligible. James Bryce in *The American Commonwealth* remarked the large number of scientific and scholarly Americans working devotedly but, so far as the general public is concerned, almost obscurely.

Of the one hundred and fifty names that may be chosen by the year 2000, sixty-five have already been placed in the Colonnade on bronze tablets, and above each of these is to be placed a bronze bust. In Chancellor MacCracken's time, only two of these busts were erected, namely, those of Horace Mann and Robert Fulton. Since 1921, forty-two more have been placed—that is, an average of seven each year. At this rate, before the election of 1930, all the remaining busts will be secured. These busts are the gifts of appropriate organizations or institutions in various parts of the country, and this coöperation (to the total extent of $140,000) broadens the public and patriotic interest. The reader may be glad to be reminded of the names thus far chosen for the Colonnade. They are, in the order of their selection:

George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses Simpson Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Fulton, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, David Glasgow Farragut, Henry Clay, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Peabody, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, Robert Edward Lee, Horace Mann, Mary Lyon, John James Audubon, James Kent, Henry Ward Beecher, Joseph Story, John Adams, William Ellery Channing, Gilbert Charles Stuart, Asa Gray, John Quincy Adams, James Russell Lowell, William Tecumseh Sherman, Charlotte Cushman, James Madison, John Greenleaf Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, Andrew Jackson, John Lothrop Motley, Maria Mitchell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, James Fenimore Cooper, Phillips Brooks, Emma Willard, Alexander Hamilton, Mark Hopkins, Francis Park-

man, Louis Agassiz, Elias Howe, Joseph Henry, Rufus Choate, Daniel Boone, Frances Elizabeth Willard, Samuel Langhorne Clemens ("Mark Twain"), Roger Williams, James Buchanan Eads, William Thomas Green Morton, Patrick Henry, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Alice Freeman Palmer, Edwin Booth and John Paul Jones.

Of the twenty-one busts not yet in place, four are promised and will probably be unveiled, with others, in May, 1928. They are those of Agassiz, due to the initiative of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; of Whittier, the gift of the Quakers of America; of Morse, from the telegraphic fraternity and friends and admirers of Professor Morse; and of John Paul Jones, which, it is expected, will be provided by members of the Masonic Order.

This leaves only seventeen busts yet to be finally arranged for. They are those of—

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Joseph Story, John Quincy Adams, James Russell Lowell, James Madison, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Fenimore Cooper, Emma Willard, Francis Parkman, Elias Howe, Rufus Choate and Patrick Henry.

One does not honor a great man by erecting a mediocre memorial of him. Remembering this, it has been the aim of the authorities to safeguard the quality of the sculpture in the Colonnade. This has been done by the advice of an Art Committee, now consisting of three past-presidents of the National Sculpture Society, themselves sculptors of enviable reputation, and there will be a rigid adherence to this policy. With two or three exceptions, all of the busts in the Colonnade are by American sculptors, and only a few of these are replicas. Hereafter, replicas will be excluded and the work will be distributed among the leading American sculptors who have devoted themselves to portraiture; for it must be remembered that a sculptor may excel in every other branch of his art without having a special talent for faithful artistic portrayal of human expression.

SILK STOCKINGS AND SEDITION

BY HENRIETTE WEBER

SOMEONE has suggested that "silk stockings and sedition," as a suave phrase, blandly hides more than a half truth behind its smooth alliteration. Perhaps it does. Again, perhaps it doesn't. The silk stocking has for many a year been a provocative simile for social exclusiveness, a label for class distinctions, and finally a bit of political slang, sarcastically applied by those who can see in social contrasts nothing but an unjust distribution of worldly goods. In the staid and honest days of the early Nineteenth Century—it sounds very far away—the Whig who was not averse to being considered also an aristocrat, was scornfully dubbed "a Silk Stocking" by his political enemies. The gibe has been resuscitated to do active duty in recent years in accounts of political battles, especially since women are voting. Now used to designate the more fashionable precincts of a city, the term has less of opprobium and more of accurate description in its usage. It is less a gibe than a compliment, and an altogether impersonal one at that. But what of the spirit behind it?

Here then, if one dug deep enough, might be unearthed the suspicion, at least, of a seditious spirit—of the envy, malice and unrest that bespeak a rebellious state of mind. And yet rebellion comes from an inability to get what we want. Not getting what we want—can such a state of affairs conceivably be applied to American women? But to come back to our hosiery—

Taken literally, does the silk stocking with all it symbolizes really cause a single turbulent thought in the feminine bosom? Do women cherish a rebellious spirit when not able to possess untold and unnumbered appurtenances of apparel? Does lavish display of extravagant luxuries create a desire to throw bricks through plate glass windows? We doubt it. Or, if sedition in any form or degree does come to the fore, its expression is confined to those unloved exemplars of feminine severity who decry, in a

bespectacled chorus, the indulgence of any vain show as so many enticements of the devil. And if this be so, with reference to the origin of said enticements, then it makes all the more certain a fact which has never been successfully controverted—that the devil is *always* a gentleman. He ought, therefore, at least to know what men like! It is to be suspected that feminine intuition, so carefully practiced and encouraged throughout the ages, has taught women, also, to know what men like. "Vain enticements," indeed! Rather, dire necessities. And if the result is the popularization of the silk stocking plus a multitude of extra-costumal accessories, until these have become part and parcel of everyday life, so much the better for everyone concerned. The woman who cares how she looks is a much more pleasing vision than the one who doesn't. And whether she dresses for men, or for other women, or for herself, what does it matter, so long as she realizes that it pays to advertise the good points the Lord has given her, and so makes the most of them.

Sedition, one surmises, is really confined to the few benighted creatures who let their theories run away with their appearance. Their more rational sisters either satisfy their suppressed desires by arduous wishing—or in the acquisition of imitations, when the luxurious and costly originals are denied them. And the imitations and copies are frequently so good that they are quite soul-satisfying even to the fastidious woman who might not be expected to find content in so adorning herself.

This is one very important and influential reason why the flaunting of expensive finery causes so little rebellion among women, why sedition makes little headway. Most of us do not go in for social economy; we are too busy practicing personal economy. Or, if you do not want to call it economy, label it "careful planning". Besides, the ubiquitous "just as good" argument makes a great appeal to women. And it generally sounds convincing. Then, too, the intelligent application of adaptibility helps. Making much of little or the "just as good" requires an elastic technique in which women, for the most part, are experts. What they achieve is well worth the effort. Just because the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady *are* sisters under their skins, they naturally—from the viewpoint of Judy—want to

be as nearly as possible of the same class on the outside of their epidermises. So Judy goes to work to obliterate all class distinction as well as she possibly can and in no other country in the world do the Judys accomplish their end with such success.

And then think of the beneficent psychological effect of looking one's best!

"These earrings . . . I'm not afraid of the devil himself, when I have them on," said a demure young woman. (Oh yes! they still happen, occasionally, these days!) Was there a glint of the Old Boy himself in her eyes, as she made the remark? In any case the ear appendages, long and elaborate of design, did give her an air of daring somewhat foreign to her otherwise quiet demeanor.

"When I hear my silk petticoat rustling, it gives me just so much more backbone," I remember a friend saying years ago. Of course that was back in the Dark Ages when we still wore petticoats. Now no woman wears enough clothes to make a rustle. She has to develop that backbone nerve not from any musical swish of her garments, but rather from the close-clasping "feel" of them which tells her she is achieving that "boyish slenderness" which is the style standard of the hour.

The silk stocking may figuratively spell class distinctions, but there is certainly nothing more democratic, judging by the sight of them everywhere. And certainly price is no deterrent to popularity.

"How they do it, I don't know, but they *do* do it," said an observant woman, watching two gum-chewing young flappers gaily striding along Fourteenth Street. There they were in tight fitting, black satin coats; of a dubious quality to be sure, but satin for all that, and with a bit of dead white cat about the neck. Smart little felt hats topped off their perfectly correct bobs—the hats imitations of Paris's latest cry, but costing, at the most, about one-tenth of what an "original French model" would bring. And there was a long expanse of slender leg encased in silken stocking, nothing less.

Finery is as prevalent as the love of it. Test this for yourself. Saunter along Hester Street, for instance, on a bright Saturday afternoon, or through any other crowded thoroughfare of New

York's much advertised "lower East Side" which some are threatening to turn into standardized respectability and corresponding dullness. All the vivid glimpses of Old World customs and costumes will soon be gone. And then everybody down there will be a walking model of cheap and standardized ready-to-wears, in varying degrees of effectiveness. For the moment, however, before this metamorphosis takes place, you may still see in every block dozens of dramatic contrasts—Old World conservatism vying with New World progress. Picturesque old immigrant peasant women, bare-headed, or with clean white kerchiefs mysteriously twisted into an artistic headdress. What do they think, one wonders, at the manners of their flapper granddaughters and the cheap and perishable finery with which they bedeck themselves?

But to come back to our original theme: Does the feminine bosom heave with malice and envy at the sight of super-expensive finery in the shop windows, or anywhere else? Is there a keen, or even faint desire, on the part of Judy O'Grady to throw a brick through a window on upper Fifth Avenue, and thereby damage the glittering evening gown and costly accessories that are posed to render a picture of dazzling extravagance? Does she become seditious minded because she can not have these things? No, no more than Johnny, pressing a freckled nose against the glass of a bakery window, translates his gluttony into punishable action, however hungry he may be. The women who "must have nice things" but can not afford the costly prettinesses, are saved from sedition, perdition, and general unhappiness by their intuitive ability to look approximately "right" even on the most slender purse strings. The adaptability of the American woman is something to shout about. She is far ahead of other women in this respect. She is as much a past master in getting the most out of her clothes, as she is in mostly getting out of them—since fashion seems to be urging that way. Following fashion's demands is her delight. And taking her by and large, not individually but collectively, she pretty universally plays the game with rare skill. Even the cheapest imitation is worn with a certain air, when the wearer belongs to the class that can feel comfortable in that sort of thing. And where the cheaper imitation or copy does not an-

swer the purpose, then expediency, cleverness, and good taste combine to do the job admirably. The result is, a well-dressed woman.

All this helps to bridge the gap between desire and fulfilment, when it comes to clothes. Therefore the truly artistic window exhibitions of high-priced merchandise are examined with more curiosity than envy. They serve as mines of information and authentic guides, whereby your keen-eyed woman learns what's what in the season's mode. After a careful survey of such window offerings, less expensive copies may be the more correctly and intelligently selected.

Sedition? Pouf! Our women know how to dress well by instinct, and, that being the case, why bother with a brick and a ruined window, or with red hot meetings where the unfairness of the favored few can be violently discussed? Isn't it the unalienable right of every woman to look as well the Colonel's Lady? It is! And knowing that fact, she sets about having her silk stockings and everything else to go with them by resorting to clever copying, to an innate aptitude for the right thing, and an untiring alertness as to the ever-changing vagaries of style.

These are weapons far more effective in conquering the unsuspecting male, in subduing the rival female, and in making the world her oyster, than a seditious programme ever could be. Instead of "heaving a brick" at a Paris "creation", she stops, looks, and lingers to note the details of color and design, that she may turn this information into a "creation" of her own making at a cost of thirty cents on the dollar and still be happy. Carlyle knew his *Sartor Resartus*. Very well. Clothes make the woman too; and women know it.

A MID-VICTORIAN NORDIC

BY JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

"To browse" has always rather a goatish, graminivorous connotation, that calls up pictures of blameless men reclining on the sward of some library, the while they chew improving literature or at the very least refresh themselves with the succulent and nutritious bindings. I do not know precisely what other word to use than this, though out of the stencil treasury, and it is of little importance anyhow, for browsing I was, in a famous and benevolent shelter, where there are a great many books and the readers do not put their feet on the tables.

I was browsing, looking at titles, glancing at pages, and hiding my weakness behind the respectability of much printed stuff when I should have been working very hard upon a task distinctly urgent and more—shall we say?—vital. A quest or a job that is vital is all right; the word itself is splendid and full of drollness; a catholic word, that takes in mattress advertisements and Chamber of Commerce literature. Well, as I browsed and avoided the eye of my conscience, I lighted upon a quaint old book not seen for many years. It told about parrots and gold, about galleons and Devon housekeeping, bearing no less a title than the exclamatory one of *Westward Ho! The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh.* Written about the time of, or just before, the Crimean War, it can be called one of the successful English novels, a fine large piece of fiction roast beef that even now has juice in it for our sophisticated palates. It is a robustious novel, an *à priori* novel, about as much fitted to the actual life of 1928 as a movie star to the cabin of the *Speedwell;* but an interesting novel, for its scenery and costumes and good spirits. Thackeray, who wrote the best period novel in the English language, liked Kingsley and called him "a fine, go ahead fellow", but he thought he had little knowledge of the world; a quite just judgment of a man and a type that never acquire such knowledge.

Westward Ho! was an immediate success; the Mid-Victorians liked it because it really was interesting and pleased the national trend of thought; it was read across the Channel in the sunny land whose critics regarded with respectful indulgence a clergyman of the English Church who liked fox hunting, was a mild Socialist, and took to novel writing, but not in the style of that other divine, the Rev. Laurence Sterne. The book went as far as Paris, where Émile Montégut, then a young man, wrote twenty-five pages about it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1855. It was a good review, according to the tastes of the period; it was very full, dared long quotations, and showed rather more instinctive understanding of the English of the day than did the much more famous work of Taine. The novel itself is old fashioned; it has the large, well meaning unwieldiness of the marble topped sideboard, and if a man wrote such a book today, it would meet with little patience at the hands of those whom Mr. Dooley might call the school of rapid fire critics. It is long, devilish long; there is dialogue by the hundredweight, and its proportions faintly recall those of *Le Grand Cyrus;* there is nothing homœopathic about it, this large and joyous bolus of a romance, but it is streaked with interest just the same.

You do not have to read *Westward Ho!* but simply to hear about it and its aquiline, outstanding feature, its beautiful, unabashed Nordicism that makes the book a social and political exhibit of the days when the Nordic could raise his voice and with a good deal of approval, even in the United States. To us who live in a much more enlightened age this is bound to be interesting; in fact it would be incredible were it not that there is the book itself, an evidence of what could be done once on a time. We of the present time have had it proved conclusively to us that the Nordic, especially if he be blonde, is an ill fellow. Next, we have had it shown beyond cavil that he never existed. Finally, we have been made to see that those who have sheeps-eyed prejudices for the Nordic are engaged in a sinister wraith worship. Of course, there are still some indurated champions who say a word or two for the Nordic, but these will soon fall away, buried beneath the weight of their own shame. In 1855, the world was different, and Kingsley could display this happy confidence, but one can imagine the

fate (and the sales) of any American who should write such a novel today.

Though Montégut wrote some three score years and twelve ago, putting his thoughts in a different garb from what they would wear now, he makes the same objections to Kingsley's attitude that Anti-Nordics would make today. What he says is admirably restrained and clear, but it amounts to this: Kingsley is "*trop* Anglican", and when he wrote *Westward Ho!* he was come to a state of mind where the Anglican Church's polity and teaching were the only instruments of perfection, at least on this round globe. Montégut had colorable excuse for what he said; it is not angry or resentful, but it is the rejoinder of a very cultivated Frenchman who knew better than Kingsley what was the Gallican Church and what excellences it had engendered in Frenchmen. He plainly thought that he was criticising a theological or ecclesiastical prepossession too blindly Protestant, when really what he did not like was Kingsley's trend of political conviction, which we of today can recognize as "Nordic". Kingsley somewhat boisterously affirmed that the British-Germanic way of looking at life was superior to the Latin, or Southern, or Near Eastern, or whichever name you give it, and was smug about it in rather a pathetic way; but you must remember that it was the day of mutton chop whiskers and assurance, just as modesty and despair are the fashion of these days.

As you read Montégut's review, this becomes clearer; of course he must dislike the Englishman's implication that only in the Establishment can be found the homespun fundamentals of the good life and normal State. But that, after all, is more or less theology, and gentlemen are not going to fall out because of a little damnation. What matters much more to the Frenchman is Kingsley's bland premise, his heavy footed assumption, that the British are the only people who can be trusted not to take the spoons. One cannot, as a man and a brother, quarrel with Montégut's mild impatience with Kingsley's reasoning, which is elegantly simple. All the people in *Westward Ho!* who do good things are British and belong to the Established Church; ergo, there is only one shop to go to, and that is Britain, and the Established Church comes second. Translate this into modern

terms, and you have Nordicism, or what the Anti-Nordics insist that it is. Kingsley could do this and go unscathed, because the world had not yet awakened to the Nordic peril, nor had the Golden Rule been hammered into brass knuckles.

To object that about the time that *Westward Ho!* was published, America had Fernando Wood of pious memory, and the Know Nothings, does not get one very far. Nor does it furnish a good enough parallel to the present day when the Nordic has been expelled from Abraham's bosom. Turn again to Montégut. He reproaches Kingsley temperately, almost regretfully, exhibiting the delicacy of treatment that shows the good workman he was, but he reproaches Kingsley that he should so boisterously enshrine the Elizabethan Englishman. Listen to his inner tone, not to his formal syllables, and you perceive it to be precisely of the school which attacks Nordicism in this year of grace. With a little comparing and paraphrasing, we see in Montégut's objections and the attitude of the Anti-Nordic in the United States, the conflict between the two ideals of political organization that Sidgwick describes in his *Elements*, the conflict between the cosmopolitan ideal and the national ideal. The first does not contemplate any particular portion of the human race as inhabitants of any particular State, while the second does. This ideal does not fall back on any *à priori* King Brute, but on what it is convinced is empiric fact. Kingsley was talking to a public with "a certain vaguely defined complex of particular characteristics which we call 'the national character'"; the devoted Nordic in America is talking as though such a complex ought at least to exist. The Cosmopolitan and his little brother rather excitedly deny this deduction, giving their audience the impression that they regard themselves as affronted.

This feature, in a controversy that only the slow mill-work of the gods can decide, is usually ignored, although the respective protagonists are fully conscious of it. The Nordic, the more sophisticated descendant of Charles Kingsley's school of political thought, has a lingo greatly developed beyond that of Mid-Victorian days. He is but too well acquainted with the log rolling methods of thinking produced by nominal equalitarianism, and more or less bullied by the mesmerism of majorities and that pre-

tentious fraud, "the collective mind". In the United States he is sincerely desirous not to hurt any one's feelings; he does not tell his opponents: "You dislike us, not so much on account of our formal principles, as because you know you are not as good as we are." The Anti-Nordic does not say, "We know what you say is true and we dislike you for it," for such excruciating testimonies went out of fashion with the coming of the ballot box. On both sides there is fear of saying what one thinks and it must be done away with before the matter is settled. Perhaps a little moral courage will do the trick; but then, that is only speculation.

Kingsley wrote at a time when full blooded Britons were not worrying much about their own or other peoples' feelings. There was John Stuart Mill, but he was more or less alone in a certain sensitiveness of prophecy. It was actually a time when the English speaking world, though it had emerged from the Hogarthian mood of the Eighteenth Century, still believed that what was true should be stated without deference to those who might not like it. That period has been called utilitarian among other things, and it had its Manchester School; the present may be called that of Expediency. Kingsley was having a thoroughly good time in his own way with his own crowd, for all that the worthy Pusey disapproved him as a dangerous fellow. A man may still enjoy himself in this way here and there in Great Britain, but in the United States it is a fearsome zest. Nowadays in America we do not have to consider the feelings of the Nordic, but we are expected to tread very softly on the moral toes of the Anti-Nordics; having once adapted the movie technique to social and political thought, we must continue, detesting analysis with the fervor of those who adopt an unliterate system. With Kingsley, it was just the other way about, and this is what makes *Westward Ho!* a museum piece.

As the thesis of Kingsley's book reminds one of today's devoted band of Nordics and their cause, so Montégut's criticism anticipated that of 1928. He admired the book, liked its pictures, even conceded some psychology to its delineation of character, but sheered off at its prejudice. For the life of him he could not believe that the England of Amyas Leigh was peopled exclusively by brave men and good women: "England was not absolutely

peopled with religious men, modest women, brave and elegant gentlemen and learned men without pedantry." He was quite right; it wasn't, but the thing to be observed is that Kingsley had some foundations for his flamboyance. He had plenty of Elizabethan dramatists and Victorian history writers that he might have digested before he committed himself to a partiality that was bound to rasp Latin susceptibility. That is plain enough; but discounting this primæval delight with one's own tribe, and unless we admit that most English written history is worthless, we shall have to confess that Kingsley had colorable ground for his enthusiasm.

Here again one thinks of comparing the mood of 1855 with that of 1928. The Anti-Nordics are so busy demolishing the Nordic-American claims, really those of the transplanted English speaking people in the America of a hundred years ago, that one is bound to speculate how the foundations of these United States could ever have been laid by such an inferior lot. Still struggling with this bewilderment, one may turn to the present and be further puzzled by the eccentric and exotic virtues of the Non-Nordic, if not indeed a good deal disappointed in them; yet the institutions of which they are such loud enjoyers and defenders are not of their making. Looking at the present conditions, one is distinctly conscious of a difference in ethical carriage and outlook; I do not mean in the sense of moral pocket handkerchiefs, but in the sense that so called Anglo-Saxon notions are discouraged. It is idle to say that these notions are the same as the Latin or Near Eastern, for they are not, whatever the exigencies of diplomatic politeness; and what has proved best for the State according to these Anglo-Saxon notions, is at least more and more denied its origin. This is carried so far in a literature more noticeable than it was a few years ago, that the Anti-Nordics will soon produce or have already produced the same phenomenon that always waits round the corner for such counter-movements. They are demonstrating that the spirit of the Nordic is no more narrow minded than their own, no more exclusive and no more unfair.

Montégut, a very fair minded critic, comes near falling into this same error. He gently rails at Kingsley's Mid-Victorian

unctuousness, and with reason enough, yet quite overlooks the Latin indulgence in just the same kind of smooth self gratulation. Really, the sentiments aroused in the Anglo-Saxon bosom by such parades as Virginie's firm refusal to take off her shift when the ship was wrecked—"*cette digne demoiselle qui n'a jamais voulu se déshabiller*"—these sentiments are quite as justified as Montégut's when Kingsley tells the world all about the perfectness of the Elizabethan English. It is too beautiful, too ineffably complacent, his picture, to fail of an effect. So is the Latin, which makes one speculate whether the Mediterranean and the Alpine have not some robust little prejudices of their own, and are not quite as one sided as they portray the unrepentant Nordic, the poor red faced wretch and often blonde, too.

In 1855, and its Antediluvian society, a Nordic could stick his racial chest out and take no harm; splash as a water baby and not be reprehended nor called names for being as the Lord made him. He dates, now; he is out of fashion; he is old stuff, our excellent Kingsley, and he has a glowing verbosity. Perhaps in a century or two, a paraphrase of his views will not be dangerous and the Nordic will be tolerated, but with qualifications, like the polar bear. Kingsley was not enlightened, as we are now, but he might seem to have been much freer. He is old fashioned, just as the foxes with tails are old fashioned beside those that have laid theirs on the altar of progress. As things are now in the United States, were a novelist temerarious enough to write a whole romance booming the Nordic, his end would be terrible and he could be read with safety only in lonely hill towns where the wind sweeps over the hard roads and the family daguerreotypes cower on the wallpaper.

It may annoy the Fundamentalists of either camp to say it, but these currents of mass sentiment go pretty much in cycles; De Maistre was quite sure that Locke was dead and buried, though the great rationalist never disturbed him in the way Voltaire did. Then we have Kingsley and his *Westward Ho!* an honest man, a gallant writer, but somewhat dominated by what George Tyrrell called an "impatient appetite for the comfort and self complacency of a certitude" in his attitude toward those who do not agree with him. Those were the days when Cobden was

sure that a rich man could squeeze through the eye of a free trade needle, and but a few years before the courts had settled that employers in dealing with employees who had been careless enough to get themselves damaged should not be held slavishly to the Golden Rule. De Maistre and Charles Kingsley alike would have disapproved very much of Mr. Harold J. Laski. I tremble to think what Kingsley would have thought of Mr. Laski's opinion that "it is our business to set the law to the rhythm of modern life". Another swing of the pendulum, though it is generally pushed, another movement of it, and we have Signor Mussolini and his moral-political system of Machiavelli-cum-Cellini and mediævalism galvanized into action. He would outdo all the gentlemen who have been projected upon the screen; he would silence De Maistre as a man of scruples and throw Kingsley and Laski to the lions, at any rate as soon as the Imperial Circus Maximus has had new plumbing and upholstery.

There is no meaning in the word "modern" for the man who is sure that he is eternally right—why should there be? The De Maistres and Kingsleys were on both sides perfectly sure they were right in their respective schemes, but neither had run up against the Nordic question, for in those days men took very nationalist views. The Precisian may object that the Anti-Nordic stand of such men as Mussolini is exclusive and plainly hostile to the Nordic, but then the Precisian is always making trouble about little things. The great object of our marvelling must be Kingsley's setting in the age of cocksureness and the fact that fearlessly he could write as he did. It is, as another dominie, but of the Scotch persuasion, would have said, "Prodigious".

WHY KING JAMES STILL LIVES

BY CALVIN T. RYAN

THE fact that the Bible remains our best seller year after year is clearly a utilitarian argument for its worth. The fact that we are getting as many editions and versions of the Bible as we have of Homer, shows also that it is worthy of the attention of our scholars. There are not many homes in the United States that have not Bibles or Testaments of some shape, or binding, or translation, about the house. Whether the families read them is another story. Whether they believe them is likewise another story. The point is that the great majority of people consider the owning of a Bible as equivalent to telling all comers that they are civilized; at least not pagans. There is in the mind of most people, I believe, the idea that the Bible is a symbol of civilization.

Why is this true? Why is the Bible the best seller? Why do scholars devote their time to making it more understandable? And why has it lived throughout the centuries and increased in its popularity while other religious books have disappeared and lost prestige? The teachings of the Bible account primarily, it is patent, for the popularity and the universality of this book. But we must not lose sight of the fact that the style of the language in which it is written has something to do with its popularity and with its lasting quality. Thoughts that are great and thoughts that are not great frequently become current knowledge for no reason other than the language in which they are couched. Look at the numerous wise saws and adages which will not bear too close scrutiny. Notice that persons not given to reflective thinking will overstock themselves with these pithy remarks, and may seem as a result to be wise men, when in reality they are but little more than learned abracadabras. The appeal of the wise saw and the adage is in the language, not always in the thought. They are written in a terse, catchy, easily remembered

phraseology. "In reality it is not of so much consequence what you say," Alexander Smith says, "as how you say it."

Most readers are probably more familiar with the King James Version than with any other translation of the Bible. In beauty of style this translation has never been surpassed. It is unfortunate in arrangement on the printed page, but the style itself is unexcelled. It may be that many of our recent translations are more easily understood, provided we mean by that that the definitions of the words used, and the order in which the words stand, are more nearly like our present day English. The style of the King James Version has a rhythm and a perfectness of expression that we moderns do not always relish. Accustomed to O. Henry and Sinclair Lewis, our ears are no longer attuned to the periods and to the music of the King James translation.

"Does it make any difference?" I hear some one ask. "I prefer to understand what I read. I care nothing about the style in which it is written." Probably not; but style is subtle. It affects one unawares. Lovers of music did not have to know Italian in order to enjoy Caruso sing. Real lovers of music create for themselves as the singer sings, or the pianist plays. Listening to music is never a passive experience for the person who enjoys music. It is, on the other hand, always active. Greatness of music transcends language, but it is not equally great sung in different languages. The language of the words does add something.

Style is like language for the singer. If the language is fitted to the song, the singer can make the most of it; he is inhibited by only his own vocal ability. It will either aid him in his effects, or else it will handicap him. Style of writing may prevent the writer from conveying his moods and thoughts, or it may help him. The writer, we must remember, tries to do two things when he writes: he tries for expression and for impression. His tools are language—words.

One morning, in chapel, one of the professors read the story of the Prodigal Son from one of the newer translations. The students listened, for they were startled into interest. I went to my class directly after the exercises, and at the beginning of the period one of the members said, "Was that an O. Henry story

that Professor —— read this morning?" The other members applauded his well chosen irony. There was no lesson in the Prodigal Son for them that morning. The change of style, its modernity, had killed the lesson. Needless to say that part of the prejudice was because the students had been reared on the King James Version; and what one is reared on has a tendency to show itself even late in life. But not all the irony of the young man's question can be so easily explained away. Those students were studying style. They knew why style was effective. They knew something of the psychology involved. Neither were they ignorant of the fact that style is such a vital part of the message that it is hard to distinguish between manner and matter.

There are some things which can not be arrived at by reason. They must be felt, appreciated, experienced. Beauty, for one thing, can not; truth can not; and I doubt that religion can. All matters of the heart as opposed to the head are felt and experienced; never reasoned about or proved. Most of the technique of the Great Teacher is involved in His appeal to the imagination. Not having any basis for His description of Heaven other than the earthly things, He used those about Him. The life which He wanted His followers to lead could not be explained to His particular audiences other than by figurative language; hence Jesus used metaphorical language. Knowing that He was talking to a highly emotional and imaginative people, He used the imaginative appeal. "To read in practical language is to be told," Max Eastman says, "but to read in poetry is to learn by experience." Jesus spoke and taught through poetic symbols. Through those symbols He hoped to have His listeners experience what he meant.

Bryant expresses the same idea when he says:

> I would not always reason. The straight path
> Wearies us with the never-varying lines,
> And we grow melancholy. I would make
> Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
> Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
> The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
> Around me. She should be my counsellor,
> But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
> Impulses from a deeper source than hers,

And there are motions, in the mind of man,
That she must look upon with awe. I bow
Reverently to her dictates, but not less
Hold to the fair illusions of old time—
Illusions that shed brightness over life,
And glory over Nature.

My answer to the person who says that it does not matter how the story is written so long as it conveys the truth, is that it does matter, and it matters much more than we are apt to admit upon first thought. Take any one of the Psalms, juggle the words a bit, though so as not to change its meaning, and immediately the effect of the song is gone. Professor George Sprau illustrates this by taking the Nineteenth Psalm. First recall the opening lines as we commonly say it:

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth His handiwork;
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night revealeth knowledge;
There is no speech, there are no words,
Neither is their voice heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

Now read the same ideas expressed as follows:

The firmament showeth the handiwork of God,
And the heavens declare His glory;
Revealeth knowledge night unto night,
And uttereth speech day unto day;
No words are there, no speech is there,
Neither is heard their voice.
Through all the earth is their line gone out,
And to the end of the world their words.

In the second rendering the tone color of the original is gone; the rhythm is gone. The vivid ideal that inspired love and reverence in the writer is lacking in the second version; the substance of meaning remains. Is the effect, is the unconscious effect, of the second perceptible at all? We have omitted the thing that made the first translation beautiful, and when that was omitted, the Psalm lost its effect upon us.

This is no brief against versions and translations. Undoubtedly they have cleared up passages that would otherwise have remained vague if not meaningless. My brief is that the language in which the Truth of God is couched has much to do with the message which it conveys. Expression is not the whole of translation; there must be impression too. For this reason I say that the style of the King James Version suits both the truth and the message, and when we translate for substance, for thought only, we are apt to minimize the subtle effects produced by style. Where it is impossible to tell the people in "practical language", that is, in prose, let them read it in poetry and "learn by experience".

We should remember that in reading the Bible reason should be our guide, but sometimes reason should sit "patiently by the wayside", while we, in our mind's eye, trace "the mazes of the pleasant wilderness" ever about us. There are many "pleasant wildernesses" in the Bible.

According to the accepted judgment of our greatest critics of style, we have nothing in universal literature, either sacred or profane, excelling the style of the classical Hebrews, Greeks and Romans. Had not the original of our Bible been great, the first translations could not have been great. The men who gave us our first English translations—Wycliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, and then the King James Version—were men who took pains with their writings; men who felt the beauty of style. They had been nurtured on the classics. They were apparently, also, men who knew the influence of style upon the matter.

Textual variations are well enough for sectarian argument and for bibliophiles, but the great truths of God transcend language. If we search for them we can find them in whatever language we happen to read, or in whatever version we happen to own. Substance or matter is the essential, to be sure; yet we should not deprive ourselves of the whole effect. If we could get a version in which the matter would be as clear as it is in some of our modern translations, and at the same time have the style as suited to the thought as it is in the King James Version, then we should rest content.

ATHLETICS FOR GIRLS

BY JAY B. NASH

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THE mere mention of "athletics for girls" is sure to stimulate a heated argument in almost any assembly today. It is a modern No Man's Land. Vigorous vocal action can always be assured by the announcement of such a topic. Proponents and opponents in all walks of life will be found to be fairly evenly divided. The argument is never settled because of the fact that few people use the same vocabulary. They may use the same words but with different meanings.

"Competitive athletics" is the phrase that is many times used. It, in itself, is a misnomer, because all athletics are competitive. It is simply another way of saying competitive competition. When one person talks about athletics, he visualizes the emotionalized interschool contests of the modern high school or college. When another person speaks about athletics he may have reference to the great mass of athletic games which go on in connection with the physical education programme in the school, without spectators and conducted in a perfectly natural way.

In this ever present argument some people visualize girls' athletics in their worst possible form. They see State championship matches in basketball, where girls are called upon to travel long distances and play in exhausting elimination tournaments. They see track meets for girls who have been coached by men. They see great stadiums with throngs of spectators in a highly emotional state. They see games played under boys' rules, coached, managed, and officiated by men. They see an utter disregard for the girls' physiological conditions. They see the girl athlete in the Sunday supplement. They see as an object city, State, National, and possibly International championships for girls.

On the other hand, those who see good in girls' athletic activi-

ties see a participation which involves all the girls of an institution in activities adapted to the organic needs of the girl. They see the girl properly costumed. They see the teams coached, officiated and managed by well trained, mature women leaders. They see the group of girls building up an organic capacity and acquiring standards of behavior of a very high order.

So it is that the mere phrase "competitive athletics", or "athletics for girls", has in reality no definition. One might as well ask, "How long is a string?" as to ask, "Are athletics for girls bad?" It all depends upon conditions. What are these conditions?

The conditions relative to girls' athletics are precisely the same as the conditions relative to boys' athletics. Boys' athletics which involve activities not adapted to the needs of the boy and conducted under highly emotional situations, with selfish leaders who care more for the click of the camera, the scratch of the reporter's pen and the gate receipts than they do for the boy, are bad. Much of the athletics in junior and senior high schools and colleges fall under this category. It is obvious, then, that if girls' athletics merely ape boys' athletics, they are likely to be bad for the very reason that many of the boys' activities are bad. The earmarks of bad athletics, whether they involve boys or girls, will always centre around *intensive coaching of a few, neglect of the many, spectators, gate receipts, State and National championships.* Such activities are not educational. They exist to give publicity to the coach, the principal of the school, the president of the university, the alumni, some local newspaper, the town boosters' club, and the players.

An interesting situation presents itself; namely, that those who today are most vigorous in their condemnation of athletics, both for boys and for girls, are the ones who are at fault for the muddle in which we find the present athletic situation. This group of people, who have only themselves to blame, are high school principals, Boards of Education, college presidents, and Boards of Directors of colleges and universities. This is the group of people who, over a series of years, refused to recognize the educational content of athletics. They are the group of people who forced student associations to organize, raise their own money, build

their own stadiums, hire their own coaches, and, incidentally, spend their own gate receipts. This is the group of people who refused to finance a programme of athletics as one of the important phases of education.

That situation is largely a thing of the past. The school men of the country are vigorously taking hold of the athletic situation both for boys and for girls and a solution is in sight. Education today is upon an activity basis. All learning is through some form of activity, mental or physical. In physical activities all of the value lies in participation: none in the onlooking. No longer can we make excuses that the spectators acquire "loyalty to the school", or "get relaxation", or "are out in the fresh air." These are platitudes. The value is in the *doing of the activities.* Therefore, plans must be so laid that every child in the school is given an opportunity to take part in *activities adapted to his capacities.* It is through activities that individuals are educated. Looming large in these activities, especially in connection with physical education, are what we call playground activities, "athletics", or "athletic games". Physical activities adapted to the needs of the girl, conducted under proper leadership, lay the basis for development. Development which is laid in this way is fourfold.

One is the development of organic power. This is probably best illustrated in what we call endurance or vitality. It means simply the power to expend great energy and to withstand fatigue. This organic power is today tremendously needed. It is a matter of common knowledge that many of the men in present day positions of great responsibility were raised on the farm. In the big-muscle activities on the farm their organic power or endurance was obtained. More and more there is a strain upon the nervous system. There is the hurry and worry of business life. If men are to stand under this strain, there must be built up through big-muscle activities—playground activities during childhood and youth—great organic capacity.

A second is menti-motor development. This means that the latent powers in the neuro-muscular mechanism called strength and skill are developed; and that millions of nerve cells are brought into functional activities under the control of the will.

This power is greatly needed today in connection with the varied and highly mechanical life that we live. Quick responses learned on the athletic field or in simple games may save a life in the crowded traffic, or prevent accidents in connection with our modern factory system.

A third is the development of the impulses. In the games of childhood and youth the most powerful impulse tendencies of human nature are exercised. Character traits are developed. In the stress of the game the temptation is particularly strong to be unsportsmanlike and violate the rules for the sake of winning. Probably the most effective instance where the child distinguishes right from wrong is when other children point their fingers at him and say, "You didn't play fair." Playground activities offer a tremendous range of opportunities for guidance and the development of the impulses in an approved direction.

Finally, there is the development of judgment. In no phase of education is it necessary to think situations and to will coördinations so rapidly as in playground activities. Judgment is necessary. Action must be instantaneous. A slight error in judgment is fatal to the individual and to his team. The entire being of the player is set upon making a good showing for his team mates. He thinks because thinking is imperative in play to do his best.

Based upon these fourfold objectives are the intermediate and the remote objectives, or what we term standards of behavior; namely, health and character. Over all these objectives and ways of acting is the adult adjustment to the recreational life, namely the right use of leisure.

Several factors are necessary to insure this development. These may be enumerated as follows:

1.—A recognition of athletics as a phase of physical education. Athletic games are in reality the heart of the physical education programme of the adolescent, and are definitely concerned with the "want" of both the boy and the girl.

2.—A recognition of physical education as a phase of general education. This makes necessary a recognition of the educational values of physical education, not just for the physical, but through the physical. It is one of the approaches to education and today must be recognized as one of the most vital approaches.

3.—A scientific classification of children. All children must be classified in accordance with sex, age, capacity and individual differences. Skilled leadership is necessary. Physical examination must be given. The individual capacity of each child for activity must be determined in order that activities adapted to the individual's need may be prescribed. As soon as this classification of children is properly made, the next step is the adaptation of activities to these needs.

4.—Adaptation of activities to needs. As soon as individual needs have been determined the programme of activity can be planned. Here is where the programme of activities for girls will differ very decidedly from that of activities for boys. Girls who have spent a relatively inactive early childhood, which up to the present time has been less vigorous than the boys, can not suddenly plunge into vigorous activities. On the other hand, physiological differences begin to appear at adolescence. The dangers which are involved in throwing a girl suddenly into the highly charged emotional situation of an athletic game, where she is a representative of the school and there are many spectators, is well pointed out by the experience of Dr. St. Clair Lindsley, who has had a wide experience in her capacity as advisor for girls in connection with the Los Angeles public schools: "The entire endocrine balance is being established and the adolescent girl who is subjected to highly emotional situations is but sowing the seed for a nervous breakdown later on by putting undue stress on these glands of internal secretion, which are trying to adjust themselves to the physiological changes taking place at that time, and are really having all they can do. Moreover, many of our chronic backaches in later life are the results of the 'sacroiliac spreads' which occur through the abuse of the body when not sufficiently developed to withstand the sudden and difficult training involved in athletics."

5.—A proper leadership. This involves thoroughly trained physical directors—men to have charge of boys' activities and women of girls' activities. Without this leadership, good results can not be expected either in connection with physical development or in connection with standards of behavior which are involved in character education and health education.

Athletics for girls? Certainly! It is one of the basic phases of education. How much? Just as much as the organic examination indicates will give benefit to the individual. When? Throughout life. Where? Anywhere, where results as indicated above can be a product.

As a matter of practical administration this means trained women physical directors, capable of classifying children and adapting activities to their needs. It means an intraschool programme which involves every girl in the institution. It involves the elimination of gate receipts, because gate receipts merely start a vicious cycle. It involves the elimination of the pyramiding games which involve city championships, State championships, National championships, and International championships. It practically means the elimination of the spectator, who, after all, represents the "deep-dyed villain of this drama." Athletics can not be run both as a financial proposition and as an educational proposition, and this is true not only for girls' athletics but also for boys' athletics, whether conducted in high schools, colleges, or universities. If the school does not finance athletics as part of an educational procedure, it can not control athletics. We can squirm and dodge, but we have to go back to what actually happens in practice. If it is finance, it is a desperate try for a winning team, and educational results take second place.

Girls' athletics can be conducted as a phase of education—must be conducted as a phase of education. It is a phase of education upon which we must depend to build organic capacity, the development of the impulses involved in good citizenship and good sportsmanship, upon which we must build our programme of standards involved in character training and health.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

GERMANY ADMONISHED

Mr. Gilbert's dispassionate but convincing memorandum on German finances has mightily "fluttered your Volscians in Corioli", to an expectantly good purpose. Of the amplitude of his information, the accuracy of his representation and the benevolence of his motive, there can be no reasonable doubt. The chief attempt at a reply to him is a protest that he was meddling with something that was none of his business; to which the obvious rejoinder is that it was very much his business. As the official agent for reparations under the Dawes Plan, there could scarcely be anything to concern him more than any conduct on the part of the Reich or its municipalities that might imperil the successful operation of that arrangement. We need not inquire whether the excessive expenditures against which his friendly admonition was directed were indulged in thoughtlessly, or were the acts of "impossibilists" deliberately seeking the arbitrary creation of a *non possumus*. In either case they were calculated to embarrass if not to defeat the Dawes Plan and cause most unfortunate international complications, and thus fully warranted Mr. Gilbert's interposition. Some years ago there were Americans who spent their incomes with unwonted lavishness, in order to reduce the net amount on which they would have to pay a Federal tax. There is, no doubt, a distinction with a difference, and yet also a certain analogy, between that and the German practice of inflating municipal and other expenditures to an extent that would make it impossible to meet the reparation charges. We notice that "Augur" in *The Fortnightly Review* earnestly exhorts "Europe, as a whole, to assist the New Germany in the fight for the triumph of the democratic principle." Agreed. But we trust that the New Germany does not mean one changed from the Junker to the spendthrift or to the Artful Dodger. Our

impression is that Mr. Gilbert has rendered a substantial service not only to Germany's creditors but also to Germany itself. Defeatists or slackers in time of war are scarcely more censurable than "impossibilists" or spendthrifts in the time of making war settlements under a treaty of peace.

SIGNIFICANT ANNIVERSARIES

The Russian oligarchs have been celebrating the tenth anniversary of Sovietism with the more complete suppression of all freedom of speech and press, with unemployment prevalent as never before, with militarism rampant, with party schism increasing, and with an economic crisis, perhaps *débâcle*, impending. Il Duce commemorated the fifth anniversary of Fascist sovereignty with an extra weighting down of safety valves. Primo de Rivera marked the fourth anniversary of his dictatorship with the abolition of some of the last vestiges of popular government. Meanwhile America recently passed the one hundred and fortieth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution as a matter of course, too commonplace for special notice, in the enjoyment of a governmental system that has stood unchanged longer than any other in the world.

THE CONGRESS BEFORE THE WORLD

The Seventieth Congress meets for its "long session"; which many Members may wish to make at least short enough to permit adjournment before the thick of the Presidential campaign. At most, the session is likely to last six months, in which time it will be called upon to dispose of more than six matters of paramount importance, beside ten times or a hundred times six of real interest to the welfare of the Nation. The Senate can not avoid a determination which may well be epochal of its power to sit as censor upon the acts of States in electing its members; a question lucidly expounded in our pages last month by ex-Senator Wadsworth. The magnitude of the problem of the Mississippi floods was also set forth by General Black, and it has since received added emphasis and urgency through the appalling catastrophe

in the Connecticut Valley. Agricultural relief still holds the centre of the stage, and the complexity which it presents is expertly shown by Professor Commons in the present issue of this REVIEW. The fiasco at Geneva makes practically certain the introduction of an extensive programme of Naval construction, as forecast in a recent article by Representative Butler. The settlement of our claims against Germany, the simplification and reduction of Federal taxation, the further consolidation of railroad lines and systems, and the secure establishment of an adequate merchant marine—as pleaded for by Mr. Plummer in our November issue—are all matters of comparable moment. Judging from the work of some past Congresses, even Mark Tapley could scarcely hope to see all these tasks satisfactorily achieved in a single session, even the "long" one. Yet we would remind the Congress that it is in a sense on trial before the world for its efficiency. In Italy and Spain, parliaments have practically gone by the board; in other countries they are in a precarious state; and even the "Mother of Parliaments" at Westminster has not been free from some discredit. There is no exaggeration in saying that the world is looking, as never before, to America for a vindication of the popular legislative system. Some men who still resent being called old can recall the eagerness with which people years ago, sick of the ineptitude of the Thirty-ninth, exclaimed, "Roll swift around, ye wheels of time, and bring the Fortieth Congress!" We must hope that there will be no cause for such a demand for a successor to the Seventieth Congress.

THE HISTORIAN AS HERO

Carlyle should have added a seventh to his catalogue of heroes. He gave us Divinity, Prophet, Poet, Priest, Man of Letters, and King. Had he survived to our day he would have made another lecture, on the Historian as Hero, taking for his august theme the spectacle presented in the city of Chicago. For there Mayor Dogberry most admirably emulates the wisdom and the virtue of Shakespeare's famous Thompson; and in nothing more than in his choice of an expert censor of the history books of schools and libraries. Macaulay, Froude, Emerson, Arnold and others have

written elaborate disquisitions upon the purport of history and the art or science of writing it. But "Big Bill" Dogberry brushes them all aside and, like Thompson addressing "Sport" Herrmann in the play, says to George Seacole: "You are thought to be the most senseless and fit man for Censor of History; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You are to comprehend all British propaganda; you are to burn any book in the Mayor's name; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication. But, though it be not written down, yet remember that I am an ass!" Of a certainty, there must be place for the Historian as Hero; albeit the play in which Shakespeare makes Thompson and Herrmann thus disport themselves is entitled *Much Ado about Nothing*.

"YANKEE IMPERIALISM"

There has been a recrudescence of protests against "Yankee Imperialism" in Latin America, chiefly on the part of European propagandists, whose disinterestedness in the matter is not precisely as impeccable as Caesar's wife should have been; in which the Central American States are held up as "horrible examples" of our wicked oppression. Curiously enough, however, those States themselves do not pose as such victims. We are charged with having burdened them with loans, which apparently we forced them to accept when they did not want them; with controlling their Governments; and with having fraudulently acquired vast monopolies of their resources. It may be so, of course. White may be black. But our impression is that only four American loans have been made to those States, of which two were for refunding old debts at lower rates of interest; that the only American control of government is our administration of the customs service in Nicaragua and Salvador, where American agents are in charge of the revenues which are pledged to British bondholders, in order to afford no pretext for British intervention; that there is not one American monopoly in any of those countries, though there are numerous British monopolies; that there is no indication that any American concession or opening of any kind has been secured fraudulently or in any way im-

properly; and that in every one of those States there is a strong desire, both official and popular, for more investments of American capital. Moreover,—and we must be permitted to suspect that this fact may perhaps sustain the relation of cause and effect to much of the European anti-American propaganda in those countries,—the United States is now selling to the republics between the Rio Grande and the Strait of Magellan about twenty per cent. of its entire exports, or a hundred million dollars' worth more than Great Britain, France and Germany combined. That is a tremendous fact, significantly contrasting with conditions twenty years ago, when European countries far surpassed us in South American trade. It removes the old reproach, that while we extended our Monroe Doctrine over our southern neighbors, we stood aloof from them in all other respects. It demonstrates that the Pan-American Union is bound together by paramount social and commercial as well as merely political ties. To adapt the words of Patrick Henry, if that be Yankee Imperialism, make the most of it!

VOX, ET PRÆTEREA NONNIHIL

Tennyson, on that memorable Third of February, 1852, spoke of "the one voice in Europe"; and we might, in retrospect, borrow and adapt his phrase; describing Maximilian Harden as having once been the one voice in Germany. He was the one voice that, both daring and enduring persecution and imprisonment and danger of death, courageously spoke the truth about Hohenzollernism. There was no man more loyal than he to all that was truest and best in Germany; and no publicist of his time more entitled to long and grateful remembrance by the Reich.

NO SECTIONALISM IN WOE

A few years ago California was devastated by earthquake shocks. A few months ago the Mississippi Valley was desolated by unexampled floods. A few weeks ago New England was deluge-swept as not before within the memory of man. West, Centre, East, all parts of the country are alike subject to the scourging of inclement Nature, so that all are alike concerned in

the common task of succor, rehabilitation, and such protection as it may be within the power of man to provide.

CONCEPTIONS OF CULTURE

Three college Presidents, recently installed, made inaugural addresses of far more than conventional significance; denoting, in different yet harmonious phases, a spirit in higher education which is to be welcomed, which must be reckoned with, and which should receive sympathetic and substantial support.

Dr. Ernest Hatch Wilkins, an Amherst man, at Oberlin emphasized the too often neglected truism that a teacher's prime duty is to teach. "What shall it profit a college," he demanded, "to add to its teaching staff a man who has a fine voice, is a natural 'mixer', plays golf in the eighties, is a tireless and efficient committeeman, a productive scholar, an idealist in life and work—and cannot teach?"

Dr. Arthur Stanley Pease, a Harvard man, at Amherst practically continued the same line of thought by dwelling upon the three chief aims of teaching, or of liberal education, to wit: The successful practice of one's calling; the profitable use of leisure; and helpfulness to the community. With those aims, and with the order in which Dr. Pease ranked them, there will be general agreement among thoughtful men.

Dr. Roscoe Wilfred Thatcher, a Nebraska man, at the Massachusetts Agricultural College provided a worthy third to these utterances when he declared that "The development of profound scholarship is secondary to education for citizenship." For in America, at least, the first and third of Dr. Pease's aims of liberal education essentially and necessitously imply that the teachers shall teach, in the words of the University of Japan, all things that are necessary for the welfare of the State.

It was an auspicious thing that within the space of a few days these inspiring voices were heard in the educational world.

STANDARDS OF SPEECH

There is a poignant truth in the observation of *The Spectator* of London, that "We need a standard for English, just as we need

a standard for money." People too generally fail to realize or to remember that speech is the essential vehicle of thought, in both conception and expression. Without an accurate use of language there can be neither clear thinking nor convincing speech. The use of words in their right meanings is comparable in importance with the use of numerals in their right values. A large proportion of the lawsuits, quarrels, disputes and controversies, among individuals and among nations, must be attributed directly to the misuse of language. Much ridicule has been foolishly cast upon the French Academy, for its studious deliberation in the work of supervising the French vocabulary. But just because of that work and that wise guardianship of the language, France has an advantage over every other nation in the world.

PAN-AMERICA IN CUBA

The forthcoming Congress of the Pan-American Union at Havana will be noteworthy for three things. One is the presence of President Coolidge, at least at the opening session. This will be the first attendance of a President of the United States at such a gathering, and it will be of altogether benevolent import; though we cannot help apprehending that it will be either stupidly or, more probably, maliciously misinterpreted by some outside of the Union. Another is the place of meeting, a circumstance which will not only be gratifying to the legitimate pride of the Cuban nation but also will finely vindicate its status as an independent sovereignty. The third is the amazing attempt of the League of Nations to intrude itself into a gathering to which it is not invited, in which it is not wanted, and in which its presence would be incongruous to little short of an offensive degree. We should hesitate to say whether its effort to "butt in" was more a breach of manners or a blunder in diplomacy. Those responsible for the performance should have remembered the example set by the League's predecessor, the Holy Alliance, in expecting other Powers to wait until they were invited to join it. Perhaps, however, it is well that this strange *méprise* occurred. It may help to define more clearly the relationship, or lack of relationship, between the Union and the League, and even teach the somewhat

bumptious junior body a useful lesson. However that may be, and without "expecting all things in an hour", we shall not be surprised if the Congress at Havana not only surpasses, in beneficence to its members and through them to the whole world, any of the League meetings at Geneva, but also proves to be the most interesting and valuable that the Pan-American Union has ever held.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FLEETS

Armistice Day was marked in England with several important utterances by leading statesmen and in the press, regretting the failure of the Geneva Conference and deploring naval rivalry between Great Britain and America. We must hope that these represented the dominant trend of British sentiment. For, while we should not dispute Tennyson's dictum that "The fleet of England is her all-in-all", nor wish to see the strength of that fleet reduced below the needs of the Empire, we may point out that a most significant change in the naval status of the world has occurred since the early years of the century. Then, three European fleets potentially menaced British sea power. But they do so no longer. One, formidable only in combination with some other, was disposed of by Admiral Togo at Tsu Shima. The second, really formidable in itself, met its end at the Falklands and in Scapa Flow. The third, that of France, has definitely retired from competition. Outside of Europe, Japan refrains by far from attempting to rival "the might of England". Remains, therefore, in all the world, America alone to be reckoned with; and—since 1859 on the Pei-Ho and 1898 at Manila—we simply refuse to believe that any responsible British statesman or thoughtful British citizen regards the British and American fleets as possible antagonists. It is for these two nations, therefore, to gauge their respective naval strengths with an eye not so much to each other as to the rest of the world.

TAX-EXEMPT SECURITIES

The suggestion by Mr. Mills, the Under Secretary of the Treasury, that Government bonds should be exempted from

income surtax, is eminently logical and practical; provided that the widespread system of issuing tax-free securities is to be continued. But there is reason for wishing that that system might be abolished as unsound, especially in its present over-inflated condition. That billions of invested capital should be exempted from taxation seems inequitable and potentially mischievous. But it is axiomatic that the whole is greater than any of its parts. If the States and minor subdivisions of the Nation are privileged to issue tax-exempt securities, certainly the Federal Government itself can do the same. And perhaps its doing so would have the salutary effect of discouraging States and municipalities into abating the practice.

PHILIPPINE SECESSION TALK

Renewed demands are being made by some Filipino politicians for the secession of those islands from the United States, while at the same time other leaders, no less authoritative and representative, are urging that "there is no valid reason why the economic development of the Philippines (by American capital) should not now be undertaken on an extensive scale." The two utterances conflict; the former supplying the reason for non-development which the latter ignores. Beyond doubt there is opportunity for vast investments of American capital in the islands, for the very great good of the Filipino people as well as for the profit of the investors. But it would be midsummer madness to expect them to be made so long as there is any doubt as to the permanent political status of the archipelago. Americans will not invest their millions in the islands while there is danger of their presently being cast adrift as derelicts, ultimately to be salvaged and seized by some alien Power. There could be no stronger deterrent against the economic development which is so greatly desired and needed than the current propaganda of secession.

CEREBRAL CANDIDATES

The Russian project of a "Brain Museum", in which the cerebra of noted men will be dissected and exhibited, under glass,

seems to meet with opposition on the part of the relatives of Leo Tolstoi and others, who object to having the tombs and corpses of their illustrious kinsmen thus despoiled. With that sentiment we must sympathize; and it must also be realized that brains which have long lain in the tomb without special preservative treatment must be in a more or less decayed condition, so as not fairly to show what they were in life. These circumstances should not, however, defeat or discourage the interesting project. There are many Russians of prominence whose cerebral organs might, to the great edification and profit of the public, be dissected, analyzed and displayed in glass cases. Such exhibition of Messrs. Stalin, Tchitcherin, Krassin, Trotzky and a score of their compeers could not fail to command most favorable attention.

GENDER IN WASTE

A rash and reckless male statistician estimates that the women —or rather just the wives—of this country waste outright $700,000,000 a year, in carelessness in domestic administration. That may be. But we tremble to think what some woman statistician may presently report concerning the wastefulness of the men folk.

A PENALTY OF PROGRESS

Much scientific attention is being given to the very serious problem of dealing with carbon monoxide gas, which is rapidly becoming a grave menace to life. It is copiously emitted by every automobile or other engine using gasoline as fuel. It has no odor and thus gives no warning of its presence, but it is capable of causing sudden death when inhaled, and even when not thus fatal it has a disastrous effect upon the heart. Numerous cases of death occur, caused by letting automobile engines run in closed garages, and it is believed by many thoughtful observers that the ominous increase in the number of heart patients and deaths from heart disease is due to the inhalation of the gas on streets that are thronged with motor vehicles. On such streets, on days when

there is no wind and the air is stagnant, the atmosphere must be charged with this gas almost to a lethal extent. Carbon monoxide is one of the pernicious by-products of one of the most useful of modern inventions. It is a heavy penalty of progress, which it behooves inventors to get rid of with the same ingenuity which has been displayed in the invention and perfecting of the machines which generate it.

OLD DAYS IN RAILROADING

The railroad centenary brings to mind the fact that much less than a hundred years ago an Ohio school board refused the use of the schoolhouse for a lecture on railroads, on the ground that there could be no such thing as a railroad, and if there were, it must be a wicked, sacrilegious and blasphemous thing, since there was no warrant for it in Holy Writ. At a much later date, within the memory of men now living, one of the foremost railroad presidents of America declared that he would never countenance the heating of cars with steam, because of the awful danger of the passengers all being scalded to death in case of an accident which might break some of the steam pipes.

FALLACIES OF PRIMOGENITURE

Careful researches in Massachusetts seem to indicate that not the last but rather the first born child in a family is in danger of being a weakling. Without offense, perhaps that explains why so many of the ablest men in Great Britain have been "younger sons", while according to the satirical librettist of *Iolanthe* the first born House of Lords "did nothing in particular, and did it very well".

NO ALIEN STATEHOOD

The requests—scarcely amounting to agitation—for increased and improved autonomy for Porto Rico are not unreasonable, and will doubtless receive due attention. The suggestion which a few have made, of Statehood in this Union, is not, however, to be countenanced; any more than the similar one that has been made in behalf of Hawaii. That question was thoroughly

threshed out nearly three-quarters of a century ago, by a very high authority, and received an answer which should be permanent. In 1854 the Hawaiian Government negotiated with the United States a treaty annexing those islands to this country, forty-four years in advance of the actual achievement of that transaction. The President of the United States at that time was Franklin Pierce, and the Secretary of State was the distinguished William L. Marcy. Neither of them was at all averse to expansion of United States territory, and the latter was a particularly stalwart and aggressive patriot, who in our time would doubtless be called a Jingo. But on receiving the signed text of the treaty, they refused to submit it to the Senate for its "advice and consent". Why? Because, among other things, it provided for ultimate Statehood for the islands; and Marcy wisely and resolutely held that the Constitutional United States should forever be strictly confined to contiguous territory on the North American Continent, and that all detached and insular possessions should be held in a Territorial status. He interpreted the Preamble to the Constitution literally in its description of that document as a "Constitution *for* the United States of *America*" and not "for the United States of America, Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Sea". That principle is as sound and as necessary today as it was when he enunciated it. Of course we could and should give all our Territories, according to their capacity, the fullest possible measure of self-government, even equal to that which the States enjoy; denying them only a share in the government of ourselves. To say that we cannot do that would be stultifying to the inheritors of the Revolution. It would be to say that we ourselves had not learned the lesson in territorial government which our ancestors taught George III a century and a half ago.

SOMEBODY STARTED THE WAR

French resentment of the persistent propaganda for exculpation of Germany from all responsibility for the World War is quite natural, though it may be somewhat exaggerated in regarding it as a menace to European peace. We do not expect that there will ever be universal agreement upon the subject; but neither

do we expect that the vast preponderance of the world's deliberate and informed opinion concerning it will ever be changed. If we were to credit all that is being said on all sides, we should be compelled to conclude that the war was not started at all but, like Topsy, "jest growed".

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE ILL

"Just a common cold," or a "bilious attack," or maybe "a touch of the 'flu'," and in consequence one is "laid up" for a few days. Then of course there are some more serious illnesses, incapacitating the patient for a longer time. But on the whole the overwhelming majority of the people keep tolerably well and are able to work or attend to business every day. And the doctors' bills do not amount to as much as the theatre tickets. Is it so? Let us look at the concrete facts. According to careful estimates made by the insurance department of the United States Chamber of Commerce the total loss to the people of the United States through illness is at least two billion dollars a year. That is approximately one-tenth of the entire national debt. How much of this loss is reasonably preventable is not so certainly calculated, though at least fifty per cent. would seem to be a moderate figure. Indeed what can be effected by a systematic and scientific campaign for health is impressively shown in the case of that "white plague" once supremely dreaded but now generally relegated to a place among the minor ailments. Those who every Christmas time have wondered whether anything much was really being accomplished through the "Red Cross seals" will be interested to know that through that and other agencies to the same end the pecuniary loss to the country from tuberculosis has since the beginning of this century been diminished by $1,200,000,000 a year. Surely, from the most practical point of view of dollars and cents, there is no more profitable investment than that in ways and means for protecting and promoting the health of the people; while as for the gain thus effected in the relief of suffering, the avoidance of anxiety and bereavement, and the increase of happiness, it is simply beyond all computation in material terms.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

UNNUMBERED generations of sophistication and culture have made him what he is today. Courteous, restrained, politely considerate of guests, he is—every inch of his stubby stature—a canine gentleman. Back of those recorded generations there were doubtless others, when his ancestor's manners were not all they might be; but so far as that goes, any West Highland manners in that far off day might not bear close scrutiny. And back of those generations—but imagination fails. What has a grave and dignified West Highland terrier, so short of leg that his stomach scarcely clears the ground, canny-eyed, bewhiskered—what has he in common with wolf packs or the wild dogs of the Steppes?

It is of Dundee that I write, with such prejudice as may be forgiven a devoted human friend. He has no special accomplishments to boast of, as dog tricks go. Whatever he can do he taught himself or knew instinctively, and many are his wise ways; but they do not set him apart from other dogs. As for weaknesses, they are those of a gentleman of his kind. A belligerent growl now and then; a trace of jealousy; and a pretty taste in cats, though he recalls some other engagement if they turn upon him. Once he pursued a skunk; but never again. He is punctilious about routine, save on bath day. And one thing more must be recorded of his puppy days: a shame-faced response to the strains of a mouth-organ.

This is not a rare trait among dogs. I have known some to howl at a violin when it hits a certain note. But with Dundee the harmonica would do the business. When he heard it he sang, and though there was a look of pain upon his face he would follow, and sing. I have seen singing men with that look on their faces.

"Does the sound give him pleasure?" I asked a friend wise as to the psychology of animals.

"Perhaps neither pleasure nor pain," was the answer. "Just an involuntary reaction, a racial recollection of the pack."

Dundee and the primitive pack! a ridiculous thought.

But with the broadening effects of travel, even that weakness lies behind him. For Dundee is now a middle-aged and blasé traveler. He has visited museums, licked at mountain snow in July, glanced casually through cliff dwellings, and sniffed in mild amusement at an Indian dance. Have I given you a fair impression of him? Then let me come at once to the event.

Our car was picking its troubled way through the sagebrush. It was late afternoon, and the world spread out in every direction like a vast saucer rimmed by purple and deep blue mesas. The sun blazed down hotly even at such an angle, and the heat echoed back from the chaparral beneath our tires. The silence was profound, and the clear desert air made remote objects seem close at hand. Seemingly just ahead loomed Ship Rock, that uncanny giant outpost that the Navajos have ever regarded as supernatural and that no man has climbed. Roads, if one might call them such, had beckoned us until each dwindled to mere wheel tracks and at last died at the edge of some deep arroyo.

The dark comes swiftly in those parts, so at last we camped. It was an easy process. There was no fear of rain, so we simply stopped where we were and got out the blankets and the sterno and the frying pan. Dry soapweed made a fire for cheer rather than heat. Dundee descended from the rear seat and consented to examine such small holes as invited attention within a comfortable range. Abandoned prairie-dog dwellings; snakes, perhaps, he muttered; and sat down within smelling distance of the bacon.

Then darkness fell. The silence was a tangible thing. The thin moon sank behind the saucer's rim and the stars lighted our world only enough to help us see the dark. Faintly, from an infinite distance, came broken bits of sound. Then they pieced themselves together, and became the eerie, taunting laughter of coyotes; one or a dozen, who could tell? We listened, and suddenly from just outside the wall of darkness that hemmed us there came a sharper, weirder wail, that rose and fell, and rose and fell. For two seconds fear gripped us. Then the astonishing truth

cleared my mind. I rose and crept beyond our firelight. There by a sage bush in the midst of the desert sat a small white form, lonely, facing the far off pack. With his little whiskered muzzle raised toward the stars, Dundee was answering the call in a voice that we, his life long friends, had never heard before. Plaintively, but with a note of ecstasy, he sang, and I crept back, respecting his great moment. But he heard my step and the song stopped.

It was a quiet little dog, with generations of culture behind him, who sat down near the bacon, and waited politely. Curiously I regarded him, but asked no questions. Between gentlemen some matters are not mentioned. I, too, have known moments—

* * *

There's a long stretch of country between New England and New Mexico. Yet the mental machinery of my old friend the Deacon back in his Massachusetts hills finds its counterpart among many chance acquaintances of the sage and cactus country. I think this mental kinship grows out of hard work with recurrent crops, and young stock, and plenty of landscape. Such outdoor philosophers view themselves and their fellow humans in a peculiar perspective.

A certain Navajo Indian fills my thought as I write this: a sturdy upstanding man, past middle age, with pleasant wrinkles about his eyes, a direct gaze, and a quietness of speech in perfect English that hinted of college training sometime and somewhere. He was one of a thousand or more who were seated on the ground after midnight in a vast circle, watching a medicine dance. From where I sat, well forward, the firelight revealed row behind row of dark faces and eyes with that same direct and steady gaze. Groups of dancers had come and gone with their singing and symbolic gyrations; and all the time from the distant hut where the sick lay, I could hear the monotonous drumming and the wailing chant of the medicine men.

Between two of the dances this Navajo and I warmed ourselves by the fire, and he told me something of the meaning of the songs, and of the great sum of money it had cost these two sick people to employ so much medicine. About five hundred dollars apiece,

he said they had spent, to engage the dancers, and feed the multitude, and bring good medicine men from a distance.

"What happens to a sick Indian who hasn't money enough to buy all this doctoring?" I asked.

"Oh, perhaps he gets well," said the Navajo, gravely.

I looked at him sharply, and he returned my gaze.

"You don't believe in this sort of thing yourself," I said.

"Do you go to church?" he asked me.

"Sometimes."

"Do you say a creed or something?"

"Part of it."

"Do you believe just what the words say?"

"I think not," I admitted.

"But you don't want to take a chance," said the Navajo. He had answered my question, and that was all of that.

* * *

A few years ago, back on his New England farm, the Deacon had said to me: "Many a man is not only willing, he's really anxious, to have his wife go regularly to any sort of church. He has a kind of unworded feeling that in case her system of theology happened to be the right one, then there's one member of the family O. K. Besides, it comes natural to any nice man to carry his claim on the future in his wife's name."

"A lot of men go to church with their wives," I had suggested.

"Sure enough," said the Deacon. "But which one of 'em chose the church?

"No," he added, reflectively, "not many men do as much thinking when they choose a church as when they decide between the Rotary and the Kiwanis. And they'd rather not join any church that compels ratiocination! When something exciting happens that sets people to thinking inside a church, the membership falls off. Probably the Dayton trial produced a good deal of shifting in church memberships here and there.

"Every little while I read about some observer of American life who gets surprised at the low average of national intelligence on religious and political questions. He seems to forget that the citizen who uses half of his mind to think with is no more intelligent than the citizen with a half-sized mind."

"When the Government was sending out so much propaganda in war time," I argued, "the United States Chamber of Commerce put a committee to work on the matter and pointed out that advertising for our general public should be aimed at fourteen-year-old minds."

"That's all right," said the Deacon, "but it doesn't really prove that we're a nation of morons. Of course there are a lot of fourteen-year-old minds in these United States, and then there are a lot of twenty-eight-year-old people who use only half of their minds when they read, just because they are in a hurry, or half thinking about something else. American voters study politics like fourteen-year-olds, because they don't give their whole minds to it. They listen to political speeches addressed to fourteen-year-olds, and get swayed by party slogans planned for fourteen-year-olds. It's a habit with us now, and we keep on acting that way, giving half-an-intelligence to politics until something arouses us enough to get all our attention. In fact we distrust the politician who reasons with us as if we were adults. We call him a highbrow reformer."

"But how about Hylan and Mayor Thompson and such officials? Aren't they an indictment of our majority intelligence?"

"The voters of Chicago got a Mayor they deserve," answered the Deacon earnestly; "but when I say that, I don't mean a majority of Chicago voters know as little as he does. Maybe twenty-five percent. of 'em don't know any more than that; and fifty percent. of 'em used only half of their minds when they voted, and that brought 'em down to the same intellectual level. They have to get a man like Mayor Thompson once in a while just to jiggle the other half of their brains out of an atrophied state.

"The discomfort that the average intelligent citizen of Chicago is now experiencing is just like the prickly sensation you get when some cramped part of you begins to wake up."

"Do you suppose His Honor the Mayor believes that there really is any British propaganda?"

"How can I tell what he believes? You can go through the motions of believing if you think it will cause a lot of fellow believers to rally round you and vote your way. Of course, the

problem that must bother a man like that is to figure out what set of beliefs will rally the largest number of voting believers. He's got to try a lot of experiments, and then spend quite some time figuring, because figuring is a mental process."

"But British propaganda—that sounds to me like going back one hundred years for an issue."

"Well, why not? we've got the habit of looking to the Past for issues. New issues compel thought. He has had an example set him by a lot of witch-hunters straight out of Salem, Mass., sitting in the New York Assembly and the California legislature, looking for Radicals making black magic; and he's seen Bolsheviki with divining rods looking for capitalists, and eminent city parsons going around with a Bible trying to find colleagues who don't believe in Jonah; so he gets the idea that the big thing for him to do in the way of a political campaign is not to dig up some scandal in office, but to spring a more modern kind of attack, something to do with the human mind rather than with material things like concealed weapons or bootleg whisky. He doesn't know much about the human mind, but he takes a chance.

"I don't know if we ought to be so much stirred up about Chicago," the Deacon added as he filled his pipe. "It might be that the Mayor's campaign will make a lot of Chicagoans read the books in their own public library. But you'll notice it doesn't make the Mayor read any. He appoints somebody to do that for him."

* * *

Here is a letter from the southwest addressed to this department. You are welcome, Judge! Lay aside your robe, sit down, and have a cracker.

Judge's Chambers, Sixth Judicial Dist.
Durango, Colo.

"*The Cracker Barrel Philosopher*" initiated by you in the October number comes as an awakening challenge. Inevitably, it sounds beyond the village store, the "Discussion Club", the "Philosophical Society"—beyond all organizations and all meeting places. It challenges the individual anywhere and everywhere; it even reaches my camp-fire in these far-off western mountains.

At first I am appalled at the notion of attempting to discuss any phase of philosophy when I hold no sort of degree or credit in that erudite branch of book-learning. Then, as I meditate further and see a little more deeply, I

realize that you are building broader than books upon a foundation deeper than ancient doctrines.

Every man, whether he so aspires or not, is in truth a philosopher; holding in his mind an appraisal of the universe and a theory of life; summarizing and correlating (what to him is) all knowledge and all truth; living his life and shaping his own nature in accord with that philosophy.

It bothered me for a time that this personal philosophy of the individual is so contradictory, so unsystematized—a mere crazy-quilt of beliefs and doubts and fears and half-truths and superstitions. Then I began to realize that even the most conscientious follower of the most systematic book-philosophy must either suppress and reject all other lines of human thought and activity except his abstract philosophy,—or he too gravitates to the same position as that of the ordinary person; for his principles of business, his religion, his politics, his beliefs concerning history, science, human nature; his practical everyday experiences;—all that he knows, all that he believes, all that he assumes or accepts as true—must modify, extend, contradict, or perhaps completely destroy, his book-philosophy. His aggregate of beliefs may well be as much of a crazy-quilt as are the beliefs of the uneducated one.

So it seems to me that each man is in truth a philosopher—whether he so wills it or not—and, in his own way and according to his own lights, is appraising, correlating, unconsciously settling into a system, what to him is all the truth of the universe. The unfortunate thing about it is that the great majority of us accept as truth, on the mere assertion of others, a mass of unsustained and unsustainable theories and doctrines; thus corrupting our personal philosophy of life, lowering our appraisal of the universe, subtracting from our happiness of existence.

With best wishes,

Yours truly,

W. N. Searcy.

* * *

And here is another from Brooklyn, who wishes to widen our circle. We don't know just what he means, but he's entitled to a hearing, because there might be times when he wouldn't know just what we meant.

Editor of Cracker Barrel:

A condition such as the Scriptural Babble of Tongues is as nothing to the thoughts, the acts, the experiences of the man—any man—who has even half conscientiously tried for a week or less to *speak, see, hear, no evil.* Before giving *your* version, try it, Brother, try it! And I'd probably enjoy your report.

Shaw Trimes.

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

JOHN ADAMS, *author of the famous prescription of "a Government of Laws, not of Men," was by no means satisfied with the Constitution as adopted, as he made clear in a letter to Dr.* RICHARD PRICE, *of London, in 1790, printed in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1816:*

"For eminence" I care nothing.—For though I pretend not to be exempt from ambition, or any other human passion, I have been convinced from my infancy, and have been confirmed every year and day of my life, that the mechanic and peasant are happier than any nobleman or magistrate or king; and that the higher a man rises, if he has any sense of duty, the more anxious he must be. Our new Government is a new attempt to divide a Sovereignty. A fresh essay at *Imperium in Imperio.* It cannot therefore be expected to be very stable or very firm. It will prevent us for a time from drawing our swords upon each other; and when it will do that no longer, we must call a Convention to reform it. The difficulty of bringing millions to agree in any measures, to act by any rule, can never be conceived by him who has not tried it. It is incredible how small is the number in any nation of those, who comprehend any system of Constitution, or Administration; and these few it is wholly impossible to unite.

Some traditional characteristics of social intercourse in England were portrayed by WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *in reviewing a book of travels, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1816:*

At a coffee-house it will often happen that two persons, gentlemen at least in appearance, may dine at the same table, each his separate dinner, drink their bottle each, and rise without ever saying a word to each other. This could happen in no other country in the world. A foreigner requires practice to assume these habits, but after a few twitches of the nerves, which his experience may cost him, he adapts himself to the manners he finds. Indeed it may be taken as a general truth, we speak now of society in London and the watering places, that every Englishman is suspicious of one of two things in his meeting

with every face he does not know; either that his rank or his pocket will suffer, and this suspicion produces a universal tone of negative defiance. Of course this feeling often shown from inferiours to superiours, without their knowing them to be so, is fruitful of ridiculous situations.

Under this head we may relate an anecdote which, though rather a peculiar case, yet is characteristick of much of fashionable life. A gentleman was invited by a lady to an evening party; he went, paid his compliments to her, was introduced to no one, knew no person in the room, and of course was very soon completely abandoned to himself. He after a time entered into a conversation with a gentleman standing rather solitary by the fire place. He enquired of him the names of several persons, to all of which he received a similar though polite answer, that he did not know them. The other then told him, Sir, you seem to be in the same situation with myself. As it is somewhat dull here, suppose we should go to a coffee-house together and take a bottle of wine to get rid of the evening. The other remarked that he should be very happy to accept his proposal, but if he went out, it might be observed and appear strange, as it was—his own house!

The first exhibition of a painting which has long been familiar to Americans was commented upon in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in its first number, for May, 1815; the artist being a kinsman of the late* JOHN SINGER SARGENT:

An historical painting by Col. H. Sargent has been for some weeks exhibited to the publick. The dimensions are about twenty feet by ten. The subject, *The Landing of the Fathers*, of New England, at Plymouth. One of the first points to constitute a valuable picture is a good subject. The artist has been extremely fortunate. It has never before been painted, at least, in an important manner. Independently of the powerful interest that belongs to it, from the consequences that have followed the enterprise of those heroick men; all the circumstances are picturesque. When we consider the character, the impulse, the intentions of the colonists, the season, the scenery, and the savages who attended their landing, there is a harmony, a kind of *moral keeping* in the circumstances of the event, that makes it admirably suited to painting. The artist has treated his subject with great ability. The small band of virtuous men, who were destined to be the founders of a great state, are here represented landing on the rocks of Plymouth in the month of December; the aspect of the coast, and the severity of the season, presenting an appearance as stern and severe, as their own principles and resolution . . . The picture is not without faults, but it has great merits, and the publick and the painter may both be congratulated on this exhibition. It is to be hoped that the applause of the former will encourage the latter to repeat his efforts.

That the VAN LOON *method of writing history was practised more than a century ago is attested by some quotations from "Biographie Moderne" (Breslau, 1806) in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1815; of which* ENOCH HALE, *commenting upon them, said, as might be said of similar works in our own time: "These blunders are too stupid to be wilful, and yet they are almost too extravagant to be fortuitous":*

Hamilton, a major in the service of the United States of America. He was arrested early in December, 1793, by order of Congress, who ordered that he should be tried as guilty of high treason, for having accepted from Genet, envoy of France, a commission to raise 5000 men in the United States destined to serve the French against England. In 1792 a decree of the National Assembly conferred upon him the title of French citizen. In 1804 he was killed in a duel by colonel Burr.

Jay, (J.) of Sainte-Foix, administrator of the Gironde, deputy of that department to the legislature, and afterwards to the National Convention, voted for the death of Louis XVI. Opposed to the party of the Gironde, he prolonged after the 31st of May the powers of the committee of publick safety; was elected secretary, presided over the Jacobins in January, 1794, and a month before the 9th of Thermidor, year 2, he gave to the Convention the details of the arrestation and death of Guadet, Salles and Barbaroux. In December, 1794, he concluded and signed with Lord Grenville, at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs, a treaty of commerce and navigation between England and the United States of America. The French party burnt his effigy at Philadelphia, and exhaled its hatred against this negotiator, who had shown himself so favorable to the interests of England.

WILLIAM CHANNING, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for November, 1815, attributed the literary delinquency of America partly to the habit of writing for merely ephemeral publications:*

Our best writers have been unfortunate in the vehicles they have chosen as depositories of their intellectual productions. These depositories have been chiefly newspapers and pamphlets of various kinds. Now there is something ephemeral and temporary, in the very nature of these publications. Hence their contents are not safe. A man who writes in them does not think of writing for immortality. His mental labour of course soon is over, and almost of course, badly done. If it turn out that his communication pleases, it excites but a momentary emotion of pleasure, and his successor into the columns fills his place as perfectly and almost as successfully, as the types which were devoted to their several compositions. The literature, farther, of

newspapers and pamphlets, is almost always controversial literature; and in controversy we are always more interested for the champions of party, than for their writings. Controversy, it must be confessed however, among us has done as much for literature, as controversy has among other nations. It has gratified the passions, the prejudices, the whims of the parties concerned, and when the flame is extinguished, the pamphlets which did so much to support it, repose in their own ashes.

The virtue of conciseness was emphasized by WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1815, in a review of a discourse by* DE WITT CLINTON:

The great art is to abbreviate, polish, and refine, not to accumulate; which may be illustrated by the answer of an eminent person in this vicinity, to one of his parishioners, who complained to him, that his sermons were too long: *I know it,* said he, *but I have not time to make them shorter.*

FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY, *Secretary to* JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, *and President of the Boston Athenæum, for whom Gray's Hall at Harvard was named, thus forecast the Cape Cod Canal in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1817:*

We also looked at the ground, through which it has been proposed to cut a canal seven miles long, connecting Buzzard's Bay with that of Barnstable. It is said that their waters do not stand at the same level; but this inconvenience would be remedied by a lock. More serious objections are, that the navigation of Buzzard's Bay is neither easy nor safe; that the force of the tides and the nature of the soil, which is pure sand, would obstruct the canal, and that in winter, when most needed, because the passage round Cape Cod is then most dangerous, it would be rendered impassable by ice. On the other hand, the advantages to be derived by our capital from such a passage are great and obvious. Even should it admit vessels of the smallest size only, it would induce those, who occupy the shores of the sound, to direct their commerce entirely to Boston, where they would find manners, and a mode of transacting business, more similar to their own than those of New York.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

ANTAEAN STRENGTH

A WINTER of business discontent is still, as 1927 draws to a close, made glorious summer by the securities markets. Their brilliance is only a shade less pyrotechnic than it was during the summer and early autumn, and their strength is truly Antaean, for each time they are cast down they gather renewed powers. October was a month of declining prices, but in November the trend was upward again and part of the lost ground was recovered. Abundant credit at cheap rates holds the markets up. If prices had not been impervious to all other influences they would surely be lower now, and the testimony of recent months suggests that the club of dearer money must be wielded before what is in sum a sideways motion will be converted into a genuine downward trend.

Traditionally, of course, it is bonds whose price fluctuations are governed by money rates, but the "Coolidge boom" stock market has upset tradition. The greater proportionate rise of stocks during the past three years has lifted them also into the rarefied investment atmosphere where profits and prospects affect their quotations less than does the supply and price of credit. One of our leading bankers said the other day that he expected better business and greater profits in 1928. "And the trend of the stock market?" he was asked. "Downward," he replied, "because increased business will demand more credit, and higher rates will force prices down. Greater earnings will be outweighed by dearer money."

This dominant importance of the money markets in the outlook for 1928, as it affects the investor, justifies consideration of them in some detail. Interest centers on three topics: the gold movement; Federal Reserve Bank policies and commercial requirements for funds. The first and third suggest the probability of higher rates,—if indeed it can be assumed that business will be better next year,—while the activities of the Federal Reserve Banks are devoted to offsetting the other two.

Though romance has almost disappeared from the discovery and production of gold, the making of books about it has not ended. The treatises now are heavily economic. The present distribution of the world's gold and its use as the base of currency and credit is a study with complications that were rare or unknown before the war. Part of the gold in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Banks, for example, belongs to France: that is, France has deposits in this country which she could withdraw in gold for the asking, according to the letter of the law. Meanwhile, that gold performs a double function; it is part of the base upon which the pyramid of this country's credit is erected, and as the Bank of France likewise owns much of it, it also constitutes an important part of the reserve upon which the French credit structure is based. As Dr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., describes it, gold in one country functions as if it were simultaneously in several countries, and "A vast expanson of credit has been taking place throughout the world, and very especially in the United States. To the extent that we can substitute promises to pay gold for the actual shipment of gold, we have been able to build up a fabric of domestic bank credit several times as great. . . . When unneeded reserves are forced upon an already glutted money market an enormous expansion can take place."

During the first eight months of 1927 the gold holdings of the United States continuously increased. The situation described reached its climax about September 1. Since then we have been losing gold, $30,000,000 to Argentina, $36,000,000 to Brazil. Poland has contracted to take

$15,000,000. Dutch guilders and sterling exchange have been advancing steadily and approaching the "gold point" at which shipments would be made from this country to Holland and England. It may be doubted whether they will reach that point, but with other small shipments added the United States was on balance an exporter of gold during the last quarter of the year for the first time since 1919.

But this loss of gold has had no effect on money rates. Not many years ago such shipments, plus signs pointing to a continued outward movement, would have struck terror to the hearts of stock market bulls, but the Federal Reserve Banks have now stepped in. Their present "wide open" policies are among the most interesting financial phenomena of the tremendously interesting post-war period.

The gold held by the Reserve Banks, it should be understood, is deposited with them by the member banks in fulfillment of legal reserve requirements. When the member banks sell this gold, or pay it out to depositors, they must substitute something for it in order to keep up their reserve deposits in the Reserve Banks. They might do this by borrowing from the Reserve Banks, by rediscounting eligible paper, but that would raise money rates. To prevent that the Reserve Banks come to their rescue and buy Government securities from them, the proceeds of the sale being left in the Reserve Bank as part of the member banks' reserve deposit.

This buying of Government securities by the Reserve Banks has been going on all fall; it has been of the utmost importance in keeping money easy in the face of unprecedented demand for credit from the security markets. It could be carried very much further. One of our foremost bankers estimates that if the Reserve Banks continue to follow the policy they can buy enough Government securities to counterbalance the loss of $800,000,000 or $900,000,000 of gold; in other words, the Reserve authorities willing, we could ship that much without disturbance to the money markets. This is a striking statement, but a true one, and nothing else could so well illustrate the tremendous power wielded by the Reserve Banks.

But why, it might be asked, should the Reserve Banks follow such a policy, and b deliberately cheapening money aid and abe or at least fail to check, such security specu lation as has been going on? Three reason may be advanced with good ground, and th truth is probably a combination of all three One is international, one political, and on governmentally financial. First, the Bank are coöperating with the European centra banks, and keeping money rates low in th United States so that funds will tend to flow abroad from here, assisting Europe in main taining the gold standard without undu strain, and also stimulating our export trad by strengthening the foreign exchanges Second, the Federal Reserve Board, in com mon with most other governmental bodies is political in its constituency, and with a Presidential year approaching it is sensible of the stimulation that cheap money affords to business, to prosperity, and to votes Finally, low money rates have materially aided the Government financing associated with the retirement of the Second Liberty Bonds.

Whether these policies are to be carried on throughout 1928, and the "lid left off" indefinitely, is a matter of extreme interest but of difficult prediction. It is the opinion of this writer that they will not be. Much as the Reserve Board may wish to assist Europe, and through Europe ourselves, much as it may wish to keep up the appearance of prosperity in the United States, it seems clear that the continued expansion of credit for so long a period would set up strains within itself that would bring about a tightening of rates and collapse of values which might be poorly timed for the farm marketing season as well as the next election. When money is cheap in this country the demand for it is enormous and reserves are absorbed with astonishing rapidity, and the Banks would be compelled to go to extraordinary lengths indeed to provide enough credit on easy terms to keep the securities markets relatively as well supplied through 1928 as they are today. Rather does it seem more logical that expansion will be checked through denial of this Reserve Bank credit early in the year, in order that a sounder basis may be reached before autumn, when the farmer sells his crops.

In any event, it would be foolhardy in the extreme for any investor or speculator to count upon the assistance of the Federal Reserve Banks in pulling chestnuts out of the fire. They have done enough in supplying him with means to put them on to roast.

There remains to be considered the possible commercial demand for funds. The supply of credit always belongs first to commerce. Commerce takes what it wants and what is left goes elsewhere, principally to the securities markets. If commerce is to demand more money, the banks will have to supply it by lending less on securities, or by rediscounting eligible paper with the Federal Reserve Banks. Either procedure would lead to firmer money.

Before surveying commerce and industry in more detail, the threads of this money market discourse may be picked up. Through reduced, or certainly not augmented, supplies of gold in 1928, and increased commercial demand for funds, firmer rates seem indicated which will be forefended by "wide open" Federal Reserve policies during part of the year, but which will nevertheless be allowed to develop at some time. It can hardly be doubted that firmer money will depress stock prices even if it should be accompanied by larger business profits. Facing such a prospect no change in the investment policy of keeping funds in the soundest and most readily marketable securities, sacrificing something in yield for marketability, can be recommended.

The Business Outlook for 1928

It is said that one can hardly obtain a clear view of the distant business prospect because so many professional forecasters are running around in the foreground, trying to unscrew the inscrutable. This is the season of the year when the prophets are most active, for the maws of special editions of newspapers and magazines gape to be filled and almost everyone of any pretension as a business leader is pressed into service Despite the merit of many of these year-end statements —merit which usually varies proportionately with their frankness—one turns to the professionals for the most worth-while prognostications precisely because they are not headlined; they are therefore free from the fear of broadcasting depression which is such a powerful inhibition upon the prominent business man speaking at this time.

Therefore it is encouraging to note that the more reputable and scientific students of business almost without exception present cheerful views of the prospect for 1928. Invariably a note of easy money is struck at the beginning of their pronouncements and held like an organ point throughout the recital. Opinions also generally expressed included the following:

Iron and steel: Curtailment of production during a good part of 1927, and declining prices until November, each suggest that any possible surplus of commodity stocks accumulated earlier has been reduced to normal proportions, and even that consumers' supplies are lighter than usual. In that event a large potential buying power exists, and renewed purchasing and firmer prices at the end of 1927 support the view that 1928 business will be better.

Building: Construction volume changed very little during 1926 and 1927. Including public works and roads, and large engineering projects, any falling off in 1928 should be moderate. Easy money is an important factor in maintaining building, and the extraordinarily heavy new capital flotations in 1927, particularly in October and November, will stimulate it, for a majority of new security issues involve new construction of some kind. Home building has fallen off in many places, but utilities and municipalities should prevent the decline from being heavy.

Automobiles: Doubtless a measure of demand was withheld this year while awaiting the new Ford car. Each year the industry can count on a normal gain from population and export growth, and the number of worn-out cars that must be replaced also becomes larger each year. Increased output, possibly as large as in 1926, therefore seems likely.

Agriculture: Crops of 1927 will yield a better monetary return to the farmer than those of 1926, and the rural markets should buy more.

Prices: The present trend is upward, and if it continues it will stimulate buying of commodities and modification of hand-to-mouth purchases in favor of a policy of ac-

cumulation. Inventory profits will mean much to manufacturers. Return of virtually the entire world to at least a *de facto* gold basis, maintenance of gold production at high levels, and abundance of credit, are all reasons for believing that the price trend is more probably upward than downward.

Profits: Increased volume of business and rising prices, which create profits while raw material is passing through the manufacturing process, would add to the earnings of industry.

The opinions thus expressed do not seem extravagant. During the second half of 1927 business as a whole receded from 5 to 10 per cent. compared with the same period in 1926, with automobiles and steel the worst sufferers. There was good reason for such a recession, but there is also a good reason—easy money—for doubting that it will extend immediately into genuine business depression.

But increased business cannot be financed without increased credit. When banks feel the demand for commercial funds they must call security loans, or borrow from the Federal Reserve Banks though the rediscount privilege. In either event dearer money would follow. The next link in the usual chain would be declining stock prices, which in turn would sentimentally depress business. If we have reared a structure that has commercial "sore spots" as well as credit inflation in its framework we can hardly escape the reckoning in both business and finance.

Reflections on Easy Money

Easy money, giver of business life though it is, is an intoxicant whose inebriating powers reappear in business history with perfect regularity, though each generation unfortunately seems doomed to rediscover them only through experience. One can thumb down the business writings of a hundred years and find it sprinkled with warnings. Last July Mr. Cecil Lubbock, responding on behalf of the Governor of the Bank of England at the annual dinner of the Lord Mayor of London to the Governor and Directors of the Bank, said:

"What we want (they seem to say) is money, cheap money, and plenty of it. . . . Well, the broad and easy road lies, as it has always laid, very near the broad primrose path which looks so inviting even though the primroses are only made of paper. But we have seen others go over the precipice which is not far down the road and we have learned to be cautious. On the other hand lies the old, hard uphill road where there are two hard things without which we shall make no progress—hard work and hard money—and we shall be sure that we shall not make the necessity for hard work any the less by playing tricks with our money."

On October 23, 1908, our own E. H. Harriman in a letter to James Stillman, Sr., wrote: "The greatest menace from which we need protection is the plethora of money. Unemployed money is an instrument of mischief greater perhaps than unemployed labor."

And to draw upon one of the most distinguished of economic writers, Walter Bagehot, who said in his essay on Edward Gibbon: "Much has been written on panics and manias—much more than with the most outstretched intellect we are able to follow or conceive; but one thing is certain, that at particular times a great many stupid people have a great deal of stupid money. Saving people have often only the faculty of saving; they accumulate ably, and contemplate their accumulations with approbation; but what to do with them they do not know. Aristotle, who was not in trade, imagined that money is barren; and barren it is to quiet ladies, rural clergymen, and country misers.

"Several economists have plans for preventing improvident speculation; one would abolish Peel's act, and substitute one-pound notes; another would retain Peel's act, and make the calling of one-pound notes a capital crime; but our scheme is, not to allow any man to have a hundred pounds who cannot prove to the satisfaction of the Lord Chancellor that he knows what to do with a hundred pounds. The want of this easy precaution allows the accumulation of wealth in the hands of rectors, authors, grandmothers, who have no knowledge of business, and no idea except that their money now produces nothing, and ought and must be forced immediately to produce something.

"At intervals, from causes which are not to the present purpose, the money of these people—the blind capital (as we call it) of the

country—is particularly large and craving; it seeks for someone to devour it, and there is plethora—it finds some one, and there is speculation—it is devoured, and there is panic."

Modern economists, with their quantitative methods, measure the effects of easy money and of the internal strains that it sets up within the business organism, which, following the order stated by Bagehot, restore hard money. It is sufficient to say that during easy money periods the "sore spots" are created from which the distress of the hard money days, when they come, arises. Financial crookedness, of the fake oil stock and similar schools, may be passed over in this discussion, for if the readers of these articles have not learned the advisability of investigating before investing, and of selecting the dealer from whom they purchase securities as carefully as they select the banker to whom they intrust their savings funds, one more warning will not benefit them. But easy money also engenders economic practices, not dishonest in any legal or even ethical sense, which are so delicately poised over the line between soundness and unsoundness that abuse of them, at least, falls over into the latter class.

Some reflections on the abuse of the investment trust have been included in previous articles. Late in November the Attorney-General of New York, under whose auspices investigations of investment trusts and their management have been conducted, announced that he would seek legislation vesting the power of regulation and supervision of trusts in the state banking department, in order that the barn door may be locked before the horse is stolen. He pointed out quite properly that the American investment trust has not yet withstood the stress which may be caused by falling security markets or times of adversity, and suggested, among other items in a code of practice, that any cost of marketing securities in excess of 10 per cent. is excessive, that margin trading and short sales are outside a trust's proper sphere, that periodic audits and reports should be made, and that loans to or transactions with officers or affiliated companies are bad practice. The report and its proposals are welcomed by investment trust leaders, and there is reason to hope that this "sore spot" will be eradicated almost painlessly before hard times perform a major operation.

Another business device of the present "golden age" which is still in the period of experimentation is installment selling. Perhaps it would be more accurate to use the term "installment overselling," as it is abuse of the device rather than its proper use that arouses the principal concern, although its intrinsic soundness or unsoundness is still a matter of debate among economists. It is not the fact that a financially strong automobile company sells successfully, at a very small loss, on strictly defined and enforced credit terms, which arouses apprehension. It is, first, the belief that this device has speeded up production and sales beyond the real income of purchasers and that we must eventually pass from overbuying to underbuying in order to catch up, with consequent business depression. And, second, the pressure put upon persons of the lower income classes and lower order of buying intelligence by unscrupulous salesmen has produced distressing effects on an enormous scale. Time and again instances have been cited in the press of small-salaried families having contracted to buy so much on the installment plan that they are unable to purchase food or clothes, and while their flats may be filled with modern conveniences and semi-luxuries they are dependent upon the charity of merchants—ill-disguised by the term "credit"—to keep themselves alive. While such conditions can exist installment selling cannot be said finally to have won its economic spurs.

AS OTHERS SEE IT

False Headlines

SIR:

I think any citizen interested in the welfare of his country has a right to protest against such a false headline as the one prominent on the outer page of your November issue,—*Why Democrats Prefer Smith.* Democrats do not prefer Smith. There are some who support him thinking he may be able to win, but these are as yet and as far as known, a minority. Such articles as those now in *The Outlook* indicate the real attitude of the voters of the party toward his candidacy. Why falsify the truth by headlines? It is a sin for which editors should be in some manner held strictly responsible. What is the press for if not to spread information, not misinformation?

DANIEL S. GAGE,

Fulton, Mo.

Indifference of Voters

SIR:

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW may not be above criticism but my appreciation of the indebtedness which has been acquired by reading it moves me to offer the following as a mere observation from my point of view. In the issue of November, 1927, under *Trying to Convert Slackers*, this editorial comment appears: "But we do regard a suffrage that is universal in name but only fifty percent. or less in fact, as a mockery and a menace to our civil wellbeing, the correction of which, by some effective means, is one of the foremost needs of the time."

Should anyone ask me to name the cause most largely responsible for that indifference of voters, my answer would be, personal wellbeing; and there is now so much of personal wellbeing in this country, that any evil arising from it might be as difficult to deal with as the undesirable consumption of alcoholic stimulants. The way to arouse those delinquent may be other than a discontinuance of their personal wellbeing, but that has at times aroused a fierce desire to go and vote out of office anyone thought to be responsible for the voters' predicament. So my final suggestion is to have appointed a commission, including a psychologist, to investigate the situation, and work out a plan for the correction of that lethargic condition.

EDWIN M. CASE.

St. Louis, Mo.

An Embryo Island

SIR:

In General Black's article on *The Problem of the Mississippi*, in your December issue, I note that the Mississippi annually deposits 300,000,000 cubic yards of silt into the Gulf of Mexico. Where does all this potential real estate go? Is it by chance deposited all in one place some miles out? Have we an island in embryo down there in the Gulf? Evidently it is only a matter of years before this submarine development will push its head fearlessly above water. And then? Who belongs to it, and to whom does it belong? Shall we have war with Mexico over it, or shall it be utilized as a naval base or a rum runner's retreat? I rise to a high point of admiralty. We should do something about this on-coming island before it is too late.

FABIAN WORTH.

Oyster Bay, L. I.

Blank Books Versus Encyclopedia

SIR:

In your November issue, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in an article advocating the nomination of Governor Smith for President, con-

trasted Woodrow Wilson and President Coolidge as follows:

"Wilson, the Idealist, with no knowledge of practical politics and therefore without the ability to translate his dreams into facts; Coolidge, who apparently has no dreams but glories in shrewd politics. The ideals of President Wilson failed to be established as the ideals of our Republic because he lacked tact and understanding of men and measures. What we need is a President who will combine Wilson's ideals with Coolidge's practical knowledge of how to achieve political results."

The picture thus drawn of an inept dreamer on one hand and on the other, a shrewd tactful leader of men capable of bending them to his will and thereby accomplishing results is not, to my mind, a correct representation of the two individuals.

Woodrow Wilson was elected President definitely pledged to tariff reform and currency reform. Through his influence the Underwood bill became law, which not only reduced customs duties but made the income tax a permanent part of our revenue system. He likewise created a non-partisan tariff board and a federal trade commission, in pursuance of the policy of protecting the consumer as well as the producer. The Federal Reserve system and the Postal Savings Bank were inaugurated by him. The shipping of the world was placed on an equality with American shipping in the matter of Panama Canal tolls. The eight-hour day for governmental employees was inaugurated. National Woman Suffrage came when it did as a result of his efforts. He kept us out of the war until the country united for war. He was re-elected without the votes of a single State north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi excepting Ohio and New Hampshire, and could have spared New Hampshire. Tammany opposed his re-election. New York and New Jersey joined to bring about his defeat. But he was re-elected; and no other Democrat had served two successive terms as President since Andrew Jackson's time.

Finally, he asked Congress to declare war and under his leadership we made war as no nation on earth had ever before made war. The war was won by his efforts and ended by his influence. He gave the world the League of Nations and the World Court. True, America refused to join either and in 1920 turned its back on him to embrace the policies of the Ohio Gang. But this result came, not from lack of tact on his part, but because of his physical breakdown. Just as Lincoln's failure to carry out his plan of reconstruction failed because of his assassination.

Is this the record of an impractical idealist? What about Coolidge? He opposed the bonus. It passed. He favored the original Mellen tax bill. It was amended beyond recognition when it received his signature. He advocated our entrance into the World Court. The Senate attached so many impossible conditions to the treaty that it defeated his desire. He attempted international disarmament and failed.

I esteem President Coolidge highly and have no desire to belittle him. I believe that his failure to achieve real and permanent beneficial results in national and international affairs is due much more to the fact that his party is not amenable to any leadership excepting that based on crass materialism, rather than to any lack of high ideals on his part.

But to compare the practical results achieved by him and those achieved by Woodrow Wilson is very much like comparing a set of blank books with an encyclopedia.

W. R. PATTANGALL.

Augusta, Maine.

A Bearded President

SIR:

I congratulate "Publius" upon his masterful summary of the Presidential qualifications of Charles Evans Hughes. But for one who appears to know his Presidents so well, can "Publius" be exempted from overlooking an important detail—namely, whiskers? We haven't had a bearded President since Harrison. Are the American people prepared to revert in 1928?

ELWYN ROSE.

Washington, D. C.

Nebraska Beats Texas

SIR:

That is a splendid showing which your correspondent at Brownwood, Texas, makes for the intellectual culture of that city. But I must claim that we beat it here, by a considerable margin. For while David City has a population of only about 2,250, as compared with eight or nine thousand in Brownwood, it has five subscribers to your REVIEW against four in the Texas city. With only a quarter as many people it has a quarter more subscribers. In other words, Brownwood has one REVIEW subscriber to 2,000 or 2,500 inhabitants, while David City has one subscriber to every 500 people—just about five times as many. To adopt Mr. Hemmenway's calculation, if the whole United States did as well for you as this Nebraska town, you would have 220,000 subscribers; with enough newsstand purchasers to bring your circulation up to half a million. And that's what you ought to have!

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS (*The Law School Tomorrow*) is the youngest of deans, and of a school connected with one of the oldest of universities. Such a phenomenal rise in the academic world was predicted of him by his classmates who, when he graduated from Yale University in 1921, voted him "Most likely to succeed". That he is doing so is attested by the facts that when he was twenty-three years old he was appointed Secretary of the University, and now when he is twenty-eight comes the confirmation of his appointment as Dean of the Law School.

¶ *William H. Crawford* (*Frank O. Lowden*) is a journalist whose background was peopled by the clergy, for he says: "My Reverend Dad was an Episcopal rector and I started out with the idea that I would be a curate in his parish." Developing liberal religious tendencies, this would-be curate forsook the pulpit for the press. Journalistic work carried Crawford around the world four times, beside nineteen times to Europe, and "his victims", as he says, were King Edward VII, King George V, The Kaiser, Czar Nicholas II, the Emperor of Japan, and all the Presidents of the United States since Cleveland.

¶ *Charles Michelson* (*The Man from Montana*) is Washington correspondent of *The New York World*. He is a member of what he calls "a notorious family", for his sister wrote a best seller novel, and his brother was the first American scientist to be awarded the Nobel prize. Born in a mining camp in Nevada, he grew up in Arizona, New Mexico and California, where he learned something about cows, mules and raw-hide mining, but never wrote a Western six-gun romance. Author of a history of frontier desperadoes and the legends of lost mines, besides other fiction, he has reported most of the famous criminal trials during twenty years. As a war correspondent and experienced in every position on metropolitan newspapers, he is expert in all lines, with the exception of society editor, concerning which he claims little knowledge. He now confines himself to writing about politicians and playing golf.

¶ *R. W. Montague* (*Diplomatic Silence*) is a former contributor to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. He was born in Dedham, Massachusetts; graduated from Harvard in 1872; read law in the Inner Temple in London for a time after his admission to the Bar of Massachusetts, and practised for a few years in Boston and Washington. Since then he has been engaged in agriculture in West Virginia. He is the father of Margaret Prescott Montague, whose contributions to this REVIEW have been marked with much distinction.

¶ *J. Alfred Spender* (*The Church Crisis in England*) writes upon a timely subject when the British Parliament is still hot from the Prayer Book debate in the Commons. Mr. Spender, who was formerly editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, stands second to no British journalist in importance or influence. In the present crucial discussion in the Church of England circles, Mr. Spender's closing words are pertinent, when he asks why in this age when warm-hearted, thorough-going religion is so much needed, we should be quarreling over issues which in their true purport are Middle Ages concepts.

¶ *Donald Lines Jacobus* (*Haphazard Eugenics*) is a professional genealogist. Graduated from Yale University with an M.A. degree, he has been publishing *The New Haven Genealogical Magazine* and other works devoted to the science of finding right ancestors. He says: "I first visited City Hall, New Haven, to look up my ancestry, at the age of ten, my interest having been aroused by a relative who had just joined the S. A. R. During the next five years I traced most of my own ancestry, and by the age of fifteen had become expert in reading the ancient records. Since 1922 I have devoted my whole time to professional genealogical work." The object of the present article is not to attack the specific theories of the eugenists, but to show that their theories often run ahead of their facts, and to urge caution in the acceptance of them.

¶ *Lewis H. Haney* (*The Stock Market and Business*) is noted for his contributions on economic and statistical

topics. Federal Trade Commissions, research and publicity, delicate examinations into matters connected with the Interstate Commerce Commission, are his speciality. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and wearer of other honors such as would accrue to a Fellow of the American Statistical Association.

¶ *E. MacLean Johnson* (*On the Comfort of Cussing*) is able to fool her editor in a thorough fashion. Having written an article worthy of Charles Lamb at his best, she sent it forth to be received and accepted as a robustly masculine contribution from the Back Bay. But great was the editor's amazement to find that the "E" concealed an "Ethel", and that the essay gave a feminine view of the delights of cussing! Miss Johnson was born in Maine, educated at Simmons College and Boston University, and is now Assistant Commissioner of the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industry.

¶ *Sir James Elder* (*Australia's Washington*) has been Commissioner of Australia to the United States, in which capacity it has fallen to the lot of many to know and appreciate his sterling qualities. He is a business man of wide experience who has been deeply interested in the progress of Australia, to the development of which Dominion he has given constant attention.

¶ *John R. Commons* (*Farm Prices and the Value of Gold*) contributes the second installment of his valuable treatise begun in the January issue of this REVIEW. Stamped with the impression of Wisconsin's forward thinking and noted for many achievements in the fight for better industrial conditions, this professor is yet known in an intimate way for his unfailingly sympathetic inspiration, which radiates weekly on the occasion of those "Friday Nights" when he and Mrs. Commons entertain the graduate students.

¶ *James Henry Darlington* (*The Joy of the Christian Ministry*) has not only filled two long pastorates, as Rector of Christ Church in Brooklyn and now as Bishop of Harrisburg, but he has been also courted from political circles for acceptance of nomination to Congress—which he refused. He has been heard as orator upon various public occasions. Although a prelate of the Church, he is devoted to the sports of walking and fishing, composes music in his spare time, and adds to his valuable collection of musical instruments, ancient tapestries and curios.

¶ *Charles Greeley Abbot* (*The Smithsonian Institution*) is reputed to know more about the sun's radiation than any other man alive. When his tasks and administrative duties as Acting Secretary of the Institution permit, he devises instruments from the wings of flies and quartz fibres with which to measure the radiation of the star spectra and perform similar delicate tasks.

¶ *Mary Day Winn* (*The Gentlemen with the Lamp*) is a Virginian who knows the ways of the psycho-analytic cult. Having collaborated with a number of the highest luminaries of the medical profession, Miss Winn's work as contributor to various magazines bears the stamp of accuracy. When much is now heard of the wreckage of psycho-analysis and its deleterious influence upon healthy lives, it is well to be apprized of scientific facts in the bantering terms of pseudo-belief.

¶ *Albert Payson Terhune* ("*Morituri* ——!") will always be known, no matter what type of work he undertakes, as the son of "Marion Harland". With her he collaborated in writing one of his earlier novels. Many of his contributions celebrate the personality of his finely bred collies, which he raises as a hobby on his beautiful estate at Pompton Lakes, N. J.

¶ *Mitchell Bronk* (*Making Things Over*) is a native of western New York and a graduate of the University of Rochester. He also studied for several years in various European universities. At present he is a member of the editorial staff of a Philadelphia publishing house. *The Problem of the Darned Fool* in this REVIEW was one of a number of essays that he has contributed to various magazines. Some of them have recently been published in book form under the title, *Pillars of Gold*.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

ONE must admit a certain difficulty in concentrating upon the literary landscape when there are seascape and landscape of a kind so alluring as Bermuda offers to be enjoyed by its visitors. New York and one's own over-crowded bookshelves seem a good deal more than a mere forty-eight hours away from the abandoned sailboat that is at this moment serving me for a desk.

The invention of the portable typewriter gives a reviewer who is a slave to the machine a remarkable mobility. The portable, a pocket full of paper, and the necessary notes, and one is ready to set up in business at any spot beneath the wide sky that catches one's fancy. There are slight inconveniences, to be sure. Only a moment ago, a sudden gust of wind blowing in from the sea scattered a novel in proofsheets, several pages of notes, and other papers, across the dunes and gave me a half-hour of vigorous exercise as a retriever.

But who would not exchange all the disagreeable noises of New York for the steady and soothing boom of the surf, and a stuffy room for the great arch of the sky with clouds moving across in an unending procession of varying shapes and colors, and occasional bursts of sunlight by way of greater variety?

What of the New Year?

There is an eager wonder associated with the first few weeks of a new literary year, always the hope that the months that lie ahead will reveal some new genius, open new vistas, set forth new beauties, furnish us with renewed cause for gratitude for the gift of life. The year so recently closed was in many respects a satisfactory one; among the tremendous flood of books that saw the light of day there were some—how few or how many time will tell—of enduring value, and a good many of importance in the rapidly developing story of an independent American literature.

The first of the books of the new year I have read is Isa Glenn's *Southern Charm* (Knopf, $2.50), a novel that might better have been a short story, or at most, a long short story. Mrs. Glenn's other two novels, *Heat* and *Little Pitchers* revealed her as a writer of consequence, with a great deal of skill at story telling and especially at catching all the shadings in tangled human relations. In *Southern Charm* she has set out to demolish a system, the keynote of which is that woman was made to please man. This is implicit in the notion of chivalry, although, to be sure, there were women of purpose and

The Bed's Head Bookshelf

(In this place will appear each month the mention of one or more books that deserve a place at the "bedde's hed" of bibliophiles, books published within the last few years that merit more than passing attention.)

The recent publication of two books recalls a third volume, which, although it has not been published so many years, has already assumed a sure place among the classics of English literature. Charles M. Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* was first made available to the American public in a two-volume edition, published here in 1923. When this was exhausted, Boni and Liveright reprinted the book in one large volume from the same plates for $10. *Arabia Deserta* is ideal for bed-reading, both because of its unusual style and its fascinating matter. The other two books mentioned in the first sentence are *Charles M. Doughty: A Critical Study* by Barclay Fairley (Oxford University Press: American Branch, $2.25), an excellent volume on Doughty's work, both prose and poetry; and *The Letters of Gertrude Bell* (Boni and Liveright, two volumes, $10), which bid fair to take their place with the Doughty masterpiece among books about Arabia and the Arabs.

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vigor in the real days of knighthood. But the idea that the female of the species is to be sheltered and protected by the male implies a certain helplessness on her part which has never existed outside the fancy of man, except of course, for certain biological aspects of the situation.

A Brilliant Newcomer

Among the novels of the last few weeks of last year that are still attracting deserved attention, none interested me more than Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (Albert and Charles Boni, $2.50). Mr. Wilder is a young novelist who received a great deal of critical attention for his first book, *Cabala*. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* tells the story of the fall of an ancient bridge at Lima, Peru, which carried with it five persons. A priest, very much interested in abstruse theological speculation set out to find in the lives of the five the reason why they were chosen for destruction at that particular moment. And so we hear their stories, told with as quiet and subtle an irony as any one could wish, something like the sly humor of Elinor Wylie's *The Venetian Glass Nephew*, for example, although Mr. Wilder's complete individuality makes such comparisons somewhat dangerous. He writes with a maturity of style and philosophy that is quite striking, and with this second novel, which has the good qualities of the first coupled with ample originality in theme and treatment, it is safe to prophesy that our literature has gained a recruit of first importance. Lovers of sophisticated and civilized fiction are certain to find pleasure in Mr. Wilder's new novel.

Another unusual recent novel is Ben Ames Williams's *Splendor* (Dutton's, $2.50), which attempts with some success to do two things —one, to tell the whole history of a newspaper man whose commonplace life is suffused with a glow from his dreams of eventual attainment, and to show the rapid and startling changes that took place in this country between the last years of the Nineteenth Century and the first of the Twentieth. Mr. Williams's novel is quite long—570 pages—and done with scrupulous attention to detail. It affords an interesting contrast to much current fiction, with its emphasis upon style and smartness; it is deliberately homely and commonplace. In incident, it offers little or nothing exciting, and yet there is an appeal about its slow pageant of the life of a good man, a life which moves in a circle broken only at the last moment by the dawning of a new dream.

More Americans Abroad

Allen Updegraff's *Whatever We Do* (John Day, $2.50) is another contribution to the subject of American behavior abroad, which Ernest Hemingway brought to the fore in *The Sun Also Rises*, a novel that continues to arouse discussion, although it has been published now more than a year. Mr. Updegraff portrays the life of a group on the Riviera which includes a professional lecher, the daughter of a Texas oil millionaire, the beautiful but dumb wife of a commonplace Missourian, a gassed war veteran, and so on. The life they lead is anything but Puritanical and consists of a good deal of tough talk, liquor, and passion. Mr. Updegraff has written the book with a sardonic, sometimes savage humor, which together with its honesty, saves it from any suspicion of pruriency.

Samuel Ornitz's *A Yankee Passional* (Boni and Liveright, $2.50) is another out-of-the ordinary novel of recent weeks. It is Mr. Ornitz's first book since his anonymous and highly successful *Haunch, Paunch and Jowl*, and suffers, as that book did not, from a certain turgidity that appears to result from overcrowding. In an attempt to get everything about a period into the book—its theme is an attack upon Roman Catholicism —the author has muddied his stream. It is a long book, with faults, but there is power in it, and those who do not care to have all the rough edges trimmed from their fiction will find it interesting.

Essays by Aldous Huxley

Aldous Huxley's *Proper Studies* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a volume of essays of the new year that is certain to attract attention. Mr. Huxley is revealed as a serious thinker upon a number of important topics such as education, politics, and religion. I doubt if many readers who keep up with current books on these subjects will find much

The North American Review

announces

for its forthcoming (March) number the following features of timely interest:

GIRL SCOUTS AND BOY SCOUTS

Two fascinating articles, by Senator ALICE PATTISON MERRITT and Colonel THEODORE ROOSEVELT on the great organizations for inculcating womanhood and manhood in the Nation's youth.

WHO CAUSED THE WAR ?

Sir THOMAS BARCLAY, eminent European publicist, makes a masterly plea for patience in disposing of one of the world's most delicate and most vexing questions.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

A dispassionate but searching analysis of conditions beyond the Rio Grande, by CHESTER T. CROWELL.

OUR SERIO-COMIC UNDERGRADUATES

A racy review of college life and the spirit of college boys — or men — by GEORGE R. MACMINN.

OCCIDENTAL SNOBS

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that is exactly new or original in Mr. Huxley's essays, but they will find what is there expressed with a delightful clarity and simplicity.

Mr. Huxley, looking about him, sees much wrong with the present world civilization. Democracy has not brought the Utopian conditions which its earlier proponents promised. Standardized universal education has its grave faults, and thousands of people are restless and unhappy today because science has cut away their simple religious faiths and they are floundering about in a sea of sorry substitutes. All these things are true, but one is bound to wonder whether they are strictly characteristic of this age, or whether a good many of the troubles Mr. Huxley finds with the world are not merely to be attributed to innate faults of the race. It is not necessary, however, to agree or disagree with Aldous Huxley, or to quarrel with him because, like most intellectuals, he can tell what ails us without having the remotest idea of what to do about it, in order to enjoy his excellent prose and his distillation and purification of current thought.

More About Washington

One of the most important of recent biographies is Rupert Hughes's *George Washington: The Rebel and the Patriot* (Morrow, $5). When the first volume of what was then to be a two-volume study of the Father of His Country made its appearance, its author immediately suffered a not uncommon experience. The notion was widely disseminated that he had written a savagely iconoclastic attack upon Washington and he was at once violently assailed from all sides by people who had not taken the trouble to read his book.

What Mr. Hughes set out to do was to write of George Washington as a human being; the first volume of his book covered the Virginia planter's life up to his thirtieth birthday, a period during which he displayed no especially great or noble qualities. What was to have been the concluding volume, the one now in hand, presents Washington as a great man finding himself and not even the most ardent member of the D.A.R. can object to Mr. Hughes's portrait. Instead of two volumes, the life of Washington by Mr. Hughes will run to four. I think a good many people will be surprised to find that Mr. Hughes has done the scholarly book that he has, because his name has been associated with the more popular magazines and newspapers for so long. His Washington is not only a thorough and conscientious book, but a well-written and interesting one.

Two other important books about Washington have made their appearance recently, one of which lays emphasis upon the business acumen displayed by the nation's first president. It is called *The Estate of George Washington, Deceased* and is by Eugene E. Prussing (Little, Brown, $6). It gives every possible detail of the Washington will and the disposal of his property, and reveals him as an eminently successful and skilful man of affairs.

Washington Speaks for Himself by Lucretia Perry Osborn (Scribner, $3.50), is an autobiography of Washington arranged from his letters, journals, messages, and personal documents. The material for such a book is, of course, exceptionally rich in the case of Washington, and Mrs. Osborn has made excellent use of it. The result is that the whole life of Washington from early boyhood to death is told in his own words.

A History of America

Directly in this field of American history is another book published during the dying days of last year, Dr. David Saville Muzzey's *The American Adventure* (Harpers, $10). This is a book long familiar in schools. Written originally as a textbook and published first by Ginn and Company, this book has now been revised and expanded into two volumes. It is abundantly illustrated, and written in a style that makes it comparable for readability to the Beard's *The Rise of American Civilization*. Dr. Muzzey is graduate professor of history in Columbia University, so that the soundness of his scholarship is amply guaranteed. When he writes "The Episcopal Church in Virginia and the Carolinas was called a gentleman's club with a faint interest in religion" one is assured that he has a sense of humor and that there is nothing in the least stodgy about his book.

The World War produced at least one

I Scoffed

at this new way to learn French

—*until I found it was easy as A-B-C*

I WAS never so nervous in all my life as I was the night when I took Jacques Lebault to my home to dinner.

Jacques Lebault was a French banker. He controlled a large part of my company's foreign business. The vice-president of my firm asked me if I would mind entertaining Lebault.

While escorting the Frenchman to my home, I discovered to my horror that he spoke only a few words of English. My heart sank. How could we carry on a conversation? I knew only a little French that I had learned in high school.

I did my best to talk to Lebault. But every minute the conversation grew more strained — more halting. When I thought of my wife who was waiting at home to greet us, I grew panic-stricken. She had never spoken a word of French in her life! What would she do?

"Hello, Frank," was my wife's cheerful greeting.

I smiled nervously. My heart beat fast as I introduced Monsieur Lebault to her. The Frenchman bowed low and kissed my wife's hand in true European style.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "enchanté de faire votre connaissance!"

"Je suis très heureuse de vous voir," she said.

To my further amazement, my wife *continued to talk French* with Monsieur Lebault. All during dinner she chatted away — gaily — easily — as if French were her native language. The Frenchman was delighted.

When he departed he was all smiles. "Merci, Madame! Merci, Monsieur!" he cried, thanking my wife and myself for our hospitality.

"Jane!" I exclaimed excitedly to my wife when we were alone. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French?"

Jane laughed. "Do you remember that advertisement I showed you a few months ago?" she asked — "that advertisement for a new kind of French course? Do you remember how you scoffed at it? — how you said it would be foolish to try to learn French without a teacher?"

I nodded.

"Well, Frank," said my wife, "I hated to give up the idea of learning French. And it didn't cost anything to see what the course was like, so I decided to send for it.

"Honestly, Frank, the course was wonderful — so simple — so easy! It's called the 'At-Sight' method. It is a method of learning French recently perfected by the Hugo Institute of Languages over in London.

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My Big Surprise

Imagine my astonishment! My wife answered Monsieur Lebault *in French!*

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statesman who is entitled to be called the Father of His Country. Like Washington this man not only brought a nation into being, but when that task was finished, took up the heavy burdens of guiding its uncertain footsteps, and with great success. I am thinking of Dr. Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, whose name will always be associated with the birth of modern Czechoslovakia.

He tells his story and the story of his country in *The Making of a State: Memories and Observations, 1914–1918* (Stokes, $6), a book which has the added advantage of an introduction by Henry Wickham Steed, Dr. Masaryk's friend of many years' standing. One is impressed as much by the political skill of Dr. Masaryk as by his unquestionable idealism and devotion to his people in reading his book, which is highly romantic, too, in many of its aspects. Few events of the war can equal in interest the sudden appearance of a formidable Czech army, gathered by Masaryk, and used by him with great adroitness to swing the Allies toward a support of the ambitions of his people. Since the war, one has heard relatively little of Czechoslovakia because she, more than any of the new nations of Europe, perhaps, has been earnestly and intelligently about the business of solving her difficult domestic problems.

Civil War Letters

If one may be permitted to swing back for a moment to the ever fascinating field of American history, there is just now available a volume of letters covering the Civil War period that is of unusual interest. It is *War Letters of John Chipman Gray and John Codman Ropes: 1862–1865.* (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50.) These two gentlemen, both at one time prominent lawyers of Boston, where they were in partnership, were friends from boyhood, which gives their letters an added personal interest, although they are rich enough in their own right as historical material. Ropes, in addition to his fame as a lawyer, was also well known as the author of a study of Napoleon and another of the Civil War campaigns.

About Old New York

Since his revival of the old Valentine's Manuals some eight years ago, Henry Collins Brown has done New York and New Yorkers an invaluable service in preserving the more human side of the city's history. The last few copies of the new Manual, especially, have been full of entertainment, with their many quaint old illustrations and innumerable stories of the old city. The latest Manual, for 1927, is *In the Golden Nineties* (Valentine's Manual, Inc., $5), and it is easily one of the best, if not the best, of the series. The period it covers, relatively so close to our own, seems in many respects hundreds of years ago. The city has undergone tremendous and swift changes since the loafers used to hang around the Flatiron Building on windy days; Mr. Brown, with all the old New Yorker's love for "Little old New York" feels that an era definitely ended when Manhattan became merely a borough of the Greater City, and not the only place on earth entitled to speak of itself as New York.

Mr. Brown's historical method, it should be explained to those who are not already familiar with it, is not unlike Mark Sullivan's; both these modern historians have the greatest respect for straws as wind-indicators, and Mr. Brown repeats an old saying, "The trash of today is the treasure of tomorrow" with approval. It is true of other places beside antique shops. While the Valentine's Manuals are intended primarily for New Yorkers, their appeal is really much wider, for what was characteristic of New York in the Nineties was also characteristic of the country at large. Mr. Brown has a good chapter on the literary life of the period, with some first-rate matter about Stevenson and Kipling, Gilder, Brunner, and others, and also about the famous illustrators of a day when magazine illustration was at its best in America.

Another book of direct appeal to readers interested in recent American history is Anna Robeson Burr's *The Portrait of a Banker: James Stillman, 1850–1918* (Duffield, $5), which covers the development of banking into its vital place in the whole scheme of present civilization. In addition to a full-length study of Stillman, Mrs. Burr presents the other financial giants of the times. Hers is a friendly study of the banker, although she does not present him as a saint. The

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A President Is Born. By *Fannie Hurst.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"By the magic of these pages you have a picture of David as president, a picture more thrilling and convincing than if you could look into the future," says the reviewer of this new type of novel by Fannie Hurst.

The Strange Case of Mr. Henry Marchmont. By *J. S. Fletcher.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

A prosperous and respectable solicitor meets with an unexpected death, and the mystery of its unravelling is the thread of the story.

The White Mask. By *J. M. Walsh.* New York: Doubleday, Doran Company. $2.00.

A detective story concerning which the publisher warns, "Not to be read after midnight!"

"It". By *Elinor Glyn.* New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

Rich man and "little cousin of the rich" find that they are made for each other in the conventional fashion of benefits furnished by the one and received by the other.

The Demon Caravan. By *Georges Surdez.* New York: The Dial Press. $2.00.

Beautiful women, brave men, gallant legionnaries pass through this story of North African life.

New Wine. By *Geoffrey Moss.* New York: Doubleday, Doran Company. $2.00.

Romance of a Bucharest cabaret girl and a member of the diplomatic corps which ends on a note of tragedy.

C'est la Guerre. By *James G. Dunton.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.50.

This is the ideal gift for every ex-service man as well as a magic carpet for those unfortunate stay-at-homes who could not attend in person the great adventure.

HISTORY

The Gateway to American History. By *Randolph G. Adams.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

By means of engravings gathered from very old and rare books, Mr. Adams here presents a remarkable pictorial record of the exploration and settlement of the American continent. The pictures, beautifully reproduced, are the work of artists living in that remote time who accompanied or studied reports of the voyagers.

The New Pictorial Outline of History. By *H. G. Wells.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

This new one-volume edition contains the entire text of the previous two-volume revised edition and over seven hundred illustrations. This prodigious work, if read from end to end, must inevitably serve to straighten out a thousand wrinkles in the average general reader's mind.

Survey of International Affairs. Vol. I. The Islamic World. By *Arnold J. Toynbee.* New York: The Oxford University Press. $8.50.

This treatment of the Islamic world was omitted from the first volume of this series because the amount of material dealt with was so great that it could not be handled adequately as a single section in a volume of five hundred pages.

Roosevelt and the Caribbean. By *Howard C. Hill.* Chicago: The Chicago University Press. $2.50.

Rooseveltian imperialism as manifested in the Carribbean was opportunist in character, not planned or predetermined.

The Secret History of Procopius. Translated by *Richard Atwater.* Chicago: Pascal Covici. $20.00

Splendidly printed on Shidzuoka Vellum, these beautiful books, numbered edition, have been signed by Richard Atwater and Douglas C. McMurtrie, and will be reviewed at greater lengths in these columns.

The First Americans (1607–1690). By *Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

This volume pictures the great adventure of Englishmen seeking to subdue the wilderness of North America.

Provincial Society. By *James Truslow Adams.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

This is the third volume in the series *A History of American Life* edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox, and covers the period 1690–1763.

The Rise of the Common Man. By *Carl Russell Fish.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

The sixth in the series mentioned above, this volume pictures a vigorous population building a new American civilization in the country beyond the Appalachians.

The Emergence of Modern America. By *Allan Nevins.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

This volume deals with that interesting period of transition, 1865–1878, when our civilization marked the passing of the old America and the emergence of the America of today.

An Outline History of Japan. By *Herbert H. Gowen.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $4.00.

Similar in format to its companion volume, *An Outline History of China,* the present work will take its place as the best introduction to Japanese history for the general reader.

A Side-Light on Anglo-American Relations, 1839–1858. Edited by *Annie Heloise Abel* and *Frank J. Klingberg.* Washington: Association for the Study of Negro Life. $2.15.

The material for this book was furnished by the correspondence of Lewis Tappan and others with the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

Ireland and the Foundations of Europe. By *Benedict Fitzpatrick.* New York. Funk and Wagnalls Company. $4.00.

This book lifts the curtain adequately for the first time on the picture of Ireland as the sole refuge and garden of civilization in a barbarian-ridden Europe.

Photograph by Bachrach

DEAN ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1928

THE LAW SCHOOL TOMORROW

BY ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Dean of the Law School of Yale University

AMERICAN lawyers are selected through the operation of tests which for a democracy are rigorous in the extreme. It is a rare thing when in one of our large commercial jurisdictions half the candidates in any year are admitted to the bar. And all these candidates before being permitted to appear for the examinations are now subjected to most undemocratic treatment. Some of our important States require a prospective lawyer to have spent two years in college. The New York Court of Appeals has lately announced that this is the policy it will adopt. In many States, too, those who wish to become members of the bar must allow a committee to investigate the histories of their lives with a view to the discovery of unpleasant items in them which might unfit them to advise clients as to the ethics or legality of their conduct.

Reinforced, perhaps, by that desire for monopoly which animated the trade guilds of an earlier day, but chiefly from a sense of public spirit, lawyers have long demanded higher standards for admission to their profession. The American Bar Association and the various State associations are almost unanimous in alleging that more education must be required of the men to whom the task of guiding vast social and economic interests through the mazes of American statute and common law is to be entrusted. The law schools are leading in the outcry for better

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lawyers, some of them, perhaps, in the hope that if the requirements for the bar are made more severe by the State authorities, the schools may at length be able to advance their own.

And so we find both the practising and teaching branches of the profession very insistent that inferior men shall be kept away from the administration of justice. But when you ask a lawyer or a law teacher what he is proposing to do for the superior men whom he will allow to enter the law schools, he has very little to offer you. Certainly some men are so constituted either as to brains or background or both that they should never be allowed to get near a law school, much less a client. But assuming that you have a man who possesses a certain minimum of intelligence and honesty, so that you cannot be absolutely sure that he will be disbarred after he has been in practice six months, what kind of training will you give him? Nobody knows.

Nobody knows because nobody has been thinking about the problem. We have been so absorbed in trying to get rid of the inferior men that we have given very little attention to what we shall do for the good ones. Not that progress has not been made. In the good old days a few kindly and elderly gentlemen would take the sons of other similar gentlemen into their offices and have them read textbooks and cases until they acquired a genteel familiarity with the vocabulary with which members of our profession habitually conceal their secrets from the layman. That system has now almost wholly disappeared, and where it still exists in the modified form of permitting men to qualify as lawyers after a certain period as clerks, it is frowned upon by the guardians of the bar.

As the next step, the elderly gentlemen simply ousted the students from their offices and grouped them in another place where they would not be always under foot, and in this way founded law schools. These schools or their prototypes are still in existence, and have more students on their rolls than any other kind. The atmosphere has changed a good deal in some of them. Instead of the veterans of the bar, the well known eminent counsel of the old days, we are now likely to have in charge energetic business men who are using the school chiefly as a means of increasing their revenues. Legal education is one of the few

branches of education that can be made to pay and still be kept respectable. None of the elaborate apparatus of the medical school, for instance, is required. Not even a library is an essential; some schools which have satisfactory reputations continue to retain them in spite of the fact that they have no libraries of their own; they use the Court House collection. Many such institutions seek to increase their profits by running day and night: the more men, the more money.

No one wishes, I suppose, to keep out of the legal profession men who deserve to be in it. But it can no longer be seriously argued that this means every man who wants to be in it. The night schools allege that they look after the man who has not financial resources adequate to the job of three years of law school. But this argument applies with almost as much force to any educational requirement for the bar; and there are too many lawyers anyway, so that it may be better to keep out a few exceptional individuals than to give a factory training to an enormous number who admittedly are not exceptional. For there can be little doubt that a factory training is what the night schools give. The object is to teach the student enough to pass the bar examinations. This is done by making him memorize the salient rules in his own jurisdiction. A teacher is judged by his ability to put these rules across so that a high school student can remember them long enough to write them down on the examination. To the purpose of the rules, their function in society, and the function of those who are to participate in administering them, little or no attention is given. The students do not pay for that.

Those of us who are employed by institutions which profess higher ideals have seldom stopped to scrutinize those ideals to determine whether they are in fact higher. The schools which consider themselves the best require a college degree, on the theory that maturity and "background" are essential to the study of the law. Whether the maturity which is represented by age twenty-two and the background which is represented by four years of strenuous attention to extra-curriculum activities are necessary to the study of the law, has never been carefully studied. The syllogism has run: Inferior schools require little or no college training; we require a great deal of college training;

therefore we are not an inferior school. A parallel syllogism is: Inferior schools are staffed chiefly by practicing lawyers who give only part of their time to teaching; all our staff are full-time teachers; therefore we are not an inferior school. Unfortunately the problem is not quite as simple as that. Waiving the question of maturity, what is the best background for the study of the law?

Today there are two schools of thought, or rather two schools of guess. One group, observing that legal problems run into problems in the social sciences, assert that a prospective law student should spend most of his time in college on the social sciences. The other, observing that engineering is at the basis of modern civilization, that some of the social sciences are poorly taught and badly organized, and that a lawyer needs to be careful and accurate, assert that a man thoroughly trained in the physical sciences will make the best lawyer. Discussions between these two groups usually lead to the conclusion reached by the most exclusive body in the law school world, the Association of American Law Schools, namely, that no conclusion is possible. The unsatisfactory nature of this result at a time when legal education is being assailed from without and within leads us to look hopefully for the outcome of the study undertaken this year by the faculty of the Columbia Law School, the first important attempt to arrive at an answer to the question on grounds of educational soundness rather than administrative convenience. Although the results are not yet known, the energy and acumen with which the problem has been attacked make it the most promising venture now under way in this branch of legal education.

The indifference of the better law schools to the previous training of their students has led to mass production of law school graduates. There are now so many colleges that if you admit anybody who has an A.B. degree, you are certain to have too many men. Here once more the difference between the inferior schools and those which call themselves superior becomes shadowy. The inferior school admits great quantities of students, and can successfully do so because if one's sole object is to cram men for examinations, one can probably cram them as well in large numbers as in small. The superior school admits great

quantities, without realizing that their number may be an important element in determining the superiority of a school.

All the best law schools employ the case method of instruction introduced by Langdell at Harvard in 1875. Before that time law courses were conducted as most college courses are conducted today. The student read and memorized passages from important textbooks and discussed them with his instructor. In the belief that students whose chief material in practice would be the decisions of courts of last resort should familiarize themselves as soon as possible with those decisions, Langdell placed in the hands of his men selected cases and centered the class room discussion around them. The point is that under the case system there is discussion. The opinions of the judges are subjected to the most careful scrutiny; all the members of the class are supposed to enter eagerly into arguments as to the facts and the law and the practical results of the decisions. In theory this is a great advance over the earlier method of instruction. Instead of merely learning by heart the dicta of textbook writers, all the class analyze together actual opinions which represent the living law. In practice, however, under modern conditions the advance is not so great as might at first appear. In a class of twenty-five the method is admirable. It is good with a class of fifty. It may perhaps work with a class of seventy-five. But at one hundred or somewhat beyond it the period of diminishing returns sets in. In classes of three or four hundred only a few can participate in the discussion, for the obvious reason that they cannot hear or be heard. The result is that in groups of these dimensions the instruction given in the best schools is likely to approximate that given in the worst.

The truth is that the case system was so significant an improvement over the method which it supplanted that it has been regarded as the last word in legal education. It seems incredible, but it is fair to say that the best schools have made no important contribution to legal education except the case system and full-time instruction in fifty years. These schools seem to have supposed that if you admitted college graduates only and had professional teachers employing the case method exclusively, you *ipso facto* achieved perfection.

But it is by no means clear, as we have already noticed, that all college graduates should study law, or that those who study it should study it the same way. Even if the numbers in a law school are limited (and no serious attempt at limitation has been in force long enough to predict what its effect will be), there are still difficulties in the use of the case system which suggest that modifications in it may be worth while. In a class of one hundred men ten are probably very good and ten rather poor. Fifteen are likely to be not quite so good, and fifteen not quite so poor. The other fifty will be average. Assuming that the class is not too *large* for ideal discussions, it is too *uneven* for discussions even approaching the ideal. A pace that is fast enough to hold the interest of the best men is far too fast for all the rest. A pace slow enough for the poorest men is far too slow for all the rest. Usually, therefore, the instructor compromises on a pace that is fast enough for the fifty in the middle, a pace too slow for the best and too fast for the poorest.

Almost all the privately endowed colleges in the East have attempted to meet this difficulty in collegiate education by instituting honors courses in which the best men work independently or in small groups on problems that are of special interest to them. They labor free from the routine of the classroom and the retarding effect of their less able or less energetic contemporaries. Such courses are unheard of in the law (except in one or two schools which have just begun to experiment with them) in spite of the fact that the law is admirably adapted to this type of study. After a man has been a year in law school and has reached the top of his class, there is no compelling reason why he should work *en masse* thereafter. He has learned the technique of reading and analyzing the opinions of judges, and does not need two years more of the same thing. What he needs now is to be turned loose to learn to think for himself. Through four years of college his powers of independent effort have lain dormant. If they lie dormant for another three, he may later, when he needs to use them in the struggle for existence, be unable to awaken them. Through four years of college, too, the student has been exposed to countless subjects and has mastered none. It would seem that the time for mastery of something comes in the professional

school and that to continue the process of exposure is to lose the best opportunity that comes to American educators to give a real education.

There is only one valid objection to honors courses in the law. They are expensive. It is probably correct to say that six honors men will take as much of an instructor's time as a class of two or three hundred taught on the conventional plan. But this objection merely brings us back to the unimportance of numbers in legal education. Which is better, to give two or three hundred men a mediocre training or to give six their first experience of hard work, independent thinking, and intimate relationship with their teachers? Nobody has complained that there are too few lawyers. The complaint has been that there are too many poor ones. The first-class law schools may well assert that they are under no obligation to increase the number of inadequately prepared members; their task is to prepare leaders for the bar.

We have not solved the problem of how best to train leaders of the bar merely by saying we shall admit college graduates only and shall have full-time men teach them solely by the case method. Whether or not there is some more effective if less automatic mode of selecting students, and also of instructing students once they are admitted, are subjects which require more study and thought than have yet been given to them.

There is more to be done especially in determining the subject matter of the law school curriculum. If you are simply trying to get your men past the bar examinations, the answer is easy enough. All you have to do is to coach them as intensively as possible on the rules of law which the examiners are certain to inquire about. If, however, you wish to make your graduates useful members of society, or what may not always be the same thing, able advisers of their clients, the problem becomes more difficult. As I have suggested, in large classes under the case method the best schools are practically teaching their students to memorize rules of law as found in the opinions of appellate courts. But the main duty of a lawyer is to predict intelligently what governmental officers are likely to do in a certain situation. This of course involves a knowledge of what other governmental officers have done in similar situations, because such people are

notoriously conservative. Where one case is identical with another the investigation may end at this point. The matter may be too well settled to make further controversy worth while. Then all that is necessary is knowledge of the rule. But where the facts are different, so that there is no compelling logical reason for following the earlier decision, the court must consciously or unconsciously reach its conclusion according to the results which may be expected to flow from its enunciation of the law.

To take a simple case, it is said that no State may "burden foreign commerce." Suppose a State passes a law regulating, through license fees and otherwise, agents in the State who receive money on deposit from immigrants also in the State who wish to accumulate enough to have their families come over to join them, and who when enough has been accumulated buy tickets for their families from the agents. First, are the agents engaged in foreign commerce? Second, are the local regulations a "burden"? The framers of our Constitution could hardly have foreseen this problem; little help is to be derived from a perusal of the document or the debates on it. There is no case exactly in point. How shall the lawyer advise his client? He will of course have to know the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States defining foreign commerce and burdens upon it. Even then he will not be far advanced unless he has had some training in scientific method, and knows enough to know that meaning is conferred on words for a purpose and that the same person does not always mean the same thing when he uses the same word.

C. K. Ogden, co-author with I. A. Richards of that important book *The Meaning of Meaning*, has lately called attention to the interpretation of the word "inflict" in a recent decision of one of our supreme courts. The court held in determining the meaning of the word as used in an insurance policy that it excludes the actions of insane persons. The insane cannot "act" in the eyes of the law, and anyone who "inflicts" an injury "acts". They cannot act because they "do not have a purpose in mind. Their mind is gone." As Mr. Ogden suggests, "At every turn lawyers, judges, and legislators, entirely untrained in the analysis of 'meaning,' are today confronted by similar intri-

cate problems of the interpretation of words with which they are quite incompetent to deal." The American Law Institute is probably the most imposing body of legal lights in the world. But that group has adopted the statements of an eminent legal scholar now engaged in re-stating an important branch of the law to the effect that one is a "slave" if he is a slave at home, even though in the particular jurisdiction into which he has journeyed the master can exert none of the powers of mastery. Similarly, one is "married" if his marriage was valid where it took place, even though in the jurisdiction where he is living he can be put in jail for adultery. His marriage is "valid," but "unenforceable." This kind of playing with words is too common in the law; and special training is required to cope with it. When it comes to dealing with the definitions of constitutional terms, the best prepared lawyer is the one who has had such training.

The well-prepared lawyer in our case of the immigrant ticket agent will also have to know enough about the make-up of the court to have some idea of its probable reaction to immigrants, people engaged in making money by dealing with them, State regulation of business, and judicial interference with it. But what should be his heaviest guns may not be strictly legal artillery at all, artillery not to be found in the casebooks he has studied. It may be evidence of the social or economic need for such legislation, and the social and economic results which are likely to follow if it is declared unconstitutional. That is, if a court is not forced by what seem the plain words of statute or prior decision to reach a certain result, it is likely to reach it or not reach it according to the practical effect of the decision upon what are assumed to be the paramount interests of the community.

In the best law schools today this is well understood. But it is supposed that every law teacher knows exactly what the practical effect of certain decisions will be simply because he has read a great many cases. In the classroom he and his students will criticize the opinions of the courts as "socially undesirable". Certainly a law teacher can guess as to what is socially undesirable; but unless he is in touch with modern developments in the social sciences he can hardly make an intelligent guess. The

Federal Trade Commission has lately ordered a motion picture organization to cease and desist from its practice of compelling theatre owners who deal with it to take a large block of pictures including some poor ones in order to get any good ones. How many law school professors know enough about industry in general and the motion picture industry in particular to make a fair appraisal of the practice and the desirability of its cessation? Yet when the courts have finally disposed of the question, law school men all over the country will point out the rights and wrongs of the decision with hardly a bow to the great unknown.

Of course, it may be said first that the discovery of the rules of law is difficult enough and that the law school teacher can hardly be expected to know thoroughly the entire field of the social sciences. It may be argued, too, that the techniques of the various social sciences are so undeveloped that a lawyer's guess is as good as anybody else's. The reply to the first objection is that we do not need to know thoroughly the entire field. We do need to know what is going on in it and whom to resort to for assistance. In criminal law, psychiatry, psychology, and sociology have contributions to make to us that are so important as to be justly regarded as fundamental. But the number of universities in which the law teachers and the scholars in these subjects have even the slightest informal contact is negligible. In Banking Law the problem of the economist and the lawyer is likely to be one. In a leading university of the East the teacher of Banking in the department of Economics and the teacher of Banking Law in the law school worked in different buildings on the same campus for two years without ever seeing each other. The questions which confront the student of Labor Law are being studied by the students in graduate schools and colleges under the title of Trade Unionism or Labor Problems. When the Supreme Court decides that the reserve of a mutual insurance company is not taxable, it is, it is true, deciding a legal question, but a legal question so bound up by economic and social questions that to discuss one aspect of the matter without reference to the others is impossible. When the Supreme Court of South Carolina holds that a man who says, "I don't believe I'm going to make it," and shortly dies, was not in the fear of imminent death so as to

make his accusations of the defendant admissible against the defendant on his trial for murdering the declarant, it is deciding a question in the law of Evidence. But no conclusion as to the "soundness" of the decision can be reached without resort to the psychologists.

Indeed, the notion of "the law" as something which may be discovered, seized upon, and learned; something concrete, fixed, and immutable, has retarded the progress of legal education in more ways than one. Even in the best law schools the law is presented as a series of concepts. In the course called Agency, for instance, you are likely to begin with the "nature" of agency. You will have a case where the husband has left his wife without means of support. The court may say that the wife may pledge the husband's credit because she is his "agent by necessity". The next case may be one where the clerk in a State office sues for his salary. A statute provides that all salaries of public officers and "agents" must be fixed by the legislature, and none has been fixed for the plaintiff's position. The court holds that the plaintiff is a "servant" and not an "agent". The next opinion submitted to the inquiring student will discuss whether a carpenter employed to repair a hotel is an "agent" of the hotel owner so that the latter becomes liable for damage done by the collapse of the carpenter's scaffold.

From these cases and others in which the word "agency" appears, the seeker after truth is supposed to deduce what an "agency" is, and to carry in his mind ever after a definite concept bearing that name. It is useful to know what the courts call an agency in arguing cases where that term may be involved; but how much more useful would a legal education be if the emphasis were placed on the *situation* in which the client finds himself instead of on the verbiage which is used to describe it. The poor unfortunate who is compelled to visit a lawyer's office has a story to tell. He will be seeking advice as to the best course for him to follow on these facts. The facts are therefore of the first importance. Consequently law school courses organized according to the types of situations presented would seem to prepare a lawyer best to advise a client who is in a certain situation. Thus our case concerning what a wife may do to secure necessaries

when her husband deserts her would be taught as one of the situations which arise in connection with the family, and incorporated, if it arises frequently enough, in a course in Family Law. The decision dealing with the difficulties of a government clerk in securing his salary would be presented with other cases as to government officers, perhaps in a course in Administrative Law. The opinion involving what you can do when someone else carelessly drops a scaffolding on your head would be aligned with other cases of similar situations. The concepts and language of the courts would not be overlooked; but the emphasis would be placed on the facts.

Experiments with courses looking in this direction are now in progress in one or two leading law schools. The results have been so satisfactory that other courses of the same kind are in process of organization. Whether in the long run this brand of instruction will give us better lawyers remains to be seen. The encouraging thing is that experimentation is going on. The scientific mind is essentially the experimental mind. The legal mind appears to be opposed to experiment. The conservatism of our profession is proverbial. The possible lines of development in legal education which I have tentatively sketched here are an old story in medical education. The leading medical schools do not accept men merely because they have college degrees. One school of medicine with an endowment of over $5,000,000 has limited its enrollment to 200 students. In medicine the State examinations are an incident, not an objective. The "functional approach" to the study of the subject which is regarded with the utmost suspicion in the law is orthodox in medicine. There is more thought applied to medical education in one year than to legal education in ten. When we have made an improvement we spend an indefinite period congratulating ourselves upon it, instead of studying how to make still further improvements. And yet, with the country demanding a more efficient administration of justice; with the lawyers, the judges, and the teachers agreeing that something is wrong, it is plain that still further improvements must be made. It will not be enough to exclude the worst men from the study of the law. We must find out how to make the most of the best.

FRANK O. LOWDEN

BY WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD

In discussing Frank O. Lowden as a Presidential possibility, three points are important: First, his fitness for the job; second, the probability of his nomination; and third, the probability of his election should he be nominated.

I will first discuss the probability of his nomination, for the delegates to the Republican National Convention will be influenced by the other two in picking the party nominee. They will try to select the man best fitted for the job, who has the best chance of being elected if nominated.

I

The Republican party since its beginning has, in reality, been two parties, holding widely divergent economic views. Its phenomenal success in the past has depended upon a working agreement between the industrial and capitalistic East and the agricultural West. This combination is necessary to success, at the polls. The electoral vote of the past demonstrates that no Republican has been elected without the support of both wings of the party. It will therefore be wise, and it is reasonable to surmise that the Republican National Convention will try, to select a man who can hold the support of both the East and the West.

The industrial East and the agricultural West have been strange political bedfellows. It is remarkable that they have held together so long, since they had so few political tenets in common and their interests were so dissimilar. The Republican party has always been the party of Protection. The East needs Protection; quite naturally, therefore, it is satisfied with the compact which kept the high tariff party in power. The West has had no Protection. Not only has the tariff not furnished Protection to the West, but it has increased the cost of the farmer's supplies.

He pays more for his clothing, shoes, plows and farm implements, in order to permit the Eastern manufacturers to make a legitimate profit on all their goods and, at the same time, meet foreign competition.

The West became Republican as a patriotic duty. It was the party of Lincoln, and it is slow to change its politics. The Western farmer has also continued to support the Republican party because he believed "a Republican Administration brings good times," and "good times" means a higher price for his produce. Both of these ties are becoming less potent. The automobile, good roads and the radio have brought the farmer in closer contact with the world. They have materially broadened his viewpoint. The World War has united the people of the United States. There is no North, no South, no East and no West. Therefore the sentimental tie which made him Republican is waning. If he continues true to that party, it will be solely because he believes it is to his interest to do so.

Naturally, the farmer is beginning to doubt that Republican rule, as administered in the past, brings "good times" to him. It is almost impossible to convince him that he is prosperous when mortgages are being foreclosed on his farm. He has become dissatisfied with the unequal partnership in which his Eastern partner has derived all the profits. He reasons in this manner: "Eastern industry has had tariff protection for its manufactures. Finance has had the protection of the Federal Reserve Board. The railroads, largely owned in the East, have direct support from the Government; while all we have to show for our partnership is the permission to wave the patriotic flag and a fast waning hope that Republican rule will bring us prosperity, as a by-product".

The rumbling of discontent began with Roosevelt's Bull Moose organization. It has continued to increase in volume until the farmers are about ready to issue an ultimatum to their erstwhile partner. The ultimatum is: "We demand a share of the protection which the Government furnishes to those in other lines of industry." The Republican party thus faces a crisis. Without the support of the West it is doomed to defeat in the next election. It will lose this support unless it guarantees much more to the farmer than lip service. The West is tired of "pulling the chest-

nuts out of the fire". It will demand that the candidate selected this year be in sympathy with agricultural needs.

Money is very timorous. Compared with it, the fawn is lion-hearted. The capitalists in the East fear anything tinged with Radicalism. At the least sign of a Radical coming into power, they flee to cover. Capital controls the Republican party in the East. There is no possibility of the industrial East accepting an ultra progressive as the Republican nominee. It will refuse to support a Farm Labor candidate, either at the Republican National Convention or as the nominee of the Republican party at the general elections.

The East can muster sufficient strength in the next Republican National Convention to prevent the nomination of a man whose record indicates that he opposes capital and industry. The West can muster enough strength to prevent the nomination of an ultra conservative. It will be exceedingly difficult for a typical representative of either wing of the party to secure the nomination, and still more difficult, should the convention nominate such a man, for him to win in the general election.

This apparently brings us to an impasse. It seemingly leads to a dissolving of the partnership of the firm composing the Republican party. There is, however, a solution to the question. It is in the selection of a man whom both the East and the West will support.

II

Frank O. Lowden is that man, because he knows, understands, sympathizes with and is affiliated with both branches of the party. He is a favorite of the West because his record shows him to be its friend. The East does not dislike or fear him and, more important still, would support him loyally, were he the Republican nominee. A retrospect of his life will show why he eminently fits as the connecting link between these two extremes of the party.

Mr. Lowden is popular with the agricultural West, because he is a farmer and understands farmers' needs. His understanding is not theoretical; is not a belated sympathy with the farmer, for political purposes. He was raised on a farm. He was born at Sunrise, Minn., at that time a crossroads where a country store

and a postoffice were located. His father owned a small farm and eked out his meager income by doing wheelwrighting and blacksmithing for his neighbors.

As soon as he was able to toddle about the farm, the boy did the chores of a farmer's son. He attended to the chickens, and helped feed the hogs and hoe the potatoes. His earliest memory concerns farm work. When he was in his early teens, his father moved to Columbia County, Iowa, the trip being made in the old fashioned covered wagon, with Frank, as a barefooted boy, trudging on behind.

Early in life, young Frank determined to get an education. The elder Lowden had no money to educate his boy. Nothing daunted, the son determined to educate himself. When sixteen years old, he began teaching a country school. Living cost him nothing, for he boarded around with his pupils and saved all of his meager salary to get enough money to attend college. He expected, at that time, to be a farmer, so he chose the Iowa State College at Ames in which to matriculate. He had only enough cash to pay his way for one term, but, with true grit, he entered college determined to finance himself as he went along. "Tom" Burke, a classmate, says that "Frank was the greenest country farm boy that he ever saw" when he entered college.

During his first year at Ames, he determined to become a lawyer, and felt that an academic education would better fit him for this work than a course in the agricultural school. So, the following year, he transferred to the State University. He lived economically, worked steadily—teaching school during the Summer, acting as agent for a newspaper and a laundry—and studied diligently. During his last year he confided to an official visitor his legal aspirations. The gentleman gave him a note to a prominent law firm in the Western metropolis, advising him that he would greatly improve his chance of getting the position if he understood shorthand; so, during the last six months of his college career, he took on this extra study. Despite these multitudinous tasks, he was graduated at the State University as first honor man and with a few dollars more in his pocket than he had when he entered.

The gentleman's note of recommendation secured the position

for him and the following year he entered the Union Law School, of Chicago, taking the night course. The legal firm found that young Lowden possessed a brilliant mind and a natural adaptability for the law. It was not long before he had deserted his stenographic desk and was acting as a law clerk for the firm, and before his graduation was handling many of their minor cases.

After becoming a full fledged attorney he continued in the firm's employ for two years in order to secure enough money to open an office for himself. Then he set out on his own responsibility. His experience in legal matters, and the worth while friends he had made, gave him a substantial background. However, the first year is always a hard time for a young lawyer. He made a living from the beginning, but that was about all.

About this time he met Miss Florence Pullman. It was a case of love at first sight and the attraction was mutual. When Mr. Lowden asked her father for her hand, Mr. Pullman cautiously inquired: "Young man, how much money are you making?" Mr. Lowden mentioned his modest income, to which Mr. Pullman replied: "Why, that is not enough to buy violets for Florence!" Mr. Lowden rejoined: "Then Florence will do without violets, for she will have to live on my income."

His independence pleased Mr. Pullman and won his consent. To Frank Lowden's credit be it said that he has religiously adhered to the promise made Mr. Pullman. The Lowden family have lived on the income earned by him. He has never accepted any of the Pullman fortune for the use either of himself or his family. After they were married, they went to live in a modest home in Chicago. Mrs. Lowden did not have to forego entirely her much beloved violets, for her husband rose quickly, and was soon recognized as one of the ablest trial lawyers of the Chicago bar.

Among his clients were some of the largest firms in Chicago. Two cases altered the course of his career. One of his clients was a baking concern. Just at this time there was an industrial war among the bakers in Chicago, with the result that all of them were losing money. His client was on the verge of bankruptcy. In order to save something from the wreck, he turned his affairs over to the young attorney, who put in some of his own money to

refinance the concern. The result was the National Biscuit Company. The other client was the American Radiator Company, which was just beginning its career. Lowden had made such a reputation as a shrewd business man that they called him in to reorganize their company. Everyone who has enjoyed the comforts of steam heat knows how successful his efforts were.

Success came to him early. By the time he was forty years old he retired to his first love, the country. He purchased a farm at Oregon, Illinois, about one hundred miles from Chicago. His farm was not a plaything. He put the same amount of energy and enterprise into making his farm pay that he had done in his business. He installed modern machinery, purchased the best breed of cattle, and adopted scientific farming methods. There are no farms in America more carefully and industriously tilled than those of Frank Lowden. He supervises his home farm, himself, and is up at the break of day and in his saddle until dusk. Not content with running Sinissippi Farm, he has purchased large acreage in many of the Western and Southern States. Probably he has more acres in direct cultivation than any other farmer in America. He has spent two-thirds of his life on the farm. During the formative period he was a farmer's boy; during his active career he was a successful lawyer, and the last twenty-five years he has been an intelligent and active agriculturist.

III

The farmers love Lowden because he is one of them. He is not only a farmer, himself, but has spent largely of his money and time in an effort to improve farming conditions. He has throughout his career invariably supported, in Congress and the legislatures of the States in which he is interested agriculturally, all measures looking to the betterment of farming conditions. His support of the farmer has not been lip service.

The farmers know that Frank Lowden is not only a friend of theirs but one of them. Naturally he is their choice for the Presidency; naturally he can pull a larger agricultural vote than any other Republican candidate. Many Democrats would vote for Frank Lowden.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture.

The industrial East has no reason to be afraid of him. It will loyally support him when his true character is known. Frank Lowden was a level headed business man before he became a farmer. He is sufficiently level headed to have accumulated a considerable fortune, entirely through his own efforts. He is sufficiently level headed to have put two immense businesses on a solid foundation. He knows the needs and necessities of capital. He has too much at stake to do anything that would cripple business, were he elected to the Presidency. He understands the protection which it must have to prosper. He realizes the importance of business confidence. His record as Congressman and as Governor shows that he is a constructive rather than a destructive statesman. The introduction of the Budget system, in the handling of the State's business, and the scientific building of good roads, both of which have been adopted by many States, are examples of his constructive work.

The objection voiced against Mr. Lowden is that he supports the McNary-Haugen Bill. The prominent opponents of that measure said, in unison: "This bill is not economically sound. It means that the Government is pensioning the farmer. Lowden, as its supporter, must also be a Radical." Slogans have a way of striking the public fancy. Without stopping to investigate the matter, many people have accepted, as true, these statements. Such attitude frequently leads to wrong conclusions. It does not necessarily follow that an economic measure is unsound because reactionary statesmen do not immediately support it.

The Parcels Post was labelled as a Socialistic measure, by them; but it has been a national benefit. The Federal Reserve Bank, which was bitterly opposed, is now a tower of strength in the financial world. Any legislative innovation is immediately labelled by the reactionary, who prefers no changes.

Further, the McNary-Haugen Bill is not a creature of Frank Lowden's brain. It is not the acme of perfection in farm relief legislation. He thinks, however, that it is a step in the right direction. He would have approved it, had he been President, but should scientific economic research demonstrate improvements in the bill, he would be the first to back them.

His attitude on farm relief is:

1—The farmers must have relief. They are not making a living, as is evidenced by constant foreclosures of farm mortgages, throughout the country.

2—Our supposed prosperity is more or less fictitious and cannot be permanent with such a large section of our country in an unsound economic condition.

3—Some method must be devised to protect the farmer and make him self supporting. It is not only the duty, but to the interest of the Government, to furnish this protection.

When the East understands what farm relief means; when it knows that the relief is in the form of a loan, rather than a gift, to the farmers; when it realizes that this loan, which is of short duration, will be paid back with interest; and when it realizes that the man who makes these promises is too broad visioned a statesman and too keen a business man to approve of any measure that means a financial loss to the Government, the opposition to him in the East will disappear.

Frank O. Lowden can poll a larger vote for the Republican party than any other candidate, because he is the one man on whom the divergent wings of the Republican party can unite.

THE MAN FROM MONTANA

BY CHARLES MICHELSON

SENATOR Thomas James Walsh has been called the "alibi candidate" for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Because of him the South and West are able to deny that it is religious intolerance that makes them fight against Governor Smith and to place their hostility on the ground of Smith's wetness and Tammanyism. He is as good a Catholic as the man who made the brown derby famous, but there never was a time when Dixieland and the Corn Belt have not indicated more or less willingness to accept him as a welcome alternative. Even the Klan shakes no nightshirts at Walsh, perhaps because he has not yet approached near enough a nomination to be deemed dangerous. It may be that this immunity will not continue if, out of another Democratic deadlock, there issues the really impressive figure of the Montana Senator, somewhere near the head of the list, but until that time comes there is no voice raised against Walsh in all the army that regards the defeat of Smith as the first duty of every hundred percenter.

All the important individuals among the pre-convention aspirants this year grade up pretty well in ability, experience, culture and reputation, which are the usual concomitants of eligibility. Availability is another thing, and from Western viewpoints, at least, Walsh has all the high marks. He is always spoken of, politically, in comparison with Smith. His supporters are prone to use the latter as a measuring stick in surveying their candidate. For example:

"Smith is a great Governor—well, Walsh is a great Senator; and that for as many terms and those terms three times as long as the New York Executive's.

"Smith was a poor boy who raised himself by sheer ability to eminence. Walsh was just as poor, and taught himself and then taught school while he was learning law, and so progressed until

he became the leading constitutional lawyer in Congress. He has traveled widely; his membership in all the big Senate committees has given him the broadest insight into the affairs of government, domestic and foreign.

"Smith can carry New York. Walsh can carry the West, which is bigger than New York.

"Smith has established a standard of honesty in State Government; Walsh has chased two Cabinet officers out of the National Government and has made graft as unfashionable as a kleagle in a synagogue.

"Smith represents the national revolt against the Volstead act; Walsh represents the spirit of law observance. If Prohibition is not a party issue, why should New York not vote for him as a candidate? If it is such an issue, it should not be lost sight of that there are ten dry States for every wet one."

It is not difficult to make out a plausible case for the Walsh candidacy. Except geographically, he measures up to all the standards of the Presidency. One of the appealing things about him is that he drinks as he votes; that is he is personally as well as politically dry. It is doubtful if that can be said of half a dozen in the whole Senate. It cannot be easy for him, for he is a sociable soul; something of an afternoon tea hound. To his further credit be it recorded that he confines his championing of the Prohibition cause to business hours. Take him where the cocktails are waving and the balls are high, as his gregarious instinct frequently does, and he enjoys them—vicariously, of course—and does not talk about it afterwards. Recently his State went wet on a referendum, but he did not change with it. He prefers to regard the incident as a Commonwealth aberration from which Montana will recover, and meanwhile he continues to take the dry side of Senate debates and confines himself to ginger ale on the Nineteenth Hole when he plays golf—which he does painstakingly, if indifferently.

It is the plaint of the Smith people that the Democratic South refuses to consent to the nomination of their man, while it will vote for him if the nomination is forced on them. The Walsh people have as good an argument. If New York and New England would help nominate the Montanian, and would vote

for him in the election, Walsh would be elected. Their calculations run this way: Walsh would sweep the West, and would carry the South and, with him as the candidate,—with the possible exception of Maryland, wedded to its wet idols,—there would be no defection in the Border States. Hence they are able to claim that it is the selfishness of New York and its environing communities that keeps Walsh out of the White House.

There are three important counts in the political indictment of Smith: He is wet, he is a Roman Catholic, and he represents Tammany Hall. Only one of these handicaps, again speaking from a Western and Southern viewpoint, runs against Walsh. Moreover the argument is that if Catholic New York and Massachusetts Democracy got behind Walsh, it would eliminate the religious issue forever.

There are a lot of people who insist on solemnity in the President. Well, there never was a more solemn man than Walsh. You could no more develop a scandal about him than about the Lincoln Memorial, social, or political or fiscal. There would be no "Revelry" in the White House with him on the job. His respectability is monumental. If he shaved off his mustache he would need only a stock to look like one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with his dominating nose, his cold gray eyes, and his beetling black brows. Time was and not so long ago that he adhered to the Western official fashion of wearing his mustache *a la* walrus. He cropped it about the time he became a national figure, thereby lopping off fifteen years from his age appearance, as well as two inches of drooping hair. He is sixty-eight, according to the records, which means little; he was as old at thirty and will be just as young at ninety.

Charles Evans Hughes became Governor and had a shot at the Presidency—which would have been a bull's eye if he had adjusted his political wind gauge and foresight—by reason of his turning the light on a lot of insurance rascality. If Walsh had come from some more important State than Montana, he would have profited as much. His Teapot Dome and Elk Hills performance is really a classic in muckraking. He went into the oil investigation on a shoestring. All he had to start with was a couple of leases to Sinclair and Doheny, and some sudden pros-

perity of Albert B. Fall. The elder LaFollette had buzzed around these circumstances and reached nowhere. The committee that inherited the investigation generally felt that, after all, the validity of the leases hinged on whether it was a good or a bad deal for the Government, and there was as much authority for the position that it was necessary to operate the reserved fields to prevent their being drained by nearby wells, as for the other theory. That committee had not been going two days before it changed its identity and ever after was the "Walsh committee." He was not its chairman; Lenroot, who had the title, was lost in the shuffle and Walsh simply took possession of the show. When Edward B. McLean came out with his declaration that he had loaned Fall $100,000, taking his notes and a mortgage on the Fall ranches as security, all of the members, except Walsh, thought the bottom had fallen out of the scandal. It was so perfectly credible; just such a thing as McLean might have done, in view of his membership in the Harding circle of which Fall was so conspicuous an ornament. They advised Walsh to close the investigation and leave the matter of the validity of the leases to the courts. Not he; his nose was on the trail and he intended to follow it, so he hiked off to Florida, put McLean under oath, and the excuse for Fall's sudden prosperity was blown sky high with McLean's admission that the checks he handed Fall were returned uncashed, and that his previous story was merely his "going down the line for a friend".

There followed as a natural sequence the coming to the witness stand of Doheny, with his little black satchel, and the tale of an old prospector's affection for his one time trail mate. It was an appealing picture with its mellowed reflection of the dim frontier; the soft side of a hard boiled oil multimillionaire, of youthful companionship in poverty and hardship merging into the friendship of men in the decline of life. It sounded as plausible as the McLean story—to everybody but Walsh. To him it was only scenery along the route he had marked out, and he herded the two of them into the criminal courts.

The implacability of Walsh stands him in relief among his fellows. Senators, as a rule, are amiable chaps, full bodied, easy going, sparing of effort, tender of amenities, tolerant of

their adversaries. Through this comfortable aggregation Walsh stalks, grandly serious; always in earnest. There is something suggestive of those old familiars of the Inquisition about him; a consciousness of rectitude, unblemished by any concern with the feelings of those on the rack. He and Fall had been colleagues for many years and there was between them the community of thought so marked among the Westerners. They were not intimates—Walsh has no intimates. It is doubtful if he ever called a brother Senator by his first name, but he was on as good terms with Fall as with anybody; yet when he became satisfied of Fall's turpitude he went after him with cold ferocity. Newberry was a pleasant Senator; even his political foes felt sorry for him, and were disposed to find excuses for his splurging in his campaign, but Walsh saw only the wickedness and not only never let up himself but saw to it that the others stood to the task of getting Newberry out of the Senate. Denby was another of the victims to Walsh's icy logic, and thin lipped fanaticism for righteousness.

Denby would be Secretary of the Navy yet if it had not been for Walsh's speech demanding his resignation, with its overwhelming concentration of fact. Yet during that lethal address Walsh never once raised his voice. It is rare that he does. He stood at his own desk, dryly, concisely and pitilessly dissecting the Secretary of the Navy, much as he had taken Newberry to pieces and exhibited the fragments, and when he had finished one more distinguished scalp swung at his belt.

When he once starts on his machine-gunning, it is a pretty good idea for other people to keep out of the brush, for Walsh is likely to shoot at any suspicious movement. The incident concerning Senator Smoot of Utah was typical. Doheny was on the witness stand before the committee, Walsh was harrying him, and Smoot sat immediately at Walsh's right.

"What," demanded the Inquisitor, suddenly, "was in the note Senator Smoot handed you when you entered the Chamber today?"

His fellow committeeman, his associate for a generation, his frequent co-worker by virtue of being from an adjacent State, with identical local interests, was appalled at this straining of Senatorial courtesy, and had to explain that he had merely asked

the great oil magnate the result of an expert examination on some oil land which Doheny had undertaken for a friend of Smoot's.

There are two reasons why Walsh does not rant. In the first place, his voice is such that when he lifts it there sometimes comes forth a falsetto squeak instead of a robust roar; in the second place, his sense of order is too intense to permit any display of passion. Hence he speaks as he dresses—so immaculately that it would be an equal relief to hear him split an infinitive or see him with his necktie awry. He is just as exasperatingly sure of his facts as he is of his words, wherefore the Senators have largely given over debating with him. What is the use in arguing with a man who reads incessantly law, history, economics, and remembers every printed page as well as everything he ever heard? It is doubtful if any other legislator could have had that law passed that assesses a fine of $100,000 on a witness who refuses to come to court from over the sea, but Walsh wanted the witnesses against Sinclair, and he poured forth a river of precedents, authorities and processes, and the Senate as usual took his word for it that the enactment was constitutional.

Being a great constitutionalist is not all near-beer and skittles. A Democrat who could have gone along with the farmers on the McNary-Haugen bill would have had a tremendous pull in the Middle West, particularly as things seemed to point to the nomination by the Republicans of a candidate who will not subscribe to that chapter in the Grangers' Bible. Moreover Walsh's own State is farm-minded. It would be as Radical as Wisconsin, if Walsh permitted. But the equalization fee feature of the bill involved a delegation of the taxing power of Congress—treason, barratry, piracy, sacrilege! Some scores of his colleagues voted for it blithely, on the theory that the Supreme Court would kill it if the President did not, and that meanwhile election would have come and gone. Those farmer votes, perhaps, meant more to Walsh than to any man in the Senate; there was also the Democratic urge to make things unhappy for Coolidge. It made no difference. There was that nice point of constitutionality; he could see nothing else, and he voted "No".

The hero of this recital stands accused of self esteem and selfishness. Knowing as much as he knows, and how little the

other fellow knows, could hardly be productive of any other appraisement of his own capabilities. The incident oftenest cited to sustain the charge is his refusal to take the Vice-Presidential nomination on the ticket with John W. Davis in 1924. Another man might have been carried away by the excitement of the wind-up of the Madison Square Garden convention, but not its chairman. He had no delusions about Davis's chances; he had no desire to sacrifice himself on the altar of party distress. He had been mentioned all through the convention as a possible compromise between McAdoo and Smith, but nothing came of that, and he concluded that he would rather be an elected Senator than a defeated tail to a national ticket. His friend and colleague, Burton K. Wheeler, had cast his hope of larger things into the discard and gone charging off with LaFollette,—because he liked LaFollette and the things for which LaFollette stood,—though he had no more delusions as to the outcome of the election than had Walsh, who probably attributed Wheeler's adventure to the instability of youth.

Nevertheless Walsh is a pretty good Democrat and a real Liberal. He showed the latter when he banged away at Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer, thereby shocking his fellow Democrats for the treason to the Wilson administration. Palmer was engineering the Red raids during the excitement of the end of the War, and this offended Walsh's sense of constitutional liberty. He joined with Borah in deprecating the hysteria over anarchistic manifestations. "It is only at such times," Walsh wrote, "that the guarantees of the Constitution as to personal rights are of any practical value. In seasons of calm no one thinks of denying them. They are accorded as a matter of course."

He was a good League of Nations man as long as the fight was in the Senate, but when the Versailles treaty had been rejected he calmly announced in a speech that the Democrats would have to make vast concessions if they were ever going to get a treaty ratified. At that moment there was a Democratic superstition that the country would sustain Wilson in the 1920 election. Walsh is not superstitious. With his customary habit of cold analysis he knew that his party was in for a licking, and saw no value in averting his eyes from so evident a destiny.

Such is Walsh's past; what of his future? He starts this session with a crusade on the big light and power combinations. If there is another Teapot Dome hidden in the ramifications of these he will dig it out. Walsh's gun is always loaded and he does not go in for paper chases. He needs an issue with which to focus upon himself national attention adequate to counterbalance the disadvantages of his geographical situation and the comparative political unimportance of his State. Like all the others in the second division of Democratic candidates, his only hope lies in the ability of the dry States to prevent Smith from running away with the nomination. If this is done, the convention becomes a free-for-all, and if Walsh can show, with sufficient melodrama, that the big power trusts threaten the safety of the country, he may be able to coördinate the Progressive sentiment of the West and the corresponding sentiment of the South, which Heflin of Alabama so ineptly typifies by linking it with Ku Kluxism, and thereby get the nomination. Given that opportunity, perhaps he might be able to break the crust of his frigid dignity and rage and storm on the stump. That is really all he needs to be a popular orator. His speeches read classically; there is a hypnotizing accuracy in his massing of facts, and a capacity for making word pictures of his arraignments that is altogether satisfactory. If he could only yell them, he would make an amazing campaign.

If he ever reached the White House, he would be as aggressive as Roosevelt, as judicial as Taft, as self sufficient as Wilson, and as isolated as Coolidge—and as stubborn as all of them put together.

DIPLOMATIC SILENCE

BY R. W. MONTAGUE

In the event of war it has been an established custom for nations not directly involved to make a formal Declaration of Neutrality at the beginning of hostilities. They have been so dominated by the idea of neutrality, that as the particular war was no concern of theirs they were to stand idly by, trading with each belligerent as far as possible, thus indirectly aiding and abetting each to prolong the war as long as possible; like school boys at a fight, forming a ring round the combatants as spectators only. This established custom, or international convention, for each nation not taking part in actual hostilities to make a formal Declaration of Neutrality in the beginning, I would modify, leaving doubt and uncertainty in the minds of the belligerents instead of a feeling of security. To accomplish this change I would follow the precedent set by the Monroe Doctrine, the one doctrine dear to the American heart, which has stood for one hundred years with ever growing strength and which required no ratification by the Senate.

I would suggest that a new doctrine, to be known as the American Doctrine, or possibly as the Coolidge Doctrine, should be promulgated by the President. The idea could be expressed in many different ways, but to bring out my meaning clearly and to have something definite to discuss I have, for the sake of argument only, made use of the following; but I do not mean that the message should arbitrarily follow this form, only that it should embody the idea in some suitable words:

> We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and the nations of the world, to declare that it is the desire of the United States to assist them as far as possible in the unsettled conditions growing out of the late disastrous war; and to declare further that the United States deprecates war and in the event of another war the belligerents can no longer take for granted the neutrality of this country.

The first part is merely complimentary, an expression of good will and a desire to help the world in its distress, and the plan itself is contained in the one short sentence, "in the event of another war the belligerents can no longer take for granted the neutrality of this country."

To some it will appear that it is no plan at all, for a nation can now either take sides or remain neutral; but they forget that a Declaration of Neutrality carries with it a definite legal status, and definite obligations, and the plan proposed is an assertion that the United States will remain free to act at any time as seems best to it and will not in the beginning take upon itself the yoke of neutrality. Such a course would be justified, for slowly there is creeping into men's minds the knowledge that there is no war to which they can be indifferent. The world is now so closely knit together that its interests are common and every war, directly or indirectly, to some extent, touches us all, and it is on this new knowledge that I would build. The proposed doctrine means exactly what it says. It does not mean that the United States commits itself to any course of action whatever. It introduces into international relations a new status. Beside the status of belligerency and the status of neutrality there would be a third course, which might be called the status of silence. Belligerents would construe silence as carrying with it a certain critical attitude which would impress them with the necessity of proceeding with caution. It leaves an element of uncertainty in the minds of the belligerents that would act as a deterrent, and at all events would tend to mitigate the barbarity of war.

An Ambassador sounding the State Department for the attitude of the United States on a threatened war, would be met with some such reply as this:

> Your Excellency is of course aware of the policy of the United States and its settled conviction that no war can be waged which does not directly or indirectly affect its interests; and its consequent unwillingness to commit itself at this time to any course of action. But I may add for your Excellency's information, that the American people are an emotional people and are deeply stirred by the horrors of war and, if war is inevitable, their attitude toward the belligerents will be affected by the conduct of the war.

After such a conversation an Ambassador might report to his Government that the United States seemed to take their new doctrine seriously, and perhaps add, with the misunderstanding that every nation has for every other, that there was no predicting what these fool Americans would do. Such a report might cause a nation threatening war to pause and reconsider.

Had the United States assumed such an attitude in the late war, I am fain to believe that the Lusitania would not have been sunk, and that the war would have been conducted on more humane lines; possibly Belgium would not have been invaded. A protest from a country not committed to neutrality would have some real weight, and gradually it would come about that no Power would dare to offend the moral sense of the world. As the plan is not ambitious it would, I believe, be accepted by the country without serious opposition. It bows to our traditions almost superstitiously held by many people. It is clear of partisan politics, and it requires no ratification by the Senate and avoids acrimonious debate. It binds the country to nothing and leaves it free to act as it chooses and when it chooses.

Undoubtedly, there would be criticism of this doctrine, as there was of the Monroe Doctrine, but it would soon evaporate as it could not be organized and become a party issue. The doctrine declares that it is the intention of the United States to remain free. A party that made it an issue that the country should bind itself to a certain course of action in the beginning would not receive the support of politicians, much less of the people, and an unorganized opposition degenerates into loose and ineffective talk. Opposition is a matter of degree. The opposition to the League was organized and aggressive, and the question readily lent itself to partisan politics; and had we joined the League as first written, it is quite possible that our remaining in, or going out, would have been a political issue for years to come, practically nullifying the usefulness of our participation. I do not mean to criticize the advantages of being in the League; very far from that. But as the debate became bitter, to some at least it was more and more apparent that it was doubtful if the country was ready for a direct participation in European affairs until our point of view

had been changed, our imagination quickened, and some such foundation laid as this plan proposes.

As the proposed doctrine is an innovation on established convention, it would probably be misunderstood at first. It might be said that it contained only a threat in disguise. So did the Monroe Doctrine contain a threat, not in disguise but direct and specific. It was as great an innovation as one could well conceive. And yet the Monroe Doctrine has stood the test of time. As the United States was in a peculiar position in 1823, so it is now, and it is strong enough to have a new idea fathered by it accepted generally. However, the conclusion that this plan contains a threat and nothing else is not warranted. The equation is indeterminate and capable of many answers, and that of a threat is not the one which would, I believe, be finally accepted; rather it would come to be recognized as an appeal to reason and expediency.

Until the United States took active part against one or other of the belligerents, friendly relations would exist, but friendly relations must be preserved from day to day. Neutrality consists not so much in words as in acts, and until there was some definite act neutrality would exist as a matter of course. Conditions of trade and all other relations would remain the same as if a formal Declaration of Neutrality had been made. An analagous situation exists in the case of civil war, where one party is anxious for recognition by foreign governments, the other equally anxious to prevent recognition. Once the doctrine was established, there should be no more friction than always exists under the present system, and matters should go more smoothly than they do now. Furthermore, in many instances the doctrine would tend to shift from the neutral to the belligerent nation the burden of deciding whether certain acts done were sufficient to be considered a *casus belli*, a distinct advantage.

Moreover, the plan is exceedingly flexible, allowing the country to begin with what would have been minor breaches of neutrality, until actual war was declared if the country so willed; or to do nothing and remain strictly neutral to the end as it pleased. Such minor acts could be directed impartially against both belligerents if such a course tended to shorten what the country

regarded as an unnecessary war. It would be possible even, in the beginning or at any stage of a war, to make a formal Declaration of Neutrality towards one belligerent and remain silent as to the other. If this doctrine was generally adopted, as the nations would be bound to nothing, they could act separately or collectively as they chose, and it would keep the belligerents uneasy and bring home to them that in the conduct of the war they were before the bar of civilization. In many instances this feeling of uncertainty engendered by the attitude of foreign nations would be strong enough to force arbitration. While small nations immediately adjacent to two powerful belligerents might deem it necessary to shelter themselves under a Declaration of Neutrality, surely great Powers not so directly affected could keep themselves free and wait on events. The plan substitutes freedom of action for the old international convention which expected each nation to declare its position at the beginning of hostilities. It presupposes action, if any is taken, after the event, instead of binding ourselves to a certain course for the future in unknown circumstances.

I lay a good deal of stress on the fact that the proposed plan minimizes opposition. Force is of two kinds, moral in the sense of emotional, and physical, both of which are necessary for results. Physical force alone is insufficient without its supporting moral complement. If an army loses its morale, it is beaten before the battle begins; so that any plan to prevent war must consider how far it will have the moral support of the world, for without it the physical force can never be put forth successfully. In other words, no plan can be effective until the world is sufficiently in sympathy with it to give it whole hearted approval. While I supported the League of Nations and do so now, there was always a misgiving that if we went into the League under the enthusiasm engendered by the war, when that enthusiasm had cooled the country would be unwilling to live up to its engagements and consequently, from my point of view, unable to do so. It was a serious objection to the League of Nations that there was a large minority at least hostile to it. It makes no difference whether this minority was right or wrong in its opposition, it represented a latent force dangerous to the success of the League.

To ignore this is to put one's trust wholly in physical force, as great a fallacy as that of the pacifist who puts his trust in moral force alone.

It was not bad diplomacy on the part of Xenophon who, when the Ambassadors of the King told him that "to advance or retreat is war, but to remain where you are is peace," replied: "It is understood that to advance or retreat is war, to remain where we are is peace," but was careful to refrain from intimating what he intended to do.

Lloyd George in a speech delivered at Niagara Falls, October 11, 1923, said: "The last shot in war would have been fired if the world could be brought to understand that the United States and Great Britain were joined in a compact to ward off future wars." In elaborating his views he said he did not look for or advocate an alliance, but an unwritten pledge between the two nations to stand together in furtherance of future peace. If the United States promulgated the doctrine suggested and England adopted it, would not an approach be made with little friction to such an understanding? It is a commonplace to say that no strike was ever successful unless it had the sympathy of the public; so it might come to be believed that no war would be successful without the sympathy of the outside world, and such a belief would weigh heavily on the civilian population and tend to undermine their morale and gradually a world conscience in regard to war would be built up.

The plan is specific and practical and it contains the idea that it behooves any nation contemplating war to make sure that it can convince the conscience of the world that its cause is just. It excludes nothing and affords a foundation on which a more complete structure can be erected with safety whenever the world is ripe for it. Designing castles in Spain offers a pleasing architectural diversion, but they are unsubstantial because they have no solid foundation to rest on, without which the most beautiful edifice will topple to destruction.

THE CHURCH CRISIS IN ENGLAND

BY J. A. SPENDER

I HAVE read in an American newspaper that the "Churchmen's Union", of which the famous Dean Inge is President and which has just declared its approval of the stand taken by Dr. Barnes, the Bishop of Birmingham, on behalf of a modernist theology, is "the leading Church organization" in England. This is not so. The Churchmen's Union, though influential in virtue of the ability and distinction of some of its members, represents only a small body of Liberal Churchmen, and their support of the Bishop of Birmingham does not indicate any official approval of his attitude. The official view, so far as it can be expressed from the seat of authority, has been stated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who in his rejoinder to the Bishop's "open letter" to him has indicated his strong disapproval of the Bishop's handling of the sacramental doctrine held by large numbers—probably the majority—of practising members of the Church of England.

Let me try to state, as fairly as I can, what is the present state of religious controversy in the Church of England. Undoubtedly the High Church party is in the ascendant, and its principal organization, the English Church Union, is largely dominated by its more extreme members. But a distinction must be made between moderate and extreme High Churchmen. Except that they reject the doctrine of Papal infallibility and disown the jurisdiction of Rome, the extremists hold beliefs which are barely distinguishable from those of the Roman Church, and their leader, Lord Halifax, is active in seeking reunion with Rome. In recent years he held conferences to promote that object with the late Cardinal Mercier at Malines, and though these failed of any immediate result, the obstacles were apparently disciplinary rather than doctrinal—the refusal of Rome to recognize Anglican Orders and its demand of a complete submission which would extinguish the Church of England and merge it in Rome. But

while they object to this, the extreme High Churchmen insist on their right to hold and practise within the Anglican Church what is practically the full sacramental doctrine of the Roman Church, basing themselves on "the Mass" or Eucharist as the cardinal act of worship in the Church, and regarding the Ministry as a sacrificing priesthood on the ancient model. To them the Consecrated Wafer has the same sanctity as to the Roman, and in recent years they have revived the practice of "reserving" it for the adoration of the faithful, and have introduced services, like Benediction, which are a part of Roman worship. Their churches are little if at all distinguishable from the Roman in outward aspect; incense is freely used in them; the priests wear vestments, and the Confessional and penance are a regular part of their discipline.

There is no doubt that some of these practices are illegal, and many of them have been so pronounced by the Court of Arches and the Privy Council. Still more they seem to the layman to fly in the face of the Thirty-Nine Articles which appear, on any ordinary construction of words, definitely to disallow the doctrine of Transubstantiation. But a kind of traditional casuistry has grown up about these Articles; the extreme High Churchman points out that some of them are plainly obsolete, and if some, why not others? Moreover, he claims that the Church of England has a continuous "Catholic" history which was not broken but only temporarily interrupted at the Reformation. He looks back especially to the post-Reformation "Catholic" revival of the Seventeenth Century under Archbishop Laud and others of the same school and, while he regards the Eighteenth Century as the "dark ages" of the Church, he claims that the true tradition was rediscovered in the Oxford Movement of the Nineteenth Century.

The moderate High Churchman walks the *via media* between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. Cardinal Newman sarcastically described it as "steering between the Scylla of Aye and Charybdis of Nay through the channel of no-meaning", but it commends itself to the English habit of compromise. The moderate High Churchman holds the sacramental doctrine but in a manner which distinguishes it from the Roman doctrine and

makes it conformable to the Thirty-Nine Articles. In former days he used to speak of this doctrine as "Consubstantiation" to distinguish it from "Transubstantiation", but he too believes in the Eucharist as the central act of Christian worship, and holds the belief to which Bishop Barnes takes exception, that some mystical, if not miraculous, change is wrought in the Elements by the act of consecration. As a rule he is moderate in his ritual, but he too lays his stress on the doctrines and sacraments of the Church.

Unquestionably these two parties have been gaining at the expense of the Evangelicals, who are now only a minority with little representation on either the Bench of Bishops or the chief benefices of the Church. The Broad Church party, which in the days of Thomas Arnold, Frederick Denison Maurice and Robertson of Brighton, seemed to be gaining in strength and influence, is now all but extinguished. There are eminent individuals, like the Dean of St. Paul's, who influence by their writings, but there are no commanding preachers of this school, and one seldom hears now, as one did frequently in former years, any church or congregation called "Broad".

And yet the probability is that the great majority of the laity, so far as they call themselves Churchmen, belong to this school and that their estrangement from the dominant party among the clergy is the main cause of the decline in Church membership and in the number of candidates offering themselves for ordination in the Church of England. The Anglo-Catholic clergy have had great success in filling a certain number of the churches, especially in the towns, with congregations of devout worshippers (largely composed of women), and many of them have been active and zealous in parish work, which has given them a place in the hearts of the poor. But their teaching has failed to attract the thinking and educated laymen who thirty or forty years ago were the backbone of Anglican congregations, and makes little or no appeal to the multitude of simple people who think of Christianity as a doctrine for life and conduct and do not understand ecclesiasticism. In the hands of Anglo-Catholics, Christianity tends to become an intensive cult for the benefit of the few, and the claim of the Church to be "national" becomes more and more

remote from the facts. This is so far recognized by the Anglo-Catholics that many of them say openly that they would rather be separated from the State than surrender any part of their doctrine which they think important.

These circumstances must be borne in mind, if the controversy about the Revised Prayer Book—which, after being accepted by the House of Lords, has been overwhelmingly rejected by the House of Commons—is to be understood. For the last twenty years or more the Bishops had been at work on this revision, and they had produced an alternative Prayer Book—to be adopted at the discretion of the local church councils with the sanction of the Bishop—which undoubtedly was in some ways an improvement on the existing book and gave the clergy greater freedom in the conduct of public worship.

But among the changes proposed were some which raised in an acute form the controversies about sacramental doctrine. The Archbishop of Canterbury asserted that there was no change of doctrine in the new book, but he did not succeed in carrying all his brethren with him, and the general impression was that the Anglo-Catholics had gained. They got, for example, a definite legalization of the wearing of vestments and other ritual practices, to which they attach importance, and they obtained permission to "reserve" the Sacrament, provided its use was only for the sick and that precautions were taken against its "adoration". This, it is true, did not satisfy the extremists, who held out for the legalization of the entire doctrine of the Mass, including adoration; but it was strenuously resisted by the Evangelicals, and it struck other people as a compromise which was little likely to be observed. It was pointed out that the concession of "reservation" for the sick conceded practically the whole doctrine for which the Anglo-Catholics are contending, since it transferred to the Sacred Wafer the mystical efficacy which the other parties contended belongs to the communion service and the participation of the communicants. When so much is granted, how, it was asked, can the rest be resisted? If the consecrated element has this efficacy for the sick, how can it be other than an object of veneration; and how can the Bishops prevent its becoming so?

The Protestant and Catholic issue is thus raised in its acutest

form, and a certain number of zealous persons in both camps threaten secession whichever view is finally taken. But there is something more at stake than a contention between these parties, who between them are only a small minority of the public which, if the Church of England is in any sense national, have an interest and a right to speak about its constitution and doctrine. I think I interpret the view of those laymen with whom I am best acquainted when I say it is one of surprise that the dignitaries of the Church should be spending so much time and energy in debating the more or less of a return to mediævalism, when what is so plainly needed is a restatement of Christian doctrine in terms of modern thought. To them the whole of this controversy is remote and unreal and they look for the revival of religion and the religious spirit on altogether different lines.

It is to these that Bishop Barnes is appealing, and he is clearly alive to the danger that the cause of religion may go by default while ecclesiastics revive the Sixteenth Century controversies about the Mass. He has taken an explosive way of making himself heard, and a legalist who takes a literal view of the formalities of the Church may object that he is on the same doubtful ground as some of the other controversialists. Already the question is being asked whether a Bishop can remain a Bishop and declare a large part of Anglican theology to be obsolete. Yet there is no doubt that he speaks for the great number of religious-minded laymen, who find it impossible to reconcile that theology with scientific knowledge and yet believe that Christian teaching has inexhaustible value for the modern world. The question which he raises is a question not only for the Anglican Church but for all religious denominations. It is whether the religion of the spirit can be rescued from the battles about ritual and dogma, and made vital and actual to the men and women of today.

HAPHAZARD EUGENICS

BY DONALD LINES JACOBUS

A SCIENTIST made an intensive study of a few remote New England towns where the old families still resided, almost unaffected by outside influences. He found that the percentage of imbecility, deaf-mutism and degenerative disorders of all kinds was much higher in these selected towns than in the cities or through the country at large. Not satisfied with presenting his statistics, he sought an explanation of the phenomenon. These country people, he reasoned, living in isolated communities, must have married almost exclusively among themselves, so he attributed their deterioration to inbreeding.

It is much more fascinating to speculate about facts than to observe and catalogue them. I shall not quarrel with the statistics proving the relatively high percentage of imbecility among the inhabitants of remote New England towns, for these statistics may be quite accurate. Neither shall I quarrel with the scientist's contention that the intermarriage of near kin is more common in small towns than in large cities, for I know this to be a fact. But what reason is there to assume, as he does, that the second fact is the cause and explanation of the first? Is this not a mere scientific guess? I should like to try my own hand at guessing, for I believe that the history of New England offers a better explanation of the deterioration of her old-time families than does my scientist's theory of inbreeding.

Since most of the early settlers in New England were farmers, they required a great deal of land; and, roughly speaking, there was plenty of land for all comers and for their descendants until about the time of the Revolutionary War. In this war a large percentage of the able bodied men sooner or later saw active service. Homes were broken up; many well-to-do families were financially ruined; and a large number of youths were left unsettled and discontented with their environment. After the war,

many New England families sought new homes in mountainous Vermont and throughout New York State, later pushing on to Ohio and farther west. New England became a mighty reservoir pouring its choicest streams through all the western lands. As the cities grew in size and the great factories were built, youths from the country districts flocked to these centers of activity. Who went to the cities? Bright, alert boys, eager to make their fortunes. And who went west? The hardy adventurous sons of the soil. And who were left to till the paternal acres? The weaklings, those who lacked initiative, in some cases the diseased and the depraved. Is it any wonder that, if you would find the best blood of New England, you may seek it anywhere—except in rural New England?

Remove, for four successive generations, the sturdiest and most talented individuals from a small remote town, with practically no influx of new blood to take their place, and is it surprising if the stock deteriorates?

This deterioration has often been remarked, and various explanations have been put forward. The rabid prohibitionist would attribute it to rum and hard cider, the guessing scientist to inbreeding or whatever his pet theory may happen to be. Let us grant that rum and inbreeding and other factors may have played a part. I am not trying to prove a theory of my own. I presented a theory, a reasonable and plausible theory as I believe, for the sole purpose of showing that my theorizing scientist, in riding his hobby of inbreeding, had overlooked a whole set of facts which are adequate to explain his statistics. This sort of guessing serves no useful purpose.

A flagrant example of scientific guessing is to be found in a pamphlet entitled *How to Make a Eugenical Family Study*, a Bulletin of the Eugenics Record Office. In discussing the importance of new blood brought into a family by marriage, it states: "The fact that the nature of the mating does influence the progeny is well brought out by the study of half fraternities, both those in which the father and those in which the mother is the common parent. . . . One of them may serve us now as an illustration." Then follows an account of "a man whom we may call John Wolley," his two wives and his children by each mar-

riage. So many details and dates are given that anyone at all familiar with the colonial history of Connecticut can easily identify the fictitious "John Wolley" with the Rev. John Davenport (1668–1731) of Stamford. The first wife of this gentleman, according to the pamphlet, was Martha Silver (fictitious name for Martha Gold), who came of a respectable but undistinguished family, and the children and descendants of this union were quiet, steady folk, farmers and the like. The second wife was a Morris (the pamphlet gives her real name), and from this union sprang two sons. The elder—we will drop the pseudonyms—was Abraham Davenport, the colonial statesman celebrated in Whittier's poem. The younger was James, a brilliant but erratic clergyman. The later descendants of the Morris wife "include leading merchants, manufacturers and inventors." The "tremendous contrast between these two sets of half brothers" is attributed to the different strains of blood introduced by their mothers, the two wives of the Rev. John Davenport. For whereas the Gold wife was of mediocre family, the mother of the brilliant set of brothers was "a daughter of John Morris, of one of the leading families of New York and New Jersey of colonial times—great land holders from which Morrisania, now in the Bronx Borough, New York City, and Morris County, New Jersey, are named."

It is obvious that the plausibility of this explanation of an actual phenomenon—the difference in mental ability between these two sets of half brothers—depends entirely on the accuracy of the statement that the mother of the brilliant set of brothers belonged to the famous Morris family of Morrisania. Now the fact is, she was in no way connected with that family. Her correct parentage is proved beyond question by contemporary records. She was a daughter of John Morris of New Haven, Connecticut, of a respectable but mediocre family, a family no more distinguished than the Gold family to which the first wife belonged. What are we to think when we find a scientific theory exemplified by alleged facts which turn out, when examined, to be untrue?

A belief in heredity has existed since the beginning of history. Men have always felt that "there is something in it." Our

fathers, however, did not attribute human character to heredity alone; they spoke of the influence of training, discipline and good companionship. It is the modern fashion of eugenics to eliminate education and environment almost entirely, and to attribute to heredity not only physical traits but mental and moral traits as well. So far as physical traits are concerned, we have no quarrel with the scientists. The evidence is adequate to prove that such things as blue eyes and the tendency to have twins are inherited. Mental and moral characteristics, however, present many obstacles to the investigator. We can see blue eyes, but we cannot see a man's honesty. We cannot judge character until we know a man well, and even then we are liable to surprises. A man's reputation and the impression he makes on us may suffice for social and business intercourse, but for scientific purposes a minute knowledge of his traits is essential. It is obvious that in most studies of this sort the facts must be incomplete and the percentage of error high.

It is amusing to note the antagonism between the theories of the eugenists and those of the psychoanalysts. The former explain human traits on biological grounds in accord with the Mendelian laws of heredity; the latter explain them on psychological grounds as due to the early reactions of infancy and childhood. If we accept the dogmas of one school, we must reject most of the dogmas of the other. In this situation, is it not amazing that these two opposed scientific schools have already exerted a powerful influence on many of our activities, such as institutional and social welfare work, mental hygiene and penology?

One reason for suspecting the application of the principles of heredity to human mentality, is the very plausibility of the current theories. If a man analyses his own traits of character, he recognizes some which he possesses in common with his father, his mother, or his grandparents. But as a rule he will also find some traits whose source he is unable to trace. The eugenists have an explanation ready. These traits of mysterious origin must be an inheritance, latent through the intervening generations, from some more remote ancestor. Let us admit the possibility; does it not prove too much? For somewhere up the an-

cestral tree you are almost bound to find what you are looking for.

For example, take the celebrated insanity of two recent kings of Bavaria, Ludwig II and Otto. It would be natural to assume that insanity which affected two brothers must be of an hereditary type, but this case was made difficult by the absence of mental disorder in any of the near ancestry or kin. Here was a situation that called for desperate measures. One German scientist had already expressed the opinion that the Bavarian insanity could not have been of an hereditary type; but another leaped into the breach and saved the cause. In the remote ancestry of the Bavarian brothers, back in the Sixteenth Century, two or three progenitors were located who were actually insane, and three or four others who were suspiciously eccentric. Granted such latitude, it is possible to prove anything. If insanity can leap three centuries and light on two unfortunate brothers, then it is possible for any man to inherit any trait.

It should be unnecessary to call attention to the fact, which is yet so easily lost sight of, that the normal is the mediocre. Both genius and subnormal mentality are but runlets that owe their origin to the broad sluggish stream of mediocrity, and both tend to return to it. If we may judge by their publications, the eugenists have somewhat neglected middle-class families and those of average mentality, and have made a particular study of families that are much above or much below normal; families of degenerates or imbeciles such as the Jukes or Kallikaks, and families of extraordinary talent such as the House of Orange, the Wedgwood-Darwin-Galton tribe or the kin of Jonathan Edwards. Comparisons, or rather contrasts, between these extreme types have frequently been drawn, and are apt to prove misleading; for the reader gets the impression, which of course no genuine scientist intends to convey, that mental taints and moral obliquities are confined to the "low-class" families at the bottom of the social ladder, and that unusual ability is the inheritance solely of the cultured classes.

Yet the scientists themselves cannot be entirely absolved on this score. For over twenty years, the eugenists have employed the Edwards family as the classic American example of the inheritance of desirable traits. In books and in magazine

articles, reference has been made to this family again and again. Now why is it that the writers of these books and articles almost invariably fail to mention the fact that the grandmother of Jonathan Edwards was insane and came of a family where a violent type of insanity was prevalent? Why is it that they fail to state the fact that one of the sons of Jonathan Edwards was notoriously dissolute? Surely, these facts are of eugenical significance. Do the eugenists fear that the mention of them would detract from the force of their favorite example? No, let us give them the benefit of the doubt. The eugenists, in their study of noted families, often make use of published genealogies. Now the family historian cannot in the nature of things be true and impartial. For one thing, he is writing of his own family; what is more, if he hopes to sell copies of his book to other members of the family, he must omit anything that might be considered discreditable. In consequence, published genealogies are of little use to students of heredity, except as a starting-point for scientific investigation. And because of the inaccuracies, in many cases the amateurishness, of the compilers of these works, it is frequently unsafe to use them even to this extent.

There are other reasons why it is difficult for the eugenists to obtain, and properly weigh, the facts which relate to members of "high-class" families. There is a natural tendency, if a man occupies a prominent position, to attribute to him more than average ability; yet it is often true that any man of average mentality, given the same education and opportunity, could hold the same position as capably. Then, too, it is frequently difficult to learn the real facts concerning the black sheep of "good" families. The chicken thief is usually prosecuted when caught; thefts committed by men of high social or business position often remain undisclosed because of the injury which prosecution would inflict on institutions with which they are connected.

Can trustworthy deductions be drawn from facts which are so likely to be incomplete and to contain a fairly high percentage of error? It must be remembered also that in most instances the scientists do not themselves gather the facts; this labor is usually performed by "field workers", young persons who have previously received a brief course of instruction in general prin-

ciples and methods of research. Upon their accuracy and acumen in collecting facts and in judging the people they meet, depends the trustworthiness of the conclusions and theories which the eugenists draw from this material. By far the greater part of the investigating that has been done up to the present time, has been among families which have relatives in public institutions as the result of insanity, imbecility, criminality or pauperism, and these families to a considerable extent belong to the lower classes of society. Neither the scientists nor their field workers, as a rule, possess a personal or practical knowledge of the conditions under which the lower classes live. They merely come in contact with these people in institutions, or else visit their homes as outsiders, as representatives of institutions. It would seem inevitable, in these circumstances, that scientific deductions should suffer from sheer lack of human understanding.

Those who ridicule eugenics as a silly fad do not realize the respect now felt for it by workers in other fields of science, or the growing influence which it exerts. In fact, the average layman today has ceased to ridicule eugenics, and is beginning to take it seriously; for the average layman believes, as he puts it, that "you can't get away from the facts." The scientists have studied families by the thousand and individuals by the hundred thousand, and their conclusions are supposed to be based on this mass of material. Many of these studies have been published; but since it is necessary, in most of them, to employ fictitious names and to withhold all actual names of people and places, it is unfortunately impossible for the layman to verify the alleged facts. For this reason it seems important to call attention to a few specific instances in which the eugenists have been guilty of error; to discuss the limitations and defects of their methods; and to consider a few of the factors which make it extremely difficult for them to obtain and circulate absolutely dependable information. In view of all this, we are justified in inquiring if the "established principles" of eugenics are anything more authoritative than a series of more or less likely guesses.

We cannot get away from the facts, it is true; the real question is, can we *get* the facts?

THE STOCK MARKET AND BUSINESS

BY LEWIS H. HANEY

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RARELY, if ever, has the stock market appeared to get so far out of touch with business conditions as it has in the last year or two. Between the bottom of the market reached in 1921 and the peak reached in September, 1927, there was an advance of well over 150 per cent. The average of fifty stocks, including twenty-five railway stocks, showed an advance of about 185 per cent., and the average of 199 industrial stocks about 175 per cent. Compared with such gains, the increase in the volume of business, whether measured in physical quantities or values, appears to be relatively small. Between 1921 and recent months, the tonnage hauled by the railways of the country increased only forty-seven per cent., and the quantity of commodities produced by the leading industries of the country increased only 64 per cent. Thus it may safely be said that representative active stocks have risen in value much more than twice as fast as our industrial activity. When one estimates the value of the total quantity of commodities produced, one finds that the gain in the last seven years has been not over 87 per cent., while it may be estimated that total retail sales have increased by only 83 per cent. The total volume of bank checks drawn against individual accounts—and this includes speculative transactions on the stock market itself—is but 87 per cent. larger than at the low point in 1921. In short, stocks have advanced about twice as fast as the value of business. It is little wonder, then, that beginning last October the feeling became prevalent that the market was too far out of step with business conditions and that a decline in stock prices was due.

One of the chief factors in determining the trend of any given stock, and consequently the trend of all stocks, is the outlook for net earnings. Rarely is even a manipulative advance attempted without an accompanying effort to support the move by reference

to alleged improvement in earnings. Obviously, upon earnings depend in large part the dividends that can be paid.

But the earnings in various particular industries, or of stocks in a given industry, may not move in the same direction. As the earnings of sulphur companies and mail order houses increase, the earnings of shipping and coal companies may decrease. Thus it becomes difficult to think of business earnings as having a general trend, and, on account of the divergence in earnings, prices of particular stocks may move in opposite directions. There has been an unusual lack of uniformity in the trends in various industries during the last two or three years, and some companies have prospered while their competitors in the same industry have lost ground. Naturally, it has been very difficult under the circumstances for the stock market to reflect a general movement.

The point, however, is merely that earnings, and the resulting dividends, of necessity are an important factor in determining stock prices, and that consequently the stock market must have a close relation to business conditions. This is why speculators are so interested in the general trend of commodity prices, the volume of car loadings, bank clearings, steel production, and other indexes that tend to reflect the general trend of business. The scope and expense of the arrangements maintained by Wall Street for research into conditions affecting the earnings of business concerns are amazing. An army of private economists, statisticians, analysts and investigators is employed. A stream of wires, cables, reports, and statements is continually being digested. And most of this is for the purpose of getting prompt and correct information bearing on earnings.

The second factor that must affect stock prices is the basis used for capitalizing income, or, in other words, the interest rate. This has been one of the most important factors in the great bull market of the last few years. Back in 1921 the average cost of funds to the speculator in stocks was well over 5 per cent. and toward the end of the year averaged 5.15 per cent. In November, 1927, however, the same funds could be secured at an average rate of 3.73 per cent. If this rate be taken as representative of the basis of capitalization, it would make *a difference of nearly 30 per cent. in the price of a given security which has yielded a fixed in-*

come throughout the period. The average yield on bonds rose to about 6 per cent. in 1921, while it was only 4.43 per cent. in the fall of 1927.

During these years there has been a general downward trend in the basis of capitalization. This has been due in part to increasing certainty as to the future of business both here and abroad, which in turn has been helped by less fear of political and legal complications. The chief economic factor has been a decrease in the productivity of capital equipment. As the supply of capital equipment has increased, the value of the product per unit of investment in plant and equipment has decreased. When, as at present, the supply of funds invested in factories, machinery, and the like is very large, and the industrial plant of the nation is able to produce more commodities than the market will absorb at prevailing prices, it is a fair assumption that the least efficient units of capital equipment yield a low return. This is but another way of saying that the interest rate on invested capital has declined, and that the value of a fixed income has increased.

All things considered, the basis of capitalizing income seems likely to work gradually lower during the years to come. The supply of funds seeking investment, thanks to the savings from past earnings, is enormous; and in comparison with any time since the beginning of the World War the outlook for general social stability in Europe and America offers greater certainty, which always means a tendency toward lower discount rates. In the early years of the century, the average yield on bonds was in the neighborhood of four per cent., and there seems to be no reason why such a yield may not again appear.

In another way, business, through interest rates, is related to the stock market, namely, through the short time rates existing in the "call loan" and "time loan" markets. In these markets, stock brokers and speculators borrow funds with which to finance purchases or sales of stocks. A very large volume of stocks is bought "on margin", meaning that a part of the price is advanced by the broker who borrows funds in the money markets. Now when large supplies of funds are accumulated in the New York money market, both call loan and time loan rates are low. Indeed, the low money rates tell us that funds are in abundant supply. If, at

the same time, the average price of stocks is such that the dividends paid afford a yield that is higher than the cost of money, speculators will reason that it pays to buy stocks. If one can borrow money for 3½ per cent., as has been the case, and the average yield on a representative group of high grade stocks is over 5 per cent., it is easy to see that a profit can be made by turning borrowed money into borrowed stocks.

Money is most likely to be abundant in the New York market when business is quiet. A great business boom often generates conditions which bring an end to a stock market advance merely by withdrawing funds from the New York market and forcing money rates up to a level which restricts normal speculative buying.

Of course, stocks differ widely in their responsiveness to these various factors. The more highly speculative securities are influenced more largely by the chances for an increase or a decrease in the earnings of the company concerned, and by the degree of ease in the short time money market. The sounder investment securities are, like bonds, more influenced by the basis of capitalization; for in such cases the earnings and dividends are relatively secure, which leaves the fundamental interest rate as the chief factor affecting their capital value. It follows that the more speculative stocks are more closely related to the current trend of business conditions than are the investment stocks. High grade bonds, which contain almost no speculative possibilities, may be said to have no relation to business except as such conditions may affect the rate of return on invested capital as a basis of capitalizing fixed incomes. Bonds are apt to be at high prices when business is poor—an almost inverse relationship.

In a general way, the foregoing factors work out as follows. If the general prosperity of a country increases and the average earnings of its business concerns grow, the prospects for companies whose earnings have been low are improved and the prices of their stocks rise. At the same time, the expansion of business requires the use of greater supplies of funds, and money is withdrawn from the New York market. This causes the short time money markets to tighten and call and time loan rates to rise. If the process goes far enough there comes a time when money is

so scarce that speculators find difficulty in securing it and money rates rise above the yields to be secured from the ownership of stocks. If, at the same time, the prospects for further increase in business prosperity become less bright as is always the case sooner or later, the rise in stocks is checked and a wave of selling may develop. It is this inter-relation of the outlook for earnings and the level of money rates that causes speculative stocks to vary in price, and it will be apparent that the variation is apt to come in advance of an actual decline in business.

One exception may be noted, and that for the reason that it has been illustrated in the high level of stock prices in recent years. If money is so abundant that even a large expansion in business causes no monetary stringency, stocks may not reflect the business cycle, or at least do so only tardily and partially. And if, as is not improbable, there is also a declining trend in the basis of capitalization, this tends to counteract any reduction in security prices. Such has been the situation in the recent past. Investment stocks are sustained by the lower capitalization rate, and even the more speculative stocks are held up by the extraordinary abundance of funds in the New York market, an abundance which the usual Fall requirements in connection with the marketing of the crops the past year failed to reduce. The abnormal condition of the money markets in this country has allowed us to pass through a complete cyclical upswing and downswing in business without causing more than a ripple in the stock market.

This does not mean that the stock market has lost its barometric significance. Anyone who will take the trouble to examine the course of the stock market averages over a long series of years and compare them with any index or indexes of the volume of business, will find that, with exceptions so few as merely to illustrate the truth of the rule, the stock market has faithfully anticipated the major swings in business. Probably the chief exception is that which has developed in these last few years and that as already explained is largely due to the abnormal post-war condition of the money markets in this country. Even so, it will be recalled that there was a very sharp setback in the stock market in March, 1926, and that, while the averages have reached new heights, the market has been unusually irregular since that

time—irregular in the sense that while the leading stocks that are included in most of the averages have advanced, many stocks have declined.

This observation suggests the question, What is "business"? It is perhaps not so easy to arrive at a picture of business in general as is sometimes taken for granted. If there is no general trend of business, then, naturally, the stock market cannot be expected to anticipate such a trend. Last Autumn, for example, such measures of business as bank debits and the sales of chain stores and mail order houses had rather steadily advanced, while at the same time the production of pig iron and building activity had been declining. It has become more difficult to speak of "the business cycle", for the reason that the ups and downs of business in particular industries have not come at the same time. The individual cycles have overlapped, which has given a confused and irregular appearance to business as a whole. Under these circumstances the stock market movement has also been confused and irregular, which but demonstrates its close relation to business conditions. Cyclical movements in the individual stocks, not coming at the same time, are blended in an irregular movement. We find coal stocks on the whole declining since 1922, while the stocks of food producing companies as a group have shown an almost uninterrupted upward trend since 1921. Shipping stocks have faithfully reflected the long depression in the shipping industry, while chain store stocks have with equal faithfulness shown the continued expansion of the companies which issued them.

In short, the stock market must by the very nature of the forces which control it be closely related to business, and when that market appears to reflect business conditions but haltingly it is almost certain to be due to the existence of irregularity and divergent trends in the business world. At such times we find increasing "discrimination" in the buying of stocks. This merely means that investors and speculators are not buying shares in business in general, because some particular businesses are not in a desirable condition. The averages for a particular group of stocks may not fit our notion of what the general condition of business is, but we must remember that such averages do not

reflect the movement of all stocks and that there is no uniform trend in business as a whole.

The trend of the stock market also reacts upon business conditions. It affects "sentiment", because it is recognized as a good barometer and because losses or gains in the stock market are often widespread. More important, however, is the effect that heavy speculation in the stock market exercises on the supply of funds. The volume of loans by New York stock brokers is equal to about four billion dollars. This is about 30 per cent. of the total net demand deposits of the member banks of the Federal Reserve System, and is over half as large as the commercial loans of such banks. The total loans of the member banks that are made on stock and bond collateral other than Government securities amount to over 40 per cent. of their total loans and discounts. The condition of bank credit is profoundly affected. It is not improbable that at the present time the banks of the country as a whole are more deeply involved in the stock market, either as investors or lenders, than is consistent with sound commercial banking principles, and that bank credit for business purposes may turn out to be limited as a result. No one knows how large a part of the loans referred to is based on bonds, but the stock market factor is a large one.

The stock market has undergone great changes in the last few years and these have somewhat altered its basis of appraisal and its reactions to business conditions. Probably its recent course is partly due to the transition to a new régime. Among these changes may be the following:

1—A great increase in the number of persons interested in stocks. The average man has had a higher income and has probably saved more. He has been educated in investment, beginning with Liberty Bond campaigns and ending with the appeals of investment trusts. Tens of thousands of employees have been offered special inducements to buy stock in their companies, and to an increasing extent customer ownership has been encouraged. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company advertises that it has 420,000 stockholders.

2—These numerous investors represent a more permanent interest and one that *demands more careful and considerate handling*

than would a few large stockholders playing the game of high finance. They have more votes.

3—The leading corporations have grown so large that the individual interest of a personal proprietor has been all but lost. The management is divided and delegated among a large number of presidents, vice presidents, etc., who receive salaries and who have little or no direct opportunity to share in the profits of the enterprise. Big business is coming to be run as governments should be run and even to show some of the wastes of government operation. This condition releases the profits of enterprise to the body of stockholders to an extent never possible before.

4—At the same time, the net earnings available for dividends have become more certain and stable. A surprisingly large number of companies have adopted the policy of accumulating large surpluses in fat periods. Such companies often retire bonds and preferred stocks, or make additions to plant out of earnings. Integration and diversification of industry have rapidly increased so that most large companies are less subject to the exigencies of a single trade.

5—Governmental and private regulations, together with enlightened self interest, have brought considerable improvement in the conduct of corporate affairs and stock market operations, though neither is perfect.

6—The increasing information through "services" and the press, though liable to abuse, both proves the widespread interest in stocks, and offers to small stockholders in convenient form a means to direct their investments that is superior to that possessed in past years by even the "insiders".

The cumulative effect of all these factors has been to place a large number of leading stocks on a higher level of values than ever before, and above all to insure a fair degree of stability for such values. The market perhaps has become less sensitive in anticipating or even in reacting to minor changes in business, and, during the past two or three years of transition to a new and higher basis of values, it has been slow to respond to unfavorable factors; but, if due allowance be made for money conditions and interest rates, it appears to have reflected rather accurately the many complex elements that form the whole business situation.

ON THE COMFORT OF CUSSING

BY E. MACLEAN JOHNSON

Now as every one familiar with the art can attest, there are two kinds of cussing. Or rather there is one brand, pure and unadulterated swearing; and a spurious variety, popularly styled swearing by the ignorant, which in truth is nothing but vulgar profanity.

The man who really cusses does so from the fullness of his heart. It is the profane man who perverts swear words from their legitimate function as a vent for overcharged emotions, and uses them to embellish his conversation. He is chiefly responsible for the stigma of reproach that attaches to the practice. "The soldier, full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard," the boisterous reveller, the swaggering fool—these are the ones that have corrupted swearing, and thrown an ancient custom into ill repute. Such misuse of swearing is a most offensive form of slang. It is the sign of paucity of thought and vulgarity of mind.

No one with red blood in his veins needs a definition of real swearing or an explanation of the purpose which it serves. To him the distinction between the true and false is obvious. And yet an eminent divine once declared in all seriousness that the only reason men swear is to emphasize their veracity! What surprising limitation of experience, what narrowness of emotional range, that remark betrays! How could a normal individual have lived in this workaday world and reached a ripe old age with such opinions!

One can but wonder whether the worthy gentleman ever trod on a banana peel when garbed in his Sabbath best; or smashed his finger driving nails; or barked his shins at night on an obtrusive chair. Or did he always submit to the petty plagues of life with unruffled composure, and say, "Amen!" for instance, when his collar button rolled down his back? But whatever the attitude of clergymen may be, the average mortal on such occasions

is certainly more concerned with emphasizing his emotions than his veracity.

The practice of swearing is hoary with antiquity. From the earliest days of which we have knowledge, men have resorted to this method of relief. In all probability it dates from our first ancestor. Sacred history, it is true, does not tell us that Adam, when evicted without notice, varied his conjugal reproaches with a few vigorous invectives. In the absence of direct evidence to the contrary, however, we are safe in assuming it as plausible. The wrath of Achilles would lose half its potency if we omitted the oath by which he seals it. Nor were the valiant men of Rome behind their Grecian neighbors: "Lars Porsena of Clusium, by the nine gods he swore." From Homer's day to the present, the great heroes of fiction have seldom hesitated to express their feelings forcefully when occasion demanded it.

Shakespeare's men are conspicuous for the vigor and picturesqueness of their oaths. Falstaff takes the lead; but he has many competitors. Hotspur, Prince Hal, Macbeth, the noble Hamlet—it is easy to multiply examples. Indeed, it would be hard to find a Shakespearean hero without a fiery expletive. Even the ladies swear. "Swear me, Kate, a good, mouth-filling oath," would imply that Hotspur's better half was familiar with the gentle art. "Out, damned spot!" by Lady Macbeth hardly surprises us; as it is quite in keeping with the lady's forceful character. But we do confess a start at, "ancient damnation!" from the rosy lips of Juliet.

In more recent Ibsen days, there is Nora stifling in her doll's house; then suddenly finding her soul and rising to woman's estate with three poignant little words: "How I should like to say, '— — —!'" She says it, and the way to freedom opens. This, and not the slamming door, is the symbol of her spiritual awakening. How many other Noras of the past might have found themselves had they dared to challenge convention with the magic of that same emancipating phrase!

Nor should we overlook among the heroes of fiction the redoubtable Captain Corcoran, R.N., of Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore:*

Bad language or abuse
I never, never use.
Whatever the emergency,
Though, "Bother it!" I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D!

Crew—What, never?
Captain—No, never!
Crew—Wha-at, never?
Captain—Well, hardly ever,
I hardly ever use a big, big D!

For a genuine connoisseur in the art of swearing, there is the father of Tristram Shandy:

Small curses, Dr. Slop, upon great occasions are but so much waste of our strength and soul's health. . . . They serve to stir the humors, but carry off none of their acrimony. . . . For my part I seldom swear or curse at all . . . but if I fall into it by surprise, I generally retain so much presence of mind as to make it answer my purpose; that is, I swear on till I find myself easy.

Mr. Shandy, being the soul of modesty, would doubtless disclaim this tribute as belonging more fittingly to the learned Ernulphus, whom he credits with establishing an institute of swearing, and whose ability he describes in glowing terms:

There is an Orientality in his (swearing) we can not rise up to; besides he is more copious in his invention—possessed more of the excellencies of a swearer. . . . 'Tis true, there is something of hardness in his manner; and as with Michael Angelo, a want of grace; but then there is such a greatness of gusto!

Washington has gone down in history as the Father of his Country. He is entitled, however, to further distinction as one of the world's great swearers. What General in any land or age has won a tribute comparable to that paid Washington by one of the officers on his staff?

It was at Monmouth on a day that would have made any man swear. Sir, on that day he swore till the leaves shook on the trees! Admirable! Charming! Never before or since have I had the pleasure of listening to such swearing! Sir, on that ever memorable day, he swore like an angel from Heaven!

Small wonder a man endowed with such genius could well nigh work miracles!

Many a milder man has found consolation and courage in cussing. Even the gentle Field admits the comforting delight it brings:

> I am so vilely prone to sin,
> Vain ribald that I am;
> I'd take a heinous pleasure in
> Just one prodigious damn!

In its mechanism swearing is analogous to the locomotive blowing off steam. It relieves a high-pressure tension in the human engine; and often averts what might otherwise be a serious explosion. If Rip Van Winkle's wife had permitted herself a few vigorous invectives at the New England peddler who roused her ire, she might have lived to greet her devoted spouse when he returned from his nap in the Catskills.

The man who swears has a genial, open nature. The milk of human kindness has not curdled in his veins. He does not cherish resentment; but disposes of his irritation in a flash, and at once is at peace with the world. It is those who are denied this wholesome outlet for their feelings who become embittered, pessimistic, and revengeful.

Childhood memories bring up a vivid picture of my Uncle David. How eloquently he could swear! He was past master of the art. I have never met a man with such a picturesque vocabulary of cuss words. It was a joy to listen to him when he was in full blast. He was always tremendously in earnest when he swore. No one who ever heard him could for a moment question his sincerity. As a youngster I delighted in his fiery eloquence; partly because of the rich pungency of the language he employed, and partly because I knew it meant safety for myself. No matter how villainous a trick I was guilty of, if I could only keep out of Uncle David's reach until he had freed his mind completely in his favorite method, I was immune.

What a contrast was Aunt Nancy! She never swore. And that, I think, accounted for her remorselessness. It mattered not how long I evaded her. It made no difference how many interruptions came between. The minister's wife might call; or the cat might have a fit. When the excitement was over, Aunt Nancy was ready for me; and not a whit of her resentment had

evaporated. The longer it was bottled up, the more it fermented. Ah, if she had not denied herself the comfort of cussing, how different might be my remembrance of her!

The passions of those who will not swear sour within them and poison the very springs of their nature. The diabolical disposition of our Puritan forefathers is directly ascribable to the fact that they dammed the natural channels of their feelings. Instead of getting rid of their cussedness, they kept it stored up within themselves. Hence their gloomy faces, their crabbed outlook upon life, their kill-joy practices. The stocks, the ducking stool, the whipping post—these were the devious ways through which their thwarted emotions sought expression. How much kindlier to have burned a little brimstone than to have roasted witches![1]

Honest swearing is healthful exercise. It is tonic for irritable nerves. Doubtless much of the nagging and nervousness ascribed to the gentler sex has been due to the uncharitable convention of the past which excluded them from the benefits of this wholesome practice. One of the most human men I ever met said he loved to swear before clergymen because he knew it pleased the poor things. They couldn't swear themselves; but they did enjoy hearing a few good cuss words. I have no doubt the same generous impulse animated him in the presence of ladies; for he had the reputation of "swearing most awfully" on occasions.

Real swearing is a badge of sincerity. In this world of conventions where everyone wears a mask, and where language "exists to conceal thought", it is a relief to hear an honest if forceful expression of opinion. I was walking in the residential section of the city on a winter morning after a storm of sleet had left a slippery glaze on door stones and pavement. A faultlessly groomed young man came out of one of the houses. His limousine was waiting at the curb. He swung a walking stick in one hand and held his gloves in the other. His face was correctly expressionless as he started jauntily down the steps with superb indifference to their icy coating. Just as I got opposite, and just as he was half way down, his feet shot out from under him, and he sprawled ignominiously on his back. His face kindled with

[1] Of course, as a matter of fact the witches were hanged, not burned; but legend is so much more interesting than history!

genuine emotion as he picked himself up and said—well, just what you or I would have said or wanted to say under the circumstances. And he said it with so much feeling, with such absolute sincerity, that I longed to shake hands with him on the spot.

Swearing is the nearest approach we have to a universal language. All races and ages understand it. Witness the ease with which children acquire the words. There is a natural eloquence about swearing that is not gained in schools. This is attested by the fluency with which many an unlettered man can swear. That he can swear beautifully is excellent proof how necessary is emotion to effective expression. It is only the cultured man, however, who can swear in seven different languages. That is the real bliss. One who knows the classic art of swearing is lifted above vulgarity. Still, there are compensations for the others. It is cited on good authority that the ease with which one swears in English is what has made it the great commercial language of the world.

Some well-intentioned but misguided persons have suggested the substitution of harmless invectives in place of the recognized cuss words. For instance, when a man loses his temper, let him exclaim: "Bats and Black Beetles!" or, "Cats and Kingfishers!" instead of—Oh, never mind what. Such reasoning shows a lamentable lack of acquaintance with the art of swearing and its underlying psychology.

It is just because it is the thing forbidden that swearing is effective. Were it not taboo, it would fail to give relief. A former acquaintance was a trifle hot-headed and addicted to strong language under provocation. Invariably after he had indulged in a few bright colored expressions, he would become contrite, and ask pardon with all humility. I never dared to tell him how much I enjoyed his swearing lest it should spoil the wholesome effect of his mortification. For it is from that swearing derives its benefit.

We have run ourself out of breath only to see our train vanishing around the curve. We have dropped our watch and smashed the crystal the morning we got it from the jeweller. Our new Panama on the first day's wearing has blown into the gutter, and

a dog has worried it. Wrath at the inspired perversity of all animate and inanimate things surges over us. One recourse alone is left us. If we are powerless to cope with an inconsiderate world, we can at least shock it. So we swear. Out of the depths of our nature, from the innermost springs of our being, pour the comforting cuss words. We are doing the wicked thing, the forbidden thing; and we exult in our depravity. We glow with the consciousness of our iniquity until we glow with shame at our folly. The last emotion blots out the others and dies in effacing them. Love of our fellow mortals once more animates us; and we are at peace with mankind.

For those denied this soothing method of relief, what depths of torment wait! Picture the horror of going through life with unutterable emotions raging within one! It is the agony of the giants pinned under Ætna and consumed with slow fires; of Prometheus with the vulture tearing at his vitals; of Vathek with the flaming heart!

What harsher punishment than to be condemned to an impotent and inarticulate existence! These are the unfortunates that need our sympathy. May we not be pardoned if we shed a friendly tear and say:

> Alas! for those who never swear,
> But die with all their cussing in them!

AUSTRALIA'S WASHINGTON

BY SIR JAMES ELDER

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago the Duke of York, now George V, King of Great Britain, Emperor of India and of the British Dominions, came to Australia, and there proclaimed to the world the birth of the Commonwealth. In the same year he opened in Sydney the first Federal Parliament. The Australian poet, Roderick Quinn, sang thus of the event:

> We sent a word across the seas that said:
> "The house is finished, and the doors are wide;
> Come, enter in!
>
> "A stately house it is, with tables spread,
> Where men in liberty and love abide,
> With hearts akin.
>
> "Behold, how high our hands have lifted it!
> The soil it stands upon is pure and sweet,
> As are our skies.
>
> "A People's House, a People's Home,
> Enisled in foam and far apart;
> A People's House, where all may roam
> The many rooms and be at ease;
>
> "A People's House, with tower and dome;
> And over all a People's Flag—
> A Flag upon the breeze."

The House is indeed built, the Australian "bush capital" has been established.

On May 10 of last year, King George's second son, the present Duke of York, performed a similar service at Canberra, the new Federal Capital of Australia. On that day the inauguration of the new city was accomplished, when Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, handed the keys of Parliament House to the President of the Senate and to the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The Duke of York from the portico of Parliament House said: "Today is the end of an epoch and the beginning of another." The first epoch to which he referred was the period of time that had elapsed since his father, twenty-six years before, had inaugurated the Commonwealth of Australia. The other is the future history of Australia, which its citizens hope will add its quota to the advancement of civilization.

Australia has "grown up", and on May 10 last celebrated her baptism as a member of the world's nations. In perfect Australian highland weather this historic ceremonial was performed. Brilliant sunshine succeeded a night of frost. Many thousands of Australians had gathered at Canberra, among the gum-tree covered hills, most of them camping in tents, provided by the Federal Territory Commission, alongside their motor cars, for hotel accommodation in Canberra, limited at the best, was naturally incapable of taking care of the great concourse which had gathered to witness an event of unsurpassed importance to Australia. In a striking Empire pageant, staged in perfect surroundings, the ceremony was carried out. Many nations were represented, as was also the entire political and social life of the Commonwealth.

One cannot but reflect on the similarity of the circumstances of the inauguration of Washington, D. C., and the opening of Canberra, bearing in mind the great space of time that has elapsed, and the enormous advance of transportation facilities that has taken place since the former was proclaimed the new Capital city of the United States of America. The ubiquitous motor car played a great part in the bringing of the people to the ceremony at Canberra. Roads in Australia today, though not yet of the best, are naturally greatly superior to the highways of America in those remoter days. The time that was occupied in traveling from one end of the States to the other was very great, and the hardships of the traveler were many. A journey of this kind was a serious undertaking. Today in the United States and in the Commonwealth railroads and highways permit of travel in ease and comfort from one end of each Continent to the other.

What a contrast today between the Washington of the last decade of the Eighteenth Century and the Washington of 1927!

But the great scheme was there all the time, and the original idea is being accomplished. A stately and beautiful city has grown up, and is every year becoming more impressive and imposing.

By comparison, Canberra has made a promising beginning. Ample funds have been placed at the disposal of the Commission which controls and directs the activities of the Federal Capital Territory and the Capital itself. An international competition for a design of the city was held, which was won by an American architect, Walter Burley Griffin, of Chicago. This design is the ground work of the layout of the Capital, and it is obvious that the influence of Washington was impressed in the architect's mind and memory when his plans were being prepared.

The seat of Government of the Commonwealth of Australia was fixed by the Constitution Act of 1900, which was passed by the six States of the Commonwealth. This Act provided that the Federal Territory was to be in New South Wales, not less than one hundred miles from Sydney. This provision was arrived at by compromise among the States and settled the competing claims for the situation of the Capital site. After much investigation and discussion between the Federal Government and the Government of the State of New South Wales, and after inspection of many sites in that State by Commissions and Parliamentary Committees, extending over a period of years, Canberra was finally selected, and the Territory was bought from New South Wales and vested in the Commonwealth on and from January 1, 1910. The total area is about nine hundred square miles (576,000 acres). The land set aside for the Capital Site itself is twelve square miles (7,680 acres), and after reserving a further 100,000 acres for public buildings, military college, reserves, parks and roads, there remain 360,000 acres for productive purposes. Canberra is situated in latitude 35° 15′ S. and longitude 149° 15′ E., and is seventy-five miles in a direct line from the eastern coast of Australia. It is 204 miles from Sydney, and 429 miles from Melbourne. The Territory ranges from 1800 feet to 2600 feet above sea level.

The Commonwealth Government also bought from New South Wales an area of twenty-eight square miles (17,920 acres) at Jervis Bay on the east coast, almost due east from Canberra, for

future possible use as the port of the Capital City. Here, the Royal Australian Naval College has already been established. Jervis Bay is about one hundred miles distant from Canberra.

Railway communication between Canberra and the New South Wales Government Railways system has been established. Parliamentary and Executive buildings have been erected. A house has been built and equipped for the supply of electric light and power. Owing to the large expenditure incurred by Australia in the Great War, works of an important character, monumental and ornamental, have been deferred, so that such buildings as Parliament House and the Executive Offices, while substantial, convenient, and suitable for the work of Parliament and Government, are strictly utilitarian and are of a provisional character. There are ample telephone and telegraph facilities. A Government Printing Office has been built and fire services established. The Government has also erected three hotels, as also many houses of an attractive design for civil servants. Avenues and streets have been made, and shade trees planted. Several bridges have had to be put up, the most important of which is that over the Murrumbidgee River where it joins the Cotter. Shrubberies and public gardens have been laid out, and belts of trees for protection and shelter have been planted. Recreation grounds, naturally, have not been overlooked, and all sports and games can be indulged in. An afforestation scheme enables the Commission to determine the most suitable trees for purposes utilitarian and decorative. Canberra is destined to become one of the most beautiful and attractive of the Capital cities of the World.

Australia is a natural and vigorous branch of the parent oak, left to grow as Nature intended it, and bearing its leaves and its acorns of its own impulse. No restraining bands have impeded the action of its vital growth. The parent tree did not attempt to dictate the shape in which its young branch would grow, but left it to choose its own form, and thus the new Commonwealth spreads and enlarges, unhindered and untrammelled. With Great Britain and the United States as examples, Australia has founded her institutions and moulded her future on the highest ideals of these countries.

In size, Australia is slightly larger than the United States of

America. The Federal Territory in which Canberra, the new Capital, is situated is remote from the Capital cities of the various States of the Commonwealth. While this remoteness, mayhap, has disadvantages, so far as distance is concerned, it will in the course of time prove of great benefit to the Commonwealth, as has Washington to the United States of America. Federal authority will be able to function in a calm and placid atmosphere, separated and apart from powerful State interests, and will thus be able to render true service to Australia.

And so Australia has proclaimed to the world her baptism as a nation! I am certain that from my experience as Commissioner for Australia in the United States of America this event will have been received in that country with expressions of the most cordial character. For in that great democracy no people are better regarded and more highly esteemed than are Australians, and the progress of the Commonwealth, as marked by this latest historic milestone, will be heartily applauded throughout the length and breadth of that country. Australia's continued progress is what America desires, not for any selfish reason on her part, but because of the fact that Americans look upon us as people like unto themselves, whose aims, ambitions, and history are those of the grand pioneers who established themselves on the east coast of the North American Continent, and to whom in the largest measure can the greatness of the United States be ascribed. Australia will fulfil her destiny. She is to become a great Nation, not merely in view of her size, but because of her great potential wealth, her unbounded resources, and the quality of her citizens. While she is taking as a pattern the centuries old British rules of law and conduct, she is not unheeding of the lessons which the history and progress of America have taught.

America and Australia are peopled by men and women whom fortune placed on virgin soil to work out a common destiny, each designed to become a mighty nation, steadfast and secure on its own sound foundation. Australians and Americans have many points of similarity, as has also the history of the two countries. Both have the same pioneer blood, and both have decended from those venturesome spirits who went far afield in the world in their search for greater opportunity and for greater freedom, with the

resolute determination to obtain better conditions of living, and to establish for themselves new democracies, founded on the highest and best traditions of their common ancestral race.

The fact that the United States and three great units of the British Empire—the Dominion of Canada, the Dominion of New Zealand, and the Commonwealth of Australia—are the only white countries in the Pacific, makes the bond of kinship and friendship all the closer. Australia has no quarrel with any of her other neighbors; she has no wish other than that she should continue on terms of friendship with all. Since our history began we have lived at peace and amity with all. Our associations with other countries outside the Empire, however, cannot ever be so intimate as with our own kith and kin, who speak our common language and enjoy a similar civilization. Therefore, the progress of Australia has a deep and significant meaning to the people of the United States of America, who we know are our friends, and who desire in every way to promote our welfare.

During the Great War, a close bond of friendship was formed between the American and the Australian soldiers. The men of the two great democracies in the Pacific, the United States of America in the North and the young Commonwealth of Australia in the South, fought side by side, and that acid test constituted the beginning of a real and intimate knowledge of each other, a knowledge which is broadening and deepening as the years advance, and which is being nurtured and sweetened by the closer intercourse between the two countries. Australia's association with America from the beginning has been a history of friendship and goodwill and the two nations have thus a solid basis for the foundation of a great and lasting union. The venue of the destines of the world is in the very nature of things bound to change, and the Pacific is becoming more and more the stadium where the changing histories of the world are being made. I have steadfast hope and faith in the candid and abiding friendship between America and our Empire in a mutual attitude of peaceful endeavor for the good of each and of mankind.

FARM PRICES AND THE VALUE OF GOLD

BY JOHN R. COMMONS

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II

In the January number of The North American Review a comparison was made of the stabilization of values of manufactured goods and non-agricultural raw materials, compared with the relatively large fluctuations of values of agricultural products, especially cotton and wheat. These were connected with the changes in the value of gold as expressed in the familiar "index number" of prices, and with the operation of the Federal Reserve System in regulating the value of gold. The comparisons there made have a bearing upon various remedies proposed for the restoration of farmers' prices.

The McNary-Haugen bill, adopted by Congress, but vetoed by the President, proposed to furnish to the farmers an offset for the protective tariff furnished to the manufacturers. The proposition went so far only as to provide a means of taking care of seasonal and periodic depressions of prices by enabling farmers to warehouse their crops and hold them off the American market while selling the surplus, if necessary, on the foreign markets. It provided a mechanism which would give an effect similar to that of the stabilizing practices of manufacturers previously mentioned. The difference between the two classes is that the manufacturer stops production when his prices start to fall, but the farmer cannot stop the bounty of nature that depresses his prices. He was to be provided with a means to warehouse the surplus until nature turned niggardly and raised prices. So far the proposition falls in with the modern ideas of "orderly marketing". Its success depends on the administrative ability and the disinterested knowledge of economic forces on the part of the appointees to the Board charged with the administration of the act. For it is a remedy that must be considered with reference to other

causes of depression and prosperity, one of which is the value of gold on the world's markets.

In 1921 the world's cotton crop fell off one-fourth but the price did not rise—it fell one-half. In 1924 the world's cotton crop increased 62 per cent. over 1921, but the price did not fall—it increased 35 per cent. The thing that depressed the farmer in 1921 and prospered him in 1924 was the change in the value of gold, which more than overcame both the short crop of 1921 and the large crop of 1924. A McNary-Haugen law, administered without knowledge of these facts, would collapse. A similar depression of prices occurred in 1925 and 1926 when the value of gold increased, but the manufacturer now had learned, with the help of the tariff, to stabilize prices, and farmers had not learned how and did not have the help of government.

This suggests another proposed remedy, a reduction of the tariff. This would operate in two directions for the benefit of the farmers. It would increase the foreign demand for products which the farmer sells, and would reduce the prices of manufactured goods which the farmer buys. A lower tariff would enable Europeans to send to us more of their manufactures, which would create an increased foreign demand for the farmers' exports of foodstuffs and raw material, and compel American manufacturers to reduce the prices of things the farmers buy. A lower American tariff would help to feed and clothe impoverished and unemployed Europe, whose very impoverishment and unemployment are an important cause of the American farmers' reduced markets.

This remedy is important enough, in so far as it might reduce the extravagances of the Fordney tariff, behind which American manufacturers can maintain high prices through their live-and-let-live policies. But no reduction would be of any avail if there should occur a corresponding rise in the value of gold. If, for example, the tariff should be so reduced as to let in an additional billion dollars' worth of imports from Europe, at prices, say, ten per cent. lower than those now charged by American manufacturers, and if, at the same time, the world's price level were reduced ten per cent. by increasing the value of gold (which is about what it was reduced during 1925 and 1926), then the additional

gold value of the given quantity of imports from Europe would be $900,000,000 instead of one billion dollars, a shortage of ten per cent. in the gold value of the imports. Thus the European *gold* demand for American exports would be reduced by increasing the value of gold to the same extent as the European *commodity* demand for American exports was increased by reducing the tariff. Europe could not get the benefit of the tariff reduction measured in gold, and, for the same reason, American farmers could not get the benefit of the higher prices expected from reduction of the tariff.

Of course, it might be said that the farmer would gain because all prices would be reduced, both agricultural and manufactured, so that his crops would buy just as much manufactured goods on a low level of all prices as on a high level of all prices. Whether the value of gold were high with low prices of commodities, or the value of gold were low with high prices of commodities, would make no difference in the quantity of manufactured goods exchanged for a given quantity of crops.

This answer is mathematically correct, but economically incorrect. The same quantity of business can, of course, be conducted on a low level of prices, such as that preceding the war, as on the high level of prices following the war. If all prices are marked up or marked down alike, there is no difference whatever in the real value of any commodity, measured by its power to command other commodities in exchange. But the answer is not economically sound, because it fails to consider taxes, debts, and the unequal effects on industry and agriculture brought about by *changes* in the value of gold.

Debts are not marked up or down when the value of gold goes down or up. Debts are promises to pay, not a fixed quantity of commodities, but a fixed quantity of gold, or what the creditor is willing to accept as its equivalent, without regard to any change in the value of the gold itself. Post-war taxes, too, are largely taxes to pay public debts. Debts and interest rates incurred at the high level of prices in 1920 required twice as much cotton to pay them in 1921 and two-thirds more wheat in 1923.

On the other hand, debts and interest incurred in 1921 required only three-fourths as much cotton to pay them in 1924 as would

have been required in 1921, and only three-fourths to two-thirds as much wheat to pay them in 1924 and 1925 as would have been required in 1923. Furthermore, our system of general property taxes, instead of income taxes, means that the farmers' taxes on land do not diminish promptly when his net income diminishes by changes in prices of his crops. Finally, as we have seen, changes in the value of gold affect agricultural prices more violently than they affect non-agricultural prices.

It is on account of taxes, interest, debts and the violence of agricultural price changes that farmers need both stabilization of the value of money and "orderly marketing" of crops; for it is not the high or low value of gold in itself that hurts the farmer. Changes from a high to a low value demoralize him, or from a low to a high value damage him. If the change is from high to low value of gold, the farmer, on account of increased prices, becomes over-optimistic, and incurs larger debts than other industries in order to carry on the same amount of business as he did at the previously lower prices and the lower values of land. And if the change occurs from a low to a high value of gold, the burden of debts and taxes is increased more by falling prices than it is for other industries, which are able to stabilize. He loses by the rising overhead charges when prices rise and he loses by the fixed charges of debts and taxes when prices drop. All industries lose in the same way, but the farmer loses more than others because his price changes are more violent and he cannot so easily escape their consequences.

It is likewise the rise in the value of gold that reduces Europe's ability to pay its debts and to increase its demand for American export. Europe's war debts should be distinguished from Europe's business debts. American private investors have loaned to national and local Governments and to private corporations of Europe several billion dollars during the last five years. In nearly all cases these loans were used to enlarge or restore the productive machinery of Europe. Like all productive loans, they are based on the expectation that the new improvements will so increase the productivity of labor and industry, at the same or higher level of prices, that the borrower will not only be able to pay the interest and principal in gold or equivalent credit, but

will also have a larger product for better wages, more employment and larger profits. These productive loans of over six billion dollars therefore, assuming that prices do not decline, increased the ability of Europeans to produce more wealth, enlarge their exports and thereby enlarge their gold demand for American exports.

The war debts acted in the opposite direction. They reduced Europe's ability to purchase goods from America. What America sends to Europe, in exchange for her payments of interest and principal, is not food and clothing; we send simply a receipt for gold. And these war debts did not help Europe to increase her production of wealth; what she borrowed was American war material at high prices used in the process of destroying the means of production, whether factories, farms, or men.

I am discussing this matter, not from the point of view of sentiment, gratitude, revenge, or fidelity to contracts, but solely with respect to the economic effect on farmers' prices and on the quantities of our exports. With the debt settlements effected and in contemplation, the payments to America will run $250,000,000 yearly for sixty years. The American farmer stands to lose much more than that amount as a result of their payment.

The debts are to be paid in gold dollars. But in order to get the gold the Europeans must sell their products to Americans, or to other foreigners who in turn send their goods to America. We prohibit by our tariff too much selling to us, especially if the sellers cut their prices in order to sell. But Europeans *must* cut prices if they are going to force their exports upon the rest of the world in order to buy gold at its increased value with which to pay America. They must sell to countries like Brazil and Japan, and thus get possession of the debts that American importers of coffee and silk have promised to pay in gold to Brazil or Japan. The Governments of Europe, by means of taxes, can then buy these gold debts owed by Americans to Brazil or Japan, paying for them by debts owed by Brazil or Japan to their own exporters, which the Governments have bought with the proceeds of taxes from those exporters. Thus, by setting off one debt against another, they pay to America in foreign exchange what they owe to America in gold.

But to do so not only must they tax their people in order to buy the foreign debts owing to their own exporters, and thus reduce the buying power of their people for American foodstuffs and cotton, but their own exporters must also reduce the gold prices, not merely of the small part of those exports needed to buy the $250,000,000 in gold owing to America, but of all their exports. This reduction in prices is itself an increase in the value of gold and thus reduces the gold buying power of their export commodities in American and other markets. If, then, the value of gold increases through the policy of the Federal Reserve System, the European debts increase also, the prices of European exports decline, the quantities of commodities they must export in order to pay the American debts in gold is increased, and they have less money with which to buy American farm exports.

Because of this situation, Europe has had to obtain buying power in another direction—American loans to Europe. These have taken the two forms of bank credits and investments. The bank credit period was the disastrous period of inflation and deflation beginning in 1919 and ending in 1920. B. M. Anderson, Jr., economist for the Chase National Bank, figured this out in the latter part of 1920. During the nineteen months from January, 1919, to September, 1920, the excess of our commodity exports to Europe over imports was $6,600,000,000. In the first half of 1919 this was paid for largely by loans of the American Government to European Governments. These loans were used by Europeans to buy our exports. But the American Government ceased making advances after April, 1919, and American bank credit took its place. American producers and exporters were selling to Europe in unprecedented quantities at high prices. American banks enabled Europe to carry this load by the creation of new credit at low rates of rediscount by the Federal Reserve banks. During fifteen months, to September, 1920, this short time debt of Europe to America, used to pay for American exports, was increased by the amount of $3,772,400,000. This increase was largely financed by the member banks of the Federal Reserve System at low rates of rediscount. The banks also loaned to Americans, not exporters, on similar favorable terms.

Hence the demand liabilities of the Reserve banks were in-

creased until their lawful minimum gold reserve was nearly reached. Then the Reserve System began to increase its rediscount rates and to discriminate against bank loans designed to increase the volume of short time debts to Europe. The collapse came in the middle of 1920, when the rediscount rate was raised to seven per cent. in New York. Europe, without American credit, could no longer buy American exports. As a result the general level of prices of commodities fell in all parts of the world, beginning in Japan, which sells about eighty per cent. of her raw silk to America. Also in America, as in Japan, the greatest fall was in agricultural prices, these being our main exports. Japanese raw silk had been bought at high prices and stored up in large quantities by American importers, financed by abundance of bank credit at low rates of discount. When the discount rates were raised, this silk was forced out of its hiding places into the markets, and the price of silk collapsed. The world panic of 1920 did not start in Japan, as is often said; it started in America. Similar things happened to American farm prices. Europe, during these months, had not been paying for American farm products by increasing her exports to America and the world; she was paying by excessive loans of American banks to American producers and exporters, at low rates of interest and rediscount, on the security largely of debts owed by Europeans to Americans for American exports.

The second stage of paying for American exports by means of increasing Europe's debts to America began in 1921, and the movement is now in full swing. This time the payments are made, not by means of American bank credit, but by means of American investments. The first period was the short period of short time debts financed by banks. The second is the longer period of long time debts, financed by American investors. Warnings are already uttered by American bankers. Will Europe be able to pay interest and principal in gold on these long time debts? They have been accumulating until, with the war debts, they amount to about $22,000,000,000. The net amount may be less; but if it is only one-half of this amount, can Europe increase her sales in foreign markets without cutting prices in order to make her increased productivity count in gold dollars?

It is estimated now that foreign countries are under obligation to pay about $1,000,000,000 annually, in gold or its equivalent credit, to America on account of war debts and private debts. Hence, it is not merely a question of increasing Europe's productivity by increasing her equipment of machinery and improvements; it is a question of how Europe can maintain its buying power in gold without cutting prices in terms of gold. If this buying power is not maintained, it will be the American farmer with his exports who will suffer most, as he did in 1921. If the farmer's prosperity depends on American willingness to lend to Europe, it can continue only while the willingness continues. People can always pay high prices for large quantities of goods by going in debt either to bankers or to investors. They cannot pay prices as high nor buy quantities as great when they must sell commodities for gold instead of credit, in order to get the money to buy the goods, and especially when the value of gold itself is increasing and the prices of their export commodities are falling.

The situation turns on the relation between gold, bank credits payable in gold, and goods. The whole world must sell its goods at diminishing prices and in increasing quantities in order to buy a billion dollars of gold or gold credits annually to be delivered in America, over and above the quantities needed to exchange for American exports. The first notable result is the accumulation of the world's gold in the vaults of the American Treasury and Federal Reserve banks. We now have more than half of the world's monetary gold, about twice as much as is needed to serve as legal reserve for the existing volume of notes and commercial bank credit used as money. The problem of how to prevent that gold from becoming available to banks for increasing the volume of commercial bank credit has been the high problem thrust upon the Federal Reserve System.

In 1919–20 they permitted the gold to become available. The volume of rediscounting by member banks was allowed to increase at low rates, until the gold reserve almost reached the legal minimum of forty per cent. There was then the evident fact that the world was short of commodities, and hence it appeared that it was the demand for commodities that was sending up world prices. The banks, it was claimed, were only following the de-

mands of business when they increased the supply of bank credit to meet the demand. But this was only one-half of the story. The discovery was soon made that it was not only a world shortage of commodities that sent up world prices in 1919–20; it was equally an expansion of American bank credit, created, in part, to enable Europeans to buy goods, that furnished the amount of purchasing power needed in order to support the high prices. This bank credit had been created by member banks rediscounting commercial loans at Federal Reserve banks at as low as four per cent., which was a low rate at that time. In effect, member banks were borrowing the use of gold from the Reserve banks at four per cent. and relending to business customers at five and six per cent. This continued until the end of 1919 and into 1920.

Then the Federal Reserve banks began to raise the rediscount rates. Too late it was discovered that the world demand for commodities and the world supply of commodities were only half of the forces at work in raising prices. The other half was the increase of bank credit. The American Reserve System had obtained control of the world's gold supply, and American private bankers were borrowing the use of Federal Reserve credit and turning it over, multiplied possibly ten-fold, to American business men, secured by European promises to pay.

The financial administrators of the System had not learned how to prevent either the scarcity of commodities or the increase of bank credit from inflating world prices. They explained the rise of prices as due to a world shortage of goods destroyed by war. The other side of their explanation should have been that there was an augmented supply of bank credit to support the increase of prices, because there was no effective limit on the amount that member banks could borrow at Reserve banks and relend in ten times the quantity to business customers. Shortly after the banks stopped the increase of Reserve credit by charging seven per cent. for rediscount in May, 1920, instead of four per cent. the year before, the inflation not only stopped but turned to deflation. Soon their impounded gold was eighty per cent., instead of forty per cent., of their demand liabilities, because the quantity of their deposit and note liabilities had been reduced and the quantity of gold had been increased.

What happened then and since is control of the world's monetary gold supply by the Federal Reserve System. This control is becoming more pronounced on account of the increasing need of Europe to buy and deliver gold or its equivalent to the American Government and to American investors and exporters in payment of debts and purchase of American goods. The gold imported cannot serve as money until it first gets into the Federal Reserve banks and then is loaned to member banks, mainly on the security of their customers' commercial paper. Thus, by controlling the world's monetary gold supply, the Federal Reserve banks regulate the value of that gold, just as any great organization controlling the bulk of the supply of any product regulates its value, whether it be diamonds, steel, coal or gold. By making gold less valuable, as in 1919–20, when they loaned a huge credit-equivalent to the banks at four per cent., world prices were increased. By making gold more valuable, as in 1920–21, when they curtailed these loans to member banks by charging high rates of interest and otherwise, world prices were made to decline.

Since that time of 1921, when a million farmers are said to have lost their farms and five million men were out of work, the Reserve System has learned much about controlling the value of gold. But this learning has not yet extended to the general public. Again explanations are given for the fall in prices since 1925, similar to the explanations given for the rise in 1919. It is now a world surplus of goods which is said to have caused falling prices, especially of agricultural products, as it was then said to be a world shortage of goods that caused rising prices. Here, again, only one-half the story is told. There are, indeed, as we have seen, wide fluctuations in the *volume* of crops. But the *values* of the crops do not respond, because there are also changes in the value of gold, through which the crops are converted into other commodities.

In view of these considerations another proposed remedy for agricultural distress may be given its proper setting. The American farmer, it is said, is not entitled to "relief" because he is ignorant and inefficient. He should do what manufacturing industry has done. During the past few years almost the greatest increase in manufacturing efficiency ever known has

been accomplished. This accounts, it is said, for falling prices of manufactures. Seven years ago it required one man three days to make an automobile tire. Now it requires one man one day. Efficiency in this case has increased two hundred per cent. in six years. This may be extreme, but many manufacturing corporations show increases in efficiency of fifty to one hundred per cent. during this period. The average increase is thought by the Federal Reserve Board to be about ten per cent., which is about equal to the average fall in prices. Otherwise with the farmer. He is said to be inefficient.

I am assured by agricultural scientists that the farmer has about as good a distribution of efficiency as business men. But supposing he does not, what is implied by this comparison of business and agricultural efficiency? The implication is that there are too many farmers; that the one-family "dirt farmer" must go; that farmers must become wage-earners, employed by large farming corporations under scientific management, which will then regulate the production of farm crops, as modern manufacturers have learned to regulate the output of manufactured products. It is not surprising that farmers resent this programme, which is quite the Communistic prediction of Karl Marx.

It may be held that this is what we are coming to; but before we yield to it we should look at other reasons additional to efficiency for the greater prosperity of manufacturers. This prosperity has occurred even though the prices of manufactured goods have been slowly declining during the past two years (Chart II, January number of THE REVIEW). Increased efficiency accounts for a part of these increased profits at lower prices, but it is the greater fall in the prices of agricultural products that accounts for another part of it. In 1920 and 1921 prices of agricultural products fell much more than did prices of manufactured products. This enabled manufacturers to recover by buying raw material at lower prices without reducing their own prices. Something similar happened in 1925–26. Hence, we have the contrast, on the one side of unprecedented prosperity for manufacturers, surplus capital loaned to Europe and high wages for industrial workers, while on the other side are abandoned farms, low agri-

cultural wages, an increased burden of farm taxes and debts caused by the fall of agricultural prices, and a falling off in agricultural demand for manufactures. Before we attribute the farmers' fate to inefficiency and the manufacturers' prosperity to efficiency, we should examine the fall in Europe's buying power, the rise in the value of gold, the violence of changes in farmers' prices, and the stabilization of output and prices by manufacturers.

The same argument of inefficiency is made against Europe's manufacturing industries. It is said, if they would only be as efficient as Americans, they could recover prosperity. But suppose their efficiency increases twenty-five per cent., and at the same time their export prices fall twenty per cent. Then all of their increased efficiency is taken away from them by the increased value of gold. In truth, neither American farmers nor European manufacturers can fairly be charged with inefficiency if the gains of their efficiency are quietly abstracted from them by this rise in the value of gold.

From what has been said it is evident that another remedy proposed by certain spokesmen of the farmers, namely, general and permanent reduction in the rates of interest and bank discount, is fallacious. Changes in the rate of rediscount, along with open market operations, are the very means by which the Federal Reserve System controls the value of gold and the level of prices. We cannot have *both* a stable value of gold *and* a stable rate of discount. We can have only *either* one *or* the other, not both together. The changes in the rate of discount and the open market operations are like the control levers of an automobile. Selling securities and raising the rate tend to stop inflation or to cause deflation of prices; buying securities and lowering the rate tend to prevent deflation or to aid inflation. If these are done at the right time, in the right magnitude, and at the right place, always in anticipation and not too late, then the average of prices is stabilized by stabilizing the value of gold.

Along with this mistaken proposal of continuous low rates of interest and rediscount is the contradictory criticism that the Reserve System promotes Wall Street speculation in stocks when it reduces the rate of rediscount. Undoubtedly a reduction in

discount rates may cause stocks to rise in price. In the order of sequence it seems that changes in discount rates generally show their effects first in the stock markets, then in wholesale commodity markets, then in retail prices and wages, and lastly in rents and real estate. This sequence is not always the same, but the stock market usually is first affected because it is the place where future profits and losses cast their shadows before. Indeed, Messrs. Owen and Hardy have shown, upon the basis of extensive investigation, that changes in short time and call money rates of interest have less effect on prices of stocks than do such things as expected corporate earnings, the hope of increased dividends and the general temper of the speculative community. It is evident, too, that a large part of these expected profits or losses, affecting all industries alike, arise from an expected general rise or fall of commodity prices. Stock price movements are mainly the result of individual forecasts of two things: commodity prices and the volume of trade.

It is relatively unimportant, therefore, to try to prevent that incidental effect on stock speculation caused by changing the rates of rediscount. The important thing is the stabilization of commodity prices, and this the Federal Reserve System can assist by lowering the rates of rediscount and buying securities to prevent deflation of prices, and raising the rates and selling securities to prevent inflation. The effectiveness of such action depends on whether the change in rediscount rates is made early enough and uniform throughout the country. A lowering of the rate in New York without lowering it in the agricultural districts may possibly encourage a rise in the price of stocks and thus discriminate in favor of stock speculation.

All important are the "right time, right magnitude, and right place", above mentioned. The word, Timeliness, expresses it. Sometimes the Federal Reserve authorities must work *with* forces which they cannot control; sometimes *against* forces which they cannot control. Their decisions depend upon the administrative ability and legal authority of the Federal Reserve Board and Federal Reserve banks. They require in their great task the highest technical ability known to modern business; and in their organization there should be proper representation of the agricul-

tural, commercial and banking interests, in order to avoid discrimination. No praise too high can be awarded to the Reserve System for the quality of its economic technique since 1923, in using the great powers granted to it by Congress. The matter in question is only, "What shall be the standard of public policy they use in exercising their legal powers and managerial ability?"

Congress has given to them as a System authority for concerted action which enables them, as has been explained, to control the value of gold and the general level of world prices, but Congress has laid down no policy except the vague "accommodation of business and commerce", thus putting on the Federal Reserve authorities the unfair responsibility of using their uninstructed and private judgment as to what is needed by, and desirable for, the country from time to time. This omission has already caused a division within the System, as to whether the rate of rediscount should be uniformly lowered in order to help Europe buy American farm exports, or kept at a higher rate to aid the bankers in making profits. Had Congress retained the clause of the first draft of the Federal Reserve bill, which would have instructed the System to maintain stability of the general price level, the wholesome effect of a definitely known policy might have been enjoyed. Even the extreme fluctuation of 1919 and 1920 might have been avoided by stopping inflation sooner and making the deflation less severe, just as afterward a price inflation was stopped in 1923 and a price deflation was controlled in 1925.

Having this great economic power of both inflation and deflation of prices, the public questions involved are: Shall stabilization of the value of gold be adopted as the legal standard? And, at what level of commodity prices in general shall the stabilization proceed? Since these are matters of opinion, I can only offer my own suggestion that stabilization of the value of gold should be made the legal aim of the System, and that the general price level should be maintained at about the level of 1923, when prices in general were sixty per cent. above the pre-war level. This would be fair to Europe, whose war debts were settled when prices stood at about that level, and would be fair for American manufacturers, public utilities, wage earners and farmers, who have made their readjustments largely on that level of prices.

This does not mean that stabilization of the value of gold would of itself change the spread between industrial prices and agricultural prices, or be a panacea for farm problems; but it would reduce the violence of future changes in the spread. A stable value of gold is merely stability of the *average* of all prices, and does not necessarily modify the ups and downs between *particular* prices which make up the average. The changes of particular prices have other causes peculiar to each commodity, and these changes are going on and will continue even if the average does not change. The tariff, debt payments, stabilization of manufactures, disorderly marketing in agriculture, as well as many other causes affecting the supply of, or the demand for, particular commodities, would continue to operate on particular prices irrespective of any gold stabilization. Each of these causes must be dealt with separately and on its own merits. Tariff reduction would help the farmers; war debt cancellation would help them; coöperative marketing would help; the McNary-Haugen bill would help; but all of these are inadequate because their results can be nullified unless the Federal Reserve System stabilizes the value of gold.

It is not only the spread between manufacturers' prices and agricultural prices that burdens the farmer; it is also the spread between his prices of former years and his prices now, resulting in an increase in the burden of taxes and debts occasioned by the fall in prices. The public debt, National, State and local, was about ten billion dollars in 1912, and sixty billion in 1922, an increase from $18 per capita to $203 per capita. The total private indebtedness is not as accurately known, but it has doubtless increased. Certainly farm indebtedness has greatly increased. The total American annual taxes—National, State and local—were about two billions before the war and are seven billions since the war. Taxes and interest on debts must be paid in gold or its equivalent, and, in order to get the gold, commodities must be sold. If the level of prices falls twenty per cent.,—that is, from 100 to 80,—then the quantity of commodities that must be sold for gold or gold credit, in order to pay a given amount of interest and taxes, must increase twenty-five per cent.—that is, from 80 to 100. The farmer's burden of taxes and debts has been increased

both by the *larger amount* of taxes and debts payable in money, and by the larger amount of commodities required to be sold in order to pay the *same amount* of taxes and debts.

In this respect the farmer suffers with others, but he is in a less advantageous position to adjust his affairs to meet the new conditions. The issue is a general one and resolves itself into the question, shall creditors obtain unearned income in terms of commodities, and producers suffer undeserved outgo in terms of commodities, by a mere rise in the value of gold, over which they have no control and over which only the Federal Reserve System has control? Or, reversely, shall creditors be made to lose and debtors be presented with a gain by a fall in the value of gold, over which they have no control? A stable value of gold, regulated by the Federal Reserve System is the most important of the many things required in preventing the ups and downs of production and employment in all lines and maintaining a better balance between manufactures and agriculture.

It is also necessary for the Federal Reserve System itself, as being the main thing which will keep underhand politics out of the Federal Reserve Board. For, if a public policy of price stabilization is acknowledged and required, then the criterion needed for selection of members of the Board is not their views on public policy, but their administrative ability.

THE JOY OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

BY THE REV. DR. JAMES HENRY DARLINGTON

Bishop of Harrisburg

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

THIS, the first quatrain of one of the Church's most familiar hymns, shows the Christian ideal which is for all, clerical and lay; the following and uplifting of Christ's Cross. If this is true of the laity, how much more should it express the ideas and ideals of the clergy, the chosen and ordained leaders of congregations of Christians!

If I should write, from forty-five years' experience in the ministry, after my ordination in 1882, that there are no crosses in that calling, I would not be telling the whole truth; and yet I wish to state, as the summing up of my life's experience in Holy Orders, that the joys of the ministry are much more than its sorrows, and that its happiness is a continual blessing. On the whole, the ministers I know are the most cheerful class in the community. The promise to Godliness, of long life in this world and eternal life hereafter, still holds good. If anyone doubts whether the life hereafter makes ample rewards for any privations here, it may not be possible to convince such a one; but as to the long earthly life of parsons, I can only refer fellow students of my old college of Princeton, to the Rev. Alfred B. Baker, D.D., ex-Rector of Trinity Church there, now nearly a centenarian, and call the attention of college men to the fact that at their college reunions, when the oldest living alumnus is called to rise, nine times out of ten it is a clergyman, and not a merchant, or soldier, or sailor, or any professional man.

My arguments range themselves in this order:

1—It is a mentally stimulating life. There is considerable study to be done, with varied reading; and a clergyman keeps up

with all secular knowledge, the leading reviews, as well as the strictly religious magazines and the contemporary developments in theology.

2—It is physically attractive, because a part of nearly every day should be given to calling in the homes of parishioners, which means the exercise of walking from house to house, climbing stairways to invalids and the aged, and in the country means owning and using a motor car, so that one is kept in God's out-of-doors by the needs of his work.

3—It is spiritually helpful. A clergyman, by preaching sermons to increase the faith of others, takes these reasons to his own heart, and, with soul at rest, has few spiritual worries.

4—It is a prayerful life, in which the clergyman cultivates dependence upon his Divine Master and Best Friend, so that whatever discomfort may threaten, his mind and soul are not disturbed, and his nerves are at rest.

5—It is an independent life, when one can rise at any hour one pleases and retire at such time as he deems best; when days in the middle of the week can be used and taken for any desirable trip or purpose, and one is not confined to a small, stuffy office for eight hours, six days in each week.

6—It is an honored calling, so that a clergyman, his wife and his children are universally respected and esteemed, and great deference is paid to his words on civic and social affairs, as well as to his Sunday discourses.

7—It is a fairly well paid calling. In fact, the minimum salary in most dioceses is $2,000 or more, and a comfortable home; making the net salary about $3,000.

8—It has permanence of tenure. A clergyman in the Episcopal Church is *called for life* on good behavior and, under ordinary circumstances, with faithful work there is always a majority in each congregation who will vote to sustain the pastor against opposition, should any members of the vestry or other prominent individuals try to force him to resign. Very few clergymen are asked to resign unless there is good cause for the request. As to clergymen changing parishes often, almost all the removals of which I have been cognizant have been made by those who, on account of health or for some other reason, desired to go to

another part of the country, or perhaps were promised $1,000 or $2,000 more salary, which they wished to use in paying the college expenses of their children. Short pastorates are due largely to clergymen wishing to leave for what seem good and sufficient reasons to themselves, and the congregations generally part with them with regret. The last three clergymen at whose funerals I have been called to officiate recently were—one who had been thirty-four years in his charge; the next had been twenty-six years, and the reason he left his church then was to take a higher executive position; the third had been twenty-two years with his church, after coming to us from the Presbyterians. Several clergymen have left the diocese this year, but only because they wished, and for some reason preferred another charge which called them.

9—The clergy are exempt from being drafted for war, although many of them bravely in the late World Conflict chose to volunteer. A discount of ten per cent. is generally allowed them on clothing, books and some other merchandise they buy, and they travel on half fare on the railroads by securing a clerical order.

10—They are so favored by the kindly attention of wealthy and leading parishioners that their children enter the highest social life, and a census shows that listed among prominent Americans in *Who's Who* there are more clergymen's sons and daughters who have distinguished themselves, than the children of any other class in the community.

There are, of course, a few people in every congregation who are inclined to find fault, but kindly and careful criticism does harm to no one. The clergyman is rightly looked up to as an example on account of his superior education, and the respect shown him should be as grateful as it is deserved.

11—Some clergymen do manage, by economy and careful planning, to save money. They have invested their small savings sanely and with foresight, and a number have grown fairly well-to-do financially before old age. Through the kindness of financial leaders, who are on their church boards, the clergy are often advised to make certain low-priced investments, and years afterward find that, through following this wise counsel, they are in very comfortable circumstances.

A leading layman told me recently that he thought "the clergy were the bravest of men" when they undertook the responsibility of marrying and bringing up a family on the small stipends paid to country parsons. Not all country clergymen, however, are to be pitied, as in the case of one clergyman, called to a church on Long Island, this last year, who was promised $6,500 a year, while his congregation paid for and gave him a fine limousine, and his large rectory with its spacious grounds, light, heat and telephone; making this country rector's salary (a man aged about 35) at least $10,000 a year. This, you may say, is exceptional; but with due economy I see no reason why all clergymen in the United States should not save something from their income against a rainy day, and invest it so as to provide greater comforts in old age.

12—The Church Pension Fund, with eighteen million dollars of assets, rapidly increasing at the rate of about half a million a year, now pays but $600 to $800, but when it is a little larger, every clergyman is to receive, when he retires at 68, one-half the average salary he has been paid all his life, and so the clergy who have received $5,000—that is $4,000 and a parsonage—will get about $50 a week automatically. These premiums are not paid by the parson himself, but by the church for him. There is no reason why he should not take out in addition a good endowment life insurance policy in some reliable company, so that when this term of ten or twenty years runs out, he will have sufficient income to live without receiving any salary. A clergyman's widow receives a check for $1,000 immediately after his death, and the children, if there are any, and it is needed, receive monthly payments from the Church Pension Fund until they are twenty-one years of age.

13—The great joy of the ministry, however, has nothing to do with its financial compensations; these should be sufficient to keep the clergyman from worry as to food and raiment and the education of his children, but his great compensation is the fact that his life work is to make bad men and women good, and through his prayers, his preaching, his advice, and, most of all, his consistent example, he is "to allure to brighter worlds and lead the way". He needs all the ability and brain power that he

can possibly have to meet the many problems, of family and business affairs, which will be brought to him to settle by his advice. His congregation know that he has ability, that he has good judgment, that he cannot be bought, and that his counsel can be had "without money and without price", and therefore, when he has been in charge of a parish for some years, he has more power than any judge upon the bench, or any president or instructor of a college.

It is a great responsibility and a great honor to be the parson (or person) of the whole village or town, over which he has been placed by God's providence. I would advise any young man who feels called of God to preach the Gospel and wishes to do good, to enter the ministry without hesitation, and feel sure that he and his will never regret his choice.

Of course, the appreciation of spiritual values and the call to this highest life of inspiration, responsibility and self sacrifice, will be heard and answered only by those who have the spirit of knighthood in their breasts and are willing to dare and do all things, to save their fellow men and make this world a better place in which to dwell. My three sons are clergymen, and I think they have chosen the happiest life on earth.

Years ago I wrote, in verse, my view of the pastor's life, with which I will close this article:

AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST[1]

When a youth is seeking counsel to make best use of his life,
And also asking God's direction on his bended knees,
For a life that's noble, rather than career of selfish ease,
And would rather die in battle than, ignoble, flee from strife,
Prizing praise of conscience more than wealth of future child or wife;
There's only one great calling which will then his soul appease;
To serve Christ as a clergyman, will give him all of these,
To hold and teach a loving faith, though unbelief is rife.
As Christ was Prophet, Priest and King, so is His loyal priest.
Ambassador of God's own Son, there's naught can him appall,
In pulpit preaching, giving alms, or at altar's sacred feast.
When listening, praying people to their Heavenly Maker call,
He represents the King of Kings, himself least of the least;
Higher than proud earthly rulers, he's more honored than them all.

[1] From *Verses by the Way*, Series 3.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

BY C. G. ABBOT

(The best blood of England flows in my veins; on my father's side I am a Northumberland, on my mother's I am related to kings; but it avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten. —JAMES SMITHSON.)

EIGHTY years ago American science cut but a sorry figure in the world. A few giants there were, isolated, impoverished, struggling against the indifference of a populace absorbed in wresting a living from a virgin land. Natural science was not taught in any of our colleges till 1802. A few feeble societies fostered research—cups bailing the ocean. Government neither recognized the importance of, nor believed it had the right to support, research. And yet, here was a vast, untouched continent, combining in a single geographical and political unit a complete book of natural history, with a wealth of minerals and oil, of plant and animal life; peopled by a primitive race, illustrating the mode of life and habits of thought of prehistoric man, and offering an invaluable key to the lost story of man's climb upward. At the same time, here was an energetic people, unhampered by tradition, possessed of the mechanical tools capable of developing this new continent. It was an unparalleled opportunity for the increase of knowledge.

It was also a crucial moment. Suppose the energetic men remained blind to the possibilities and wasted the continent for practical ends before its perishable secrets could be gleaned! What was needed was some powerful inspiring force, actuated by the highest ideal of knowledge for its own sake, realizing the possibilities, and able to organize American science to make the most of them.

That force the liberality of an Englishman supplied. For America owes the Smithsonian Institution, her national scientific institution, to a citizen of another land. His name was James

Smithson. He was a son of the Duke of Northumberland, and a descendant through his mother of King Henry VII. But he devoted his own life to science, and when he died in 1829, he left his fortune of $541,000, conditional on the death of his nephew without heirs, to the United States to found "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

From that bequest sprang the Smithsonian Institution. Congress insured it prestige and stability by accepting the trusteeship and establishing a governing body of Regents composed of the Vice President, the Chief Justice, three Senators, three Representatives and six private citizens. The Regents insured the usefulness and high character of its activity by putting the administration in the hands of the foremost physicist of America. And Providence, I suppose, may be thanked that that foremost physicist was Joseph Henry. For Henry saw eighty years ago as well as we do now what the need of the country in science was, and he had the ability to make the Smithsonian fulfill that need.

Under Henry the Smithsonian became the rallying center of American science. He made it the spur of research and the printing press for the diffusion of results. In the first place it offered American investigators for the first time an agency for the publication without cost to them of their work. As a result, within three years Henry could report: "The real working men in the line of original research hail this part of the plan as a new era in the history of American science."

As a second step, the Smithsonian organized investigations on a scale too great for any other existing agency to attempt. For example, in those days no Weather Bureau existed; its value was not recognized. The Smithsonian organized a continent-wide body of volunteer observers, numbering as high as six hundred in some years, supplied them instruments, and reduced and published their results. For twenty-two years the Institution maintained this organization, until the Government could no longer doubt the public importance of such work and organized the Weather Bureau.

In the third place, the Smithsonian seized the opportunity of the opening West. To the boundary surveys, the military ex-

peditions, the railroad surveys, the Institution supplied instruments and men to determine magnetic declinations, to collect plants, animals and minerals, to study geology and the customs and languages of the Indians. It received and studied the collections made, and published the results. Out of this work were graduated in time the United States Geological Survey, the National Museum, and the Bureau of American Ethnology, the last two of which are still administered by the Smithsonian.

Thus at a time when statesmen's political consciences forbade them to support scientific work, the Smithsonian provided an agency for initiating and carrying on the work until its proved practical value removed any doubt of the duty of Congress to support it. In this way the Institution also created the Fish Commission and supplied the first Commissioner in the person of its second Secretary, Spencer F. Baird.

As a fourth step in spurring science, the Smithsonian made itself the cavalry of science to bring aid to neglected fields. Vital contributions were made, here to botany, there to paleontology, to astronomy, to entomology; life was infused into stagnant regions of science, and new sciences, such as oölogy and paleogeography, were created.

Working along such lines as these, the Smithsonian has in eighty years achieved far-reaching results. Directly out of its work ten Government bureaus have sprung, seven of which are still administered by the Institution. It has created the International Exchange Bureau, which perhaps more than any other one thing has mobilized the scientists of the world into a single army. It rescued aviation from ridicule, created America's leading scientific library, built up the most extensive and valuable collection in American natural history in existence, has taken part in some 1,500 expeditions covering the globe, has coöperated with and aided every scientific or educational institution of note in this country and abroad, has served as the link between American and world science, and has given to American science a high and generous ideal.

And what the Smithsonian has been it still is. At the present moment in so far as its limited income will permit, it is carrying on investigations in three continents on solar radiation which

give promise of making possible long-range weather forecasting; it is furnishing the basic information on plants, insects, and animals which enable the economic bureaus of the Government and private activities such as agriculture and fisheries to function most effectively. It was Smithsonian research on Smithsonian collections of sea bottom samples which produced the knowledge by which oil companies of the Southwest are enabled to stop the costly sinking of dry holes and thus save millions of dollars.

In the light of these facts the Smithsonian stands out as the coördinator and inspirer of American science, as what Mr. Hoover has called "peculiarly the architect of scientific investigation in our country". It has competed with none, but consciously sought to inspire and coöperate with all. And as in the past, so in the future there exists for the Institution a field of activity in which there are no competitors. There exists a category of tasks which its position, relation to the Government, international reputation, and wide scope supremely fit it to perform.

THE GENTLEMEN WITH THE LAMP

BY MARY DAY WINN

MANY years ago I happened to be with a friend in a moment of terrible revelation; tragedy, for a minute, drew back the screen and I saw her naked soul. It was for me a shattering experience. Today naked souls are being exposed all around me and nobody quivers an eyelid. Lady Godiva rides down every street, more or less clothed bodily, but in a mental nudity far more revealing. Peeping Tom no longer hides behind the shutter. He has a college degree, an office, and a consultation room. He records in solemn-looking books what he has seen, and attends annual conventions to discuss methods of improving his eyesight.

It is appalling. Restraint and the concealing of emotions, at least in public, have long been the hallmarks of breeding and indispensable in the technique of the diplomat. The man or woman whose opponent in the game of society, war or politics knows exactly what he is thinking, is defenceless as an unwalled city.

Consequently we have been accustomed, in the past, whenever we felt a disarming emotion stirring within us, to draw an expressionless curtain over our features. Today the man or woman who tries this in the presence of a psychoanalyst discovers that the curtain of inscrutability, like the imaginary clothes which the fairy tale king thought he was wearing, is the merest mosquito netting, so far as concealment goes. She finds that she is not only living, mentally, in a glass house, but that the house seems to be studded with signposts telling the most casual reader of Freud in exactly what room she happens to be at the moment and where she is going next. Those sessions *in camera* when she used to gaze, fearfully but secretly, at her own inhibitions, are now open to the public, and the only ticket of admission required is a copy of the *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis.*

When I was a child, one of my favorite stories began, "Once

upon a time there was a king who had three daughters. The youngest and most beautiful was named Psyche." This young lady, who was of course the heroine, was as inquisitive as she was fair. Wedded to Love, and living in a beautiful palace where she was fed and cared for by unseen hands, thus escaping at once the servant problem and the high cost of living, she still was not happy. Love came to her only under the veil of darkness, and had made her promise never to try to see him. But she wanted to know what manner of creature he really was. She felt she could not rest until she knew all his secrets. So one evening, when Love was sleeping beside her in the decent privacy of the dark, Psyche lit a lamp. . . .

The author of this story should be ranked with the Major Prophets. We are living today in the terrible fulfilment of his vision. Psychiatry, the youngest daughter of Materia Medica, has lit a lamp, and with its mental X-rays is pursuing her investigations, not only into the nature of love, but into the nature of everything and everybody else around her. Like the person who has become possessed of a pot of gilt, and can never content himself with the particular piece of work he started out to do, but must needs gild everything in sight, Psychiatry carries her little lamp, like a miner, always on her head—and privacy has gone from the world. Emerson advised each one of us to retire, at intervals, to the mountains of our own spiritual isolation; but those mountains have been leveled now. The public highway crisscrosses the spot where they stood.

To admit to a psychiatrist, and especially to a psychoanalyst, that you like or dislike anything under the sun, even spinach, is to strip the mental clothes from your back; to tell him that dream you have had so often of going into a small, dark room, is suicidal. Never confess to a fondness for tall candles or chewing gum; as soon as you do so you realize from the expression on his face that someone has blundered and has, like the Light Brigade, rushed on to destruction. The someone who has exposed the secrets of your soul is your "subconscious"—or "unconscious", whichever it happens to be the fashion of the moment to call that informer within the gates, who, like the Biblical spy in Jericho, seems most at home in the house of the harlot.

If it were simply a question of exposing our thoughts by our speech, however guarded, there might be some hope of preserving the privacy of our souls, for speech is voluntary. But the psychiatrists do not need speech or facial expression to tell them what we are really thinking underneath the mask we present to the world. They have invented a little machine which will measure emotion to the fraction of a degree by recording variations in the heartbeat. If the man who is in love with his neighbor's wife, but has honorably determined never to let it be known, should be unwise enough to allow this little instrument to be strapped to his arm, and the object of his secret devotion unexpectedly entered the room, the telltale record would confound him, with a result which might change the pattern of three lives.

If I did not believe that the gentlemen with the lamp had the detective ability, or at least a goodly portion of it, that they claim, I should not be so alarmed for my privacy. No one feels embarrassed in the presence of a crystal gazer or an astrologer; their character reading is just a shrewd expression of the obvious. But these scientific fortune tellers have a way of ferreting out just the things you hope are *not* obvious.

A certain psychiatrist was asked, during the war, to examine the men in officers' training camps and report any mental or character deficiencies which would make them unable to stand up under the responsibility and strain of war. At one of the camps which he visited, the commander expressed some scepticism of his ability to size up men after a few moments' conversation; so the doctor proposed a test: "Line up your candidates for commissions," he said. (There were about one hundred and fifty.) "I will go down the line, talk with each for a few moments, and then make a list of those who will not, I think, make good officers. At the same time, have the men who are training them, who know them, and have had a chance to watch them for several weeks, go into a tent and make out a list themselves of the recruits who are not promising material, who are slow to respond to orders, lacking in initiative, don't coördinate, can't get along with the others. Then we will compare the two lists and see how well they agree." The challenge was accepted and the men lined up. When he had talked to each and drawn up

his report, the psychiatrist had thirty-three soldiers on his list of the unfit. Comparison showed that twenty-nine of these men were also on the lists made out by their superiors. One fine looking man on the doctor's list, who was nevertheless later commissioned and sent to the front, collapsed the first time he was ordered over the top.

In the face of second sight like this, what chance has anyone of concealing his mental weakness or depravity?

I earnestly hope that I shall never live to see the day when Freud can be bought at the Five and Ten Cent Store, and everything that each one of us thinks and feels is known to all the rest. Let the scientific gentlemen have their little lamps for scientific use, but let them not be manufactured in quantity. Such a state of things would take much of the fine flavor out of life. The game of living would be as dull as those terrible games of bridge when you are teaching your opponents to play, and they lay their hands down before you and say, "Now what would you bid on this?"

All social intercourse is based on polite deceptions. Business is based on deceptions not so polite, and derives its zest from each man's ability to outguess his fellows. Without deception, pride and self respect would crumble. My dull old friends invite me, on the first of June, to a Labor Day house party; "So long in advance, so that we'll be sure to get you." I smilingly accept, making a mental note that I have done my good deed early today. If they could look into my heart, as a psychiatrist probably could, and see the black murder there, they would be hurt as I never intended or wished that they should. I doubt if human beings could live together if they knew everything about each other. If there is one thing most of us learn early in life, it is that disastrous consequences often follow a game of "truth". Truth lives, according to legend, at the bottom of a well, and has formerly been, thank goodness, quite a home body.

Lovers, I think, would suffer the most if the knowledge of psychoanalysis became universal. Then, if ever, we are entitled to our illusions. When He tells Her that she is the only woman he has ever loved, she prefers to stifle commonsense and all she has learned about the nature of love, and believe him. The

roseate vision which he has in his mind of her, and which is the real object of his love, is probably far from being a picture of the actual woman; it may coincide with reality in nothing but the shape of the ears. But he will find this out soon enough; she does not want psychoanalysis to provide him with glasses.

The spread of this science presents another disturbing possibility. Will those who want to commit evil deeds, and have been restrained only by public opinion, now go ahead and commit them, feeling that in their neighbors' knowledge of their dark designs they are damned anyway? I was taught that what really mattered in the sight of God was not what you did but what you thought about it. I accepted this teaching theoretically; in actual practice I have counted myself a good woman because, though I may have wanted my troublesome old aunt to die, I have never made any deliberate effort to kill her, and nobody knows that I am at heart a murderess. I retain my church membership and the respect of the community, as does also the husband of my acquaintance who is always showering his plain little wife with flowers and candy. But now that all my friends are becoming psychoanalysts, this man's winning attentiveness will soon be revealed as merely a "defence mechanism" to hide the fact that his affections have strayed from the lawful sharer of his income; and I myself shall be exposed as a would-be murderer. With murder becoming so popular and so lucrative nowadays, who can feel sure that I may not be impelled to live up to what is expected of me—a Playgirl of the Western World?

Even when I do or say a noble thing—or what I used to think was noble—I no longer derive much satisfaction from it, thanks to psychoanalysis. When I hear that my best friend covets the Presidency for which I was planning to run myself, I step out of the race with a beautiful gesture of renunciation. In the days before Freud, this act would have given me a thrill greater than being President. But I can no longer deceive myself; plainly I have an inferiority complex, and in my secret soul fear that I would never have been elected anyhow. Psychoanalysis has taken from me even my "delusions of grandeur".

"MORITURI——!"

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

An eternal procession of us is moving outward, sometimes swiftly, oftener with a hesitance that irritates those who tread on our heels. A like procession, springier of step and clearer of eye, presses forward to seize upon our uncooled places. So ever it has been. So ever it must be until the Day when at once both processions shall be swept off the Board.

We oldsters make up the recessant group; we who have passed, or are nearing, the half-century mark. Our glowing successors—Youth—form the on-pressing army. When a class is graduated, one of its members counsels the remaining classes, in a valedictory. When a tenant moves from a house, he tells the newcomer what he can of the house's faults and virtues.

I am appointing myself, herewith, a Valedictorian—a soon-to-be evicted tenant, if you youngsters prefer—and I am going to say a few dull things about your own Youth and of the Youth that was ours.

No, it is not going to be a snarling invective of the Younger Generation. (I am not of the throng that declares we have slumped from the Mid-Victorian to the Mid-Vulgarian Era.)

I

To begin with, you Nineteen-Twenty-Eighters have a host of things which we had not, at your age—things not then invented and other things not then dared. We grant that; we semi-centenarians. But, we had a few things which you have lost or which never have been yours and never can be. Some thirty years ago, we would have gasped incredulously over wonders which are everyday commonplaces to you—the things you have which we hadn't. Take one illustration:

Last evening, you and a patently respectable girl of your ac-

quaintance went to any one of six plays that are current in New York. If you had a car of your own, you went in it. Otherwise, you took a taxi. From the theatre, you and she went to a night club; perhaps a mildly decorous one. There, you ate and drank and danced. You deposited her on her doorstep, sometime after 2 A.M.; perhaps some hours after. Not a thrilling evening in any way; nor out of the usual run. Yet, thirty years ago you could have done not one of the things you did last night. Naturally, you could not have been carried to and fro in your own motor or in a taxi. For there were no such vehicles. You must needs have worn evening clothes and high hat; not a comfortable dinner jacket and soft headgear. You could not have taken the "patently respectable girl" alone to theatre or to supper, if you were not engaged to her. A chaperon—almost as extinct now as the four-wheeler you would have ridden in—would have been as inevitable a feature of the evening as were your trousers. You could not have taken the girl to any of those six most-talked-of plays. For thirty years ago, not one of them would have been permitted to raise its curtain in any American city. No, I don't mean, of necessity, that you took her to one of the law-banned dramas of the past season; but to some popular production of much lingual frankness.

You would not have taken her to a night club; because there was no such thing as a night club then. Nor would you have danced with her at any after-theatre resort; because at decent after-theatre restaurants the patrons did not dance. As for having a few drinks with her or offering her a cigarette in a public place—you would no more have done either of those things than you would have drawn a pistol on her. In that day, young girls of good families did not drink. If they did, it was in strict privacy and not with men. Some of them smoked. But no restaurant would have tolerated it. You would not have brought her home at 2 A.M. or later; unless from some severely decorous dance; and then only with a sleepy chaperon to see that all was well.

Your Saturday half-holiday—those of you who are at work—is as much of an institution as your workless Sunday. You can spend it in motoring or in golf. There is at least one country club within easy reach of you. Also, somehow or other, most of you

seem able to wrangle a day-off, every now and then, from your offices. Many of you find time to run down to Florida for a month in winter.

The foregoing paragraphs are stuffed full of envy. I envy you from the core of my antique soul. In my own youth, the Saturday half-holiday was a dissolute innovation, frowned on by nine-tenths of the business world. Not one man in thirty knew, from experience, what it could mean. (Nor did we go to pieces from overwork, any oftener than do you.) There was not one country club where now there are a hundred; and there was none which did not involve a somewhat long train ride to and fro. Golf was in its American infancy. Few and oft-ridiculed were its devotees. Motoring was unborn. As for days off, they were pitifully few and hard to win. Florida was a name, to most of us; not a resort. A month's vacation in winter? No excuse short of tuberculosis availed to secure such a divine loafing-spell.

But all these blessings which are yours and which never were ours, are as nothing compared to a Something that has come into the world for you alone, since our time. I am speaking of a queer new Freedom, which three decades ago would have been branded as delirious license, if indeed it had existed then; a Freedom which is your own and never was ours.

Take clothes, for one illustration; clothes, both men's and women's. Men are spared the tombstone-slabbed stiff white shirt for everyday wear, with its horrible detachable stiff cuffs and its vexation of studs. The first shirts which unbuttoned, coatlike, instead of coming off and on, scratchily, over the owner's head, were just creeping shyly into favor in 1900. Nor need men wear heavy and hard derby hats for weekdays and shinily uncomfortable silk hats for Sundays and for evenings, as did we. Soft collars and soft shirts were unknown, for city use, when we were young.

Girls, too, have no idea of their own sartorial good luck; in going corsetless and in wearing skirts short enough and wide enough for free strides. Women, of my own youth, were frowned on for suggesting daringly that an ankle-length skirt be worn in rainy weather. A band of brave spirits banded together in the late 'Nineties, and formed a "Rainy Day Club", for the wearing of this brazen type of skirt. But nothing came of it, ex-

cept a little frowning and much derision. Yes, in clothes, your freedom is sublime. That is not irony, but honest approval.

You have also a frankness of language which, in my day, was heard oftener in barroom than in drawing room. Some of your physical poses and some of your wholly unashamed actions would have banned you forever, then. Where, for one instance, is the 1928 maiden whose cheeks would flame in dire humiliation for the sins of her skirts, if the latter were whisked so high by a vagrant gale that a whole inch of the leg, north of the kneecap, were visible? In her calm disregard for such a zephyric mishap, Kay 1928 is far sensibler and no less modest than was the painfully embarrassed Kathryn 1898.

II

And now that I have cited a smattering of the myriad points wherein you excel us, let me play for the attention of my fellow oldsters by telling you about some of the very few things we ancients had which you have not and which never can you hope to have.

First, and most carnal, comes eating. You present day lads and lasses don't know how to eat. At least, you don't know how to *dine*. There was a dignified and dilatory epicurean enjoyment about the nine-course to eleven-course dinner party of thirty-odd years ago that is forever dead. The feast was not gross, nor was it haphazard. It was planned as a symphony is planned. It worked up to its climax and then down to its "walnuts and wine" with unflawed artistry. It was something to look forward to and to remember for weeks. Hostess after hostess won immortality because of her inspired chef and because of her own genius for food-marshaling. It was a beautiful art, this dinner-giving.

You, of today, bolt a bobtailed and garbled evening meal, at smart pace, in order to get to the theatre or the opera in time to disturb those who were there at the rise of the curtain. Or, you plow through a little more leisurely and better-appointed dinner, with an eye to getting away from the dining-table and to the card table or to the dance floor. In other words, dinner is but a detail of your evening; not its chief end.

I wonder how many of you moderns could sketch a correct (not necessarily genius-directed) dinner of ten courses; working up to the needful crescendo and down. How many of you could tell, offhand, precisely which wine goes, gastronomically, with which course; the exact temperature for the burgundy; why pale sherry should be served instead of sweet, and at what particular stage of the dinner; the scientific reason for a mid-meal sherbet, and why sherbet always should be served between which two other courses; what forms of game should be blood-rare and what well done?

Your ideal dinner-party, now, as a rule, is preceded by enough crude cocktails to scourge tired brains into activity. The food courses are whittled down to five or six, at most; and are eaten dry or with incongruous and off-key accompaniment of too much low-grade liquor.

Eating and drinking are the more tangible, but otherwise the least important, of the few things we had and that you have not. There was an indefinable Manner—a something bred of fine reticences and of innate courtesy—that lent beauty to much of the social intercourse between men and women, and which in its olden form I can find no longer. I can no more put it into actual words than I can verbalize the dawn-wind. But many another man or woman of my day will recall it and will feel an odd little heart-constriction at the sweet memory. Perhaps you have something better in its stead. Assuredly you have not the quality itself. It was bred of Leisure—for ours was a leisurely age, though we called ourselves hustlers. It was born, too, of a somewhat shopworn remnant of ancient Chivalry. Some of us did not possess it. But it was the attribute of many folk of breeding.

I have said ours was a leisurely age. Perforce, it was so. Speed does not beget the instruments of speed; but is begotten of them. Speed did not devise the motor. But, as soon as the instrument was at hand, the joggingly pleasant Sunday afternoon drives or strolls through shade-flecked country roads gave frightened place to a mile-a-minute roaring progress over concrete highways and between tourist-desecrated wildwoods. With the invention of the various instruments for speed—real and figurative—the Speed Age dawned. It is a right marvelous era. I admit that. But among the things it has slain were a few which

could not be spared. One of them was a greater leisure for certain fine things of life; such as the best manners of the late Nineteenth Century.

Perhaps Chivalry is well dead. I cannot argue the precise value of its ghost that walked wistfully through the 'Nineties. But I refuse to grant that Leisure is well dead. We had it, in fair quantity; though by no means to the degree that was our fathers', in the stagecoach and sailing-ship age. You have practically none of it; in spite of your Saturday half-holidays and your long vacations. They are not periods of true Leisure, those absences from work. For the most part, they are but a breathless form of one or another kind of hustling activity.

You may know how to *loaf;* you don't know how to *loiter.* Loitering was wellnigh as fine an art as eating. It went out when Home ceased to be the center of life's chiefest importance and happiness.

We who are about to die away from the coveted spotlight into the murk of later years, salute you. I have tried to voice this salutation; if stammeringly; and to show you what you have that we had not and the little handful of wondrous things we had which you can never have. To you those relics of ours may seem to have been ridiculous, rather than precious, and to merit a grin, rather than a sigh, in their recounting. You may be right. But let your grin be kindly and fraught with much gentle tolerance. Let it be not derisive. This for your own sakes, not for ours. Because in another thirty years you will be trying, just as ineffectually, to act as Valedictorian to grinning 1958. If you desire tolerance for your own middle-age preachment, accord it to mine.

MAKING THINGS OVER

BY MITCHELL BRONK

THE city is being made over, and from a sky-scraping office window I am seeing it done. This city of Philadelphia has for a long time, in fact ever since "Mannahatta" passed her in the population steeplechase, been taunted in innumerable squibs with somnolence. Be that as it may, if she now slumbers, she snores, outrageously. Or she is waking up, and making a good deal of noise about it.

The Quakers should by all natural rights be Conservatives; but they are not; they never have been; they are worse than Conservative; or worse than Liberal, shall we say? They are Iconoclastic. George Fox and his compeers smashed many things that Seventeenth Century England revered. Nor are my fellow citizens of this Quaker City today at all regardful of the building that has gained a right to occupy its little piece of God's sunlit earth by the tenancy of many years. One sometimes even hears it intimated that we would not hesitate to sacrifice venerable and hallowed Independence Hall, if it were made worth our while to do so. Presumably that building is safe; because it is a paying proposition—from the tourist aspect! But little else is being spared. Up and down these tree-labeled thoroughfares by day and by night there is a great ado of tearing down and building up: destruction, construction, reconstruction; what you will. If Benjamin Franklin has any idea of ever paying his home town a Rip Van Winkle visit, he had better hurry up about it, or such visit will give him little satisfaction. But I set out to moralize.

We do this same thing in political and social ways; in letters; even in religion. Old forms of government, and *mores* that were built a hundred or ten hundred years ago, were all right, and are now sentimentally attractive, but we want something roomier and more convenient. The twenty-story building, Twentieth Century plumbing and heating, high speed elevators, for example,

will be more practicable; and is not pragmatism our philosophy? The Old World is finding that she has no time in this hurried generation to bother with the fuss of royalty; and we of the New are too crowded by the stress of all sorts of complicated domestic political and social problems and by our entanglements in foreign affairs to have room for the trappings of a very elaborate republic. Russia and China are doing it by revolution; the rest of us by evolution. We Americans have much to say about the stability of our governmental system and the rockbottom anchorage of our Constitution. But when we reflect, we have to confess to ourselves that there is a lot of shifting sand, *panta rei*, about it all. We suspect that if Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton could come back to life and observe things at the National Capital and walk about among the States, their eyes would open as wide as Franklin's would in a promenade today down Market or Chestnut Street.

There is the literary revolution, that they say is going on all over the world of letters. I am old-fashioned enough not to hold in contempt the old in literature. I must confess, indeed, that I do not any longer read the Victorians, and to a pharisaic feeling of sophisticated half disdain, half pity, when I find people doting upon this one or that of them: Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, or such back-number worthies of our own as Longfellow and Howells. Both these confessions, be it said, are proffered with no little shame. Theirs will never cease to be great names to me, so mightily did they impose themselves upon me in my boyhood. I can never get over it. Besides, both my head and my note books are full of them, and one is reluctant to throw out the window so much of the old furniture of his culture.

Nevertheless, I have a pronounced weakness for the innovators —for the *bahnbrecher*, as we used to say when it wasn't against the law to borrow German words and phrases—in both poetry and prose. My admiration for them knows no bounds. When I can't follow them the whole way—and some of them I can't—I stand back and applaud, and cry, "Go it!" Why isn't a literary mortmain as objectionable as any other kind? Why should the outstanding writers of one period selfishly hold the boards, or the

cards, on into the next, or dominate their posterity in literature? Let them step aside, I say,—or, more properly, move up to the top shelf, down to the stack room, out to the second-hand shop,—and give the other fellow a chance! That burning of the library at Alexandria by Caliph Omar wasn't such a bad thing after all; likewise those bibliographic bonfires that the state churches used to promote in the olden time! As for myself, I like a change; just as do the people who will move up from lower Chestnut Street and Independence Square into these new office buildings that I am watching rise. Emerson may speak as disparagingly as he will about the book that isn't a year old, but I like to stick my nose between pages that are odorous of fresh printer's ink and binder's paste, literally and figuratively. It was by doing this that I happened upon folks like Sandburg and Masters, Anderson and Lardner, and Mesdames Boissevain and De Selincourt, ever so long before what is termed "the reading public" did. My theory is, it will be seen, that if a writer manifests enough literary gumption to search out new forms of construction and presentation, a new technique, he may be depended upon to have something interesting to say and to say it interestingly.

There are, to be sure, the everlasting books; which, in the Scriptural phrase, "cannot be shaken". We never use such expressions as Victorian, Elizabethan, Cinquecento, Augustan, in speaking of them. For they are anyone's; not any period's; not any school's. You would scarcely compare them to a building along a city street; rather to one of the illustrious monumental structures of the world; say a pyramid of Egypt or one of its obelisks; or a Pæstum temple. Perhaps, indeed, a five-foot bookshelf would hold them; perhaps not. As for making out a list, the dignity of that word "classics" always frightens me from doing it.

A very wonderful place, as I remember it from my boyhood, was the attic of my grandfather's house. The old gentleman was decidedly thrifty and held on not only to his money, but to everything else. That attic was of course a place of general discard for disused utensils and garments. Attics are passing out of vogue. Modern houses aren't built with them. In the other sense we do not any longer have them; unless, indeed, you regard

as such our history books and encyclopedias. The World War made ours a destructive age. It was already iconoclastic; that is, destructive of gods, half-gods and temples. We called the Germans "Huns". We all are. Incidentally, we are beginning to sense Jesus's teaching: "Not in the *abundance* of the *things* that a man possesses does his life consist."

Formerly, when buildings were torn down, much of the stuff would be salvaged for the second-hand lumber yard. That isn't done any longer. It is too much trouble and not worth while. Into my office window blows the smoke of the bonfires where the destructable refuse material of these demolished buildings is being consumed. But—by way of exception—I notice that the more substantial refuse, the steel, stone, brick and cement, have their use and value, here or elsewhere, as filling and foundation. By the way, when you talk about the indestructibility of matter, you should really mean matter. Out of every breaking-up and conflagration of history there has been a large salvaging; not into attic store, but into new construction of our world's life. Nor is it at all likely to be otherwise with the wrecking in which we are participants. The Epistle to the Hebrews tells us that all these divine shakings-up are for the establishment of the things that are unshakable; and it was Emerson's philosophy that

> What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent.

You do not need to personify a city; it is already a person; in a spiritual sense. If Father Knickerbocker, and the typical Puritan of Boston statuary, and Carl Sandburg's Chicago Hog Butcher, and the William Penn atop our city hall, are not real to you, you do not know these cities. The Rome of Mussolini is the Rome of the Tarquins and Trajan. Paul Valéry is writing in the same Paris in which Pierre de Ronsard wrote. So all this tearing down and building up that I am witnessing will leave Philadelphia Philadelphia. There will be certain things about the town, certain characteristics, a certain atmosphere: perhaps its reputed staidness and sauntering gait; perhaps the indifference to civic abuses and lack of civic pride with which it is frequently charged; perhaps its large-hearted philanthropy, spelled out in its name; its spirit, in short—that will remain.

Have we any reason to expect that it is to be otherwise with the institutions and ideals that are important and dear to us, and about which we are just now so anxious and apprehensive because they seem to be a bit shaky and are getting such rough handling? One of our premises is that the spirit is what counts, the matter that really and superlatively matters. History has thus far never failed to repeat itself; confidence in God is, or should be, a part of man's integrity; and shall not this history and this faith give us the confidence that the spirit, the best, the really desirable, is going to abide?

And abide not only in a new, but in a better construction: A house of life that shall be pleasanter, more comfortable and commodious; at any rate better adapted to the modern man's life-housekeeping. The city in the Bible that came down out of Heaven was—notice—a new, not the old, Jerusalem; and according to the hectic description of the Book of Revelation it was a mighty fine place.

The waste and ruthlessness of it! That is what is troubling many of my contemporaries. Scarcely a day passes when I do not hear someone growling about the senselessness of demolishing one of these fine, solid, costly, comparatively modern structures—perhaps it is less than a dozen years old—to make way for another that shall be up-to-the-minute as well as up-to-date. This same thing is notoriously taking place along Broadway and Fifth Avenue and along the streets of other big cities. Besides, there is a vitality of charm and sentiment about some of these "obstacles to progress" that have to be removed, that renders the sight of their demolition painful; at least to the more sensitive. Shifting from Philadelphia to New York: The writer recalls how thirty years ago the residents of The Bronx were protesting against the chopping down of stately elms and kindly maples, and the leveling of picturesque little hills and dales, when that Borough was undergoing its transformation from a ruralness that we loved into urban ugliness.

Likewise, and more poignantly, it hurts that so many of the views, hypotheses, customs, styles and prejudices that are being torn down, dispelled, displaced, discarded, are not, as it seems to us, useless and worthless junk, and not at all old, but on the other

hand quite fresh, modern, usable, and having in them a good many years of life, as one would say. Well, you can't have a better or a best if the old cumbers the ground where it must stand. The "first heaven" and the "first earth" must pass away before the "new heaven" and the "new earth" may appear. Or, to switch to the surgical figure, painful operations are very commonly imperative for healthier bodily conditions, if not for the very saving of the life. I would rather believe that our world was going to the devil before 1914 than that it is now. Also, I would rather live in Philadelphia than in Carcassonne.

Accordingly, and manifestly this is the main point of my whole story, we are to be confident and optimistic, and not oppressed with gloomy forebodings, in the face of all these smashings of idols, shredding of patterns, and removing of landmarks that are going on around us. The construction gang follows the wrecking crew. These greedy property owners, and lessees, and realtors, mean well. They are forward-faced; that is all—for themselves first, but also for Philadelphia. They are not leaving their city lots vacant, to be targets for the Single Taxers. They put something in place of that which they take away. And when it is a better something, certainly no harm will have been done. In like manner, the Anarchists and Iconoclasts are not a bad lot, when you know what they are really at, and when they are also architects and prophets. We remember that Jesus cleared away whole neighborhoods of the well built up territory of antiquity's religious life, and that ours is an infinitely better world because He did it. For Jesus was constructive as well as destructive; splendidly He built up where unsparingly He tore down. If we of this disconcerted decade of this perplexing Twentieth Century will but follow His example, things will be all right.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

AMERICA NOT IN IT

"We have won a great battle, brave Crillon," said the King, "and you were not here!"

In the very central realm of the League of Nations there are many troubles, and threats of trouble. Italy and Albania have formed a hard and fast offensive and defensive alliance, quite in the old fashioned style, which is generally and plausibly interpreted as a measure of opposition if not of hostility to Jugoslavia and a step toward making the Adriatic Sea an Italian lake; at which France takes serious umbrage. Poland has been on the verge of war with Lithuania, though happily good relations have been restored through the good offices of the League, for which that body is entitled to much credit. Soviet Russia has been contemplating invasion of Poland. Roumania is in the throes of domestic dissension, threatening revolution. Germany regards Dantzig under Polish ownership much as France regarded Alsace in German hands, and cherishes a determination to redeem it with "blood and iron." Great Britain is spending on defense $200,000,000 a year more than before the World War. And jealousy, suspicion, resentment, covetousness and all other unholy passions are rife among the nations.

"We are having a parlous time, America," says the League of Nations, "and you are not here!"

No, we are not; and we are glad of it. And in saying that we are not repeating the demand, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Great as is our aversion to American complicity in European affairs, we have no wish to shirk responsibility or duty. If we were in any degree concerned in these complications, we should not demur to taking part in them. If our membership in the League of Nations would save Europe from such troubles and assure lasting peace and harmony, we should readily assent to

America's joining it. But the fact is that America has no more business to say whether Vilna belongs to Lithuania or Poland, or whether Poland should possess a corridor to the sea at Dantzig and thus cut Prussia in twain, than Switzerland would have to dictate the mode of partition of the Great Lakes between America and Canada. And nobody in his senses imagines that American membership in the League of Nations would prevent such troubles as are now vexing Europe. They would occur just the same, and the only difference would be that there would be one more Power dragged into the hell-broth, and no great and impartial Power left out of it to be perchance a mediator and the bearer of succor to the stricken. It would do nobody any good, and it would do us and others immeasurable harm. Not in selfishness, therefore, but in the truest spirit of altruism, we are glad that America is out of it.

ABOUT THOSE "CHINESE WALLS"

Canada purchases more goods from America than does any other country in the world, and—which is especially to the present point—has a much larger trade with us than with all the British Empire.

South America, as we have recently observed, purchases more from this country than from any three European countries united.

And that leads us to wonder about the location and the effectiveness of those "Chinese walls" of the tariff, concerning which we have heard so fearsome and harrowing tales, as barring our freedom of trade with the rest of the world. Certainly there is no trace of them along either our northern or our southern border.

THE CULT OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Commend to us the words of wisdom which the Commissioner of Education of the State of Maine recently broadcast by radio to the schoolteachers under his jurisdiction; when he said: "No one wants a teacher who looks shabby and run down at the heel. I want my teacher to be up to date. I want her to be as good looking as she can make herself. She will have a greater influence on the school if she is." It is time for the world to realize the

value of beauty as an asset, in education, in society, in ethics. For there is a certain relationship among the three manifestations of beauty; physical, mental and spiritual. Doubtless, of the three the first is the least important and the hardest to get and to keep, and the last is the most important and the easiest to acquire and to maintain. Yet all three are to be striven for, to the utmost degree, and the teacher who neglects any one of them fails in her duty as an exemplar. It was not for nothing that the Greeks so greatly exalted beauty in material things. It is not without significance that our current exploitation of the unbeautiful, in art and fashion and literature, is accompanied by an unprecedented prevalence of moral perversion and obliquity. It will be well if the State of "'way down East" fulfils its ancient motto in leading us back to the Cult of the Beautiful.

POLITICS OR LEGISLATION?

"Seventieth Congress Opens with Every Eye Fixed on Next Year's Battle." That was a headline in a leading newspaper, and the same idea was expressed by almost every paper in the land. Moreover, and worst of all, it was probably true. But is that what Senators and Representatives are elected for? We find no prescription of it in the Constitution. Our idea was that the people elect Congress to make laws, and party conventions to make political nominations and plan campaigns.

BATTLING WITH BRAIN OR BRAWN

There is nothing extraordinary in the suggestion of cultural as well as athletic contests among universities and colleges. It is not even novel. Half a century ago there were yearly contests in oratory, and in late years there have been increasingly numerous and frequent debates among such institutions. That these have not attracted the attention and received the encouragement that football and other games have enjoyed is not the fault of the colleges but of the public, and the press. A newspaper will give ten columns to a football game or a regatta, and ten sticks, not to say lines, to a debate between the same institutions. The public will

flock by tens of thousands to the former, and be reluctantly dragged by tens or by hundreds to the latter. And the mordant irony of it is that those who throng the stadium and shun the lyceum are the self same public that vents sarcastic censure upon the colleges for giving—as it incorrectly declares—more thought to brawn than to brain.

PROPAGANDA WITH FALSE DATES

A correspondent of *The London Morning Post*, railing against America on account of the repudiated debts of some of the States, makes this astounding statement:

> The real quarrel we have is that whereas when the money was borrowed the individual States could be sued in the Federal Courts of the U. S. A., an amendment has, since those debts were incurred, been passed in the Constitution of the U. S. A., preventing any State being sued.

It would be difficult to invent or to conceive a statement more at variance with the facts. The earliest of the repudiated debts was incurred in 1831 and was defaulted upon about ten years later. The Amendment to the Constitution to which the writer in *The Morning Post* refers, was ratified in 1798; a third of a century before any of the debts in question were incurred.

AMERICA'S PEACE TREATIES

Some thousands of estimable citizens have petitioned the President to make treaties with foreign Powers pledging both parties to perpetual peace and adopting arbitration as a substitute for war. Their motive is excellent, their purpose praiseworthy. But we must dismiss their fond conceit that this is a proposal of something new. So far as arbitration is concerned, America has stood for that from the very foundation of the Government. Even before the Constitution was adopted, Franklin advocated "a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats;" and the first two treaties made under the Constitution expressly prescribed arbitration for the settlement of controversies even so serious as those involving title and sovereignty over territory. In the first century of our national life America was a party to between fifty

and sixty acts of international arbitration, or nearly half of all in the world. As for treaties pledging both parties to lasting peace and therefore by implication outlawing war, we have already made fifty-five of them, with forty individual Powers. Of these, twelve made peace "perfect, firm and inviolable"; eleven, "firm, inviolable and universal"; ten, "perpetual"; four, "firm and inviolable"; three, "firm and perpetual"; two, "firm and universal"; and one each, "firm and sincere," "firm, perpetual, inviolable and universal," "firm, inviolable and perpetual," "perfect and perpetual," "perpetual and constant," "forever, without war," "to subsist forever," and "trusting in God it will prove permanent"; and one declared "a sincere and constant good understanding." If all these solemn covenants were not sufficient to commit us to a policy of peace and outlawry of war, what more could do so?

Some of these treaties were broken, however, and war occurred; after which new ones were made, sometimes in the same terms as the old, sometimes in stronger and sometimes in less emphatic terms. Thus our treaty of "firm and sincere" peace with Algeria was broken by war, after which one was made providing for peace that should be "firm, perpetual, inviolable and universal." There was an undeclared but actual war with France in the twenty-two years interval between two treaties which alike established "firm, inviolable and universal peace." In 1794 we made with Great Britain a treaty of "firm, inviolable and universal peace"; broke it with our own declaration of war in 1812; and in 1814 replaced it with one of merely "firm and universal" peace; so that while a peace that was to be inviolable lasted only eighteen years, one that is not inviolable has already lasted a hundred and fourteen years and looks good for a still longer period yet to come. Precisely the same was done in the case of Mexico. Our treaty of "firm, inviolable and universal peace" was broken by war, and replaced with peace that was to be firm and universal but not necessarily inviolable. Perhaps the facts that two "inviolable" treaties had been violated disinclined our diplomats toward further use of that ineffectual word. With Spain we made "firm and inviolable" peace which lasted seventy-nine years and then was broken by war. Curiously enough the so-

called treaty of peace which ended that war made no mention whatever of peace; but a few years later we made another which precisely renewed the former pledge. Finally, with Tripoli we pledged "firm and perpetual" peace, broke it with a war, and then made a new peace which was to be inviolable as well as firm and perpetual.

What treaty we could now make which would be more binding than any of these former fifty-five, does not clearly appear; though perhaps we might try a composite of them all, pledging ourselves and our neighbors to a peace that should be constant, firm, inviolable, perfect, perpetual, sincere and universal, to subsist forever without war, trusting in God that it would prove permanent.

MONEY IN POLITICS

Senator Newberry incurred so much odium through the expenditure of about $200,000 in his primary election campaign that he was compelled to resign his seat. Senator Smith is excluded from his seat, because he permitted the expenditure of $250,000. On the other hand the Anti-Saloon League proclaims its purpose to spend a million dollars a year for the next five years in political propaganda, and claims exemption from the laws—which are binding upon all other political organizations—requiring statements to be filed of the sources of such funds and of the purposes to which they were applied. The "blind pool" of unlimited depth as a factor in National and State politics is scarcely to be regarded with complacency.

BRITAIN A GYNÆCOCRACY?

The question might almost be asked whether Great Britain is about to become, first of all important countries of the world, a gynæcocracy. Certain it seems to be that it is on the verge of one of the most momentous acts in its political history, in the adoption of its greatest extension of the electoral franchise. The famous Reform Act of 1832, which was considered to be quite revolutionary, enfranchised only 200,000 men. That of 1867 added a million to the polling lists. In 1884 under the cry of

"Manhood suffrage; one man, one vote!" 1,700,000 new electors were enrolled. In 1918 came the Act for the Representation of the People, which gave the Parliamentary franchise to about three million men and women. But now, ten years later, Parliament is expected to make the qualifications of women voters the same as those of men, in age and all other respects; and this will give votes to no fewer than 5,240,000 women who at present do not possess that right. On the basis of the latest registration this will give the women voters of the kingdom a majority of more than two millions over the men; the figures being 14,832,922 against only 12,697,799. Obviously, then, the control of the Government will be in the possession of the women, if they see fit to exercise it. That they will all act together as a political party, in opposition to the men, is too fantastically improbable to be worthy of consideration; though that they will exert a far greater influence upon politics than hitherto, and that it will be generally beneficent, may be regarded as morally certain.

COLLEGE MEN NOT DRONES

The too common reproach that colleges and universities are institutions maintained by endowments, in which rich men's sons lead lives of idleness, must be relegated to the dust bin, at least as far as some of the foremost seats of learning are concerned. The budget of one of the largest American universities shows that about eighty per cent. of its operating expenses are paid by the students themselves, through their tuition fees; while another survey shows that a large percentage of the students are earning part or all of their expenses. In another leading institution of the highest rank, of a graduating class of 124 all but eighteen had "worked their way" entirely or in part during their four years' course. This linking of work with study, like the correlating of the colleges with industry and commerce, is steadily increasing and bids fair to become one of the outstanding features of American academic life.

PUBLIC SOCIAL SERVICE

Much comment is made in Great Britain upon the enormous increase in treasury expenditures for various forms of public

social service. These include health and unemployment insurance, old age, war and widows' and orphans' pensions, housing, poor relief, education, and the like; and their total cost has increased in fifteen years about 458 per cent., or from $276,300,000 to $1,540,000,000 a year. Perhaps the most ominous feature of the case is the political influence which is exerted by the beneficiaries of these services and their friends, which is able to prevent any reduction but rather to compel persistent extension of the system. It must be recognized as constituting one of Great Britain's most serious social and economic problems, and it is not without its pertinence for American consideration. There have in recent years been numerous strong and not always unsuccessful efforts to commit this country to the same policy; which have gone so far as to raise pretty acutely the question whether the American ideal is to be a nation of semi-pauperized pensioners upon the bounty of the State, or a nation of independent, self-supporting citizens.

THE TRIBUTE OF SILENCE

We trust that the whole public appreciated justly the significance of the two minutes of silence on Armistice Day. When that practice was first prescribed it was generally, we fear, regarded as a temporary thing. It would be observed that year, of course, and perhaps for the next, and the next. But thereafter it would certainly fall into disuse and be forgotten. In fact, however, it seems to have been growing in universality, in spontaneity and in reverence year by year; until last November its observance everywhere, indoors and out, in city and country, was almost indescribably impressive. We venture to believe that the paying of that tribute of silence is becoming so fixed a habit with the American people that it will hereafter be as much a matter of course as is the small boy's passion for firecrackers on the Fourth of July.

BREAKING ANOTHER RECORD

Our old friend *Ben Trovato* used to tell of a preacher who announced for the text of a sermon against some extravagances of feminine fashions "the words of the Prophet, 'Top knot, come

down!'" and when challenged as to its authenticity pointed triumphantly to the passage, "Let him that is upon the housetop not come down." We had thought that this marked the record for supreme achievement in that line of ingenious perversion; but we had reckoned without Chicago. In the conflict over American history books now raging in that city one of the works was publicly condemned because, it was said, it described Washington as a tyrant, dictator, despot, and "stepfather of his country", and added that "the Boston Tea Party was the last straw; the Colonies added insult to injury." This was indeed pretty bad, and seemed to stamp such books as unworthy of use in the schools. Examination, however, shows that while the words quoted are indeed in the books, they are merely cited as "horrible examples". Thus the author says: "*In King George's eyes* the Boston Tea Party was the last straw; the Colonies had added insult to injury;" and in another place, recalling the infamous campaign of Duane and others against the first President: "The press on both sides became coarse and abusive. Washington was reviled in language fit to characterize a Nero. 'Tyrant', 'dictator' and 'despot' were some of the epithets hurled at him. He was called the 'stepfather of his country'." By means of such wanton and malignant falsification it is sought to discredit men of high character and beneficent attainments and to garble and pervert the instruction of hundreds of thousands of children; and all to promote the peanut politics of a parochial boss!

"ADAM-BAD"

Into the international conference on reduction of armament swaggered Soviet Russia, the most aggressively and menacingly militaristic Power in the world, and with tongue in cheek expressed contempt for all that was being undertaken by proposing the disbandment of all armies, the scrapping of all warships, and the razing of all fortresses; a programme as perilous to the welfare of the world as any continuation of warlike preparations. Happily, the insolent marplotry had the good effect of solidifying the sentiment of civilized Governments against that troubler of the world, and to emphasize in all minds the prudent admonition,

> Make ye no truce with Adam-bad,
> The Bear that walks like a Man.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"It's a fine day, isn't it?" I said to the Deacon. I found him outside in the afternoon sunshine repairing a bit of trellis from which the weight of a winter-sleeping rose vine hung. "Fine day, isn't it?" I repeated, as he kept to his task.

The Deacon turned and peered at me from under his bushy brows. "Do you want I should answer ye?" he inquired sharply. It was when in his sharpest mood that he reverted to the colloquial phrase and accent of his people.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," I grinned at him, uncertainly.

"Yes it is," said the Deacon. Then he smiled a welcome and put out his hand. "Come on indoors," he added. "It's winter, if it *is* fine."

The old lady was in her rocker in the sitting room and she nodded pleasantly. "He says it's a fine day, Ma. 'Tis, ain't it?"

"Yes," she nodded, "it's a fine day."

The Deacon wagged his head contentedly. "You belong to the same lodge," he remarked. "If Ma and I come down together in the morning and it's raining cats and dogs outside, and she happens to say 'It's rainin' hard, isn't it?' she'll keep on sayin' it till I say 'Yes, it's rainin' hard,' or words to the same effect. She knows I know enough to know it's rainin', but she wants I should join her in the remark. She's a natural born Joiner; that's one way to tell 'em."

The good lady continued with her sewing, quite undisturbed.

"She likes a sympathetic understanding," I offered lamely.

"Pooh!" said the Deacon; "she knows all about my sympathy after forty years. She wants outward expressions. I've known her to holler five times into the ear of deaf old Melissa Hicks, comin' home from church, that it was hot in the sun, till she got Melissa to agree that it was hot, an' both of 'em sweatin' fit to drown. No, there's just two kinds of people, taking 'em in the

aggregate," said the Deacon, puffing complacently; "the folks that like to feel that they belong, and those that don't care."

"Belong to what?" I asked.

"Oh, just any subdivision of the human race,—Daughters of Zion, Rotary, Christian Endeavor, or the Democratic party,—it don't make a great difference. Some like to join 'em all. It's just a question of the intensity of their joining instinct."

"And the other ones who don't join? Are they misanthropes, or cynical, or what?"

"Oh I wouldn't call 'em names," said the Deacon. "My classification don't line up with the virtues and vices; it cuts across 'em. The Joiners aren't all naturally affectionate, and the non-Joiners aren't misers and such-all. No, it's an instinct.

"Take the youngsters," said the Deacon, warming up to his subject. "One little kid comes home from school and says the boys are all wearing spotted shirts with big collars, and he won't go back to school unless he can have a spotted shirt. And another little boy in the same family maybe don't care a darn. The first one has got to prove that he belongs. When he grows up he's the fellow that likes to wear a pin and give a grip and a high-sign and sing something in unison. And he's the fellow that forces you to agree with him that its rainin' hard, when any fool knows it is."

"Meaning me?" I asked.

"Well," the Deacon grinned, "I'll bet if you don't belong to a lot of things it's only because you haven't got the time and the money."

* * * * *

"You don't approve of Joiners?" I suggested.

"On the contrary, civilization couldn't get on without 'em. They consolidate its gains, as the military men say. It's the Individualists who explore, and then along come the Joiners and hold the fort, all clasping hands and singing harmoniously. Of course I believe in 'em. Without 'em we'd slip back into chaos."

I was unconvinced. "Deacon," I said, "you're holding out on me. Mrs. Stebbins," I appealed, "why doesn't the Deacon belong to the Sons of the Revolution?" She looked up brightly.

"Ask him," she said. "I belong to the Daughters."

"Of course she does," the Deacon nodded. "I told you she's a natural born Joiner. Oh, well," he added after a pause, "I like to hear folks singing in unison—I kinda like to join in. But I'm damned if I'll *think* in unison!"

"Ah!" protested his wife. "You promised you wouldn't."

"I'm sorry, Ma." He winked at me. "She don't like I should swear; it's the wrong pass-word to our club. And she thinks it's the right one to a society I oughtn't to join."

Hastily I brought the subject back to its beginnings. "People have got to do some thinking in unison," I said, "if we are to be governed by majorities."

"You bet," said the Deacon cordially. "We've got to have parties and such. They hold the fort. Used to be a Republican myself, till Ma enrolled. Then I became a Democrat just to preserve the art of thinkin' in the family."

"He isn't anything," spoke up Mrs. Stebbins, with unwonted emphasis.

"Why, Ma! She wanted I should join the Grange. Said I made myself unsocial by staying out. That's one of those new words, and it's a mean one. Unsociable is nothin' to it."

"Why don't you join?"

"Well," said the Deacon, settling back comfortably. "I s'pose I've got sort of sot in my unsocial ways, though I certainly am fond of folks. But it looks to me like this: a lot of Joiners all think the same way about somethin' and they get real comfort out of knowin' they think together. Don't make any difference what it's about; it may be the nature of God, or whether cranberry pies ought to be made open-face, cross-bar or cover-top. So they form a society and they all chip in to hire an executive secretary to register their united sentiments. And the first thing he does is to print some letter-heads. Then they sigh contentedly an' stop thinkin'. But he has to keep right on. He's got to earn his salary and use his letter-heads. But sometimes," added the Deacon, "the executive secretary himself stops thinkin' or maybe he never knew how to think in the first place."

* * * * *

"The worst of the lot are the national organizations," reflected the Deacon over his pipe. "Any little local society ain't so bad.

The members can meet and argue. But then someone with the instincts of a professional organizer comes along and ties up all the local organizations into one big national one and gets himself elected national secretary and buys himself a lot of brand-new letter paper; and the fat is in the fire. He's got to go through the motions of earning his salary, and it's likely to be a big one, with all the dues coming in. His favorite way of doin' it is initiatin' legislation. He goes from Kankakee all the way to Washington, keepin' a conscientious expense account, and urges a bill that he drafted himself, and says that it has a million members behind it. And prob'ly it has, only they're too far behind. Half a million never heard of it because they don't bother to read the minutes of the national meetin' they didn't attend. And a lot of 'em wouldn't endorse it if they did their own thinkin' on the subject.

"I recollect," reminisced the Deacon, "that Ma here joined an anti-cruelty society and then woke up one day to find that she was anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination. And it wan't so long ago that I got persuaded to sign on the dotted line for a law enforcement society and then found that I was takin' a positive attitude on the rescinding of laws I might not like. Why, here in this paper is some foreign news about some sort of a New Health League in France. A lot of folks prob'ly joined it because they believed in new health; and I bet a lot of 'em were surprised to find that they had come out in favor of togas for men instead of pants. I bet Ma would forget her vocabulary if she saw me dressed in a sheet. . . . Yes siree, you hear a lot about military governments, and governments by the aristocracy and the proletariat, whoever they are; but I tell you we're facin' the danger of a government by executive secretaries."

* * * * *

"After all is said," I interposed; "the church is a national organization of local groups."

"And that's the worst thing about the church," answered the Deacon promptly. "The members all let their executive secretaries do their thinkin' and actin' for them, locally as well as nationally. Over here in Tompkinsville, for instance, there's all the proof you'd want. There used to be two strugglin' churches in town and some folks started to thinkin', and decided there

wa'n't any difference in their theological views any more, so they'd better unite and have one good church. So they voted to unite. But that let some executive secretaries out of jobs. I guess they were conscientious enough, but they didn't realize they were hurt in their pride and not in their theology. So in each church an executive secretary split off and took some folks along, and now there's three churches instead of two, and a whole lot more church letter-paper."

"I didn't know churches had executive secretaries," I objected.

"An executive secretary," said the Deacon, "is an attitude of mind. Sometimes it's in the parson, and sometimes in the head deacon. And often it's an earnest lady who doesn't have any official title. But she holds the job."

* * * * *

We have come upon new times, with new *mores*. Here is a letter, evidently from a lady, and a young one at that. Time was when the advent of such a one to the circle around the Cracker Barrel would have wrought revolution. But not now. She may sit in, and put her feet up; but we draw the line at any use of the saw-dust box. Women never could aim straight:

One remark of the Deacon's especially sticks in my mind: "The worst kind of vice a man can have is the one that he doesn't admit. . . because he's forgotten he's got it."

But my dear Deacon, isn't there more pathos than depravity in such a condition? "Forgotten he's got it"—the saddest words of tongue or typewriter! For though there be nothing sweeter than a new vice of which one is fully and deliciously conscious, there is nothing more dreary than one which has become so generally tolerated that it passes unnoticed by others as well as one's self. Habitual vices are about as gay and exciting as habitual surprise parties.

How well I remember the beautiful new vices which enlivened my youth and the utter flatness of them when they lost their freshness. In the first place, there was the pleasure of reading forbidden books, a deep and memorable joy. I had been placed on a strict diet of classics,—and Shakespeare, Thackeray and Scott, with Dickens as the lightest *hors-d'oeuvre*,—all of which I read conscientiously with even an occasional unwitting lapse into interest. But stolen fruit looked far more fair, and when I heard my very young friends refer to glamorous persons in the pages of vulgar literature, I grew almost mad with curiosity.

Finally I began to smuggle in bootleg books, hiding them with youthful irony behind the Shakespeare set and reading them after I was supposed to be

asleep. The doleful adventures of little Elsie Dinsmore, who could shed more tears per paragraph than any other heroine of literature; the flawless Little Colonel and her gallant boy friends who made love in pretty symbols—so different from the grinning hoodlums I knew; pretty Patty Fairfield who flirted continually yet somehow managed to remain a lady throughout interminable volumes. Then delicious dips into more adult slush; beautiful young women washed up on desert isles with beautiful young men—together with a waterproof chest containing every provision one could possibly desire.

Yes, it was glamorous stuff—but alas, not always to remain so. I went away to boarding school and my reading ceased to be supervised. Such books became an everyday matter and lost their charm. I even discovered a shocking impulse to revert to the classics.

And with the movies it was much the same story. At first, when they were in the nickelodeon stage and taboo, I found them irresistible. What joy to sneak in after school and sit enthralled through *The Adventures of Kathleen, The Perils of Pauline, The Loves of Listerine,* or what have you? To say nothing of the delights of the illustrated songs—*In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree* rendered by a lush soprano, or the cripple's jeremiad, *Mother, When I Go to Heaven, Will the Angels Let Me Play?* But now that attending the movies is a vice I've forgotten I have, it's not the same thing at all. I sit quite relaxed in my seat, and sometimes even go so far as to "look for the nearest exit."

Yet perhaps the worst of all was getting casual about smoking. Once I kept my cigarettes for very special occasions and was as careful about my settings as Morris Gest. Teatime at a New York hotel was best—when I would breathlessly take out my case and holder and proceed to my inalienable American rights—life, liberty and the pursuit of snappiness. I did it most effectively in black satin, I thought, and with my eyes half closed, gazing off into infinity. But inevitably, as smoking became more common, I came to take it more calmly. One day I went so far as to smoke in a sweater and skirt —and then in a baby blue organdie. I still dramatize myself a bit—"the sophisticated *mondaine* toying with her cigarette." But how can I do it whole-heartedly when any moment at the next table I may see a plump housewife lighting up?

No there's nothing so melancholy as a vice which has ceased to be vicious. From the depths of your wisdom, don't you agree with me, Deacon, that tolerance has spoiled a lot more fun than intolerance?

M. C. S.

Rock Island, Ill.

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

CALEB CUSHING, *the eminent diplomat and jurist, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for April, 1828, told of the abolition of the ungallant Ducking Stool for common scolds in America:*

Our ungallant fathers of the common law provided a peculiar punishment for common scolds, but carefully confined the crime and the punishment to scolds of the female sex. Scolds are defined in the books to be "troublesome and angry women, who, by their brawling and wrangling amongst their neighbors, break the public peace, increase discord, and become a public nuisance to the neighborhood." . . . The scold was indictable as a common nuisance, and if convicted was sentenced to be placed on a certain engine of correction called a castigatory, trebucket, or cucking stool, and after being exposed thereon to be plunged in the water. . . . We are not aware that this relic of ancient coarseness has been recognised in this country, as adhering to any of the American codes; and a recent English writer speaks of the punishment as being antiquated and almost obsolete. A case lately decided in Pennsylvania may be considered as furnishing a safe precedent for all the other States in the Union. The Court of Quarter Sessions for the county of Philadelphia, in October, 1824, convicted Nancy James of being a common scold, and in obedience to several precedents in the same court, but none later than 1782, sentenced her to the cucking stool and to be three times plunged in the water. Upon writ of error, brought in the Supreme Court, this tribunal had sufficient manliness to resist the attempt to revive the barbarous usage, and pronounced that the punishment itself had no legal existence in Pennsylvania. (12 *Serg.* & *Rawle*, 220.) In Massachusetts it is settled that this mode of correction, as singular and ludicrous as it is cruel, is incompatible with a provision of the Constitution, which prohibits the infliction of all "cruel and unusual punishments."

That Congressional oratory a hundred years ago differed little from that of today is indicated by some remarks by WILLIAM TUDOR, *Jr., in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1828:*

Though to some we may appear to write with too much frankness, we apprehend that a majority of the nation will agree with us, and would be glad to have

the proposition established; that, speeches in Congress have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished. The House of Representatives are the natural, immediate guardians of the people,—but who are to guard the guardians? . . . The obvious remedy for the evil would be found by not publishing the speeches *in extenso*. Because, in most cases, it is not the effect of the speech in the House, that the debater thinks or cares about. His object is to get his speech into the newspaper, and besides its circulation in that shape, the printer, for a trifling fee, breaks up his endless columns into a dingy, pamphlet page; and these precious missives the member despatches to sundry of his constituents, who stare with pleasure at the efforts of their representative, and have their pride gratified in receiving a communication "free." Were the postage demanded, most of them would be inhumed in the dead-letter office, and come back to that bourne, the general post office, whence they proceeded. If only the substance of the speech was given, the real arguments of the speaker stated, as there would be the three grains of wheat in the five bushels of chaff, a most salutary corrective would be applied, and the editor besides enabled to devote a large part of his paper to useful and entertaining miscellanies, and his readers would get a much clearer insight into public affairs.

That the "Agricultural Problem" is no new thing is attested by some remarks, quite pertinent to the present time, made by the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in November, 1816, in commenting upon an address by* DAVID HUMPHREYS, *the poet, hero of Yorktown and friend of* WASHINGTON, *on the Agriculture of Connecticut:*

If you ask a capitalist why he does not engage in agriculture, the universal reply is, "nothing can be got by farming." Nor is this opinion confined to them; the owners of land generally throughout the country show by their practice that they entertain the same opinion. The wealthier inhabitants in the country cultivate a farm they have inherited, and slowly improve it. The fences in the country are better and more permanent than they were twenty years ago; the fields are many of them smoother, the orchards are perhaps more numerous. There are some few places where a man would not now cut down an oak for fire wood, to plant a poplar for ornament. These are changes for the better; but how many farmers in the country lay out their surplus income in the melioration of their estates, in cultivating beyond the supply of their own wants, for the market? Do they not prefer hazarding their money in commerce, in manufactures, in banking, none of which they can know much about? Who are the people who say that nothing can be made by farming?—A citizen of one of the towns, who buys a few acres of land at a high rate, erects an expensive house, costly fences, cultivates Indian corn and potatoes, feeds labourers without economy, whom he does not oversee, and finds that his corn has cost him three times what he can buy it for—or having heard that Merino

sheep produce fine wool, and fine wool commands a good price, buys a flock of sheep at a hundred dollars apiece, puts them under the care of the first man he can hire; and when dogs, diseases, and neglect have thinned his flock, finds that he has not got the golden fleece, and denounces Merino sheep. Yet this same individual would smile with pity at a man who should take an expensive ship, put a numerous crew on board, load her with staves, send her a long voyage, and then wonder that the portage bill devoured the freight.

The marked prevalence of Sun Spots at this time recalls the remarks of the famous mathematician JOHN FARRAR *in commenting upon* HERSCHEL'S *theory of them, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1816:*

The sun's spots then, according to this hypothesis, are chasms in his atmosphere, occasioned by ascending currents of gaseous fuel, and they are succeeded by faculæ, as they are called, or bright spots, on account of this additional supply of combustible matter, which, it may be supposed, is most completely on fire soon after the opening has closed. But how is the sun ordinarily furnished when there are no spots? The gas may be more diffused, and by ascending in smaller quantities, may produce no sensible disturbance of the luminous fluid. Besides, there are probably openings, that are too small to be seen, and the sun may never be free from them. It is only when their absolute magnitude is very great, that they become an object of any attention.

The sentiments of the illustrious JOHN ADAMS *on the subject of "universal and perpetual peace" were set forth by him with characteristic directness and vigor in a letter to the head of a Peace Society, printed in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for February, 1816:*

I have read, almost all the days of my life, the solemn reasonings and pathetick declamations of Erasmus, of Fenelon, of St. Pierre, and many others against war, and in favour of peace. My understanding and my heart accorded with them, at first blush. But, alas! a longer and more extensive experience has convinced me that wars are as necessary and as inevitable, in our system, as Hurricanes, Earthquakes and Volcanoes. Our beloved country, sir, is surrounded by enemies, of the most dangerous, because the most powerful and most unprincipled character. Collisions of national interest, of commercial and manufacturing rivalries, are multiplying around us. Instead of discouraging a martial spirit, in my opinion, it ought to be excited. We have not enough of it to defend us by sea or land.

Universal and perpetual peace appears to me, no more nor less than everlasting passive obedience, and non-resistance. The human flock would soon be fleeced and butchered by one or a few.

I cannot therefore, sir, be a subscriber or a member of your society.

I do, sir, most humbly supplicate the theologians, the philosophers, and the politicians, to let me die in peace. I seek only repose.

Political discussions a century and more ago were subject to the same abuses that mark them today, according to the brilliant scholar and publicist EDWARD TYRREL CHANNING, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1817:*

Political discussion should be calm as well as practical. Our institutions and privileges are too costly, to be the prey or theme of stormy and troubled eloquence, such as kindled the old republicks to madness, and led them to deal with the State and its glory as playthings for their passions. It is not now considered as an insult to the free, to tell them that they must respect deliberation, order, and settled habits; and be content to keep their sympathies and ambition at home, under the control of good sense and sound morals. Still there are dangers of false excitement and corrupt eloquence even now. Men have not yet got over their love of being moved, of coming to their duties with feverish preparation, rather than with calm and brave resolution. And if you want bad men to succeed, the best thing you can do for them is to form and cherish in the people a habit of excitement, of approaching their interests with heated minds, of looking upon truth as cold and spiritless, unless it is fairly on fire, or relieved and garnished by eloquence. Once get up this taste, in support of the honestest principles, and by and by you will find other teachers in your places, turning your weapons to most admirable uses, and lighting the torch of hell at your pure vestal flame of truth.

This sharp reply was given by the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in May, 1816, to some animadversions upon America in a book by General* TURREAU, *formerly French Minister here:*

The author asserts that life is quickly consumed in the United States, and that few individuals attain to old age, that he has walked for hours in the streets of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New-York, without meeting any aged persons; that the abandonment in our infant, and the profligacy of our youthful State, together with the train of horrible disorders almost unknown in Europe, are the cause of our perishing so prematurely. We might say in return, that we have walked for hours in France, without meeting any *young* men, which was probably owing to a horrible disorder that prevailed in that country, wholly unknown in this, called *conscription*.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

More Sheep Than Shepherds

WRITING, as the exigencies of publication dictate, during the holiday season, when 1928 is about to make its bow to an expectant financial world, one cannot dispute the fact that quantitatively at any rate its reception leaves little to be desired. To be sure, most of the stars that light the scene may turn out to be rockets of ephemeral brilliance, some of the wise men are off in the shadows shaking their heads, and there seem to be more sheep present than shepherds. These are ungracious reflections to set down during the holidays, but there is no escaping the sad fact that the glitter of Christmas, if inwardly golden, is outwardly tinsel, and the refulgence of the stock market is undoubtedly the less genuine as it grows brighter. The late financial history has been a repetition of the earlier—a succession of new high average prices for stocks, a continuing flood of new securities offered for public sale, and a sequence of ever broader and more active markets in which new horses are trotted out as soon as the public seems disposed to stop placing its money on the old ones.

The chief cause of the continuing advance is still easy money (excepting seasonal firmness which has brought temporary checks) reinforced lately by more optimistic predictions of 1928 business than it seemed possible two or three months ago to make. The essential contradiction between these two impelling forces of the market does not pass unnoticed. Bigger business during 1928 will inevitably absorb more credit and the consequence will be a reduction in the supply and an increase in the cost of the funds available for loans against securities, accompanied almost certainly by lower prices for most of them. But while this seems as plain as any one could ask, the disposition of the market is to await the event before acting on it, in the belief that the price peak has not been reached. The month of January should afford a good test of the justification of this belief for ordinarily a flattening out of money rates occurs after the holidays are over. Perhaps the Federal Reserve Banks, in pursuance of their policy of stabilizing money through their open market operations, will avert this seasonal decline, but if it occurs and stocks fail to advance further it will constitute as definite evidence as could be wanted that the handwriting on the wall is being read.

The course of the stock market can no longer be appraised by looking at the quotations for United States Steel and General Motors and reflecting that they are now substantially lower than the prices they reached several months ago. New leaders have appeared. After the better known stocks were advanced as far as they could be, the process of combing the market for other stocks, often inactive, which were "out of line", was begun. Lately there has been an increase in the number of separate issues dealt in, and at least once during December the total exceeded 700, a new record. The total number of shares bought and sold each day also has reached high marks, including one three-million-share day, of which, up to the last of the month, there had been only eleven in the history of the Exchange. This broadening of the market, this flaring up of speculation in such a wide variety of stocks, is not infrequently a sign that the advance is in its last stages, for it brings up the laggard shares, brings in more individual speculators, and there is nothing left.

"Stabilization"

Among the groups marked up lately, the copper stocks have been most prominent, in response to a succession of advances in the price of the metal. These advances have been

of the Federal Reserve system, which constitute between a third and half of the total outstanding bank credit. During the year 1927 these loans and investments increased almost 8 per cent., and the entire increase was in purchases of and loans against securities.

To repeat, to say whether there is inflation the term must first be defined. If one will agree that it can be limited in its application to such an important quarter of business as the security markets it is obvious that, in that sense, inflation exists.

Investment Trust Publicity

Investment trusts, which have been the object of much attention in these columns, are to be regulated by law in the State of New York, if the recommendations of the Attorney-General are carried out. They are under investigation in New Jersey. And in California they have already been subjected to drastic regulation. The State Corporation Commissioner has ruled that investment trusts doing business in that state must furnish to him and to their stockholders a financial statement every three months. The Commissioner will make the reports available to the newspapers. The statements must include details of all securities bought or sold during the period, and a list of securities held on the reporting date, with the market value and purchase price.

Obviously the requirement for the publication of the securities list affects only those trusts whose managers have discretionary powers in making substitutions in the list, for trusts of the fixed share type always publish their holdings, which constitute their only stock in trade. The general policy of the non-fixed trust, both in this country and Great Britain, is not to make their holdings public, upon the theory that the publication interferes with their trading by revealing their position to competing dealers. They claim that their information, which in some instances costs as much as $200,000 a year to acquire, is one of their most important assets, and that their directors, not the general public, should be the watchdogs over their list.

The Value of the Railroads

It may seem a bit of journalistic bravura to say that a lawsuit is now being conducted in this country in which almost two-thirds of the citizens of the United States have a monetary interest, whether they know it or not. If so, I plead guilty, for the statement is a fact and easily proved. The case, which is already known to the newspapers as "the biggest lawsuit in history", is that of the valuation of the railroads. The decision of the Supreme Court, to which appeal has been taken, will presumably affect the value of all the railway stocks and bonds in the country. The number of individual holders of these stocks and bonds, allowing for duplication, is probably not over two and a half or three million. But the number of persons who indirectly own railway securities is twenty times as large. It includes all holders of life insurance policies and all individual depositors in savings banks, for of the assets of life insurance companies and the resources of savings banks, it is probable that fully one-fifth is invested in railroad bonds. As there are more than 50,000,000 persons carrying life insurance in the country, and over 30,000,000 savings bank depositors, with not so much duplication as might be expected, this surely supports the statement that two-thirds of our citizens have or should have an interest in this valuation case; but if further evidence is needed, the fact that the decision may influence public utility securities of all kinds can be cited.

The issue on trial is this: whether the principles employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in determining the value of the roads, as it was directed to do by Congress in 1913, are sound or unsound. If they are sound the roads are worth about $23,000,000,000, the Commission's present tentative figures; if they are unsound the roads may be worth any amount from $30,000,000,000 to $40,000,000,000, which is about the range of rail executive's estimates. Obviously this is a difference of some importance to security owners, particularly in the present legislative status of the roads, whereby the rates they are allowed to charge are theoretically dependent upon their value; and if they earn more than 6 per cent annu-

ally upon that value one-half of the excess will be recaptured by the Government to constitute a loan fund for the less fortunate roads. The Commission is supposed to fix rates for the roads sufficient to give them, as a whole, 5¾ per cent. earnings upon their value. If the courts should decide that the Commission's valuation is wrong and that of the railway executives is right, the roads theoretically would be entitled to charge higher rates in proportion to their higher value. For example, if in consequence of the decision their value should ultimately be fixed at $33,000,000,000 instead of $23,000,000,000, rates should theoretically be high enough to yield them $575,000,000 more annually, or 5¾ per cent. upon the $10,000,000,000 increase in valuation.

As a matter of fact the decision could have no such practical effect. It is recognized by all authorities that insofar as rate making goes the valuation case is of only academic interest. There is nothing in all industry of such a complicated weave as the freight rate fabric, and dozens of practical considerations, embodying the principle of charging what the traffic will bear, take precedence over any theory such as that of a fixed return on value. The truth of this statement is demonstrated by the fact that in the seven years since the passage of the Transportation Act the roads have earned the prescribed return only during limited periods, notably in 1926, and that nevertheless many rate reductions have been made largely on the roads' initiative. They were necessary to move the traffic.

As the possibility of a material enlargement of revenue through higher rates to result from a favorable valuation decision is therefore scant, what do the roads hope to gain? Why is the case, then, of such transcendent importance? There are several reasons. In the first place, if a decision in favor of the roads would not constitute positively driving power to higher rates, it would interpose, negatively, a barricade against lower ones (always assuming that Congress did not respond to such a decision, as it might, by a law repealing the provision for 5¾ per cent. return.) This barricade would be important because the rate structure is already being assailed by the Hoch-Smith resolution of Congress, which directs the I. C. C. to place on agricultural commodities the lowest possible rates compatible with the maintenance of an adequate transportation service.

Another effect of a favorable decision would be to assure the roads that if they make money they can keep it, that the point at which the recapture of half of earnings in excess of 6 per cent. would become effective would be raised to a level on which the sums collected by the government would be limited indeed. This is obviously a matter of possibly great future importance to railway security owners, though not immediately pressing to many.

And finally a decision favoring the roads would also favor all the public utilities, for the present guiding principle of State regulation is that utility rates should be fixed to yield a certain percentage of value. While the utilities have little to complain of previous court decisions covering valuation methods, a decision for the roads would nevertheless strengthen their position, while a decision for the I. C. C. would assault it.

In past important decisions on the valuation of utilities the Supreme Court has supported the theory that the true value is the cost of reproducing anew. The valuations handed down by the I. C. C. have been built up by taking physical inventory as of a certain date, adding subsequent improvements and deducting depreciation charges. The railway executives believe that the Court will decide the case according to the precedent of previous public utilities, although the inferior courts to date have refused slavishly to follow those precedents but are considering railroad valuation as an entirely distinct problem. The case at issue is that of an industrial road less than ten miles long, the St. Louis and O'Fallon, which has been highly prosperous and from which the I. C. C. sought to recapture half of its earnings, about 6 per cent. on its valuation. A special court decided that the action of the I. C. C. is not confiscatory, but did not find it necessary to pass upon the principles of valuation employed, although one of the judges in a concurring opinion held that the Commission had followed the only practical method.

AS OTHERS SEE IT

"A Solid Publication"

SIR:

I think I recall having suggested at one time that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was a solid publication. . . . I congratulate you on the changes effected. I think you have brought the magazine into tune with our present complicated situation and have adapted it to new styles without sacrificing any of your former dignity and authority.

GEORGE ADE.

Brook, Ind.

One of Three Blind Mice

SIR:

Mr. C. H. Bretherton's article *Too Much Democracy* in my opinion leaves much to be desired. He argues in places contrary to actual facts. Let me discuss a few of these if you will. It is said, "Dictators are the cheapest form of government a nation can have." This is an erroneous assertion. Dictatorships increase taxation. Chile under the dictator, Ibanez, is laboring under undue expenses. Certainly Dictator Stalin of Communist Russia is not "cheap". Sweden, with a dictatorial government, has been sorely tried by taxes and unnecessary expenses.

It is said, "Democracy is least harmful when the democrats are most ignorant." The truth is—*magna est veritas, et prævalebit*—that only with intelligent people is Democracy capable of working. Ignorant peoples cannot grasp the meaning of this polity; and cannot manipulate their government themselves adequately. Hungary fell to Admiral Horthy because the Magyars had not learned to govern themselves. So Bretherton's remark, "When the general standard of intelligence is high, Democracy becomes impossible," is wrong. It is exactly *vice versa!* The higher the intelligence of an ethnological unit, the more capable are the members to rule themselves—and to make a success of Democracy.

This author implies that an all-powerful Congress would help this country. But would it? By such a procedure we would inaugurate a system of State Socialism such as is found in Sweden. We would sanction bureaucracy; we would hurt ourselves because bureaucracy of this nature eliminates natural rights and diminishes our pocketbooks. The author of *Too Much Democracy* has climbed the wrong tree! He is one of the three blind mice—and so, Mr. Bretherton, watch out for the farmer's wife!

MONTGOMERY MULFORD.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Recalling Old Delights

SIR:

Mr. Arnold has written in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a charming essay on the "White Horse", one of the delights of my youth, as far back as 1859, when the Doyle edition was issued.

JAMES A. SPALDING.

Portland, Maine.

Twenty Years Ago and Today

SIR:

Years ago I used to read THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The remembrance caused me to take a look at it in its new style. It still retains its fine typography, eminently legible. It is also well put together so as to give the minimum of effort to its readers in finding what they want and sparing their eyesight. But its contents strike a strange note after an absence of twenty years from

its acquaintance. Presumably the difference is in myself. It may be the magazine has changed, but that is less likely. I have none of the old issues by which to judge, but just sufficient remembrance of them to believe that it is like what I knew formerly. At one time I regularly read *The London Spectator* and I find the same change when reading that again.

What strikes me in reading through this November issue is its lack of depth of thought, the inability of the writers, one and all, to guess the *Hyponoia* of what they write about, and this is more unfortunate because they all write with skill. . . . I'll take, as example, Edwin Arnold's *Giants and White Horses*. It is interesting, especially to the uninformed, and of course well written, but fearfully shallow. It lacks cultured research. I know most of the White Horses and Giants to which he refers, and have lived years in sight of some of them. No one loves John Richard Green more than I do, but his beautiful poetical history is responsible for so much of the Anglo-Saxon myth which again is responsible for the greater myth of Nordic evaluation.

R. Estcourt.

Alameda, Cal.

The Adventurous Spirit

SIR:

To cold, technical Science, with an incorrigible sense of humor, Mr. Augustus Post (*Columbus of the Air*) adds romance as well as that challenging and adventurous spirit which characterizes his own life throughout as pioneer in this field, without which all great achievements would be impossible.

P. L. Biginelli.

New York City.

Reparations and Unemployment

SIR:

Is it not a fact that while Germany is delivering $135,000,000 yearly in reparations in coal and other goods, that these payments of goods lead to decreased United States exports of coal and other goods to France, England, etc.? Are we loaning money to Germany to deliver coal and other goods to France, and thereby cause an industrial setback in the United States? Do not the $65,000,000 coal deliveries of Germany to France explain the unemployment problem in American and English coal regions?

A. E. B.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

Who Created It?

SIR:

The effort on the part of your contributor to prove plagiarism on the part of Poe in the composition of his celebrated *Raven*, is to my mind weakly predicated, to say the least. I am not a Poe "fan", be it understood. I do, however, admire the unique originality of Poe in nearly all of his poetic and prose compositions. As a writer myself and a keen student of psychology, I can not admit the premises of your contributor—plausible though they appear without analysis.

Your contributor makes one fatal error, i.e., he fails to say from what *source* the author of this *Evermore* took his own inspiration. Now, since he is admittedly a lesser artist than Poe, and since Poe's greater originality is admitted, I fail to see why Poe could not also have "created" his poem, *The Raven*, in much the same way as this author of the *Evermore* piece is presumed to have "created" his. In fact, I believe that he did so "create"; but no author writes unto himself alone, and even "unconscious" similarities are known to crop out in the writings of honest authors. The creation of something new and unlike anything else was hardly possible even in Poe's day; that sort of creation is merely the sport of chronology. The two lines cited from Poe and his so-called source-author are very neat; but upon careful examination of the remainder of the two poems I fail to find those other glaring similarities which ought to exist in order to *prove* the case of your contributor.

Howard T. Dimick.

Shreveport, La.

Appreciation on the Veldt

SIR:

We read you here and appreciate your style, for easy grand English is soothing. I shall copy you a bit, if I may, for how can I help being a plagiarist of some sentences? . . . The tone of your articles helps to make Britishers good pals.

ALFRED LEWIS.

Johannesburg, South Africa.

Memory and Hope

SIR:

I have been a reader of your magazine for many years, and hope to continue to be for many years to come.

GEORGE H. FAIRCHILD.

Manila, P. I.

A Word of Sonorous Splendor

SIR:

Mr. Nordstedt, and readers of his article on Poe's *Raven* in the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, may be interested to have called to their attention the most magnificent of the Christmas hymns, as an additional example of the sonority of the world "evermore". I refer to the hymn of Prudentius, the Fourth Century Latin poet, the first verse of which, in the best known translation, reads as follows:

Of the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

Anyone who has ever sung this hymn, to the accompaniment of a good church organ, can endorse from personal experience all that Mr. Nordstedt has said about the impressive value of that word in poetry.

JARED SPARKS MOORE.

Cleveland, Ohio.

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

X—(*Charles Gates Dawes*) has closely followed the political situation for many years. He has been present at the Capital when events of importance have been brewing, has made up representation on Commissions traveling to investigate constructive projects fathered by the Government, and is known for his winning style in clearly stating broad political issues. For reasons of polity, however, it is necessary to withhold his name.

Chester T. Crowell (*What's Wrong with Mexico?*) is a magazine writer who is devoted to the sport of tennis—playing the game winter and summer. His name is favorably known to those who read the best current periodicals. That he speaks authoritatively of the problem in hand is vouched for by his formerly having been news editor of *The Mexican Herald*, in which capacity he translated many of the laws and decrees promulgated in Mexico since 1917.

George Fort Milton (*"Al" Smith and the Solid South*) is editor of *The Chattanooga News* in Tennessee and a close confidant of the Democratic Party. Before McAdoo chose not to run, he was prepared to groom that candidate for office. Concerning the present candidate however he trenchantly remarks, "Rum, not Rome, is the real obstacle to Smith in the South."

George R. MacMinn (*Our Serio-Comic Undergraduates*) has been teaching the English language and literature for more than twenty years, first at Brown University and now in California. "It is great sport," he says, "to spend one's days trying to convince students of engineering and science that culture is a blessing instead of a superfluity and a curse." Furthermore he believes that teachers of college students are the luckiest people in the world, for they have the best chance of keeping permanently young.

Alice Pattison Merritt (*The Land of Something To Do*), who is a Connecticut State Senator and a former contributor to this REVIEW, was drawn into the Girl Scout movement through her ten-year-old daughter. Since the days of the first Council of Hartford Scouts, Mrs. Merritt has seen the work expand in membership from two to eighteen hundred, acquiring camp property to the extent of one hundred thirty-two acres, worth twenty-five thousand dollars. So much for monetary value, while the recreational and inspirational value is, on the other hand, incalculable.

Theodore Roosevelt (*Doers of the Word*) has trod paths made illustrious by the Roosevelt tradition. Starting life in the public schools, he finished at Harvard, plunged into industry, eventually becoming a New York banker. War service left him with many decorations and a spirit of adventure which took him into politics, culminating in the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy. His exploration trip to Asia and his position as National Executive Boy Scout Committeeman make his words appropriate concerning the character building quality of the great out-of-doors.

Pierre Crabitès (*Trustees for the Sphinx*), who is a Southerner, a Democrat and a Catholic, acknowledged New Orleans as his place of residence before he went to Cairo, where he is a Judge on the Mixed Tribunal Courts. He represents the fine flavor of Southern gentleman, a scholar, and a gallant champion of the courtesies of life. Now enjoying a brief visit home from abroad, his wide awake and well informed opinions are receiving, as they deserve, wide attention.

Wilson Gee (*Wanted on Earth*) is a native of the South, having spent most of his life among the red hills of the Piedmont, where great industrial development is occurring. As professor at the University of Virginia, as author of many works on rural economics, as director of the Virginia Institute for Research in the Social Sciences, and for many other reasons, we are glad to regard him as an authority in this special field.

George E. Anderson (*Occidental Snobs in Oriental Politics*) transferred himself from the law to the making of news-

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

papers and from that occupation to the American Consular Service, being stationed in this capacity in China, South America and Europe. No longer in the Service, he is at present devoting himself to writing on matters connected with the Far East, especially relating to economic phases. His present article is notably pertinent to recent and current events in those parts of the world.

¶ *J. M. Scanland* (*Reducing States to Territories*) is a California journalist who can tell of thrilling experiences in the Civil War. He is somewhat of an iconoclast, censuring hero-worship, and believing that most politicians are charlatans. Born in Mississippi, orphaned early in life, and still unmarried, he reveals a faith in good and bad luck, and despairs of ever finding human perfection.

¶ *Lewis E. Lawes* (*Dealing with Criminals*) has had twenty-three years of prison experience; and as Warden of Sing-Sing Prison has witnessed scores of executions. Originally a believer in the efficacy of capital punishment, his more mature observations convinced him of its fallacy. At a time like the present, when the avid readers of our city journals consume columns of newsprint concerning the latest criminal cases, it is well to view criminology under the able treatment of one who not only writes of it but knows it practically. It is interesting to note that Warden Lawes highly commends the Boy Scout movement, which is featured in this issue of the REVIEW, as a weapon against juvenile crime.

¶ *John Clair Minot* (*The Boston Athenæum*) acknowledges that his story is the short and simple annals of the poor newspaper man. Since graduating from Bowdoin in 1896 he has been in journalistic and magazine work, and is now writing and lecturing about new books to the extent that, as he says, he has "no time left to read them". His interests center around a small farm some twenty miles from Boston where an eighteen-months-old son runs the place to suit himself.

¶ *James W. Mavor* (*Whither Mankind?*) was born in Scotland and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He is at present professor of biology in Union College, Schenectady. "Some years ago," says he, "I discovered that X-rays could be used to modify the mechanism of inheritance in the fruit fly and by this means to produce in the offspring changes in the distribution of the carriers of the hereditary characters." With Don Marquis we raise the query, "Well, what of it?"

¶ *Montrose J. Moses* (*Henrik Ibsen, æt. 100*) is a critic of the theatre, and author of *The American Dramatist*. He is the editor of many volumes of plays, and has written authoritative biographies of Ibsen and Maeterlinck. "I have numberless ambitions," he informs us, "but prime among them is the desire to have an ample library in a country house of my own, with windows looking out upon an old-fashioned garden—and a golf course not far away!"

¶ *Sir Thomas Barclay* (*Who Mobilized First?*) is a barrister whose interests and activities have been bound up with international relations, particularly between England and France. Born in the middle of the last century, educated on the Continent as well as at home, he specialized in French law and has been liberally decorated for his efforts in bringing about good Anglo-French understandings with other Powers. His close personal contact with the foremost figures in Continental politics and diplomacy invests with unsurpassed authority his discussion of war responsibility, and gives weight to his plea for patience in forming judgments.

¶ *George S. Wykoff* (*Cheesecakes in Literature*) knows the value of satire in writing essays. Born in Pennsylvania, with education completed in New York and Chicago, he is now teaching literature at Purdue University. "Without any pompous vanity," says he, "no one since the day of Adam's creation has been or is better fitted to speak about cheesecakes in literature than I." The moral of his whimsical irony is that those who engage in research should not choose subjects which are of little or no interest and value to them or to any one else.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

BEFORE the echoes of the literary successes that marked the closing weeks of 1927 have ceased to reverberate, a new season is upon us, bringing with it the somewhat confusing, if pleasant task, of picking our way through an early spring freshet of books. Of the novels given to the public just before the old year passed out, none has attracted so much attention, or found so overwhelmingly enthusiastic a critical reception, as Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, reviewed at some length here last month.

Despite the acclaim that greeted young Mr. Wilder's first novel, *Cabala*, the arrival of his second caused only a ripple in bookselling circles, and it was not until the early reviews had been printed, and the first few enthusiastic readers had begun their invaluable word-of-mouth missionary work, that it became evident Mr. Wilder was to know what it felt like to write a lovely book and also to be a best-seller. Later reviewers of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* have engaged in a battle of superlatives about its merits until there is little left to be said on the subject. My feeling is very definitely that Mr. Wilder has created a little masterpiece —that he has succeeded almost perfectly in doing what he wished to do. Certainly his novel is worth attention.

Mr. Feuchtwanger Moves On

A goodly number of novels have been launched this year with promise of being discussed for more than a mere week or two, among them Lion Feuchtwanger's *The Ugly Duchess* (Viking, $2.50) which is "historical romance" with a difference. The period is the Fourteenth Century in Germany and Austria, and not the least interesting or important feature of the book is its splendid pageant of the Middle Ages, done with stirring realism. An historical "ugly duchess", Margarete Maultasch, the Duchess of Tyrol who was called "Bag-Mouth", and who sat for one terrible portrait, is the central figure, and the theme is her struggle for self-realization through channels other than her feminine appeal. If there is a slight tendency among reviewers to rate this novel a cut lower than Mr. Feuchtwanger's first *Power* it seems to me one may trace it to the fact that *Power* was a discovery and had the advantage of fresh enthusiasm. But *The Ugly Duchess* is a big novel, powerful, stirring and exceptionally well done.

Among the earlier domestic produets was Booth Tarkington's study of an American flapper in three panels, *Claire Ambler*, which had the honor of introducing the new firm name of Doubleday, Doran to the public. A special edition, bound in white vellum, and signed by Mr. Tarkington, Mr. Russell Doubleday, and Mr. George H. Doran, was printed in honor of the event. The novel itself is primarily an interesting contribution

The Bed's Head Bookshelf

(In this place will appear each month the mention of one or more books that deserve space at the "bedde's hed" of bibliophiles, books published within the last few years that merit more than passing attention.)

Somewhere about a generation ago Hilaire Belloc produced three of the finest biographies in modern literature. Two of them, the stories of the lives of Marie Antoinette and of Robespierre, have been recently reissued by Putnam; the third, a study of Danton, is on the spring list of that firm. The new editions are handsome, and the price is $5. Of the three volumes, *Robespierre* appears to be most highly esteemed, although this may be a presumption on the part of one reader who chances to have heard his friends express such a preference, in which he himself concurs. These are large books, but they are worth all the space they occupy.

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to the puzzle of Booth Tarkington. It is done with his customary smoothness and ease, and one feels somehow that it might have rivalled *Alice Adams* and *The Flirt*. But this goal it never reaches. Claire is shown to be beautiful but brainless, and we leave her in the more or less secure haven of matrimony, after she has very nearly brought great tragedy to several men. This is a diverting book, but on the whole an inconsequential one.

Why Cain Killed Abel

Murray Sheehan's *Eden* is the third novel of recent months to concern itself to some extent with our First Parents, Dr. John Erskine's *Adam and Eve* and James Branch Cabell's *Something About Eve* being the others. Mr. Sheehan might have borrowed a leaf from Dr. Erskine's book and called his novel *Cain and Abel: Enough of Their Lives to Explain the First Murder Mystery*, or something of that sort. In *Eden* Mr. Sheehan has written an entertaining satire upon parents and religion and has clearly explained that Cain proved his remarkable self-control by not knocking Abel in the head much sooner than he did. Lilith, newly introduced to polite society by Dr. Erskine, is also very much a character in *Eden*, and more nearly like the serpent-goddess. Mr. Sheehan began his career as a novelist last year with *Half-Gods*, the story of an Arkansas centaur; he has considerable gifts as a satirist, and a good style. The latter part of *Eden* is especially diverting.

More solidly important than either of these two native novels is *Red Rust*, by Cornelia James Cannon (Little, Brown-Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.50), which tells the story of the trials of Swedish immigrants in Minnesota, as Mrs. Cannon herself saw them there and heard of them from her father, a lawyer. This is an important addition to the growing mass of "regional literature" of which O. E. Rölvaag's fine *Giants in the Earth* was the outstanding example in 1927. Mrs. Cannon has written a rounded, solidly wrought story that should stand the hard test of time. It is her first novel.

Those readers who have followed the fortunes of the Tory Tietjens's through Ford Madox Ford's trilogy which began with *Some Do Not . . .* and went on with *No More Parades*, and *A Man Could Stand Up*, will be interested in the addition of a fourth volume to this series. It is called *The Last Post* (Albert and Charles Boni, $2.50), and concerns the post-war fortunes of Mark Tietjens, introduced to us as hopelessly paralyzed by his own mental reaction to the terms of the Armistice. Christopher Tietjens is only a minor character; Sylvia appears momentarily on the scene, and there are others from the earlier books as well. This is in no sense a pleasant book, but it is a brilliant display of technique on the part of a great craftsman. The convolute method of telling a story is well used, and there are tense and moving moments, for all the madhouse atmosphere of the action.

Miss Hurst's President

One of the discussed novels of recent weeks is Fannie Hurst's *A President is Born* (Harpers, $2.50), which is the story of the boyhood of a fictional President in Ohio, with footnotes, supposedly written by his sister, to give some insight into his achievements in the White House. There is some good characterization in the novel, and some vigorous writing, but it is often mawkishly sentimental, and Miss Hurst's style is abominable. Her average of split infinitives to the page must be the highest to be found in contemporary literature.

A bright novel by an English newcomer is Helen Simpson's *Cups, Wands and Swords* (Knopf, $2.50), which tells the story of English twins, a brother and sister, thus inevitably recalling Margaret Kennedy's *Red Sky at Morning*. Miss Simpson's background is Oxford and London, and she writes with intelligence of present-day life in both places, as well as with a shrewd handling of the situations that arise from the devotion of the twins. In many respects she has done a better job than Miss Kennedy with somewhat the same theme. Her novel had an especially fine press in England.

For the Story-Lovers

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story. They have it in *Cursed Be the Treasure* by H. B. Drake (Macy-Masius, $2). Mr. Drake's work has been compared with Stevenson's and Conrad's by many critics. This is a long, old-fashioned, plot-novel, written in good English prose, with a love story and high adventure on sea and land to give it interest for those who are weary of social and psychological problems of one sort or another. It is hereby recommended as good entertainment.

Aviation, the one romantic element in the last war, has inspired more books than a few in the last few years, including such amazing chronicles as *War Birds*, which reveals the flyers as a tribe apart. Ramon Guthrie, a young American who was badly wounded in France, and who afterward fell in love with Provence, where he convalesced, with the result that he wrote a corking story of that part of the world called *Marcabrun*, has also written a novel about aviators in the setting of a New York State town, where the war birds are recovering from hurts of one sort or another in a memorial hospital. Their presence brings a long series of complications into the lives of the natives, and the story ends on a note of irony and complete disillusionment. Mr. Guthrie has achieved reality with his flyers and the other characters, and his novel, *Parachute* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), is well worth attention. He is a translator and a poet, and one of the post-war group of young writers who appears to have real promise.

Other Novels of Interest

Among the other novels of recent weeks worth considering for one's next reading list is *November Night* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50) by the anonymous author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out* and two other good novels, an intelligent woman who does the psychological type of fiction with a great deal of skill, and who writes very well indeed. Her new book is the story of a selfish wife. Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Iron and Smoke* (Dutton, $2.50), is her first novel in three years; it begins much better than it ends, but the average is good enough to make it worth considering. *The Legend Called Meryom* by Joseph Gaer (Morrow, $2.50), is a quiet, thoughtful, and informative story of a Jewish family in a Little Russian community, with a considerable amount of real charm about its unpretentiousness. *The French Wife*, by Dorothy Graham (Stokes, $2), affords an interesting glimpse into the manners and customs of the French aristocracy; there are certain troublesome crudities of style, but the story is handled deftly, and is entertaining in addition to its apparent fidelity of description of Americans in contact with French bluebloods.

I have had the privilege of reading in proof an extraordinary book that will be published in all probability by the time what is written here reaches print. It is called *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* and is by Howard W. Odum (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). In the form of a monologue, it presents the story of a roaming negro, who, after leaving his home in the South, wanders all over America. There are adventures of many sorts; there are many songs interpolated by the narrator into his tale; but most of all there is astonishing reality and absolute fidelity to negro character. I hope to say more of this book later, but in the meantime it is worth remembering and watching for.

More About America

It has come to the point where I am very nearly forced to give a division of this article each month to books about the United States—not, to be sure, that we have ever lacked interest in ourselves, or that foreigners have ever been without interest in us, but the number of books of general American history intended for popular consumption argues a high degree of curiosity on the part of the citizens of the United States in their own affairs.

Four important volumes in *A History of American Life*, edited by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox and published by Macmillan, the whole to include twelve volumes, are now available, *The First Americans: 1607-1690* by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker; *Provincial Society: 1690-1763* by James Truslow Adams; *The Rise of the Common Man: 1830-1850* by Carl Russell Fish; and *The Emergence of Modern America: 1865-1878* by Allan Nevins. These books are well illustrated and have good bibliographies. They are history from the human

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point of view, and good reading, in addition to their scholarly qualities.

An exhaustive and definite study on one aspect of American history is Howard Mumford Jones's large volume upon *America and French Culture* (University of North Carolina Press, $5), in which Mr. Jones has bound together a vast and heterogenous amount of material with certain extremely interesting theories. This book is representative of present-day standards of American scholarship, and it loses none of its appeal to the ordinarily intelligent reader of books on serious subjects because of its soundness and the quality of research back of it. Many writers have proved that it is not in the least necessary to be dull in order to be scholarly, and this is the tradition followed by Mr. Jones.

The third volume in Macy-Masius's interesting new "American Bookshelf" series, edited by Mark Van Doren, is one of the richest of early books pertaining to life in this country, *The Travels of William Bartram*. Bartram's book was first published in 1791 in Philadelphia; a year later it appeared in England, and Coleridge came upon it to the enrichment of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Kubla Khan*. Carlyle liked it, too. Bartram was a naturalist primarily, but a shrewd observer in many other directions, and with an appealing personality. The full text of his book, which, incidentally, is a splendid account of life among the Southern Indians on this continent, is reprinted in the Macy-Masius edition, which is priced at $2.50. Its predecessors in the series have been *Samuel Sewall's Diary* and the Parson Weems *Life and Virtues of General George Washington*. William Byrd's *Journey to the Land of Eden, and Other Papers*, and Robert Montgomery Bird's *Nick of the Woods* will be along shortly.

As Others See Us

We have never as a nation had cause to repeat the familiar words of Mr. Burns about seeing ourselves as others see us. Our foreign friends have been only too glad to help us in that respect. When the friends happen to be historians of recognized standing, we can well afford to give heed to their studies. *The Oxford History of the United States* by S. E. Morrison, for many years professor of American history at Oxford, is now available; it is published in two volumes by the Oxford University Press, American Branch. Dr. Morrison contends that England is an excellent place from which to view our vast hurly-burly, and he has thus viewed us from 1783 to 1917.

Régis Michaud's *The American Novel of Today* (Little, Brown, $3.50) is a French professor's view of us, as he sees us through the novels of a number of leading writers. M. Michaud was formerly of the faculty of the University of California, and has many other close ties with this country, so that he writes with the authority of sound knowledge. His is a brilliant, if not especially optimistic, study of the present state of civilization in the United States. Other French observers, notably André Siegfried in *America Comes of Age*, have not found us the most blessed of nations, but M. Michaud interestingly bases his conclusions upon the works of our own outstanding novelists rather than upon his own opinions. He has written a provocative book.

On European Liberalism

More directly in the field of history is the third volume of the Elié Halevy *A History of the English People* which Harcourt, Brace are publishing at $6 a volume. The third covers the years between 1830 and 1841, or the period from the passage of the Reform Bill to the rise of the Chartists and Free Traders. M. Halevy is a professor in the Sorbonne. A translation of Guido de Ruggiero's *The History of European Liberalism* by R. G. Collingwood has just been published by the Oxford University Press at $5.50; this book has its topical appeal in the present low state of liberalism in so many European nations. It is a vital chapter in the whole long story of the fight for human freedom, a struggle that gives excellent promise of continuing straight through to the millenial dawn.

The New Maurois Biography

From the point of view of popular interest there can be little doubt that the most important recent biography is André Maurois's long-awaited *Disraeli* (Appleton, $3), which

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is a fascinating book, quite as well done as *Ariel*, although it does not possess a subject to match Shelley, to be sure. As in the case of Shelley, however, M. Maurois has chosen to do a portrait of a man who interests him tremendously. The result goes a long way to explain Disraeli, one of the most complex and puzzling characters to be found in history. This sort of biography is often said to have as great or greater interest than most novels, and to me, at least, *Disraeli* has. Whether it will find as wide a public as *Ariel* would be difficult to forecast, but it is delightful reading.

A book that gave a good many people an agreeable surprise was Isadora Duncan's *My Life* (Boni and Liveright, $5), a volume hurried through the presses after the sudden death of the dancer. It is, in spite of its lack of certain literary qualities, a genuinely moving portrayal of the dancer's life struggles, told without any suggestion of vulgarity, and transcending its own intrinsic importance by its deep sincerity. One does not need to add that The Duncan lived a colorful and eventful life.

Mr. Gladstone Redivivus

Osbert Burdett, the English critic and author, among other books, of an excellent volume on the 'Nineties in England called *The Beardsley Period*, has done a biography in the modern manner in his *W. E. Gladstone* (Houghton Mifflin, $4), his aim being to bring the eminent Victorian to life rather than to tell the whole story of his achievements. Mr. Burdett is content to let his book stand as a character portrayal, and indeed there can be little need for a new full-length biography of Gladstone in the conventional manner after Morley's monumental work. Mr. Burdett writes well, and Gladstone has a direct appeal to the modernistic biographer because of the many contradictory elements in his make-up.

Two new books by and about stage folk, the authors of both well known in this country, although one of them is an Englishman, are *Clowning Through Life* by Eddie Foy and Alvin Harlow (Dutton, $5), and *Lest I Forget* by Cyril Maude (Sears, $4). These are unconventional memoirs, full of anecdotes and personalities, and therefore entertaining. Mr. Foy began his stage career as an acrobat, and rose from that lowly occupation to a position as one of the best-known music hall comedians in America; Mr. Maude has a large and devoted following all over this country, which he has toured as a "trouper", and he writes with a keen sense of humor.

A Life of Beardsley

Haldane Macfall's *Aubrey Beardsley: The Clown, the Harlequin and the Pierrot of His Age* (Simon and Schuster, $6) is a lavishly illustrated biography and critical study of a great artist and a pathetic figure, which while not entirely satisfactory, is an interesting and important contribution to the literature that has grown up about an illustrator whose influence is as strong today as it was during the days of his tremendous furore in London. Mr. Macfall was entirely unsympathetic to Beardsley's work when it first began to appear, but he is lavish enough in his praises in this book, and also determined to clear Beardsley from any suspicion of active participation in the vices of the period which finally brought Oscar Wilde to jail and eventually to his terribly tragic death in Paris.

Cameron Roger's *Gallant Ladies* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) is a collection of biographical studies of a dozen women, ranging from Mata Hari, shot as a spy during the World War, to such glamorous figures as Mademoiselle de Maupin and the Duchess of Cleveland. America is represented by "Calamity Jane" and Belle Starr, both of whom are treated at greater length and in more realistic detail by Duncan Aikman in his recent *Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats* (Holt, $3.50). Mr. Rogers's book is, on the whole, well done. The sketch of Mata Hari is especially interesting:

Two Books on China

Recent months have seen enough books printed on the Chinese situation to fill a good-sized set of bookshelves, and there will be many more this year. The subject is inexhaustible. One of the best of the lot that I have read is Dr. Paul Monroe's *China: A Nation in Evolution* (Macmillan, $3.50), a very human book which makes no pretense of being indisputably authoritative on all

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points, but which reflects a civilized point of view, and which, above all, has balance—by that I mean Dr. Monroe is sympathetic with the Chinese, but also willing to grant that Western civilization may have something to give them, and is not wholly bad. The author spends much space considering the spirit of the Chinese, and writes intelligently of their irreligious proclivities. There are many apt quotations from Chinese sources to give the book added value.

Another recent book on China is Arthur Ransome's *The Chinese Puzzle* (Houghton Mifflin, $2), with an introduction by Lloyd George, in which that statesmen frankly admits that China's day has dawned in her relations with the Western Powers and predicts the necessity for sweeping concessions within the next few years. Mr. Ransome was sent to China by *The Manchester Guardian* and *The Baltimore Sun*, and he has something of value to add to a multi-faceted subject which is perfectly certain to engage a good deal of the world's attention, willy-nilly, for a long time to come.

More About World Peace

World-peace is another of the most popular topics of the day, and Henry Noel Brailsford's *Olives of an Endless Age* (Harper, $3.50) is an important contribution to the subject. Mr. Brailsford first surveys the present state of international affairs, which he finds distressing, as well he might, and then outlines a plan for a new League of Nations in the form of a world federation which he believes will bring peace and good-will of a permanent sort. One of the most bitterly ironical spectacles of the present day is the number of people who are dreaming of world-peace, while about them the nations, small and large, including, let it be said, our own, go right ahead with preparations for bigger and better wars.

Of recent books of a general nature, I can recommend two with all heartiness, one a new translation of Montaigne's *Essays* by J. B. Trechmann, published by the Oxford University Press in two volumes at $3, and the other *Much Loved Books: Best Sellers of the Ages* by James O'Donnell Bennett (Boni and Liveright, $3.50). This last is a collection of essays originally printed in a Chicago newspaper. They are delightful in quality, and any worker in the field of literature would have to look far for a more useful desk book. Its appeal is quite as strong to any other lover of good books. The Trechmann Montaigne is complete and unexpurgated, and the books are fine examples of good modern bookmaking at a reasonable price.

Other Books Received

ESSAYS

Old London City. By *Lilian and Ashmore Russan.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $1.50.

This is properly speaking a handbook, arranged partly in alphabetical order, for those who love London out of the historical pageant of the years.

A Miscellany of Tracts and Pamphlets. Edited by *A. C. Ward.* New York: Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

A charming book of essays by George Fox, Daniel Defoe, Jonathan Swift, John Wesley, and others, included among which is H. G. Wells.

In Defense of Women. By *H. L. Mencken.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

As usual Mr. Mencken says just what he thinks of a subject and does not beat about the bush. These sayings were first published in 1918 and this is the ninth large edition.

Roads to the Revolution. By *Sarah Comstock.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

These interesting studies of the spots and places of Colonial and Revolutionary times will stir up the imagination of all those who value ancestry and origins.

Conquistador. By *Philip Guedalla.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

These are sketches written after the author had visited the United States and include references to our railroads, mixture of races, civic customs, *et cetera.*

Contemporary Essays. Edited by *William T. Hastings.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.75.

The book presents an illuminating picture of the modern world as seen through the eyes of various philosophers and critics.

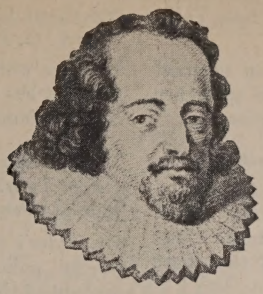
FICTION

The Portrait Invisible. By *Joseph Gollomb.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Men and women, intricacy and murder are the notes upon which is played this story of chequered actions.

The Sower of the Wind. By *Richard Dehan.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Set in South Africa this is a story of an exotic woman whose love affair left a strange and beautiful memory.



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For details about the method of procedure to be followed by contestants, address the Francis Bacon Award, care of Simon and Schuster, Inc., Publishers, 37 West 57th Street, New York City or care of THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Stella Marvin. By *Marie Tello Phillips.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $2.00.

In affirming her faith in a love founded on spiritual guidance, the author has not forgotten to spice her pages with humor and to salt them with drama.

American Mystery Stories. Edited by *Carolyn Wells.* New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

These stories have been selected by Carolyn Wells, who also writes a Foreword in which she draws a distinction between the detective story and the ghost or mystery story.

American Detective Stories. Edited by *Carolyn Wells.* New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

This is a companion book to the one above mentioned and carries out the idea of the distinction which the editor has drawn between "mystery" and "detective" stories.

The Wise Wife. By *Arthur Somers Roche.* New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

The plot involves a couple whose course of happiness is interrupted by a siren, who is yet not wise enough to outwit the wife, who triumphs in the end.

Crooked. By *Maximilian Foster.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

The theme here is the well worn one of a wife who urges a husband to further and further spending until the menage ends in a crash.

The Poor Gentleman. By *Ian Hay.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

A tale of a man who was blind and who won the love of a fair lady, both gallant and true. There are many adventures, all told in the way in which Major Beith excels.

The Dark House. By *J. B. Priestley.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

The publisher has engineered a good publicity stunt by announcing on the jacket of this book that the last part of this great mystery story is "sealed". He says, "If you start this book and then can return it to your bookseller with the seal unbroken, your money will be refunded!"

The Way Things Are. By *E. M. Delafield.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

How an average woman overcame the temptation to yield to a love outside of marriage, because of the usualness of everyday things.

The Gulf of Years. By *Watson Griffin.* Toronto: The Point Brothers. A Canadian Story of thought, action, love and faith.

HISTORY

Five Centuries of Religion. By *G. G. Coulton.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

This is Volume II in a series which is to run to four volumes, and is published in Mediaeval Life and Thought Series, this particular work being entitled *The Friars and the Dead Weight of Tradition.*

Old Court Life in France. By *Frances Elliot.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

This is a work which was first published twenty years ago, but has now combined two volumes in one and is issued in handsome style.

The Foreign Policy of James G. Blaine. By *Alice Felt Tyler.* Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. $3.50.

Dr. Tyler's thoroughly documented study of Blaine's foreign policy is the first adequate, dispassionate account of this enduring aspect of his career.

A Short History of Great Britain. By *R. B. Mowat.* New York: Oxford University Press. $1.25.

A concisely told tale of British history since 1714, and especially to be welcomed for its clarity in describing the World War.

India Tomorrow. By *Khub Dekhta Age.* New York: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

A review of conditions as they may be ten years after the passing of the Government of India Act, 1919.

The New Germany. By *Ernst Jäckh.* New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.00.

A treatise written from the Geneva point of view in the form of several lectures.

JUVENILE

Balloon Moon. By *Elise Pumpelly Cabot.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

Mrs. Cabot's verses have a lilt and swing and a quaint story sense which children of younger age will greatly enjoy.

The Enchanted Road. By *Edith Howes.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $1.75.

From stories of the young of the animal and flower worlds, Miss Howes shows the way for parents to tell the mystery of sex to children who ask difficult questions.

The Midnight Folk. By *John Masefield.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Little Kay Harker lived in an unsympathetic home, and one night was glad to go searching for his ancestor's hidden treasure when Nibbins, the black cat, led the way.

The Pinto Horse. By *Charles E. Perkins.* Santa Barbara, California: Wallace Hebberd. $2.50.

The book is distinguished by a foreword written by Owen Wister, the man who knows how to write true stories of cowboy life himself.

Gay-Neck: The Story of a Pigeon. By *Dhan Gopal Mukerji.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.25.

This story of life in India written by one who though born there, now makes his home in the United States, is interesting alike to children and adults.

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Collected Poems. By *Edwin Arlington Robinson.* New York: The Macmillan Company. In 5 vols. $10.50.

Here is poetry unsensational, unelaborate, unrevolutionary, yet intensely modern. The thing that Robinson's art does for life is to transform and transfigure it!

Collected Poems. By *Josephine Preston Peabody.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

Katherine Lee Bates has written the foreword to this collection of the work of Mrs. Lionel S. Marks, who before death called was already famous.

American Lyrics. By *Louis M. Goren.* Boston: The Meador Publishing Company. $1.50.

In the State of Arizona a Russian-Jewish school master found contentment and poetry after years of struggling and defeat.

Fifty Poems. By *A. D. Godley.* New York: The Oxford University Press. $1.75.

The fifty poems in this volume have been chosen from the four books of verse published by A. D. Godley in his lifetime, covering the period 1881–1919.

A White Sail Set. By *Virginia Lyne Tunstall.* New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Already widely known as a contributor to the magazines, Mrs. Tunstall has at last assembled her best work between the covers of a book.

Brush Strokes on the Fan of a Courtesan. By *Dorothy Graham* and *James W. Bennett.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $1.50.

Mr. Bennett's first book, a collection of short stories, is partial collaboration. The author is known for his lectures at St. John's University, Shanghai.

Hale's Pond and Other Poems. By *James Whaler.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $1.50.

Against the primitive background of the North woods, the poet etches with sharp lines.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

The Story of Geology. By *Allan L. Benson.* New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.00.

This is a book which raises such disconcerting questions as: "How deep is the atmosphere of the earth?"—"What evidence is there that the continents were once joined together?" The author, who is a literary man, wrote this work on geology because here was no book about this subject suitable to the layman's interest.

What Can a Man Believe? By *Bruce Barton.* Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Himself a business man in advertising circles, Bruce Barton is trying to bring real religion into the busy marts of trade and commerce.

The Science of Religion. By *Lewis Guy Rohrbaugh.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

Presents a reasonable explanation of religious phenomena, depending chiefly upon psychological findings, but at the same time using the pertinent contributions of other sciences.

Revelation and Inspiration. By *Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield.* New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00.

A scholarly work by the Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton.

SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS

Immigration Crossroads. By *Constantine Panunzio.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"The great question is to discover, not what governments prescribe, but what they ought to prescribe, for no prescription is valid against the conscience of mankind," is quoted at the beginning of this book from Lord Acton.

Life Insurance: Its Economic and Social Relations. Education and Philanthropy. By *John Alford Stevenson.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

This is another production listed under the general term of life insurance which comprises information explaining the existing advantages of this form of insurance as a means for creating funds for educational and philanthropic needs.

Wills, Trusts and Estates. By *James L. Madden.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Proper protection of dependents involves the careful naming of beneficiaries, the correct choice of settlement plan, and in many instances the effecting of a proper trust arrangement.

Peace or War? By *Lt. Commander J. M. Kenworthy.* New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

One of the best known members of the English House of Commons deals in this book with the greatest problem of the day.

Democratic Distinction in America. By *W. C. Brownell.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

In the compass of these pages are considered such subjects as our basic national traits, tradition, popular culture and other features of American society.

Business-Cycle Theory. By *Alvin Harvey Hansen.* New York: Ginn and Company. $2.00.

Dr. Hansen is professor of economics at the University of Minnesota and is able to speak on the development and present status of this theory.

The Elements of Crime. By *Boris Brasol.* New York: Oxford University Press. $5.00.

John H. Wigmore, Professor of Law at Nothwestern University, and William A. White M.D., of Washington, have written introductions to this psycho-social interpretation of the subject of crime.

The Invisible Government. By *William Bennett Munro.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The author writes of fundamentalism in politics, the myth of popular sovereignty, the law of the pendulum, government by propaganda, the money power, and our strengthening sectionalism.

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Peace in Europe. By *Augur.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

This pen name covers the identity of a keen observer of life, and his comment plays upon the present tendency to have peace in order to enjoy the fruits of material living, which characterizes Europe.

The Road to Plenty. By *William T. Foster* and *Waddill Catchings.* Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

The question is herein asked: How can we bring greater prosperity to business, and more of the good things of life to all the people?

SPORTS AND GAMES

Auction Bridge Sidelights. By *R. E. Needham.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $2.00.

In his preface to his volume the author makes the remark, "Just as the horse must do his own drinking, so must the Auction player do his own thinking."

Hands Up! By *Capini Vequin.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00.

This is described as a book for information and amusement, in other words, palmistry for pastime.

Major Sport Fundamentals. By *Charles E. Hammett.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

A valuable book giving suggestions on the more important games, one section being devoted to the psychology of coaching, and the other to practical work on field and floor.

TRAVEL

A Wayfarer in Portugal. By *Philip S. Marden.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Portugal, as yet but little known to holiday-makers, is not a large country, and is so constituted that every visitor follows virtually the same path, but the visitors are too few at the present moment to do justice to this highly entertaining and interesting country.

Umbria Santa. By *Corrado Ricci.* Translated by *H. C. Stewart.* New York: Oxford University Press. $4.00.

A description of a tour from village to village and painter to painter in Italy, giving notes on the human characters of the saints and the leaders of spiritual thought in that marvellous and enchanted land which has done so much for the progress of civilization.

The Black Journey. By *Georges Marie Haardt* and *Louis Audouin Dubreuil.* New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $4.00.

The adventurous Citroën expedition across Africa, starting in Morocco, south to the Belgian Congo, then east to Lake Victoria and Madagascar, is the subject of this extraordinary travel narrative, into which are crowded pigmies, cannibals, dancing-girls and dark warriors.

The African Saga. By *Blaise Cendrars.* Translated by *Margery Bianco.* New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $5.00.

In this collection, Blaise Cendrars has brought together for the general reader rather than the scholar, the main body of Negro myths, folk-tales, chants and incantations. In spite of strangeness the mental common denominator of mankind is once more found in all its strength and beauty.

Across Asia's Snows and Deserts. By *William J. Morden, F.R.G.S.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

The Morden-Clark Expedition across Asia from Bombay to Peking was an unequalled traverse of that amazing region. This expedition for the American Museum of Natural History had intended to connect with Roy Chapman Andrews but because of Chinese political conditions, Andrews was unable to set out westward from Peking.

Etah and Beyond. By *Donald B. MacMillan.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

This account of life within twelve degrees of the Pole contains everything the reader wishes to know about the far North,—the plants and animals, the Eskimos, their life and legends, stories of old explorers—all this is here presented in an absorbing story of adventure.

Morocco from a Motor. By *Paul E. Vernon.* New York: The Macmillan Company.

Illustrated with colored plates, this interesting account of an automobile trip through Morocco will appeal to most travelers.

Travels in North Africa. By *Nahum Slouschz.* Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America

This book was the result of ten years of travel among the Jews of Africa, and much study and research into their history and ethnography.

A Globegadder's Diary. By *Ralph Parlette.* Chicago: Parlette-Paget Company. $5.00.

Record of the traveling of the author together with four hundred visitors who saw the Near East and the Far East as well as most of the intermediate points.

Little Slants at Western Life. By *Sarah Emilia Olden.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $2.00.

Many people enjoy the advantages of travel, but few such as Miss Olden have the gift for observation together with the ability to write entertainingly.

A Pilgrimage to Palestine. By *Harry Emerson Fosdick.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Dr. Fosdick has put his pilgrimage to Palestine in a category by itself by making it a simply amazing pageant of historical associations, an exhibit of the ramifications between the geographical features of Palestine and the contents of the Bible.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
MARCH, 1928

CHARLES GATES DAWES

BY X—————

"THERE are," said the attorney, "seven good reasons why my client cannot appear in court today. In the first place, he is dead."

"Never mind the other six reasons," said the Judge.

Though in no sense his attorney, it would be easy for me to give more than seven reasons why Charles Gates Dawes should be nominated for the Presidency by the Republican party and elected by the people of the United States; and I might give as the first and all-sufficient one simply that he is Dawes. It will, however, be worth while to proceed with further specifications.

We may say, then, at the beginning, that he conspicuously meets the requirements of the traditional "Three C's", to wit, Character, Capacity and Courage. Upon the first it would be not only superfluous but also invidious to dwell. The time of mud-slinging is past. There will be no more "329" and "tattooed man" campaigns. The American nation assumes that every Presidential candidate put forward by a responsible party is a man of unimpeachable moral character, and would visit consuming wrath equally upon any exception to that rule and upon any attempt to make it falsely appear that an exception had been made. Character has become a matter of course. But even were it not so, we could confidently say of Mr. Dawes that—

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Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.

Neither need we dwell upon his capacity. The range of his activities has been unusually wide and varied, in peace and in war, in public service and in private enterprise. Engineer, lawyer, industrialist, financier, political leader, practical philanthropist, Comptroller of the Currency, chief of the General Purchasing Board for the A. E. F. in the World War, first Director of the Budget, part author and whole sponsor of the only practicable plan yet devised for dealing with the German Reparations problem, writer of outstandingly authoritative works on banking and finance, Vice-President of the United States, he has in every instance shown himself a highly capable man of affairs. Nor is there occasion to defend the courage of a man who thought no more of lecturing the United States Senate for its delinquencies than a pedagogue would of chiding his pupils for tardiness or inattention. Character, capacity and courage find an apt synonym in the name of Dawes.

Are there those who look for American traditions and the American spirit in an American President? Let them consider, then, the great-grandson of the man who led the midnight ride of Paul Revere to Lexington and Concord; and think of the son of the commanding General of the Wisconsin Iron Brigade.

Experience is an essential qualification; and it is abundantly predicated of him in the varied and important catalogue of his activities which we have already rehearsed; of which it is to be observed that it comprises some of the things most essential for a Chief Magistrate to know and to do.

Come we now to the only point on which there is to be any suggestion of comparison or contrast with other candidates, and that in only a general and impersonal way. Two generations ago a United States Senator won applause by scornfully demanding "What do we care for 'Abroad'?" But none would dare to repeat those words today. We do, and we should, care for "Abroad", having what Jefferson attributed to us more than a century and a half ago, "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind"; wherefore it is highly to be desired that an American President shall be known and well esteemed by other important

nations. It is scarcely to be questioned that Mr. Dawes is conspicuous among the three or four American statesmen whose names are best known and who personally have most prestige throughout the world. I am not concerned with the precise fractional percentage of his share in the authorship of the Dawes Plan. What is indisputable is that he had so large a share in it that his colleagues deemed it fitting that it should be called by his name; as also that he, probably above all others, had so much faith in its righteousness and practicality that he did not hesitate to accept full sponsorship for it. Neither am I concerned with questions as to the permanent efficiency of that Plan, or its possible modification or abrogation at some future date. The facts, writ large upon the history of the world, are that the Dawes Plan was accepted and acclaimed as the means of rehabilitating and stabilizing the finances of Germany, and of causing a successful refunctioning of the processes or reparations which before it had fallen into apparently hopeless chaos and desuetude. The man whose name is inseparably identified with that achievement will as President have a world-wide prestige and command a world-wide confidence such as only a minority of his predecessors have possessed, and such—with all possible respect—as scarcely any other present aspirant to the Presidency could reasonably hope to enjoy.

The logic of the Constitution of the United States is another pertinent and forceful reason for choosing Mr. Dawes as our next President. The original intent was that there should be no discrimination between President and Vice-President in voting for those officers, but that practically all votes should be cast for candidates for the Presidency; the candidate getting the largest number becoming President, and the one getting the next largest number becoming Vice-President. We have changed that, it is true, so as to vote for the two separately; but we have retained unaltered the requirement that the Vice-President shall possess precisely the same qualifications as the President. The obvious and inescapable inference is, therefore, that while we choose him whom we regard as our best man for the Presidential nomination, we choose the next best man for the so-called second place on the ticket; wherefore, after the former has served his term, the latter stands as the best man to succeed him. On three noteworthy

occasions in our history, Vice-Presidents have been directly promoted to the Presidency. Five times, five tragic times, have Vice-Presidents become Acting-Presidents to fill out terms interrupted by death. Thus has been impressed upon the nation the need of selecting for the Vice-Presidency men whom it would be pleased to have in the Presidency, and whom therefore it might well—perhaps should—in consistency elect in due turn to the latter office.

I hesitate to add that much perverted term, Availability, as yet another reason for nominating Mr. Dawes; and yet in its better and legitimate sense it is not unworthy of such mention, and in "practical politics" it doubtless needs to be considered. And in that respect, surely he stands second to no other possible candidate. Always a loyal party man, even an "organization" man, he is free from factional affiliation or odium, but is an impartial representative of the whole Republican party. An American of Americans, he is singularly free from the taint of sectionalism, but belongs to the entire nation. Of New England ancestry, he belongs directly to the Middle West; while his record as a business man and national financier commends him to the East, and his sympathetic interest in agricultural welfare makes him equally acceptable to the Far West. Free, also, is he from those issues of "wet" or "dry", of creed, and of Klan, which are potentially vexatious to some other candidates.

So we come back to the original proposition, that the foremost reason for making him President is that he is the man he is—that he is Dawes. Personality, after all, is supreme; and if there is in this Republic a more vivid, vital, clean cut, commanding personality than his, no mention of it has been made in the canvass of Presidential candidates. The man who could smash the icons of fond tradition and lecture the Senate in its own Chamber, and who also could write of his own dead son a message that is an imperishable classic in the literature of the heart; the man who could direct "big business" and national finance, and then devote his own fortune to building homes for the aged poor; the man who could conduct slashing and victorious political campaigns, and then compose music in which masters and virtuosos delight—that man is a man after America's own heart.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MEXICO?

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

THE government of Porfirio Diaz fell in 1911, and immediately the Mexican problem which had been dormant for a quarter of a century awoke and snarled. It has been growing worse ever since. At present there is little prospect of its solution. Fortunately, however, it is the sort of witches' cauldron that can smoke and sizzle almost indefinitely without causing war. It has been doing that ever since Venustiano Carranza assumed power (which was in 1916) although he has been dead several years. At first the re-awakened Mexican problem was little more than a matter of protection of lives and property, but year after year since then it has expanded in area, as well as grown deeper in principle. Merely to catalogue the issues pending today would present a sizable pamphlet. The very first issue, namely protection of life and property, which served as herald for the procession to follow, is still pending, and so are all the others that have arisen since Diaz fell. Not one has been settled.

Recently the Supreme Court of Mexico handed down a decision in the test case brought by the Mexican Petroleum Company of California. This case offered an opportunity to clear up the tangled oil rights problems and because the decision was, on its face, favorable to the American Company it was hailed as of the greatest importance. But in fact the big issues were not decided; decision was awarded on a point of less than secondary importance. The way is still open to decisions that would blast the hopes of American investors in Mexican oil lands. Nevertheless President Calles took prompt steps to amend the oil laws to conform with the decision on the minor point in question and this may be a good omen. Time will tell far better than any forecast made today. Little harm can result from taking an optimistic view. The cynical view, which is just as well supported by the facts, may be stated briefly as follows: Mexico

needs money; the new American ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow, is a former partner in the banking firm of J. P. Morgan. Perhaps he may be induced by a show of good intentions to assist in negotiating a new loan. If not, the way is still open to undo all that the Supreme Court and the amended oil law have done . . . which is, as a matter of fact, very little.

There are two approaches to a statement of the Mexican problem as it exists today: One involves a discussion of numerous involved legal questions; the other, and to my way of thinking the better, is to go back of the legal problems and take up the conflicting points of view out of which they were evolved. Under the Diaz régime, which lasted more than a generation, approximately three billions of dollars of foreign capital were invested in Mexico. Of this sum about two-thirds were American. Mexico was the only foreign country in which Americans had invested heavily before the World War. Mexico had never before enjoyed such a long period of uninterrupted material development, nor for that matter such a long period of peace and stable government. By 1910 Mexican politicians were thoroughly tired of it and for an obvious reason; either they were in the Government or they weren't even recognized as politicians. Leadership and authority absolutely centred in one man, and by 1911 Diaz was more than eighty years of age. When the revolution broke he was ill. If he had ever designated his successor, doubtless that successor would have taken charge, but there was no crown prince. Men knew that when he died a scramble for office must ensue, and so they anticipated his death by a few years. They had no great real issues to present, so they proceeded to manufacture slogans likely to appeal to the people. One of these was "Mexico for the Mexicans", another was "Beware the Colossus of the North", meaning the United States. Two others that should be mentioned were "Land for the Landless" and "No Reëlection".

Every one of the slogans made a pleasing sound, but not one presented a constructive issue and all were destined to lead to difficulties. "Mexico for the Mexicans" was pure demagogery, because no one was trying to take Mexico away from the Mexicans. On the contrary the masses were profiting enormously from the large foreign investment attracted by stable Govern-

ment. "Beware the Colossus of the North" was sheer idiocy. The American people as a whole felt the utmost good will toward Mexico and expressed it on every possible occasion, especially through their Government. They bought and paid a premium for Mexican bonds. They regarded the Mexican Government as one of the soundest on earth. So far from threatening the sovereignty of Mexico were they, that if the Mexican people themselves had applied for annexation, the proposal would have had no chance of favorable consideration. "Land for the Landless" did not present a feasible programme, for many reasons. First, Mexico is not primarily an agricultural country; only about ten or twelve per cent. of its area is naturally available for the plow. Most of Mexico's wealth takes some other form than arable land. Secondly, if all of the land available had actually been divided among the people, they would not have had the necessary skill to wrest a living from it; neither did they possess the necessary tools or capital. "No Reëlection" did not present an honest issue, because all Mexican Governments had held power solely by force of arms. That is true to the present day and will be true indefinitely. The unique innovation Diaz introduced was that he held power longer than any other man before him or since. Popular elections as they are understood in the United States were not possible in his day nor are they now. More than half of the people were illiterate and they still are. Elections in Mexico have always been decided by force of arms, and the latest one has just been so decided by wholesale executions. Therefore to call for an election meant simply to call for civil war. So much for the slogans.

But the evil that men utter lives after them. A great many young Mexican leaders of about the rank that we would associate with the office of State Senator really came to believe that foreign capital was gobbling up the whole country, and their mistake was quite natural. Having no scientific or technical knowledge, they could not realize how vast were the still untouched resources of their country. If they saw a mine in operation it seemed to be owned by Americans, English, French, or Germans. Railroads were operated by Americans and English. To the unscientific observer Mexico might easily have appeared even then to be

already gobbled, hoof, hide and horns, by the foreigners. Such a situation would quite naturally wound patriotic pride.

President Madero, who succeeded Porfirio Diaz, was concerned principally about democratic institutions. He believed that the Constitution could be followed to the letter and that the people were ready for actual self government. He was violently and quickly and fairly easily overthrown by General Victoriano Huerta, who would probably have emulated Diaz if the United States Government had given him a chance. Instead, a new principle with regard to Latin American relations was promulgated by President Wilson, namely, that no Government that came in by force of arms (and in this case it included assassination also) would be recognized. That again threw the Presidency into the middle of the prize ring and another battle royal ensued. Pancho Villa would have emerged victorious had not President Wilson decided that he was not capable of organizing a Government, and therefore turned to Venustiano Carranza. Recognition, once granted, placed Villa in the position of a rebel against the *de jure* Government and his fortunes waned, but Carranza was frantically and fanatically anti-American and at the earliest opportunity, to be specific, in 1917, promulgated a new Constitution embodying all of the fears and hatreds and economic theories that had animated his military campaign. Beyond question the new Constitution was not legally adopted, but since that was no more possible than elections under Porfirio Diaz, the point may be dismissed. Suffice it to say that there were many men who adhered to the principles therein enunciated, no matter what they thought of Carranza. General Alvaro Obregon, who had commanded his armies and finally overthrew him, supported his Constitution. Likewise General Plutarco Elias Calles, who succeeded Obregon, did not admire Carranza but has done far more than Carranza to make his Constitution effective. During the years of his absurd Presidency General Carranza was the mouthpiece of anti-foreignism rather than the ruler of his country, for he never actually controlled one-third of its area.

The Constitution which he promulgated drew a line thirty to sixty miles behind the seashores and borders, prohibiting foreigners from owning land within these zones, presumably on the

theory that invasion was imminent and gun emplacements or something of that sort might be planted there. The Carranza Constitution also prohibits foreigners from holding any property whatever unless they agree never to appeal to their home Governments for protection of their property rights. Obviously this is in conflict with all traditions of international intercourse. From the time this Constitution was promulgated the Mexican Government has attempted to make its provisions retroactive with regard to property. That, again, is contrary to international usage. The principle that applies here is that a government may do what it pleases about the future but cannot cancel lawful rights already acquired; more particularly if they were acquired by simple purchase on the part of one private citizen from another. That is the way virtually all American owned property in Mexico was acquired.

The Carranza Constitution not only prohibits or sharply restricts foreign ownership of land, but it prohibits the preaching of any religion by anyone except a Mexican. It provides that all mineral rights belong to the Nation and cannot be owned privately at all. The laws passed to enforce this provision state in effect that although you have bought worthless jungle land from a private owner for no other purpose than to explore it for petroleum, you will not own that petroleum even if you find it. You will merely lease from the Government the privilege of permitting the wells to flow and you will receive a percentage of the oil. The Constitution also provides that land shall not be held in large blocks. Holdings beyond a certain size may be broken up by force and distributed to the landless. In actual practice during the last five years this provision has been used to seize productive properties instead of large inactive land holdings. Productive properties have been opened to pillage and then abandoned. The law provides that persons whose lands are taken for distribution shall receive in payment bonds guaranteed by the Government. No such bonds have been issued, nor would they have any value if they were issued. To put the matter bluntly, men in disfavor were robbed of their properties and have no appeal.

The fundamental difficulty between the United States and

Mexico does not rest, as so many persons have asserted, upon the incompatibility of Anglo-Saxon and Latin or Indian temperaments. The real difficulty is ignorance of the nature of modern business. If Mexico had been adequately supplied with first rate technical schools fifty years ago, there would never have been the slightest uneasiness about the extent of foreign holdings. And similarly if the Mexicans had had large industrial and commercial organizations of their own, they would have understood how very vulnerable these giants are when not protected by stable government and reassured by reasonable taxation. In the world in which we live today, no matter whether in Mexico, Pennsylvania, Persia, or England, big business is essential. The size of the unit in modern economic affairs has grown enormously. Therefore to be frightened by mere size stifles progress. The great masses of the Mexican people, as indeed of every other people, desire development, if they stop to think about the matter. Big business is no longer a boast, it is a necessity. This being true the wise administrator studies this mechanism upon which his daily comforts depend in order that he may deal with it intelligently. It must be taxed because it has more wealth than individuals. It must be regulated because it is more powerful than individuals. But it must also be protected, because in spite of its size, wealth, and power, it is as vulnerable as a soap bubble when taxed capriciously or exposed to violence.

In dealing with big business Mexico is now at just about that unhappy point which many Southwestern, Southern, and Middle Western States reached some fifty to thirty-five years ago. Capital was urgently needed, but it was both invited and damned at the same time. Business men invited it and politicians howled to the mob that its only purpose was to devour them. It was a wolf from Wall Street. That is about where Mexico stands today, but there is, in the case of Mexico and many other Latin American countries, an added difficulty in the fact that their resources require for development millions and tens of millions of dollars while our prairie States were able to get along with much less. Kansas, for example, could still support a large population if there were not an industry or railroad in the State. In Mexico there are populous areas which would be rocky deserts

scarcely able to support a small herd of goats without the mines, ore reduction plants, and miles of copper cable carrying power across the mountains. There are vast areas of hard woods in Latin America that are valueless until railroads and seaports are constructed.

When General Carranza launched his campaign against foreigners in general and Americans in particular, he realized that Mexico could not very well stand alone in its new and extremely radical position. He therefore sent numerous emissaries to other Latin American countries, urging them to adopt the same legislation that he was placing in his new Constitution. He sent eloquent messengers with elaborate statements of his firm belief that it was the purpose of the United States to destroy the sovereignty of every nation from the Rio Grande to the Horn. I know of no reason to doubt that Carranza was honest in these beliefs. He was a small-minded country lawyer, full of theories on nearly any subject that stirs controversies. In short, he was a thoroughgoing fanatic. If he had not been fighting Americans he would have been doing battle lustily and wordily against something else. That was his type. He was not a Communist in the Russian sense, but he welcomed the aid of Russian Bolshevik agitators. They helped him in Mexico where there was no pretense whatever about their identity, and they helped his agents all over Latin America. He spent large sums of money for propaganda in this country at a time when schoolhouses were being closed all over Mexico for lack of funds to pay the teachers. But his battle has not been a failure. There is vigorous anti-Americanism now in every Spanish-speaking country on this side of the world.

Like all other humans we have made a record that is both good and bad. As a rule, however, where we went in to restore order and then remained it was because we could not find our way out. Who among us covets Haiti? Or Santo Domingo? Or Nicaragua? But how to get out? That is the problem. If our purposes were as imperialistic as reported we would not be in any of those countries. Costa Rica is in all things more valuable; while compared to Nicaragua, Salvador is a paradise of productivity and resources; but we have no trouble with them.

Costa Rica is a model and a marvel of good government among Latin American republics and Salvador is a close second. Our clumsy rôle of grandmother to all of the other American republics used to be quite apparent to Latin Americans. Thousands of them laughed at us, a few of them feared us, and all welcomed our protection when they were in trouble with some European government. Our policy was open to debate. Since the Presidency of Carranza in Mexico, however, our attitude has not been open to debate. We are a villain. But this villain is now the richest country in the world and the time was never better for Latin America to be developing its resources. Europe was never an eager investor in Latin America. The United States always has been. If good will can be restored so that Latin America and the United States can see their problems eye to eye, there should ensue an unprecedented era of transition that in twenty-five years of prosperity would carry Latin America through developments which cost this country in its pioneer days at least fifty years of labor.

No matter how the numerous Mexican problems of today are settled, there looms in the background a much bigger one which relates to the future of all Latin America. Mexico enjoys great prestige among the Spanish-speaking American republics, largely because of the work of Porfirio Diaz and partly because of having the largest population of them all. The fact that the policies now being followed in Mexico have brought her to bankruptcy and untold suffering will not be very apparent elsewhere. Other reasons can be assigned. Why not persecution by the Colossus of the North? And that brings us to the crux of the matter. Latin America is at the forks of the road. Each country must choose whether it will follow Conservatism as exemplified in American economic practices, or the Mexican mixture of a Chinese wall and Socialism. Upon the issue depends the time required to make Latin America's place in the sun secure.

"AL" SMITH AND THE SOLID SOUTH

BY GEORGE FORT MILTON

THE subject of this article is not whether "Al" Smith should or should not be nominated. It is not written either to support or to oppose the New Yorker's campaign. Its purpose is not to say that Mr. Smith is or is not fitted for the White House. It is merely to consider coolly, calmly and dispassionately his Electoral prospects in the Solid South.

Not long ago a distinguished Tammany politician indicated to me the States Mr. Smith was "sure to carry", "when nominated". They were: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri, and "of course" the Solid South. Let us momentarily disregard any debate as to any of these Northern States that the Smith group says it expects to win. These States together cast 211 Electoral votes, and in case Mr. Smith carries all of them, as his enthusiastic leaders insist he is sure to do, it is more or less redundant to devote space to discuss whether he can maintain the Solid South. To reach the grand total of 266 Electoral votes which he would need, Mr. Smith would have to secure only 55 more from the South.

But there is no unanimity of opinion as to Smith's certainty of winning all these Northern States. For the sake of argument, let us assume that as a "wet" candidate for President he would carry the principal wet States of the North—Rhode Island, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Missouri. On this basis, he would start South with 103 Electoral votes, and to reach the necessary 266, would need 163 additional.

The total vote of the fourteen Southern States, including Maryland and Kentucky, is 157, or six less than Governor Smith would need. So, again for the sake of argument, we had better allot him another Northern State which his advocates claim his wetness will greatly attract—let us say the State of Pennsylvania.

Conceding him Pennsylvania, with 38 Electoral votes, he has a margin of 32, if he holds fast to all the States of the South.

Many years ago there was a pungent saying that the Southern people believed fundamentally in three things: "Hell, Calomel, and the Democratic Party." Today even calomel has gone a little out of style, a few folks South of the Potomac are unconvinced of Hell, and the Democratic Party is no longer altogether sacrosanct. To realize this last, one needs only to devote a little study to recent Southern elections. The figures disclose the startling fact that the South is not nearly so solidly Democratic as the North is Republican; and that the "Solid South" is a myth of the past.

In the Presidential election of 1924, in the New England States Mr. Davis received considerably less than half as many votes as President Coolidge. In Vermont he had only a fifth of the Coolidge total, in Maine a third, in Massachusetts just a shade over a third, and in Connecticut two-fifths. The grand total for all New England was: Coolidge 1,330,342; Davis, 583,284; LaFollette, 212,160. The Democratic and Progressive candidates together had only fifty-five per cent. of the vote given to Coolidge. Nor was this a new disparity; in the same New England States in 1920 Harding had received 1,317,597 votes to 595,016 for Cox. In the next tier of Northern States (Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin) the Coolidge vote ran about two and a half times the Davis vote. In fact, in these States Mr. Coolidge had 2,700,000 more votes than Davis and LaFollette together. The figures were: Coolidge 8,568,569; Davis, 3,584,934; LaFollette 2,365,934. The 1920 disparity was about the same proportions in these States, Mr. Harding's 7,768,197 being 488,333 more than double the vote for Governor Cox.

In Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin the Coolidge vote was more than twice the Davis vote. In Michigan, it was six to one, Wisconsin five to one, Pennsylvania better than three to one, Ohio and Illinois almost three to one. In New York the Coolidge vote of 1,820,058 was eighty per cent. more than the Davis vote, and "Al" Smith was able to carry only three counties in his own State.

This cursory survey of Northern election figures gives a glimpse of a political condition which has been becoming more apparent, both relatively and numerically, for the last several Presidential elections. It means that today the most formidable sectional bloc in the Nation's political composition is not the famous "Solid South" but the almost unlabelled Republican "Solid North". The percentage of votes cast for Democratic Presidential candidates has shown an almost constantly decreasing curve of strength in the last eight elections in six important Northern States. A brief table is worth a glance:

State	1896	1900	1904	1908	1912	1916	1920	1924
New York	41	45	44	43	43	47	30	29
New Jersey	38	43	40	41	42	44	30	21
Pennsylvania	38	38	29	38	35	43	29	19
Connecticut	30	42	40	38	42	48	35	30
Massachusetts	28	40	39	37	37	48	29	25
Illinois	43	45	35	42	40	45	27	23

But here is the startling thing revealed by a study of recent elections: The Solid South is not so disproportionately Democratic as the Solid North is in the hands of the G. O. P. In 1924, Mr. Coolidge's total Southern vote was considerably more than half that of the Democratic nominee. In Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia, the President received a total of 1,547,422 votes; Mr. Davis amassed 2,364,468. Mr. Coolidge carried Kentucky and West Virginia. His Tennessee total was more than eighty per cent. of the Davis vote; in North Carolina seventy per cent.; in Virginia better than half, and in all other Southern States except Mississippi and South Carolina the Republican vote was healthy and strong.

It can truly be said that, compared to the rock-ribbed Republican North, the Solid South is a quivering mass of political jelly, a quite insubstantial foundation upon which to build Tammany's White House hopes. This can best be realized when one critically considers the returns from Southern States in the last two Presidential elections. The figures of 1920, when there was no Third Party to disrupt the normal alignments, are particularly

significant, while those of the three-cornered scrap of 1924 likewise deserve attention.

Harding's Alabama vote of 74,690 was very substantial, and proves the existence of a considerably greater Republican strength than could have been accumulated by any mere Federal patronage machine. It was more than forty-five per cent. of the Cox total, a far greater percentage than Cox received in many "debatable" States. Four years later the combined Coolidge and La-Follette vote maintained the same percentage of that cast for Davis. Alabama is by no means "hopelessly Democratic".

The Arkansas figures are even more surprising: Over 71,000 votes for Harding and a Cox majority of only 36,291. Just think of it! A change of 18,146 votes in Arkansas would have given that State to the Republicans. A shift of ten per cent. of the total vote is not an unusual political change for any State. Four years later the Davis vote exceeded the combined Coolidge-LaFollette total by only 31,000. So, it is obvious that Smith in Arkansas would not enjoy any runaway.

The Florida Republican vote of 44,853 in 1920, about half the Cox figures, indicated a healthy minority party in that State. Four years later the Coolidge-LaFollette totals were 7,000 more than half of the Davis figures. The non-Democratic vote of Florida has been rapidly increasing in recent years, through the great influx of Northern residents. Florida Republicans are now claiming that they can take that State away from Smith.

Even in darkly Democratic Georgia, Harding received 45,000 popular votes, and carried the city of Atlanta, and a number of counties in the State.

When one comes to Kentucky, he is confronted with an almost hopeless situation for Smith. Governor Cox's majority in that State in 1920 was only 4,000 out of 908,000 votes; really not a comfortable margin for any Democratic nominee to confront. Four years later it was completely wiped out, and Mr. Coolidge carried the State by 24,000. In the fall of 1927 the Republicans gave a foretaste of their strength by electing a Governor of the State.

One cannot see how Smith could lose Mississippi under any circumstances that could be contrived. In 1920 Harding re-

ceived only 11,576 votes there, to 69,277 for Governor Cox. Four years later the Republican vote was 3,000 smaller, while the Democratic vote had grown to 100,000. Such a disparity seems utterly incurable, and although by a reduced margin Smith should be certain to win this State. The late Henry L. Whitfield, at the time of his death Governor of Mississippi, believed that Smith would not carry it, but in view of the figures it is hard to substantiate any such belief.

In North Carolina, one finds a different situation. It has a substantial Republican section, and an economic drift in that direction. Many of the State's mountain counties were for Union in the Civil War, and the descendants of those hardy blue coats of '61–'65 have inherited their Republicanism in an ineradicable form. In 1920, Harding had a total vote in North Carolina of 232,848 against Cox's 305,447. There were only 73,000 votes difference between them, and a change of 36,500 would have lost North Carolina to Governor Cox. Out of the total vote of 538,000, seven per cent. is not a safe margin. In 1924, the Coolidge vote was close to the 200,000 mark. All in all, North Carolina would be clearly debatable, if the Democratic nominee were a Tammany "wet".

Oklahoma gave Harding 27,000 majority, and four years later gave Davis the same. Oklahoma is highly debatable, and its Democrats have been acutely unfriendly to the "wets". In view of the normal even balance of the two parties, one fails to see much hope there for Smith.

Mathematically it is utterly impossible to credit South Carolina to any one save the Democratic nominee, even if he be "Al" Smith. In 1920, Harding secured only 2,600 votes in that State against 64,170 for Governor Cox. In 1924 the Republican votes were even more pitiful; only 1,123 for Coolidge. South Carolinians are "yellow dog" Democrats—they will vote for any one bearing the party name. Yet here is a curious thing about it. Within the last twelve months several prominent South Carolina leaders have told me that "Al" Smith could not carry their State! These leaders include two ex-Governors and two editors. It passes belief that any Democrat could lose it, for South Carolina is a "yellow dog" Democratic State.

Smith would have a very difficult time in Tennessee. For decades it has had two Congressional Districts so strongly Republican that Democrats scarcely ever run for Congress in them at all. Five Republican Congressmen were elected in 1920, and Cordell Hull was retired from the House for a single term. In that same year Harding won Tennessee by 13,000 majority, out of 425,000 votes. Four years later the Tennessee Republicans were badly disorganized and were split in a bitter factional feud, so that Davis gathered 18,000 votes more than were cast for Coolidge and LaFollette, and carried the State. But Tennessee is not friendly to the "nullification" movement and is not at all likely to go to "Al" Smith. The normal Democratic majority is small enough, even with an acceptable candidate, and would be wiped out with a Tammany "wet".

The normal party disparity in Texas is enormous. Harding received less than one-half the Cox vote. Coolidge and LaFollette together were only about two-fifths of the Davis vote. But the test would be somewhat truer in the State elections of that same year, when "Ma" Ferguson was a candidate and the Democrats were outraged at her choice. She won the election, but her opponent, a Republican professor of standing, polled within a hundred thousand of "Ma's" vote. Such a sagacious and sure-footed politician as Thomas B. Love, of Dallas, formerly Democratic National Committeeman, says that a Smith nomination would be more obnoxious to Texas Democrats than that of "Ma" Ferguson, and that Texas would not go for the Tammany man. Yet on the basis of past performances, the chances are that Smith would win.

Virginia cast 87,456 votes for Harding, 27,224 less than was received by Governor Cox. One Virginia district is conventionally Republican,—Bascom Slemp's famous "Bloody Ninth",—and the party is strong throughout the State. Smith might win it, but only after a real fight.

West Virginia showed constant Republican returns both in 1920 and 1924. A Smith victory in West Virginia would be a miracle; and the age of miracles has gone.

If one should seek a formula as to the likely results of a Smith candidacy in a Presidential election in the South, a good rule of

thumb might be: Governor Smith would surely carry those Southern States in which the Republican party was merely an appanage of federal pay-rollers; those States in which there was some substantial Republican party of members by inheritance or economic viewpoint would be dangerously debatable; and the Border States would be almost impossible for Governor Smith to win. On this formula, if Smith were the nominee, he would certainly lose Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, or 35 Electoral votes. He would probably lose Arkansas, North Carolina and Virginia, a total of 33 more Electoral votes. The Tammany candidate would have a hard fight in Alabama, Georgia and Texas, with probability of victory, but possibility of defeat. It is impossible to see how Governor Smith could lose Louisiana, Mississippi or South Carolina. If the loss of 68 Southern Electoral votes would be a blow to Smith's Presidential prospects, he had better beware of the South. If he can win without these 68 Southern Electors, he need not care what the South might do.

It may be asked: Why should Smith be in danger of losing Southern Electoral votes? Four phases of his political record and position would alienate Southern voters. These are:

First, he is notoriously "wet". His legislative career was marked by a constant opposition to "dry" legislation. He instigated and signed the New York repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act. He has given vent publicly to his longing for a return of the foaming stein and brass rail. At a Democratic dinner at the Vanderbilt Hotel on April 24, 1922, when party policy was being discussed, Smith gave an insight into his position with this remark: "I don't believe the Democratic Party should camouflage on this subject. The Democratic Party is a saloon party, and everybody knows it is a saloon party, and it ought to come out and say so." This attitude, so well known that no last minute conversion to the "sacred duty" of law enforcement can alter the public interpretation of it, may be helpful to Smith in the Tammany boroughs, and may aid him in other "wet" parts of the East, but it is the gravest obstacle for him to overcome in the South.

Second, he is a Tammany product. There have been many recent attempts to portray the Tiger as now being clad in a tuxedo,

but the South hasn't been greatly impressed by them. Tuxedo or no, the Tammany Tiger is the Tiger still, and is not popular south of the Mason and Dixon line. In the dictionary of American politics there is no word surer in connotation of political infamy, graft and misrule than Tammany. Whether or not this be a libel on the present New York organization, there is no doubt that the South feels this way.

Third, Smith is not looked upon as a liberal and progressive, but as a machine politician who has been extremely successful in the treadmill of machine politics in New York City and State; a politician who has devised attractive political catchwords, and been elected thereby; a man who has capitalized his major disadvantages, and converted them into political assets, one of the first marks of the politician and last of the statesman.

Fourth, there is a feeling that Smith has not the social and educational background to make a success as President of the United States; that he is not equipped with the vision or training to handle vast international diplomatic problems, or to cope with great national needs; that he is Manhattan minded and not Nationally minded.

Many of Smith's "wet" followers will not admit that any one in the South can be against the Governor for any reason other than his Catholic faith. Of course, intolerance is an element everywhere; in the South, as well as in the East and West. But it is today less of an element in the South than it is in Ohio or Indiana, Massachusetts or New York State. It is not Smith's religion which the South holds against him. Rum, not Rome, is the real stumbling-block.

A Smith nomination might be interesting, merely to see how the South would react. It might mean the definite disintegration of this historic Democratic bloc. In some ways this might be an advantage, for it would stimulate Southern political thought. The South needs a political shake-up, and undoubtedly we would get it from the protest over the Tammany "wet".

OUR SERIO-COMIC UNDERGRADUATES

BY GEORGE R. MacMINN

To the taxpayer, and the tuition payer, and the contributor to endowment funds, the problems of college teaching ought to be as interesting as to the teachers themselves. The beautiful simplicity of the process by which Dr. Johnson learned Latin is a lost boon. "My master whipped me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing." In the main the temper of the present time is too liberal for any such severity. A gentle birching of a sort, perhaps, now and then, but no raising of welts. We esteem an ounce of cajolery to be worth a pound of coercion. We appreciate the irony in the Earl of Chatham's "atrocious crime of being a young man". Where coeducation rules we especially count it no crime for one to be a young woman.

Nevertheless there is current a good deal of complaint to the effect that our college boys and girls—or, as they insist on being called, men and women—are allowed to be too frivolous, too ignorant, too learned in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. When these gay young people attain the present age of their parents, they may sigh as heavily as Dr. Johnson, who, at fifty, confessed to the "sad but true" reflection that he had known almost as much at eighteen as he did then. But they certainly cannot agree with him that "human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed." There are still a few old fashioned parents who fancy that the modern porches of learning have become generally *front* porches, with swings and easy chairs; they fancy there is some need of wood chopping in the back yard, some honest labor in the kitchen.

If our undergraduates deserve the charges preferred against them, it is undoubtedly a grave matter. There are so many of these ignorant young people who are having a good time! It is only a few years since you could hope for a quite satisfactorily ear stunning body of rooters at the games from an enrolment of

a paltry two or three thousand. But now—well, there is an epidemic of stadium building upon us, and yet even so it looks as if by the time our younger children are ready for college the age of super-stadia must have begun. At one university the incoming class recently was so large that the sophomores, in pursuit of their time honored duty of persecuting their inferiors, offered the small boys of the neighborhood a bounty of ten cents on every freshman apprehended.

A caustic type of professor blandly points out that college problems would be greatly simplified if there were no students. It is notorious that many scholars are niggardly of the time and attention demanded by mere undergraduates. Let the small fry, the instructors and assistants, take care of the chores; the productive scholar must be a free man. A certain distinguished professor, author of "important" books, once even went so far as to observe, indignantly, contemptuously, indelicately, that teaching undergraduates was like teaching children how to take care of their own noses.

It is fatuous to generalize disparagingly in all things about college students. Take for example a class in English literature at an institute of technology. The professor is reading aloud from *Othello*, sinking himself as dramatically as he can in each character, doing his best to stir an audience of young men who, though not actively resistant, are yet somewhat skeptical in their response. There is nothing torpid about that one fellow down in the middle of the room. He hangs on every word. Apparently the terrible beauty of the story has transported him. His face is knotted with a "wild surmise". At last he can contain his anxiety no longer. The reader has paused for breath, and suddenly the student cries out: "Was this guy *BLACK*?" Who shall say that here is not a first tender sprout of that virtue laden plant which we call intellectual curiosity?

Another student surreptitiously brings to the literature class a gopher snake, with which he quite successfully diverts himself and his neighbors in defiance of all literary lures. But a third is detected, some hours after his mind has sustained the impacts of poetic frenzy, furtively creeping from the library with an Æschylus under his coat. He dreads the contumely that his

fellows will inflict upon anyone who flirts openly with the "high-brow stuff", but an idea has got hold of him and perhaps he can sneak it through. He will be lucky if his roommate is this fourth man, who has just read Hardy's *Tess* twice over. The Hardyite is late in submitting his written report because, forsooth, at the first reading (as he finally blurts out) he "could not stand the ending—it was too awful a thing to happen!" With the second reading he has drawn an elaborate outline of the plot to convince himself of the story's irrefutable logic.

In some ways almost all undergraduates are alike. They are practically unanimous in their worship of athletes, and in their jealous observance of college customs. As for the enemies of frenzied athletics, they were surely given their *coup de grâce* not long ago in the establishment (according to credible report), at one of the great State universities, of a course in football, for credit, and open to all students without distinction of sex.

Towards college customs the general attitude is one of reverent watch and ward. A single example will suffice. The student (or member of the faculty, whether alumnus or not) who does not spring to his feet—and if the occasion demands, uncover, and sing (or at least convincingly make the labial motions of singing) —whenever the strains of the college or university hymn strike the air, might just as well go forthwith and hang himself—unless he can brook the suspicion and open condemnation of the undergraduate. A fine fury, beautifully restrained, must have burned in a certain famous professor, one of the noblest of men and most loyal, a great scholar and a brilliant lecturer, when, just as he attained, perhaps, the climax of his hour, his students, heedless of his winged words, would rise with punctilious solemnity and stand with owlish gravity at attention, for the reason that the chimes in the campus tower had broken out with the sacred song of Alma Mater.

The seriousness, however, with which the undergraduate takes athletics and college customs is only one phase of a larger consideration. If we elders, whatever the degree of our own ignorance, are to be critical of academic youth, if we must try to cover our own nakedness by compelling the new generation to eat of the Tree of Knowledge, then we must ask what we send these

boys and girls to college for, and we must endeavor to be at once merciful and just in estimating the success of the enterprise.

Sectarian institutions in the nature of things make a great point of character building; State institutions allow that element of education to take care of itself. In any case it is largely a by-product of the academic process. The student himself very often looks after the matter, quite unconsciously, by the simple practice of earning the whole or a part of his way through. Amazing are the kinds of talent, the ingenuity, daring, energy, and pluck shown in this busy life outside of studies, dances, dramatics, athletics, and what not. One man poses for the head and figure at an exclusive studio; another is an expert cook, and a marvel at pastries; another manufactures toys; another draws cartoons for an advertising agency. A student who is clever enough may recuperate his financial health by playing chess on wagers against "addicts" at a wealthy club. Many a man, and sometimes even a "coed," will carry on outside work without being obliged by circumstances to do so at all. For good or ill, this is certainly one of the student's chief ways of making his character.

Another way lies in the functions of student government. College democracy is rather more preached and prated about than strictly practised; but it is generally a vital reality in the self government upon which undergraduate bodies now universally insist. An amusing and probably harmless simulation of politics, a kind of satirical play upon the errors, follies, and iniquities of popular government, enters into this phase of college life. But when it comes to the arraignment and punishment of offenders against the honor system or any other serious form of undergraduate law, the boys and girls evince a soberness and a sternness that sometimes lead them to almost cruel lengths.

The question of culture must give us painful pause. Our serio-comic undergraduates may be achieving something in the way of character, and they are surely having a good time. But are they getting any of that culture which a Princeton professor has described as "what is left when you've forgotten all you ever learned"? President Butler has specified the first three evidences of education as (1) correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, (2) refined and gentle manners, and (3) the

habit of reflection. Consider the lamentable case of one representative college man. At the end of a strenuous year this quite respectable student remorsefully declared that his vocabulary consisted of fewer than a hundred words. "And twenty-three of those," he added, "are profane." In the large the undergraduate cannot allow the English language to diminish his freedom. A student will sweat as much blood as he must to pass his courses in English. Once happily escaped, however, from these confines, he flings to the sportive winds what willy-nilly he has gained; thenceforward he massacres the innocents of grammar, spelling and the rest with bold, exultant hand. For this villainy he compensates (but scarcely atones) by creating, inventing, manufacturing, new broods of words and usages, his own peculiar lingo, of sound and fancy passing rich and strange.

Manners are like unto written and oral speech. At some institutions there is, for example, a disposition on the part of the undergraduate male to clothe himself in the oldest and messiest, the most vagabondish garb available. This fashion may be so sedulously affected as to take on the propriety of a virtue itself. One day a certain student, on the occasion of his having to make a report in class, astonished both his classmates and his instructor by appearing, for the first time, in stiff collar and tie, clean-shaven, and generally quite decent and "spruce". But at the end of the hour he made a point of apologizing to the teacher for being "dressed up"! An eloquent inconsistency, however, prevails in coeducational institutions, for an Oriental princess or a movie queen could hardly be more ravishingly arrayed than is many a "woman student", particularly if freshman or sophomore.

Another phase of college manners appears in relations between students and faculty. Some twenty years ago there still survived at one of the New England colleges, for example, three or four venerable professors who enjoyed the honor of being differentiated as "Pop". The appellation was an expression of reverence, with that touch of humorous subtraction in it which is the privilege of youth in its irrepressible mockery of age. There was hardly a man in college who did not doff his cap whenever he met on the campus one of these feared, and loved, and deeply respected teachers. It is true that a hurdy-gurdy man was hired

to grind his instrument just outside the door of "Pop" Packard's zoölogy lecture-room; true also that the perpetrators of this and other crimes were ready to weep when news came of the old professor's death.

Veneration is a rare attribute nowadays. Familiarity, intimacy, even an unembarrassed approach to chumminess, are not uncommon in the behavior of the undergraduate towards certain instructors. Worst of all but most amusing is that practice of "vamping the prof", sternly and sincerely condemned by the leaders among women students, but carried on, nevertheless, by some of the more reckless of Eve's daughters. And alas! not every instructor is as incorruptible as one handsome, athletic young man who comes to mind. This estimable instructor suspected a lively young woman in his class of trying to flirt her way through the course. In order to put a stop to such roguery he requested her, one day, to remain at the end of the hour—he was determined to administer a crushing rebuke. The damsel remained, smilingly expectant of recognition for her charms. For several minutes the instructor ignored her; then, as if suddenly aware of her presence, and as if unable immediately to identify her, he asked sharply: "What is your name?" The young woman swayed languishingly towards the desk, and in her sweetest and demurest tone, replied, "Genevieve!"

There is nothing fundamentally wrong with our unmannerly undergraduate, and he is certainly one of the most vital creatures on earth. What Holmes said so aptly of Agassiz could fairly be said of many an undergraduate: "I cannot help thinking what a feast the cannibals would have if they boiled him." At any rate he is wont to make a fine assumption of physical indestructibility. Here is a representative fellow quite normally and pleasantly making his way across the campus of his New England college on a blustery winter day. He is clad scantily, according to the approved manner—low shoes, no waistcoat, no hat. Presently he happens to encounter one of his most venerable professors, a man who has suffered cruelly for years from asthma. The professor puts his two hands on the student's shoulders, wags his head apprehensively, and gasps out: "Young man, do you think all your friends will have time to come to your funeral?"

What, then, of that habit of reflection which President Butler demands? The indictment made of the student characteristic of our place and time by Professor Perry of Harvard is this: "We don't want to learn, we want to be taught; we don't want to find out, we want to be shown." Lectures are much less formidable than laboratories. The fault belongs to easy going, uncritical democracy, whether inside of college or outside. But does the undergraduate never *think*? Is free intelligence the last utensil or ornament or even plaything that he cares about acquiring?

There is a line in one of the neglected poets, "He whistled as he went, for want of thought," that might seem to many a professor in his hours of defeat, to express the significance of the happy-go-lucky sophomore, say, who remains blithely "impervious to the infiltration of ideas". The student's mind may sometimes be like a soap bubble in that it catches light and takes on color; it is like it also in its quick collapse.

As a matter of fact these healthy, hearty, clever young people are singularly fond of *simulating* an indifference and an ignorance which cannot truly be charged against them. Many of them in spirit are like the superb loafer who, on his class day night, surcharged with emotion, weeps at having only one thing to be ashamed of in his college career, namely, his having "made" the honor society, Phi Beta Kappa! The typical undergraduate has a strong distaste for the medal. But that is far from saying that he is, or is willing to be accounted, a dunderhead.

Everybody knows that there are wide differences among the members of any college faculty in their ability to lead, coax, decoy, or drive their students up the hill of learning. Some teachers have a kind of radio-active capacity for emitting *gamma* as well as *alpha* and *beta* rays. They can penetrate almost any wall of mental or other resistance. There is a kind of professor who is like the positive nucleus in the atom. His class is the atom, its members are the negative electrons thereof, and he keeps them whirling about him by the very law that unlike electricities attract. It frequently happens that a student will "get" education in something like the same sense in which a person is said to "get" religion. The meaning of it suddenly in-

vades him, carries him away. He is "converted". All the devils are cast out; he is a new man.

There are those who hold efficiency and information to be the third and the last of the objects of a college education. Students themselves are likely to put these ends first. The undergraduate normally attains a quite remarkable efficiency and a quite dumfounding quantity of information in peculiarly such matters as lie *outside* the immediate range of his studies. He will know very nearly all that can be known about an automobile, or about radio, or even, perhaps, about H. G. Wells. He may be editor of the literary monthly in college and an expert motor truck driver in vacations. Unless he really knows something and can really do something having little or no connection with his studies, he is a "poor prune". It is, however, a distressing fact that the undergraduate is often unwise, unlucky, unsuccessful in his choice of the course of study that will make the happiest and most useful man out of him. The reader may have seen George Morrow's picture of the *Consternation of Sir Aubrey*. At just the crucial moment when over the cliff there rises the three-headed dragon, Sir Aubrey becomes aware that his *Dragon-Slayer's Handbook* treats only of dragons with one head. The young college graduate is likely to find himself in a similarly parlous situation. And further to complicate matters, the experts bid us think of at least six things at once: remuneration, safety, healthfulness, personal suitability, social standing, advancement. Now, can we expect all that from all of our teeming thousands of lusty undergraduates?

Still, some philosophers maintain that the general welfare of an individual depends largely on his "ability to bounce in an unpredictable direction". Certainly our undergraduate acquires something of that ability. After all, it is not so much the "cinch" course that he seeks nowadays; it is the course with a "kick" in it. One student of engineering recently read Gibbon during a vacation, and enjoyed it. The undergraduate may sometimes seem to have his eye only on a lemon colored, low slung, racy roadster. But at least he knows how to drive. He is *serio*-comic. Whether he be a Yale man or not, "Light and Truth" may yet be his motto.

THE LAND OF SOMETHING TO DO

BY ALICE PATTISON MERRITT

EMERSON says: "The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power: but they who do not the thing have not the power." "Something doing" represents the ultimate objective of modern youth. This is not an indictment, but a fact; not a criticism, but an approbation. It proves that youth is not a liability, even in these days, but an asset. This laconic phrase is but a simpler way of expressing that much admired sentiment, "Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate."

Over bridge tables, in golf foursomes, yes, even in the board meetings of some pet welfare project, wealthy mothers confide to their companions, "I don't know what in the world to do with Jane. She's only thirteen and wants to go to parties and dances and stay up till all hours of the night, but there doesn't seem to be anything a child of that age can do." Many a mother, obliged to work to secure her child's food and clothes, worries about the hours of leisure between school and bedtime, when the city streets or the movies furnish the only recreation possible. The girls themselves are constantly asking that irritating question, "What shall we do?" Our ability to answer this appeal wisely for girls between ten and eighteen will decide once and for all that other query, "What is the younger generation coming to?"

For decades parents have relied on the power of education to solve all problems of behavior or occupation. Mothers have determined that daughters should have not only a better education but also better times than they themselves have experienced. The ambition of some women, deprived of social opportunities, has been that their daughters should be "ladies", and they have made countless sacrifices to attain that end, so far as personal appearance and apparel were concerned. Akin to these are some of the daughters of wealth who have been trained to consider themselves superior by the mere fact of possessing a background of prosperity or culture. In the first instance, the accent was

placed on education of the intellect; in the second, on the more superficial attributes of beauty of face or person and the adornment thereof. While trained intellects and the social graces are highly desirable in women, as the chief duty in life they are dust and ashes to the glowing heart and imagination of our growing girls. No set, cut-and-dried pattern of education and occupation will fit the needs of her growing spirit, any more than orthodox sizes of shoes, hats or dresses will fit her growing body. Mothers might well learn a lesson from the keen minds in the business world, which provide all sorts of articles of clothing adapted to the "growing girl". And the first step in this direction would be the resolution on the part of all mothers that "My daughter shall have a chance to be a better woman than I am."

Fortunately for the girls, many minds have been seeking some solution of this problem which would allow room for growth. One, which adjusts itself without a wrinkle to the growing bodies, minds and souls of all girls, regardless of race, rank or religion, provides a magic "Land of Something To Do" under the name of Girl Scouts. Discovered and charted by Sir Robert Baden-Powell and his sister, it was given the name of Girl Guides in England. The vision and devotion of Mrs. Juliette Low of Savannah transplanted the movement to this country in 1912, and she became the Founder of the Girl Scouts in America. Understanding clearly the deadly effect of red tape and too many rules, Sir Robert has defined the fundamental principle as follows:

> The Scout Movement is not an Organization, that is, a body controlled by rules, but a Movement that is a Brotherhood energized by the Spirit.

The many who know the value of this programme need no exposition of its methods or objects. Therefore, I shall assume the attitude of the reader to be similar to that of the president of a service club in our city, now an ardent admirer and supporter of Girl Scouts. After his conversion to this point of view, he confessed his former prejudices:

> I had taken it for granted that the girls wore a uniform because they thought it becoming, and hiked through the streets to the woods or country for a picnic, led by some old maid who had more time and money than she knew what to do with.

Recognizing that the standard of womanhood which every girl in her heart desires to reach is that of wholesome, happy, healthy wifehood and motherhood, the Girl Scout programme is threefold: striving for physical, moral and spiritual *fitness through action*. In other words, "growing by doing". As it is the province of the home, the school and the church to promote respectively the formation of character, the training of the intellect and the inculcation and cultivation of spiritual beliefs, so it is the province of this comparatively new movement to aid all three of these institutions by providing activities which develop a sense of personal responsibility in the individual. In a broad sense, its sphere is to develop and strengthen character, which shall enable the individual to direct the trained mind, and translate religious beliefs into daily action in contact with family and companions. This may seem a large order with girls in their early teens. It is. But with youth, the higher the aim, the greater the attraction and the brighter the hope of accomplishment.

The principal attraction which the Scout programme has for girls lies at first in the absolute freedom of choice. No one becomes a Girl Scout save by her own wish. In all other spheres of action open to girls of this age there stands another personality, the figure of authority in parent, teacher or superior, whose responsibility it is to see that duties are done, lessons learned or discipline enforced. In Scoutland girls choose their citizenship, pledge loyalty, obedience and service, and the responsibility for achievement or discipline rests on their own shoulders. The outgrowth of such citizenship is the awakening of the girl to an acceptance of her own active share of responsibility in preserving the integrity of home life, in serving the community and in striving to live up to the conception of her religious beliefs.

Although there is no relation of superior to inferior, of teacher to pupil, of adult to child, in the ranks of the Girl Scouts, there is the relation of Leader. Coupled with the value of good companions is the vital essential of inspired and joyous leadership. The ideal Leader is the one who plays the game with her girls, who points the way and takes it. She does not command, she invites. Because of the innate desire of childhood to do as "the rest of the girls" are doing, the invitation is accepted where a

command would be unheeded. This plan stimulates understanding, coöperation and growth. Thus in the joy of companionship, the example of a loved personality again rises triumphant over precepts and the result has been demonstrated over and over again in development of individual character. The only way by which the United States of America can fulfil her destiny, triumph over the dangers of prosperity and avoid the ultimate fate of all previous experiments in democracy is by the cultivation of character by her people. Neither popular education of the masses, scientific inventions or unprecedented wealth will save her. As long ago as 1921, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts rendered this vital decision:

> Mere intellectual power and scientific achievement, without uprightness of character, may be more harmful than ignorance. Highly trained intelligence combined with disregard of the fundamental virtues is a menace.

The Girl Scout in her new citizenship learns self government, self reliance and self control by associating with others in a community of action, but the chief motive is that she may fit herself to serve others, and thereby unselfishness becomes a habit.

While the foregoing paragraphs set forth the intent and the result of the programme, it is with absolute indifference to either or both that the girl chooses to be a Girl Scout. The first and most potent appeal to her is the attraction of the out-of-door activities, hiking and camping, and this is the aspect with which the public is most familiar. All-day and over-night hikes, weeks-on-end in tents or lean-tos, swimming, learning the birds, the trees, the flowers by name, confirm the girl in the knowledge that a healthy body and active mind are more to be desired than much fine gold. This is the why of camps, hikes, nature quests and studies of the heavens. Those girls fortunate enough to have witnessed at camp, night after night, the glorious pageant of the skies, while trying to qualify as a "Star Gazer" need no explanation of the imagery of the Psalmist when he exclaimed—

> The heavens declare the glory of God,
> And the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

In pioneer days women and girls were equally active with their

brothers and husbands while building the Nation, but when the need was over it was decreed by either men or custom that females should "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam". Boys and men traveled the forest paths and dreamed by deep pools and rushing rivers under the camouflage of "hunting and fishing", feeling the necessity of covering up their love and need of communion with nature. Women have much for which to be thankful that in the great readjustment now taking place, the freedom of the open spaces has been conferred upon the feminine sex. The final judgment, "Woman's place is in the home," which formerly closed to women all spheres of activity but domestic duties, really meant to mankind that she belonged in the house, sewing, cooking, scrubbing and mending, in other words, a "housekeeper". The Girl Scout conception is that girls and women are "homemakers", and in order to serve those they love, they must have robust health.

As home is where the heart is, a woman is just as truly serving her home when tramping the woods with husband and children, playing tennis or golf with them or off on a camping trip, as when mending stockings, washing dishes or making beds while they are at work or in school. So out-of-door training serves the home. A good home is as fundamentally essential to the lives of boys and men as it is to the lives of women and girls. We must not ignore the fact that any movement serving to build nobler, finer women is of vital importance to fathers, husbands and brothers. When we "invest in boyhood" we reap our dividends in "better manhood". However, in the twinkling of an eye, an idle, weak, vain woman can wreck a strong man's home and life. Bad, evil women become mothers of men as well as strong, good women. On the adults of this generation rests four square the responsibility of providing inspiration for youth through example, ideals and opportunities which shall result in nobler womanhood and finer manhood "fitted to serve" in guarding and enhancing the traditions our great citizens of the past have entrusted to the present generation.

However, by far the greatest number of Joyous Things To Be Done are in connection with the home and community. It is easy when one is glowing with a consciousness of real companion-

ship, or "group activity", if you like, to wash dishes or clothes, to sew, cook or can vegetables and fruits, knowing the rest of the girls are doing the same things. The sense of companionship and achievement, with assurance of recognition and appreciation, furnishes the inspiration. The proficiency badges are but a symbol of good habits formed, the diplomas given for knowledge which has actuated deeds. Growth is measured by acts accomplished, not facts accumulated. Records of the Girl Scout National Research Bureau prove this statement. Over sixty per cent. of all badges worn for proficiency in doing things last year belonged in the Homemaking and Health groups. The most popular occupation was that of cook, closely followed by health winner, laundress, hostess, first aid, home maker, home nurse and needlewoman. This seems to dispose of the popular belief that such occupations are distasteful to the modern girl. It also proves that, given something to do which really needs doing, almost any girl will work out her own salvation.

Working in the troops or patrols, which form the group units, the girls accomplish many constructive pieces of service in a community. In one city the girls annually fold, seal and stamp from fifteen to twenty thousand letters to do their share in the war against tuberculosis. Another group furnished eighteen girls each week during a long, hot summer to assist the nurses in the Babies' Health Stations. A suburban group, less than three months after it was organized, furnished over two hundred articles, such as knitted hoods, jackets and socks, dresses and petticoats, for needy children in institutions. But the most noticeable thing about these achievements was the pure, unadulterated joy the girls had in doing it. Henry Van Dyke says:

> The worlds in which we live at heart are one,
> The world "I am", the fruit of "I have done";
> And underneath these worlds of flower and fruit,
> The world "I love,"—the only living root.

Loving, living and serving, Leaders and Girl Scouts alike look deep into the heart of things and discover that this wonderful "Land of Something To Do" is, after all, but a Way of Living.

DOERS OF THE WORD

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NESTLING among the clear-cut Attic hills by the side of the Ægean Sea, lies Athens. From that little city came much of our modern civilization, our art, our philosophy, our science. Marvelous as these achievements are, they are not as remarkable as the governmental record of that city. For nearly seventy years Athens was a democracy. She had no King, no President, no Prime Minister. She was governed by the general assembly of all her citizens. During those years she built and maintained a sea empire. The wonder is, not that she fell, but that she was able to achieve what she did.

It was the quality of the average Athenian which made her triumphs possible. Nicias, one of her Generals, said: "It is men that make the city, not walls or ships." If he had said, "and therefore our constant care must be our children, for on them depends the future of the State," he would have spoken a truism that is too often neglected.

In this country we are beginning to appreciate this and to take intelligent thought for the children. Quite properly this first took the form of providing education for all. From it grew that greatest of American governmental institutions, the public school. For years we felt we had done all that was necessary for the children by giving them educational opportunities. We felt that our responsibilities were ended when we gave to the boys and girls an opportunity to learn the "Three R's" with trimmings. Then it began gradually to dawn on us that we had only half done our work. There was an equally important problem to solve, the children's leisure.

In the old times in this country this leisure was fairly well cared for by the conditions in which boys and girls lived. The cities and towns were small, the country was wild, and the boys could hunt and fish. In those days also children worked when

out of school. The chores around the house took up much of their spare time.

Now all has changed. Cities and towns have increased to fabulous size. The country is settled and wild life is scant. Most children have no work. The average boy does not know what the word chore means. The problem of the leisure of the average boy is therefore of vital consideration. A boy is not contemplative. He wants action. He has an aching void inside of him which must be filled with some interesting, exciting occupation. If it is not filled with an occupation that is helpful, he will fill it with one that is harmful. Our problem is to supply the right kind of play for the out of school hours. We must have that play not only wholesome but attractive. There is no organization that does this so successfully as the Boy Scouts of America.

Scouting is not an old institution in this country. It has been going less than twenty years, but today there are approximately 800,000 active members of the movement. It is difficult to know where to begin in describing it. Perhaps it is best to start with the creed. The Scouts may well claim that they have preëmpted the motto of the blind King of Bohemia at Agincourt, *Ich dien*—I serve. Service is the base on which the organization stands.

The vast majority of the Scouts are formed into Troops. These never exceed the number of boys that it is possible for one man to oversee intelligently. In command of each troop is a Scoutmaster, who is a grown man.

In the Troop there are various grades of Scouts, as there are various grades in an army. The Troop has its troop activities. It has its meetings. It trains for competitions. It goes on hikes. It camps out. From every one of these activities the boys get good fun and character training. By troop action they learn team work. Through camping and hiking they not only build their health, but many other things besides.

There are many people who have no idea of what may be learnt by camping. They think of it as mere pleasure. That is not the case. In the woods the boy or man shows quickly his real character. Under rough physical conditions weak spots as well as strong spots show up.

When all of us were little, father used to take us camping in much the same fashion as the Boy Scouts go camping now. I am sure that on those trips,—often only a day in length,—we learned many of the lessons that have stood by us in life. For example, we would be hiking and a child would develop a blister on his foot. Father would find that the boy had had a nail in his boot before starting, and had not fixed it. There was an illustration to hand of the result of carelessness. Not only that, but if the child whined, there was the chance to drive home the necessity of bravery. Perhaps we might be cooking supper; two little boys would scuffle and kick sand into the frying-pan. At once my father would bring them up with a round turn and tell them of lack of thought for others. Later on we might be sitting around the fire eating our supper. One child would grab for the best pieces of food. There was a chance for an object lesson on selfishness.

From this it might seem as if we had preachy camping trips. We did not. They were delightful. Every one of us would rather have gone with father on one of them than have done anything else. The lessons came naturally and in such fashion that we recognized their justice and now remember them.

Today we, in our turn, are finding that camping trips for our own children play much the same part in their lives. The 800,000 Scouts today get from their camping and hiking a great deal that we did from these trips with my father.

So much for camping and the ordinary troop work. There are also many individual activities in which the boys engage. There are seventy-six different kinds of merit badges. They are given for work of many types. For example, to name a few—architecture, astronomy, bird study, blacksmithing, electricity, journalism, photography, personal health. To qualify a boy has to pass the stiffest kind of examination. Often at meetings of the National Executive Committee I have protested that certain of these examinations were too hard. I know that the grown members of that Committee could not pass many of them. The answer has always been that the boys do pass them, and value the distinction more when they know it comes only after hard work. To give an idea of just how difficult these tests are, I am going to

quote a couple. In order to obtain a merit badge for journalism, as a part of the test a boy must—

1—Write articles covering:
- *a*—a news incident
- *b*—a routine club meeting
- *c*—a publicity article
- *d*—a human interest story
- *e*—an editorial
- *f*—secure the publication in some established newspaper of at least one of these articles.

2—Read and correct proof, using the conventional proofreader's signs.

3—Submit copy for photographic or cartoon illustrations for publication.

4—Present a dummy ready for the printer representing one issue of an eight-page paper, magazine, catalogue or circular.

5—Explain what steps are taken to copyright a manuscript, and tell what rights are granted for a copyright for what period.

These are only some of the requirements for obtaining a merit badge for journalism.

To obtain a merit badge for forestry, among other things, a Scout must—

1—Identify twenty-five kinds of trees when in leaf, or fifteen kinds of broad-leaf trees in winter.

2—Collect and identify ten different kinds of wood.

3—Collect and identify seeds of fifteen different trees.

4—Establish a nursery and grow forty seedlings of four different varieties.

5—Lay off a plot of a quarter-acre in the woods and tag all trees that should be removed in order that they may be utilized and allow the remaining trees to make better growth. Identify each tree and give the reason for removing or leaving it.

These illustrations that I have given are selected at random. I have given them in order to show that scouting has a wide and diversified educational aspect.

Above all, the Scouts have a high morale. They are always proud to be members of the corps and guard its honor jealously. There is no doubt that *noblesse oblige* did much in the past to make men toe the mark in proper fashion. In the same way Scout honor has made many a little shaver do what he did not wish because he knew it was what was expected of him.

Every day brings its record of civic duty performed by the Boy Scouts. When there is a national disaster, the Scouts are

always there, ready to play their part. Time and again the authorities have wondered at the competent obedience of a crowd of khaki-clad boys.

At Clarksburg, Mississippi, skin grafts voluntarily given by the Troops saved the life of a badly burnt fire victim. In the great flood last spring and in the flood last autumn in Vermont, the Scouts worked continuously and effectively.

Sometimes this devotion rises to the real heights of sacrifice. In St. Louis last year there was a terrible tornado. A part of the city was laid in ruins. At once the Scouts rallied to help, for it is the Scouts' creed to volunteer aid, not to wait to be called. William L. Farrell, Jr., a young boy, was a member of one of the troops. He was sick in bed. When word came he immediately got up, put on his uniform, and joined his troop. For two days he worked in the stricken district. He helped keep order. He aided in the rescue work. He told no one he had been ill. He let no one know how badly he was feeling. As the time passed he felt worse and worse, but a Scout does not quit. On Sunday morning, while on duty, he collapsed. He was a very sick boy. At once he was put to bed and everything done that could be, but the strain and exposure had been too much. A few days later he died. No one could have exhibited greater devotion. The courage of this young fellow is particularly illustrated by the fact that he succeeded in concealing his sickness from everyone. He knew he would not be allowed to work if his condition were even suspected.

To close, I cannot do better than to give the Scout oath:

On my honor, I will do my best
1—To do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout law,
2—To help other people at all times,
3—To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

That is the pledge all Scouts take when they join the organization. It is much like the oath taken by the Athenian boys, "citizens of no mean city". At solemn occasions they repeat it. More important still, and unlike many oaths that are taken by their elders, they mean it. A Scout is a "doer" of the word, not "merely a hearer".

TRUSTEES FOR THE SPHINX

BY PIERRE CRABITÈS

Hope for Alliance was the title under which *The London Times* carried the Speech from the Throne read by Saroit Pasha to the Egyptian Parliament on November 17, 1927. The Royal message showed that the conversations between King Fuad's Prime Minister and Sir Austen Chamberlain had succeeded in consolidating the good understanding between Egypt and Great Britain. It pointed out that a sincere effort had been made to reconcile the angles of vision of the two Powers in regard to the Sudan. It went on to say that both statesmen had sought to realize the desire of the British and Egyptian nations for an alliance which, by completing Egypt's independence and settling its relations with England, would unite them by links of friendship and confidence. And the address further stated that Saroit Pasha had discussed with the Governments of various countries the question of an extension of the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals. These efforts, it added, having been crowned with success, His Egyptian Majesty's Foreign Office would request the Capitulatory Powers to confer in Cairo in order to establish the principle of the extension of these International Courts. In a second cable to the same journal, dated December 5, it was said that the Ministry was engaged in studying the files of previous conferences so that everything might be done in the proper way. It was expected that the invitation would be sent to the Capitulatory Powers for a meeting in Cairo early in the New Year.

It might be well to recall that Egypt is in an anomalous position. It is officially a free, sovereign and independent State. And yet it is not, although England in February, 1922, said that it was, and although all of Europe and the United States have long since recognized that it is. Facts are more stubborn than words. The realities of life show that when Great Britain

abolished the Protectorate, which it had exercised over the Valley of the Nile, it did so "with reservations". But this string attached to the gift was not the only obstacle in the way of independence, as the West understands the term. There were ten European Nations and the United States—eleven countries in all—which had treaty rights in Egypt which, like mortgages, attached to the soil regardless of the flag that flew over it. These incumbrances are not referred to in Islam as treaty rights. They are known in the Mohammedan world as Capitulations. They confer extraterritorial privileges on all subjects of those Nations which enjoy these special franchises. The Mixed or International Courts of Egypt were created in 1875 in order to attenuate, in a measure, the rigors of this far reaching rule. But their competence extends, for all practical purposes, merely to what the French call civil and commercial matters. They have no criminal jurisdiction. This means that while this composite judicial system has worked out admirably within its allotted sphere, its splendid achievements have left the Capitulations intact in so far as the suppression of crime is concerned and in so far as the power to tax is involved. The text of the speech, as epitomized in the dispatches before quoted, does not deal with the latter particular. It touches solely upon the extension of the attributes of the Mixed Courts.

During the quarter of a century that Lord Cromer ruled over Egypt he sought, with untiring energy, to obtain the abolition of the Capitulations. He attributed to them many of the woes of the country that he governed. After his departure the compass went to pieces. And then came the great war. December, 1914, saw the advent of the Protectorate. It was unwelcome, unhonored and unsung. But it was only after the Armistice that it got under fire. It is hard to judge just what in those days was Britain's programme as to what should be done for the Egyptians. I suppose that Downing Street had a policy. But it kept it so discreetly hidden away that it is impossible for an outsider to make out just what it was. It was kaleidoscopic, protean and chameleon-like in the rapidity with which it changed. But there was one element of constancy. It was that England no longer proclaimed that the Capitulations must go. On the

contrary, London began negotiations with the Powers looking toward their transferring their special franchises to Great Britain. As a return for this favor there was to be conferred upon the Egyptians a very generous measure of self government, perhaps independence without reservations, but coupled with a Treaty of Alliance.

I shall not attempt to follow the ups and downs of the Egyptian question. Suffice it to say that in the early summer of 1921 an official delegation, headed by Prime Minister Adly Yeghen Pasha, left for London to discuss the situation with the British Foreign Office. An official memorandum had already been prepared by a commission headed by Lord Milner which "had traced the general lines along which an agreement could ultimately be drafted", or words to that effect. This document contemplated the abolition of the Protectorate, and the drawing up of a Treaty between England and Egypt definitely establishing the relations between the two countries. But it appears to have been predicated upon the hypothesis that Great Britain would become the Trustee for all of the Capitulatory rights then enjoyed by the ten European Nations and the United States. As a matter of fact when Adly Pasha and his colleagues sailed for London most of the European Powers had already agreed, in principle, to the proposed Trusteeship.

Be that as it may, I was told, at the time, that while a few signatures might still be missing it was morally certain that the deed of trust would be granted by all of the interested beneficiaries. Every Egyptian or Englishman who mentioned the matter to me seemed to take it for granted that Washington would be a cooing dove or a docile eagle, and that as soon as our horn rimmed spectacles found the dotted line we would sign away the Capitulations that Andrew Jackson had obtained for us. But our Department of State had at its head Charles E. Hughes, a diplomatist who did his own thinking. The word "Trustee" cast no spell over his judicial temperament. He found that the proposal, however salutary it might be in principle, however convenient it might be in form, and however perfect it might be in carrying out the wishes of others, did not harmonize with the traditional policy of the United States. It conferred, in its last

analysis, upon another Nation the right to protect our nationals in their relations with a third Power. This ran counter to the genius of our institutions. It, therefore, precluded the possibility of our falling in line with what others had done. This decision of Washington probably surprised many a well informed statesman. But it had about it the ring of finality. The days passed. And then Lord Milner and his friends and Adly Pasha and his associates agreed to disagree. They had, unless I am greatly mistaken, worked along lines which accepted as a postulate a proposition which America could not countenance. And shortly after this Lord Allenby, the British High Commissioner at Cairo, submitted to the Sultan a London-drafted letter which created consternation in Egypt. However, this severity of the Foreign Office was but ephemeral. In February, 1922, the Protectorate was abolished.

For a while the burning questions of the hour were, when will martial law be abolished, when will the Constitution be promulgated, and when will elections be held for members of Parliament? In due course these issues found a solution. Parliament was convened and Zaghloul Pasha, the outstanding popular idol, became Prime Minister. To the best of my recollection he made no official or concerted attempt, during his tenure of the Premiership, to obtain an abolition or a modification of the Capitulations. I thought at the time—I may have been mistaken—that he then looked with a certain degree of favor upon these privileges as tending to thwart any one nation from enjoying monopolistic rights in Egypt.

And then Sir Lee Stack, the Sirdar, was assassinated, in November, 1924. This was followed by the issuance of a British proclamation which was construed as taking the Sudan out of the domain of the "reserved" points. Zaghloul Pasha resigned. Ziwar Pasha succeeded him and held office until Parliament was permitted to reconvene. The reëstablishment of a Constitutional Government again brought the party of Zaghloul Pasha to power. But he did not take the Premiership. He announced that he preferred to preside over the Chamber of Deputies. Adly Pasha undertook to form a Government. The latter had the active support of the Speaker of the House of

Representatives and remained in office until the spring of 1927. His successor was the present incumbent, Saroit Pasha, who had been a member of the Adly Ministry and who retained practically all of the members of the preceding Cabinet. In June of the same year King Fuad visited Europe and was enthusiastically received by the rulers, Governments and peoples of England, France, Italy and Belgium. His Majesty was accompanied by his Prime Minister. While the celebrations were being carried out, it appears that political discussions of the utmost moment also took place. They seem to have been pitched upon lines that contemplate first of all an enlargement of the powers of the Mixed Tribunals and later on a thrashing out of the relations between England and Egypt.

Zaghloul Pasha passed away while His Majesty was still in Europe and before these verbal flirtations had been completed. Certain facts that took place during the winter of 1926–1927, when the President of the Chamber was at the helm, bear witness however as to how he reacted to a move that was then launched to extend the authority of the Mixed Courts. A brutal murder brought about the conditions that give one this touchstone as to the probable attitude of the beloved husband of the revered Madame Zaghloul. Solomon Cicurel, a wealthy and prominent merchant of Cairo, was killed in his home under circumstances of appalling brutality. Four men, two Italians, a Greek and a local Jew, entered the home of the deceased to commit robbery. They chloroformed Mr. Cicurel and his wife. He resisted. She did not. She feigned to be overcome. He was hacked to death under her very eyes. She recognized the assassins. One was her chauffeur. Under the Capitulations three different sets of laws were applicable to the culprits. They all of them admitted that they were involved in the robbery but sought to put the blame for the murder on one of the Italians. The upshot of the whole thing was that the local Jew was sentenced to death, and one of the Italians was given the maximum penalty allowed by the code of his country, to wit, solitary confinement for life. The other Italian has been sentenced to the peniteniary for a fairly long term and the Greek has got off quite lightly. This inequality of punishment shocked Egyptian public opinion.

Parliament clamored for a unification of criminal justice under the Mixed Tribunals. I know too well Zaghloul Pasha's masterly control of the Chamber of Deputies to imagine for one instant that his followers would have been so insistent in their demands if they had not reasons for believing that he shared their sentiments. If Egypt were not Egypt I would be tempted to say that in asking for the extension of the competence of the Mixed Tribunals Saroit Pasha has his people back to him. But nothing can induce me to attempt to foretell what may or may not happen in that interesting Kingdom, which today is as baffling as it was when the Sphinx first became symbolical of mystery.

But after all this question of whether the International Courts of Egypt are or are not to have criminal jurisdiction is of but academic concern to the average American. We have been trained in the common law. So have Englishmen. They have vital interests at stake in the Land of the Pharaohs. If they can allow these Mixed Tribunals to extend their competence to penal matters affecting subjects of Great Britain, I see no reason why we should not follow their example. To oppose their point of view, when we have no outstanding motive for doing so and, on the contrary, every incentive to see eye to eye with them, would be open to misconstruction. But while we may, therefore, use British lenses in examining this judicial problem, it by no means follows that the eventual fate of Egypt is of no moment to us. I do not mean by this that we should interfere in the details of such arrangements as London and Cairo may see fit to elaborate for the internal administration of the country whose sceptre is now held by the dynasty of Mohammed Ali. But among the "reserved" points there figures what is known as "the security of the communications of the British Empire". This language is but an euphemistic way of saying that England can only see its way clear to withdraw its troops from the Nile Valley provided Egypt agrees to allow it to maintain an armed force within the Suez Canal zone and to take such steps as will assure that the sweet water which supplies this belt shall at all times be accessible to British control.

Our interest in this feature of the matter resides in the facts that the United States is a maritime power and that the neutrality

of the Suez Canal is guaranteed by treaty. Now that the Geneva Conference has shattered our hopes for a naval holiday we are constrained to keep our eyes open, however sincere and abiding our friendship may be for those who speak our language. I refuse to contemplate the possibility of a serious misunderstanding ever arising between the two English speaking peoples. But we should not forget that our flag floats over the Philippines and that those islands lie near the capital of a State which but yesterday was an ally of Great Britain. Should the Mikado ever be tempted to aspire to take over Manila it would be detrimental to our interests to be confronted by a Suez Canal policy which is against the letter and spirit of the international agreements which presided over the birth of that waterway, and which have been confirmed by solemn pacts. In other words, it is specifically "nominated in the bond" that neither Egypt nor any other Power shall ever have the right of maintaining armed forces or embarking or unloading troops or munitions of war in the Suez Canal zone. This covenant was violated during the Great War. Germany made a mockery of its plighted word in respect of Belgian neutrality. The Allies were constrained by this crime to play the game according to the rules of war defined by Prussia. But a new era is supposed to have dawned. To maintain troops along the Canal, under present conditions, would be not only illegal but potentially a menace to the United States. I know full well that Britain has never used her maritime supremacy to flaunt other nations. The Lords of the Admiralty have policed the world in the interest of peace and, if the truth must be told, in defense of the Monroe Doctrine. But these facts do not wipe out the salient consideration that England has specifically guaranteed in an unrepealed written agreement that the Suez Canal shall be undefended. Britain's splendid record leaves it no alternative but to adhere to its incomparable traditions. At all events, Egypt has no valid right, without the consent of America, to change an international polity which vitally affects the interests of the United States. And thus does it come to pass that the speech from the Egyptian Throne carries a message which crosses the Mediterranean and the Atlantic and goes straight to Washington.

"WANTED ON EARTH"

BY WILSON GEE

THE traditional South of ante-bellum days has gone forever except in the records of history and the lingering fragrances of a type of civilization that is as picturesque and alluring as any that has ever been produced. It was conditioned upon a privileged leisure class, with plenty of cheap human labor under absolute control, and was pervaded with an idealism that carries one back to the days when "knighthood was in flower" to find its closest analogy. A society almost entirely rural, with broad plantations, often more than one to the same owner, largely self sustaining in its agriculture, and in the words of Henry Grady eating "bread from his own fields, and meat from his own pastures and disturbed by no condition and enslaved by no debt, amid his teeming orchards and vineyards, dairies and barns," the Southern farmer pitched "his own crops in his own wisdom, grew them in independence, making cotton and tobacco a clean surplus, and sold these in his own time and in his own chosen market and not at a master's bidding, getting pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharged his debt but did not restore his freedom."

This picture was most nearly approximated in the tidewater sections or coastal belt of the South where the early settlers, closely akin in ideas and blood to the landed aristocracy of the Mother Country, found climate and soil most to their liking, and safety from marauding Indians better assured. The "up country", or the Piedmont, was peopled by the thrifty Scotch-Irish who had to dig harder from the clay soils for their living and on less expansive estates. One does not hear so much about these not so spectacular but none the less sturdy yeomanry, hard working, God fearing pioneers on a stubborn frontier, always in the earlier days uncertain of Indian or Tory depredations.

The freeing of the slaves did not nearly so much affect these regions as it did the tidewater sections. There a complete re-

arrangement of farm economy was necessary, and by temperament and training many of the owners were little fitted for the readjustment. As a direct or indirect consequence, today, there are many areas of backward development in these sections where much absentee landlordism prevails or where negro ratios in the population preponderate to the point that they own high percentages of the land.

The dividing line geographically between the coastal regions and the up country in the Southern States is what is known as the Fall Line. The boundary between the Piedmont Plateau and the Appalachian Mountains is the Blue Ridge, and east of this, beginning most perceptibly in middle to northern Virginia this plateau extends in a wide belt through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and into Alabama almost as far as Birmingham. To the west of the Blue Ridge, and between it and the Appalachian Mountains, is the Appalachian Valley, characterized by a few main valleys such as the Cumberland in Pennsylvania and Maryland, the Shenandoah in Virginia, the East Tennessee Valley in Tennessee and the Coosa Valley in Alabama. This formation with the resulting limestone soil is a wonderful agricultural section. In view of the industrial development taking place in this valley in Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Alabama, and to a less extent in Virginia, the region presents problems that have much in common with those of the Piedmont.

The Fall Line is the point at which the streams leave the higher uplands and begin to move out upon the more level stretches of the coastal region. Above this line the slope is enough to make for shoals and other declivities sufficient for sites for hydro-electric plants. In other words, in addition to its soil resources and incident agricultural possibilities, the Piedmont and up country generally possesses what should and will form the basis for marked industrial development—a great supply of undeveloped water power.

For this reason, and several similar ones, the South has witnessed in this region within the past two or three decades a marvellous industrial expansion. As one travels southward along the main line of the Southern Railway, beginning at Charlottesville and Lynchburg, Virginia, and extending through the Caro-

linas and Georgia down as far as Birmingham, Alabama, village or city, one after the other in rapid succession is passed, from the busy smokestacks of which are seen the most conspicuous external evidences of industrial enterprise. There are woolen mills, shoe factories, furniture plants, and as for cotton mills, beginning with the one at Danville, which lays claim to being the largest in the world, these are now numbered by the hundreds all the way down into Alabama.

The native of this region, and he does not have to be very old to do so, who recalls the time when these thriving little manufacturing towns with their hundreds and thousands of operatives in a busy stir were quiet country villages, notes the marked contrast with today. Thirty years or less ago, they consisted of trading centres for the farmers of the county. There were moderately good schools, several merchandising establishments, churches with interested memberships, and homes in their social heredity and elemental simplicity much like the ones in the surrounding rural sections. In fact practically all of the older people there had come originally from the country near and distant. The life was a quiet, peaceful and orderly one. Saturday was ordinarily the busy day when almost everybody in the county came to town, and this was also in a measure true on Sales Day, the first Monday in the month.

Then came the first cotton mill, a second, a third, a sixth, and with them a different town. The inefficient farmers, tenants mainly, though many owners too, came to town to work in these plants. They came because their land was poor, because times were hard, and their farming methods inefficient. With many of them their economic condition was improved by the move, and certainly they provided a labor that was tractable, reasonably efficient and profitable to the industrial stockholders.

The entire atmosphere of these towns has been changed. A nucleus of the old citizenship and town life continues and it is the backbone of the mercantile, banking and civic leadership of the community. Larger business opportunities have been afforded, and of these advantage has been taken. But the predominant element is the industrial operative. His existence is largely a day to day, hand to mouth affair. It is true there are notable

exceptions, but the rule is, that wages are good but they are spent as quickly as received. The emphasis in life is not upon education, religion, or the interior of their homes. It is rather upon clothes, the table they set, and the amusement features of life. Business conditions are improved; merchants do a larger volume of trade; bankers have more money to pass through their tills; motion picture shows and baseball parks thrive; and the majority and minority stockholders accumulate dividends. Altogether, more people make a living, the wealth of a section is added to vastly by the processes of manufacture, and an air of greater prosperity prevails. The town becomes a typical industrial community.

Obviously, there is a very appreciable effect on the surrounding community, partly favorable and partly not. The farming takes on more of a trucking character, and good sales are possible for amounts judicious in quantity of fresh vegetables and fruits. Power lines stretch out into the surrounding sections, making electric lights available for the rural home and the accompanying power-driven conveniences of the churn, the pump, the washing machine and the wood saw. A part of the wealth incident upon this development overflows into the surrounding country.

However, a greater demand for labor is created, and the wages paid are much higher than the farming industry has ever been able to stand. In many sections, whole families pick up and move to the towns, entering the industries. The restless spirit of the town pervades the country and the young life becomes dissatisfied with the things that agriculture in a period of depression is able to afford in comparison with the life of town and city.

All of this may be inevitable; it doubtless is. But is it best or even well that it should be? Industries are a good development, a necessary phase of modern civilization. The material basis of life is necessary for an advancing civilization; and proportionately for capital invested and labor employed, industry is much more wealth productive than agriculture. But there is a proper balance between the two, and the failure to appreciate this has been at the bottom of the disintegration of many of the finest civilizations of the world. No nation can permanently continue that does not learn this lesson early enough to weave it into the policies

determining its destinies. It is quite certain that the present policies of this nation do not show much appreciation of this fact. It rests upon the South and West to come to their senses, to recognize their responsibilities in this connection; and having done so, by the sheer weight of their combined influence, to force the nation into an appreciation of the tremendous significance and fundamental nature of the issues at stake.

The East has followed the lure of excessive industrialism. The "pied piper" has charmed most of the old New England farm families left from the pull of the settlement of the West, and today great stretches lie waste where once was maintained one of the most characteristic and vigorous phases of our civilization. The New England towns partake largely of an industrial nature, and present problems of Americanization that discourage even the most optimistic about their solution. To the informed person, the New England of today connotes a very different sort of thing in national stability from what it once typified. The factors contributory to this development are not many of them essentially different from those at present operative in the Piedmont regions of the South. Nor is New England the only example. The same situation prevails in numerous localities and to a widening extent in the Middle Atlantic and the Great Lakes States.

The cities of America are most of them merely grown up country towns and but recently come to age. They have had wrought into them by the migrant rural citizenship much of the wholesome atmosphere of life in the country. The small city in this nation, and no doubt throughout the world, is very similar in its ways of living to the even tenor of the open country. But not so with the large cities.

It must be at once conceded that the best in the city are as good as the best in the country. The most rabid "ruralite" would have to admit as much. But the law of averages operates largely in human society and here the comparison weighs heavily in favor of the country.

Among the last of his utterances the late venerable and distinguished Emeritus President of Harvard University, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, said: "I believe that family life, including the tender and affectionate treatment by the man of his wife and

children, is the cornerstone of democracy. Hence the so-called civilizations of Egypt, Judea, Greece and Rome had no permanence and supply no useful lessons for the American or any other democracy." The natural basis for family life is stronger in the country than in the industrialized city. Large families are the rule, even among the better classes, and this is notably not the case in the urban centres where the replenishment of human pabulum for the whir and grind of industry is largely from the poorer classes. Left to itself, without the contribution from the country sections, the population of the city is of an inherently deteriorating nature.

Along with this situation goes another of tremendous significance. Divorce is an evil much more characteristic of urban than of rural life. Marriages are said to be more frequent in the country, and divorces less so. It is a matter of common belief that the wholesome conditions of the country are much less productive of crime and vice. The youth on the farm is taught the value and dignity of work. The various chores about the home and farm afford employment of time often dangerously idle for the city child. Then the country affords the natural basis for a more healthful life than the city. The marked improvement of sanitation processes in the city gives it in many instances a temporary advantage over the rural sections, but with the extension of public health service and instruction there is no reason why it should be more than a temporary advantage.

Again, while the country boy may not be so social minded as the city boy, there is more than sentiment in the view that the very nature of his life and surroundings throws him more upon his own resources and begets in him an independence, honesty and a rugged force of character not often paralleled in the city. This phase of the argument is perhaps more in the field of controversy than the other reasons just given, but even here it is believed a scientific study would inure to the credit of the farmer and prove the general superiority of his environmental surroundings.

However, the mere fact of rural migration is not a cause for alarm. If fewer people living in the country can, with the aid of improved machinery and methods, produce the food needed by the hungry nations, from an economic standpoint the adjustment

is a good one. It should mean cheaper food for the city dwellers and more gain to the individual farmer. Again, if the best future of our nation is one with the emphasis upon an industrialized urban life, it does not materially matter that the best of our country migrates to the city and the leavings people the country stretches, thereby bringing these to peasant levels of farming, but at the same time producing abundant supplies of food available cheaply for the urban folk.

But most positively the emphasis should not be so placed. If it must be more upon one than upon the other, for the sake of our national perpetuity and greatness let it be upon rural life and the things for which it stands. This is not the popular view to take in a nation predominantly urban, but it is a possible and a popular view to take in the South. This section is yet the most rural in the nation. While fast disintegrating, its rural civilization holds a great deal of its elemental strength, even though it has lost in picturesqueness. No great influx of foreign born whites constitutes a problem to complicate the situation.

But the eyes of the rest of the nation as they never were before are upon the South as a land of opportunity. The next few decades will be marked with unprecedented prosperity and development. As in the East, this is going to partake largely of an industrial nature.

The plea which I would make is not that more industrial development is detrimental to our best interests, local and national, but that this progress should not be accomplished, as it has been in many sections, at the expense of a strong country life. And it should go no further than the nice balance that will allow each of these two big phases of our civilization to flourish at its best, mutually contributing in best expression the each to the other and so constituting the only safe basis for the enduring greatness of the Nation.

OCCIDENTAL SNOBS IN ORIENTAL POLITICS

BY GEORGE E. ANDERSON

THE Kiplingesque doctrine of

> Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
> Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat,

seems to have served its day. The fact is that East and West are now at the meeting point in even the Kipling sense, and there is gradually developing in Western consciousness a disturbing idea that perhaps there is not as much truth in the accepted theory as virile poetry might indicate. It is of the highest significance that various members of the Congress of the United States who have visited the Far East during the last summer have declared that one of the most potent reasons for the increased anti-foreign feeling now rampant in China and in the Orient generally is the snobbery of the foreign white residents toward native peoples. Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, whose four months' tour of China during the Congressional recess is likely to have important results in the course of Congress toward Oriental questions, has been most open in his criticism of the attitude of Americans and Europeans toward Oriental people, and in a somewhat caustic address at Honolulu on his way back to the United States he not only related instances which came under his personal observation in China, but went further and declared that the attitude of Americans in the Philippines toward influential Filipinos was largely responsible for the independence agitation in the islands, and gave it as his opinion that if the leading American residents of the Philippines would make it a practice to sit down to an afternoon tea table with Filipino leaders, an end to present agitation would be the result.

Much that these thinking Americans have had to say in respect to the relations of the white and native races in the Orient has

long been appreciated by observant people who are so far independent of current thought and practice in the Far East as to look facts in the face. It is significant that at the height of the dispute between Great Britain and the Chinese Government at Canton over the anti-British boycott and general strike situation in Hong-Kong something over a year ago, one of the first efforts made by the Hong-Kong Government and commercial leaders in the colony to secure a *rapprochement* between British and Chinese political and commercial interests was directed toward establishing closer social and personal relations between the two peoples. It may be added that the results were more or less abortive and inconsequential. A few months later when the anti-foreign situation in Shanghai became acute, a similar effort was made in that metropolis of combined Chinese and foreign life to reach a better understanding between the white and yellow races. Matters were improved somewhat for several months, but just so soon as the pressure of the acute situation in Shanghai was removed, they resumed their former course, the differences between the races actually being accentuated by the half hearted and evasive efforts to remove them.

Opinions may differ as to the situation in the Philippines, but there is no question that there is much truth in the statements ascribed to Senator Bingham as to the influence of social relations of Americans and Filipinos in the islands upon the political situation. In India, also, a large factor in the anti-British attitude of the leaders of Indian thought and political action is in the attitude of British residents, not to say British officialdom, toward Indian people of the intellectual classes. In India, indeed, the foundation of the present relations of East and West were laid many years ago. The relations then established were those of a conquering toward a conquered people. Three hundred million natives were dominated by a handful of Europeans, and the theory of that domination was that of a superior race dealing with an inferior race, a superior civilization dealing with an inferior civilization; in which, however, superiority was demonstrated in the first place by superior force. That original position of the British administrators in India, founded perhaps on necessity which has been very slow to grow less, and main-

tained with fidelity that has demanded dinner coats for lone administrators dining in the jungle, has left a dominating and almost ineradicable influence upon the entire relations of the white and native races in the East. Americans in China have adopted the same policy since first our representatives impinged upon Chinese civilization, and while our attitude, officially at least, has been somewhat different in the Philippines, the British viewpoint has been accepted by most American residents engaged in business in the archipelago and by only too many of our official representatives.

The problem of the relations of Eastern and Western peoples in the Far East is not an easy one. Primarily what is referred to as snobbery is often a feeling based upon racial instinct which exists in both peoples. To a certain extent also this feeling represents a protective reaction of a small minority of whites against an overwhelming mass of colored races, an instinctive solidifying of European feeling in the impact of one civilization upon another. Discounting these factors in the problem, however, there yet remains the plain factor of common snobbery, particularly strong in those members of the foreign population in the Far East who, in the matter of origin, education and home relations, have the least reason to show it. It is difficult to understand, much less to justify in any degree, the attitude of many foreigners in the Far East toward natives of superior attainments. The bumptious underling in the American bank in Shanghai who ordered a Chinese friend of Senator Bingham, a graduate of Yale and the son of a graduate of Yale, to the Chinese quarter of the bank he was favoring with his patronage, is but a type of foreigner in the Orient so common as to be almost the rule. Such examples of bumptious snobbery might be overlooked as an inferiority-complex reaction in small minds, were it not that they are in fact merely extreme indications of the general attitude of foreigners toward all things native.

The new factor in the situation is the changed attitude of the natives. Ever since the West came into contact with the East this attitude has been taken by the West as a matter of course, and has been more or less completely accepted by the East as a natural concomitant of the contact of the two peoples. It has

been accepted, however, only because such acceptance has been forced upon the East by the military power of foreign peoples supported by native Governments whose chief desire in the matter was to avoid friction with their unwelcome national guests. The change has come with the rising tide of national consciousness among Eastern peoples strengthened by other factors not so generally recognized.

The practical relations of the foreigners to the native races have been such as to lead to constantly increasing questioning on the part of the native. It is only natural that a native should question the reason why a foreigner resident in his country—depending upon the country and its trade, upon its industry, its products, upon the labor of its people, for his livelihood—should be so much better off economically and socially than any of the native people, though the latter may be engaged in parallel activities. The differences between the manner of living of foreigners and natives in any of the countries in the Far East are too great to be unnoticed. It may be unjust on the part of the native that there arises a feeling that he and his people are being exploited. It may be true that in many instances that superiority in the manner of life of the foreigner lies in the latter's superior knowledge of the comforts and amenities of life, and that many natives could live as foreigners live if they took advantage of their potentialities in that line and acquired the necessary knowledge. Many, in fact, have done and are doing so. However, the fact remains that such a feeling does arise, and it persists, and only too often there is a certain measure of truth in the native's assumptions. Even our missionary friends are not free from charges of this sort. It is a well established policy of mission boards the world over that their representatives in the Far East shall be well housed and shall live with all the comforts possible under their peculiar circumstances. Missionaries claim, with some show of reason, that they could not endure the isolated life so many of them lead were it not for the comforts provided for them. The fact remains that most missionaries in the Far East, particularly in China, live far more comfortably, not to say luxuriously, than they would or could live in the United States or their own country. They maintain establishments which set

them as a class apart from their native parishioners. Perhaps such establishments are necessary; at least they represent a policy of mission boards. The fact remains that they become the subject of remark, invidious comparison, and envy on the part of the natives.

Comparisons in the matter of schools also have an influence. The mission schools are well built, well furnished, highly equipped with every modern convenience. The teachers are well paid,—according to the native standard at least,—well housed, even luxuriously placed. The native schools which a devoted band of modern native educators in China, to cite one example, are endeavoring to build up, are indifferently housed as a rule. The teachers most of the time are ill paid if paid at all, the equipment for even much of the most elementary work is lacking. In these parlous days native schools are often seized to house troops, the meagre equipment is destroyed, organization is broken up, work stopped. In contradistinction the foreign schools, protected by extraterritoriality, are usually free from interference, their work proceeds without serious interruption, their organization is in no way impaired. It is no wonder that now and then native armies or native mobs, breaking from the control heretofore imposed upon them, seize upon foreign property and put it to their own use. In so doing they merely use foreign property as they have long been accustomed to use Chinese property. Native temples, served by priests with little or no support, falling into decay and ruin, subject to seizure and abuse, stand in poor comparison to the Christian temples protected by powerful Governments under extraterritoriality. Of course these schools and churches are established for the benefit of the natives, and of course there is reason in the foreign viewpoint that to be of maximum service all such institutions must be of the best, that they in themselves should stand as monuments of Western civilization with its material benefits and general superiority. Nevertheless the fact again remains that the native naturally makes comparisons and resents the manifest differences.

These observations are submitted not in defence of the position of the Oriental peoples, but in explanation and extenuation. The white races have much to be proud of in their relations with the

colored races of the East. Perhaps it is unwise to suggest that the Oriental peoples have much to be grateful for in their relations with the peoples of the West. Herein comes to the surface a trait in human nature which is an important factor in the present situation. After all it is well to realize that nations as well as individuals, Chinese, Indian, Filipino or what not, do not necessarily feel grateful for the eleemosynary aid of other nations or of other individuals. There is a disposition in many people, perhaps most people, to show resentment against any situation which places them in the attitude of receiving anything for which in theory they should be grateful. This is particularly true of proud and sensitive peoples; and many Orientals are both proud and sensitive. Most of them do not wish to be so placed that they must be grateful. Most of all they resent the implied superiority such aid suggests.

It may come as a shock to American and European egotism, and almost an affront to Western civilization, but the fact is that the native does not regard the foreigner as a superior person. Generally the native regards him as an inferior, protected in his inferiority and peculiar position by powerful if sometimes unjust Governments. Native demands do not run in the direction of interracial intimacy. The Chinese, Filipino, Indian or other native people in the Orient do not seek foreign social recognition as such. To most of them it is as undesirable as it is to the foreigner. They have no desire to marry or give in marriage with foreigners. A foreigner has no more physical attraction to a native than the native has to the foreigner—much less, in fact, most of them maintain. If they seek admission to clubs and other social recognition, it is merely that they demand the same opportunities enjoyed by foreigners in their pursuit of the amenities of life. What they demand primarily is that they be treated as intellectual and political equals in their own right and as a people in their own country. They do not ask that they be received by the foreigner, they do not seek his companionship. What they do demand is that when for any reason they are received, or when they come into contact with each other either in business or in the ordinary relations incidental to living in the same communities, they be received on an equal plane, that they

may have the same rights, that they may enjoy the same opportunities; that, in short, they shall no longer be subject to treatment indicated in the one-time sign in the Shanghai recreation gardens of "Chinese and dogs not allowed".

Nor can there be better relations between natives and foreigners so long as the latter maintain their attitude of disdainful superiority toward everything native. Only too often have our missionary friends ridiculed Buddhism, for example, as a religion or system of philosophy without merit. Whatever may be their ideas on the subject, ridicule is not an efficient means of proselyting. After all Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism and Shintoism have been the religions of hundreds of millions of people for hundreds of years, and merit respectful consideration for their part in human history if for no other reason. Ancestral worship with all its benumbing influence upon a people may not appeal to the foreigner as an adequate system of social and religious philosophy, but it has been the foundation of Chinese life for hundreds of years and most of us could adopt some of its precepts with benefit. In the meanwhile, whether the native cares for his time honored religion or not, he resents the foreign attitude toward it. Whether the foreigners agree or disagree with their native friends in such matters, and naturally they have a perfect right to disagree, they cannot expect to receive courteous treatment from the native if they do not extend courteous treatment. A disdainful attitude is not a propitious beginning of any international relationship, commercial, political or otherwise.

Foreign political and commercial representatives can hardly expect fair treatment from the Chinese or other native political and commercial interests unless they extend to those natives with whom they have contact that equality of rights and treatment which their relations really imply but which only too often they have deliberately and consistently denied. Time was when a government in China or India could force the native to accept and acknowledge a superiority of foreigners which in his heart the native stoutly denied. Whatever may be the real force of the rising tide of Nationalism in China, India or the Philippines, the time at least has gone when any Government can force such a view upon its people.

The truth is that there has been far too much talk about the "white man's burden" with respect to the peoples of the Far East. That these people are backward in many ways, that they need the contact with Western civilization which has been forced upon them, are undoubtedly true. It is also true that Western civilization owes a duty toward Oriental peoples which may be burdensome. Fortunately the present disposition of Western nations is more to aid and less to exploit the Orient than has been the case in other years. It is time, however, that it should be realized that a better discharge of this duty can be reached by a better understanding of the Oriental peoples. It is time that there be an end to foolish talk about peculiar Oriental psychology. The better the Oriental is understood, the more perfectly it is realized that he thinks as an Occidental thinks, that his reactions are exactly what the reactions of an Occidental would be under similar circumstances; that, in short, he is a man even as we are men.

If the white races are to claim and maintain superiority over native races in Oriental contacts, they must demonstrate that superiority by actual attainment in every field, not the least of which is a demonstration of courtesy and consideration in which the principle of *noblesse oblige* can be applied with profit and benefit to all concerned. In endeavoring to establish themselves in the good graces of native races, or in endeavoring to demonstrate that superiority of institutions which they so loudly proclaim, they must expect to receive the native on an equality in opportunity and rights, meeting him as an equal in his own right, realizing that after all the foreigner is a guest in the land of another to whom he owes at least a certain measure of consideration. In so doing it is quite likely that he will find in the civilization and even in the personality of the native many things which merit his emulation and command his respect.

REDUCING STATES TO TERRITORIES

BY J. M. SCANLAND

CAN a "sovereign" State be reduced to a Territory? The Constitution of the United States makes no provision for such an act, either with or without the consent of that State. A State may be created by the division of a State, or parts of States, with their consent, but to turn a State back to its original territorial condition was not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and presents an entirely novel question. Representative Joseph Crail, of the Los Angeles, California, District, will introduce a Joint Resolution at the present session of Congress providing for disestablishing Arizona, or, plainly, the abolition of the State Government and turning the State back to a Territory with a Territorial Government. Whether this is the way to abolish a State or not, Mr. Crail is somewhat uncertain, as there is no precedent, and as an alternative he has officially asked the United States Attorney-General to take direct action against Arizona for depriving it of Statehood.

This action against the "offending" State of Arizona is based on the allegation that it has repudiated the compact with the Federal Government on its admission into the Union by striking from the State Constitution the rights of the Federal Government to public lands, and inserting a provision allowing the State to tax those lands and all Government property within its borders. The Constitution also repeals the right of the General Government to control the rivers in Arizona. These privileges were surrendered to the General Government when Arizona was admitted as a State. Or, rather, Arizona waived any right that she might have. This constituted the "compact" which Representative Crail claims it has violated.

In order to enable Arizona to tax the property of the United States within its borders, including the public lands, it was necessary to change the State Constitution. This property is

mainly included in the Colorado River water system, from which section Southern California receives much of its supply. The proposed tax would amount to about six million dollars a year, and this would add greatly to the wealth of Arizona, as it would be collected for an indefinite period. This is the interest of California, or rather its southern section, in the matter; and on this account it is asked that Arizona be turned out of the Union of States for violating its compact with the General Government.

This action of Arizona is regarded as clearly a violation of the provisions of the Enabling Act, which is a Constitutional provision regulating the admission of States, or rather of Territories as States. A State cannot annul a law of Congress, nor can it enact a law in violation of any Constitutional provision. Any attempt to do so may be construed as "rebellion." Californians claim that this act on the part of Arizona was deliberate, and not a mistake of judgment as to the legality of the changes in its Constitution. Arizona had no legal right to make this change without the consent of the United States Government—the other party to the compact by which Arizona was admitted as a State. If it be conceded that Arizona can annul a part of the Enabling Act, it must also be conceded that it can annul the entire Act, as relates to itself, and thus practically secede from the Union. This may be a far-fetched supposition, but it is not illogical, and is only a little more radical than the recent act of the "disaffected" State.

Arizona has an area of 113,956 square miles, and a population of 334,162, according to the Census of 1920. The estimated population at present is 444,000. This is an increase of about twenty-five per cent. within the last six years. Thus, the State that is threatened with decapitation is healthy and growing, and no doubt will strongly contest any such attempt by Congress—if Congress has such power. It is a novel question, and has never, heretofore, been raised.

Another Constitutional question arises in the case of the decaying State of Wyoming. It wants to go out, or rather be turned back into a Territory, with a Territorial Government, which would be mainly supported by the General Government. It has not violated any provision of the Enabling Act, but alleges that it is

too poor to support a State Government. It is mostly a stock and grazing country, and the population is shifting, unsteady and unproductive. Within the last few years Wyoming has shown very little increase in the number of its inhabitants, and a large number of these are not really citizens. According to the census of 1920, the State had a population of 194,402, or about 17,000 less than the basis for a Representative in Congress. It is reported that its few industrial resources are declining, and the people have held meetings, from time to time, and will petition Congress to "dissolve" the State Government. They allege that the expenses are more than they can bear, and they desire to get rid of a horde of officials.

Thus there will be two novel questions before Congress at the present session: Can a State be turned out of the Union, or rather turned back into a Territory? Can a State dissolve its Government and turn itself back into a Territory? Neither has ever been brought before Congress, and the discussion will be interesting. The greater contest will be that over Arizona. With Wyoming, there is an easier way out: A State can dissolve itself by refusing or failing to elect State officials, just as a cross-roads village commits suicide by refusing to collect taxes. True, some State officials may cling to their offices "until their successors are qualified," under a technicality. But if the people generally refuse to elect their successors, and, worse than all, refuse to pay taxes, the State will die a natural death. Another way out is by annexation. Wyoming can ask to be annexed to one or more of the adjoining States. This can be done by the willingness of the other State or States to receive the unprosperous State.

It may be recalled that California, now such a stickler for constitutional law, was itself a violator of it. The Enabling Act provides that Congress, alone, has the right to call an election for a Territorial Convention, for the formation of a Constitution. But the country newly acquired from Mexico was in great haste to become a full-fledged State, and General Bennet Riley, Military Governor, was prevailed upon to call such a Convention, thus assuming the powers of Congress. But that was a time of passionate expansion, and the province was admitted, notwithstanding the irregularity of its procedure.

DEALING WITH CRIMINALS

BY LEWIS E. LAWES
Warden of Sing Sing Prison

It is probably true today that neither penology nor criminology is entitled to classification as an exact science. Our information concerning criminals and crimes is still chaotic and the determination and application of the proper kind of treatment lacks scientific precision. If you discuss the treatment of crime with the average man in the street his stereotyped solution for all the complex, puzzling problems may be summed up in these words: "Hang all those who kill; put all the rest of the criminals in prison for their natural lives; sterilize all mental deficients; spank the juvenile offenders and put them to bed."

Comparatively few as yet have begun to comprehend the real importance of scientific consideration of these problems. The great majority are still indifferent, even though the problems vitally concern all. Perhaps from an experience in this work extending over two decades, I may be able to present some facts, or express some opinions that will help in coming to a right conclusion on these problems. I do not write as a theorist, but as one who has had control over thousands of criminals of every degree, who has had contact with men of every shade of character.

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Jurists, psychologists, alienists, physicians, social workers, industrial experts and prison administrators are becoming keenly interested in the problems arising in the treatment of crime and the criminal. No longer are these of concern only for the policeman, the prosecuting attorney, the judge and the warden. The problems do not begin with the commission of the crime, nor do they end when the prison doors close on the offenders. For many years our entire attention was concentrated on the parts played by these four agencies in all our dealings with

social offenders. Consideration was devoted only to the crime itself and the measuring out of punishment. That began and ended the matter so far as society thought itself concerned. It was not interested in antecedent causes or future rehabilitation. The offender was shut in prison for a certain definite time, and the world proceeded to forget him as quickly as possible. Nobody cared what happened to him so long as he remained inconspicuously out of trouble, but no one helped him to remain out of trouble. A little cross-section of the criminal's life was selected, and on this the limelight of publicity was focussed. His whole prior history and environment and his after life were left shrouded in gloom.

Today these problems are studied from many different angles. There is the investigation of the environment, of the extent of education, of the social and industrial conditions before the crime. There is the problem of the crime itself, the punishment to be pronounced and the method of carrying out the punishment. Finally, there is the question of the release of the individual and his ultimate restoration to society.

There have been four stages in the development of criminal jurisprudence. The era of vengeance, the era of repressive punishment, the era of attempted retribution, and finally, what we are beginning to see today, the era of crime prevention. For a long time punishment for crime consisted in confiscation of property, exile, torture or death. Imprisonment was made use of only until one of these forms of punishment was carried out. In time imprisonment came to be used as a punishment in itself, but until the eighteenth century and the advent of John Howard and Beccaria, the only conception of punishment was as retribution, the vengeance of society to be wreaked against the culprit. However, steadily and to an ever increasing extent, the viewpoint has been adopted that vengeance—call it retribution or by any other name—recoils injuriously upon society; that humane and reclamatory methods are the best protection for the community; that such is not only the duty of society but also its self interest.

The problem of the successful treatment of crime involves many social factors. We recognize that not only are individuals

responsible to society but that there exists a grave reciprocal responsibility on the part of society to the individual. In numerous instances the crime is but the natural result of the environment in which the offender was brought up. It may have been a case of total illiteracy, of a childhood spent in the slums in crowded, filthy tenements, under conditions which make modesty, physical and moral cleanliness, unknown and impossible. Should the product of such environment be held wholly responsible? There will always be crime when economic conditions through enforced idleness leave no other alternatives than those of starving, begging or stealing. When extreme poverty and great wealth are found together crimes against property are always most numerous. When society cannot discharge its obligation to the individual by providing an opportunity to earn a decent livelihood by work, it must offer some other temporary relief during the periods of unemployment which occur with varying degrees of frequency and intensity, or else it must look for an increase in crime. Most crimes that lead to prison today are really outbreaks due to human distress.

It has been true that three-quarters of all the cases before the criminal courts are offenders under the age of twenty-one. A special study of all robbery commitments to Sing Sing for a period of nine months revealed that 32 per cent. were twenty-one or under. Of all prisoners received at Sing Sing during the years 1915 to 1921, 66 per cent. were thirty or under. Not only is this true, but the more adult criminals frequently exhibit low mental development. Tests show that many have the intellectual capacity of children below eight years of age. Yet the age limit of our reformatory institutions is from sixteen to thirty.

I can see as the only effective preventive of juvenile delinquency the wider extension of community system activities, the establishment of more playgrounds, especially in congested areas; the creation and development of community centers to provide opportunities for clean and wholesome recreation; the extension of the Boy Scout movement and the awakening of the interest of adult organizations in the boy. It is indeed a very vital problem to discover which of the boys of today will make

the criminals of tomorrow. The Boy Scout movement, one of the greatest civic developments of modern times, is only beginning to bear fruit. When the hundreds of thousands of young boys and young girls who are being trained in the ideals of citizenship, who are being taught habits of right living and straight thinking, come into manhood and womanhood, I confidently predict a very marked decrease in juvenile delinquency. It cannot be otherwise because these boys and girls, at the most impressionable period of their lives, and through appeal to the normal cravings of boyhood and girlhood are taught to practise day after day the habit of keeping themselves "physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

One of the most conspicuous faults in our penal system is the inequality with which justice is administered. This unequal justice is not deliberate or intentional; it is the inevitable result of the judicial system and the method of dispensing punishment. There are more than one hundred and seventy judges, with their different individual temperaments, in the various courts of the State of New York who by law are, or may be, required to sentence offenders to state prison. The wide variation and inequality in the resulting sentences comes by reason of so many judges acting individually, without any method or machinery for standardizing this administrative part of their work, often without more than a scintilla of information about the person whose entire future hangs in the balance of the scales of justice. Judges have but a brief glimpse of the offender, in an atmosphere of tension, made unnaturally so by the effort to secure a conviction on the one side and by the effort to escape conviction on the other; an atmosphere frequently surcharged by momentary public excitement. It must be borne in mind that approximately 75 per cent. of those sentenced have entered pleas of guilty without trial. In all of these cases the judge has no opportunity of studying the prisoner and very little opportunity of learning his record. He can of necessity see little of the personal background, learn little of those individual elements which go to make up the whole case of the offender. Justice becomes machine made—so much sentence measured off to fit a certain crime.

No physician would limit or specify in advance the length of time a tubercular or smallpox patient should spend in a hospital, and for the same reason the courtroom is not the place, nor is the judge the proper person, with the limited scope of information at his command, to fix in advance the period of the sentence. All sentences should be completely and entirely indeterminate. Men are released every week who should be retained in prison for their natural lives, and men are being retained who could with absolute safety and with great economic gain be released.

As a striking example of variation, let me cite the 119 sentences for the crime of burglary in the third degree in Kings County in one year. These ranged from twenty suspended sentences up to one of ten years, with twenty-seven different varieties of sentence for the same crime. I know of one instance where a single judge in one day imposed seven sentences for the crime of robbery in the first degree. Two were for twenty years, four for ten to twenty years and one for seven and a half to twenty years.

These instances are not exceptional. They are typical of the administration of criminal law. Of course there are special conditions which make some of this variation fair and just. However, special conditions and circumstances can account for only a small part of the variation and even such special facts as do exist cannot be completely or properly understood at the time of sentence. This continuing element of inequality fosters in the minds of the prisoners a feeling of having been unjustly and unfairly treated and no man who enters prison in that frame of mind is fertile soil for the seeds of reformation. This inequality is still further enhanced by the practice of bargaining for pleas. Under this custom we receive in prison men that are guilty of robbery sentenced for a crime of much lesser degree. We receive men guilty of rape, sentenced for assault, and men guilty even of murder, sentenced for manslaughter in one of the lesser degrees. The worst feature of the practice seems to be the prevailing opinion among criminals, which unfortunately is well founded, that bargains are possible with the prosecutors and with the courts. Another cause of bitterness among prisoners and unfairness in sentences is the negligent attitude of some criminal lawyers toward their unfortunate clients. Observing the relation

between many prisoners and their attorneys, it appears to me that there is a large opportunity for improvement in the ethics of members of the legal profession.

A problem coördinate with the indeterminate sentence is that of parole. In the successful operation of our parole system we shall find the greatest cure for recidivism. During the last fifty years there has been developing a steadily growing public consciousness that there are other ends than mere retributive punishment to be accomplished by imprisonment; that the offender should be reformed if possible; that there is great possibility of gain both to society and to the offender himself, if through his prison life he can be refitted to take his place in the ranks of wage earners, of self supporters. In seeking for this result, in the gradual development of this reformative theory, the indeterminate sentence and parole have grown together in close association. They supplement each other. There can be no real reformative method of imprisonment without making use of both of these means.

II

I have endeavored to indicate some of the problems, some of the difficulties which occur, day by day and year by year, in prison work and in the field of criminology. I shall now discuss the remedies by which we are attempting to solve these problems, the goals toward which we are striving. There is in my opinion no single prison problem to be settled by one general prescription. There is a separate problem in each man who comes to us. The prison receives the human wreckage cast aside by all the other agencies engaged in educational and in philanthropic work. It is the last resort of the social misfit. The best administered prison in the world will not reform all; the worst administered will reform some. The man who is a burglar, a "stick up man", a gunman or a gangster, is still the same sort of an individual after admission to prison. There is no mysterious method by which habits firmly intrenched by years can be immediately corrected. In the application of punishment in general, the great trouble with our system has been that we have habitually prescribed the same dose of medicine for all kinds of crime disease. The only

variation has been in the amount of medicine prescribed and even in that our measurement of the dose has been unscientific and haphazard. Society has never fully realized that certainty and not severity is the most desirable element in any form of punishment. What happens to the child whose parents continually threaten a whipping for misbehavior, but who never carry out the threat? The same is true of the State in its relation to the criminal. It threatens death for the murderer, but it applies the punishment to one out of eighty-five; it threatens long prison terms for robbery, but many are never caught and many of those who are caught, through bargaining for pleas, escape with light sentences. By this I do not mean to advocate severe sentences, or to advocate sentences for any definite length of time. The point is that in the mind of the criminal, the State has failed to give what it said it would.

The length of sentence has very little deterrent effect on the mind of a man tempted to commit crime. He may gamble on the chance of a short sentence because of the uncertainty and inequality that exist, but as a rule the only consideration in his mind is whether he can escape detection and conviction. Montesquieu has said: "If we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of crime and not from the moderation of punishment." If the detection and punishment of a criminal act could be made inevitable and if the offender knew that the period of his punishment depended on his own mental and moral progress and development, there would be more hesitation and, after the first offense, less recidivism.

In the consideration of capital punishment and of all punishment, this aspect should be firmly fixed in mind. It is not the nature of the penalty which deters, but the certainty with which a penalty of some sort will be applied. The indeterminate sentence and the development of the modern principles of parole have been the great forward steps in our penology of today. We are coming to a new point of view, that society is better protected by the rehabilitation of the offender, and that it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the judge to know in advance how long a time will be required for such social readjustment; that it is more in

line with justice to the offender and more beneficial to society in general to determine the length of the sentence after a period of observation than at the time of the trial. The true operation of parole should be on the basis of the gain in character, whereas the sentence by the court and subsequent release at an arbitrarily predetermined time is based solely on the crime.

Our penal laws provide the penalty to fit the crime, rather than to meet the needs of the offender. Judges by law and of necessity must follow this theory. No other course is possible under our criminal procedure with so many cases pressing for decision and with the necessity for quick action to avoid the congestion of courts and detention jails. But with the development of the classification prison there will be provided the necessary period for observation, without causing any delay in the administration of justice. Complete mental and physical examinations can be made; the past history, the heredity and environment of the prisoner ascertained and studied; psychiatric and educational tests made; his present tendencies, his habits observed; his future prospects in life appraised; the attitude of his relatives and friends discovered. From all of this data a scientific prognosis can be made. There can be determined with some degree of accuracy an estimate of the time required to restore the man to a condition in which he is fitted to reënter society and support himself and his dependents. Or there can be determined, if such be the unfortunate outlook, that there exists no probable hope for his rehabilitation. Nor will the general use of the indeterminate sentence necessarily mean shorter terms in prison. It will mean shorter terms for some, for those fitted morally and physically to be released; but it will mean longer terms for others, for those who give no indication of change in their anti-social attitude. It will mean that each man through his own individual effort will be able to make the key that will give him his freedom.

With the increasing application of the principle of the indeterminate sentence there has developed a broader and more scientific use of parole, so that this measure is far from being in the experimental stage. Broad parole provisions have been adopted by many states, with a varying length of time necessary to be served by the offender before the parole authorities can act.

No State which has adopted this enlightened legislation has ever taken it off the statute books. Rather has the path of progress been toward a broader law, toward enlargement of parole opportunities.

Parole also offers a greater opportunity for requiring some form of restitution by the offender. This should enter more into our judicial procedure and practice than has been the custom in the past, and it is possible to do this under the broader application and use of the indeterminate sentence and parole. Restitution in many cases can be made a prerequisite of earlier release; it can be an active factor in the conditions to be met during parole. Confinement for a definite period creates in the minds of most offenders the idea that the debt to society, the debt to the wronged individual, is paid in full by the imprisonment. This is the general conception of punishment, and indeed, it can almost be said to be the foundation of the theory of punishment held by our courts. We must not neglect the great possibilities of gain, not only to society but to the individual, in making punishment more a matter of restitution, less a matter of punitive imprisonment.

When a man commits an anti-social act he must be removed from society, but the removal should be into an environment where, except for actual contact with the outside world, conditions will be as normal as possible. Occupation, education, cultivation should continue. In this environment he should be confined indefinitely until his fitness determines the time of his release, and during the time of his confinement, he should be taught that it is to his advantage to learn social ways in place of his anti-social habits. It should be demonstrated to him that crime does not pay. It costs millions of dollars each year to fight crime. We could well afford to hire the best men in the world to present this view point to our criminal population. By the best men, I mean practical and successful men.

So the question comes to this: Is the prisoner safely retained in the institution during the period of his sentence, and is he released at its conclusion fitted in the best possible way to take his place again in society? For all of our prisoners, except those who die or are executed, sooner or later must be returned to society, and the problem as I see it is to do all that is possible to fit them

for their ultimate release. Men do change their ideas, and the majority of prisoners released make good, otherwise this work would not be worth while. The criterion by which success or failure of the method is to be judged is the percentage of men who make good when they leave the institution.

Men confined in an institution must suffer loss of liberty; they must forego freedom of individual action. They are obliged to work almost as slaves without incentive. Their correspondence is censored, and visits with their friends and families are held under the supervision of a guard. But in spite of this it is possible to obtain cheerful obedience to necessary rules, to build up a spirit of group morale and group responsibility that is at times astonishing. Self government is not only possible to a certain degree, but is most important. Let any thoughtful man watch the fourteen hundred inmates in this institution file into the recreation hall to witness a picture or to attend a lecture, quietly and in perfect order, yet entirely under inmate supervision without a guard or an officer; let him watch their behavior during the performance; watch them at its conclusion file out again; let him realize that this body of fourteen hundred men includes types of every kind and degree of criminality, and I defy him to say that this spirit of group responsibility cannot be cultivated within prison walls.

At the beginning of the article I dwelt on the fact that comparatively few realize the great importance of scientific study of these problems. Let me emphasize how vastly important it is, not only that the handling of delinquents should be intrusted to intelligent people, but that all the intricate problems within the field of penology should be more thoroughly studied and understood by intelligent people.

THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

THE Boston Athenæum, unique among American libraries and richest of them all in its traditions, is a cousin of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Both are descendants of The Anthology Society, which a little group of scholarly Bostonians founded in 1805. The library and reading room of the society became The Athenæum in 1807. The magazine of the society died in 1811, and one of its most active workers, William Tudor, Jr., launched THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in 1815, less as a new magazine than as a revival.

For a hundred and twenty years The Athenæum has been the embodiment of cultural and social Boston at its best. It is as characteristically Bostonian as the Common nearby, and Beacon Hill where its massive home has stood since 1847. That structure was designed by a Cabot, and in the Presidency of The Athenæum a Lowell has followed a Quincy and an Eliot has followed an Adams. The first of its trustees was William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo, and down to date the most luminous names of the city have made up the list. The roll of the families in whose possession its precious shares have descended generation after generation is the Golden Book of Boston.

From this the uninitiated may gather that The Athenæum is vastly more than a library of 300,000 volumes, with an incidental art collection, for the benefit of the proprietors and their invited guests. At least, the fortunate guests soon realize it. During the last year, as usual, they have represented virtually all the States of the Union and numerous foreign lands. They have browsed freely among the books in the beautifully vaulted reading rooms and along the galleries and in the sunny alcoves of the six floors. They have written their own books there, as did many a bearer of a deathless name long years ago. They have sipped their afternoon tea, from which they look down through the great

elms to the gray stones of the Old Granary Burying Ground where the Boston generations that Copley painted lie secure. They have been told the romantic story of the goldfish on the delivery desk, and of the fund—one of the almost endless list of Athenæum funds—that keeps the rooms supplied with flowers. And from Librarian Bolton, now rounding out his thirtieth year there, and from all his ideally efficient staff, they have received courtesies that enlist them forever among those who resent "coldness" as applied to the heart of Puritan New England.

The Athenæum has gathered priceless treasures of both literature and art through the years. It includes the oldest library in New England, about two hundred volumes that William III sent over to King's Chapel in Boston in 1698. It includes about four hundred books which were the bulk of Washington's library at Mount Vernon. It includes the largest existing collection of books, pamphlets, newspapers and periodicals printed in the South during the Civil War. Its collections of first American editions, of early New England newspapers, of early Government documents, of international law, of Gypsy literature and of Dutch history are particularly notable and provide source material for scholars the world over. With all that, it is kept so well up to date that it is not merely a shrine of learning and a retreat for literary workers, but a family library for the social elect of Boston and, in a semi-public way, for a far larger circle.

As long ago as 1850 The Athenæum had its ghosts. Hawthorne wrote about one of them in his *Note Books*. Mary J. Regan, for half a century a member of the library staff, tells of many more in her *Echoes from the Past*. Barrett Wendell, who had a room of his own at The Athenæum in his last years, believed that riotous general reading there turned Dr. Holmes from devotion to medical science into the path that led to *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Choate and Webster, Emerson and Alcott, Longfellow and Hawthorne, Channing and Ripley, Sumner and Everett, Whipple and Ticknor, Elijah Kellogg and Marion Crawford—these are of the many to whom The Athenæum was a club and a daily workshop. The great New England historians, Prescott, Parkman, Palfrey, Bancroft, Hildreth and Young, lacked little of living there during their busiest years.

In the early period women were not admitted to The Athenæum—except to its art gallery, which was Boston's first public collection of paintings. It did not occur to the proprietors that their wives and daughters should be allowed among the bookshelves. It was feared that the narrow galleries and steep staircases "would cause a decent female to shrink", and that "a considerable portion of a general library should be to her a closed book"; also that the presence of women "would occasion frequent embarrassment to modest men". The first woman to penetrate the portals was Hannah Adams, the historian, whose distinguished family connections among the trustees won her the victory in 1829. A little later she became the first of the many thousands who sleep in beautiful Mount Auburn. In 1833 Lydia Maria Child complained that her anti-slavery writings cost her the privilege of taking out Athenæum books, but the records are silent on the subject. Since 1857 women have served on the library staff.

When the Boston Public Library was organized in 1852, backed by great financial resources, The Athenæum was threatened with absorption. For half a century it had held sway at the center of an intellectual city. It had itself absorbed many libraries. Several of the proprietors urged consolidation. After a campaign that reverberated in the columns of *The Daily Advertiser* for a year, the proprietors "by a large majority" refused to sell. Then they issued more shares to strengthen the financial position of The Athenæum and vigorously developed the institution for the still larger and richer fields of service in which it has been winning glory ever since. If you crave the possession of one of those shares—no new shares have been issued since 1858—first feel your way into the affections of the Boston family that owns it by purchasing the Paul Revere silver, the ancestral portraits by Copley and the Willard clock.

WHITHER, MANKIND?

BY JAMES W. MAVOR

We are told on very good authority that the earth on which we live is at least fifteen hundred million years old. The evidence for this lower limit to its age comes from a number of independent and reliable sources, astronomy, physics, geology, biology, and there seems no reason why it should not continue in approximately its present state for a similar period of time. The age of man, at most, dates back a million years, and that only by stretching the term to include all man-like creatures. Man has lived on this earth, therefore, less than one one-thousandth of the time it has been in existence; indeed, probably only one one-thousandth of the time life has existed on the earth.

During the time man has existed on earth, he has developed at an ever increasing rate until now he occupies a unique position in the organic world. In the beginning an almost defenseless anthropoid narrowly confined in his distribution, he has become the dominant organism on earth. This dominance we recognize as due to his use of tools, his intelligence, and more especially with the advent of civilization, his ability to undertake coöperative enterprises on a vast scale. This development has been a gradually increasing one, at first so slow as to be scarcely comprehensible to one living in the present day. Paleolithic man existed over a period of one hundred thousand or more years. During this time his progress, when judged by the criteria by which we measure our progress today, was almost nil. Neolithic man, again, while he developed a social organization, could scarcely be said to have dominated the earth.

At most, civilization dates back six or eight thousand years, and the scientific age, to which is confined man's real dominance of the earth, has lasted but four or five hundred years. Compared to the time during which life has existed on earth, this is but one part in two million or as one second in a month. During this

short period man's progress has been exceedingly rapid, the whole of the Western World has been rediscovered and civilized, the population has increased enormously, the invention of the steam and gas engines and the discovery of electricity have placed sources of energy in the hands of man equal to many times the man power of the world; with the aeroplane he has spanned the oceans, with the submarine he has travelled under them, and he has drilled his tunnels through mountain ranges. Many diseases have been eradicated or controlled, and the wild beasts which put terror into primitive man now survive only under government protection. Indeed, man has gone into every nook and corner of this earth and his devices have penetrated not only wherever there is life but beyond into the air above and the rocks below, the frozen North and the torrid desert.

Through all this the surprising thing is that it has all come so quickly and the advance seems to go on with ever increasing rapidity. Can one wonder that our philosophers stop in their dreams to ask "Whither?" Has this great monster which we call civilization and which has come upon man so suddenly, almost unawares, come to swallow him and make an end of mankind?

During the long ages organic life has been developing on earth certain principles have been in vogue. Form has succeeded form in the great pageant of evolution, the simple giving rise to the more complex, adaptation everywhere winning for the organism its place in the scheme of things, through it all a forward movement. Nature rarely marks time or turns back; as the face of the earth changes so changes its organic life. With a speed far surpassing that of Nature man is changing the face of his earth.

Through all this, however, man himself—man the organism—has changed little. Anatomically, the men of ancient Egypt and Greece did not differ from men of the present time. The cranial capacity of late paleolithic and neolithic man was not less than the average of today. Has man through some God given power been able suddenly to throw away his biological heritage and become exempt from those principles which seem to have determined the progress and the extinction of other organic species?

The command of Nature is "Grow and reproduce". Biologically man's success, as that of the lower organisms, depends on his ability to carry out these two orders. Only after growth to maturity can reproduction occur, but growth without reproduction is death to the species. In growth the human species has been and is singularly successful. In few if any species does such a large proportion of the individuals born reach the reproductive age; and further, the astounding progress of civilized man has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the proportion of individuals who reach maturity.

On the score of reproduction he would seem to be equally successful since during the period referred to the population has increased with ever increasing rapidity. There are, however, certain aspects in which human reproduction at the present time differs from that of organisms in a state of nature. There the fittest reproduce and reproduce most frequently. Any cause which tends to decrease the fertility of a species or race in nature tends to its quick extinction. In the human species, however, beside the restriction of reproduction, especially among the more fit, the process seems to be becoming naturally more difficult for women, and were it not for the advances of medical practice it would also be increasingly dangerous. We see here one of the most significant anatomical changes which are known to be occurring in civilized races. Here a real evolutionary change seems to be going on; and this a change which seriously interferes with the natural process of reproduction. Found in nature occurring in the individuals of a species, it would undoubtedly be regarded as a sign of retrogression and probable extinction.

We do not always realize how vital for the species is its rate of reproduction. If, and the thing is by no means impossible, man should suddenly discover and perfect some means of birth control which was universally applicable and easily obtained, the human species might approach extinction in a single generation. Even if actual extinction did not occur, the social disorganization due to lack of workers and otherwise might induce a return to conditions similar to those preceding the advent of civilization.

Man is indeed fortunate in his anatomical structure and physiology; with all their defects they, nevertheless, make possible

existence under the greatest variety of circumstances, and it would scarcely seem that the range of their adaptability has been exhausted. When one seeks in the organic world for a parallel to human society, he must turn not to other mammals but to the insects—to the ants and bees. It may be remarked incidentally that from the point of view of age the ant society much surpasses the human. Many thousands of ants including males, females and workers, have been beautifully preserved in amber from the lower Oligocene of date about twenty million B.C.

Ant societies, especially the more highly developed, are composed of many different kinds of individuals, workers, soldiers, queens, males, etc. Unlike human beings, however, the ant individuals differ not only in their activities but also in their structure. This has solved many social problems for the ant. There is no question as to who shall work, who shall fight, or who shall bear children. This is all determined for the individual before it sees the light of day. It is generally true of organisms that when individuals perform different functions in a colony their structure tends to become correspondingly differentiated. Indeed, to an outside observer one of the many surprising things about the human colony would undoubtedly be how it could possibly carry on as it does fairly peacefully without structural differences determining the positions of the individuals in the colony. One obvious question for the prophet of the future of man is, "Will the human race become differentiated structurally corresponding to the occupational differences between its members?"

Among the calamities, real and imagined, which have been thought capable of exterminating the human race, disease figures prominently. It is worth while to stop and think what would happen to humanity were a Twenty-Eighth Amendment to be passed by the United Human Races, and duly enforced, prohibiting the use and manufacture of all antitoxins, vaccines or other sera, together with the use of all medicinal drugs. Not only should we expect epidemics of many serious diseases, but conditions in the world at large would probably be much worse than they were during the great plagues of ancient times and the Middle Ages. The Great Plague of the Orient in the Sixth Cen-

tury is estimated to have killed a hundred million people. The Black Death of the Fourteenth Century killed in parts of Europe two-thirds to three-quarters of the population. Conditions brought about by our modern civilization tend to produce a greater and more rapid spread and a greater virulence of epidemic diseases. It would be almost impossible to picture the plight of man were modern medicine taken from him. However, it is extremely unlikely that disease alone would lead to his extinction. Epidemics, like individual cases, run their course. Individuals always remain, either immune or unexposed to the disease, to continue the species.

Man's real distinction and his pride, that which distinguishes him from all other organisms, is the development of his intellect, something which it is impossible to define in terms of structure, difficult even in terms of function. As one scans the geological periods and sees the different groups of animals and plants rise and fall, species after species evolving, becoming abundant, even dominant, then passing out of sight, he is impressed by the fact that it is the striking, unusual characters of a species—its specialties, as it were—that seem to be responsible for its rise and also, when times change, for its disappearance. So far man's progress has been due to his intellect. May not this intellect be, when viewed in its proper perspective in nature, but a specific character of man? If so, how far will it carry him? Will man's end like his rise be due, as seems to be often the case in other organisms, to the over-development of a specific character?

HENRIK IBSEN: *AET.* 100

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

On March 20, one hundred years ago, Henrik Ibsen was born in the little Norwegian town of Skien. With his first breath he inhaled the narrow parochialism of its inhabitants; with his first conscious observations he saw the meeting house, the town prison and pillory, the mad house. Nothing to smile over at such sights!

At first the Ibsens were of some pecuniary worth in the town; then financial reverses overtook them, and they had to move to a farm away from the social atmosphere to which they were accustomed. High society turned a cold shoulder toward them, and Henrik, even though but eight, felt the first jibes of social injustice. He was an "uncomfortable" boy, so declared one of his sisters, a veritable bungler at play, a silent dreamer who practised his water colors, studied his Latin, read his Bible, and writhed beneath the indignity of poverty.

When, later, there began in him the growth of a consciousness that his gifts as a poet were of a divine nature, he spoke aloofly of all his early associations. Of Skien he declared that the inhabitants were unworthy to possess his birthplace. He cut himself off from his family, because he felt that his predestined work might never be finished within range of their presence. There was always fear that if he remained in the "stuffy" communities at home, he would never accomplish that life work which he was continually exalting in his correspondence. Exile—self imposed—was the only solution. For the greater part of his creative period, he remained away from Norway.

The three strains of Ibsen's inheritance were apparent at an early age in his character: silence, from the Scotch; philosophical interest, from the Germans; high imagination, from the North country. Curiously, his social indignation came, not so much through his sympathy with the victims of a social order as through

consciousness that he was better than his human surroundings. Iconoclast though he was, he ever remained a Conservative; he always assumed the superiority of the Aristocrat. There was no flaming indignation that would send him to the extreme political Left; there was no pledged sympathy with Socialistic tendencies. His great quarrel with Biörnson was that the latter—full blooded in his presence and his speech, identified himself so heartily with the young Liberals of Norway. Ibsen was no party man: he was a champion of deeper and broader issues. What made him, from his apothecary days at Grimstad to the very end, a driving force, was his fearless onslaught upon the dreadful cankerworm undermining the civilization of his day.

He would accept nothing as it was. He saw around him compromises at the moment of greatest decisions, and his philosophy, tinctured by the influence of Kirkegaard's mandate of "All or Nothing", made him an enemy of compromise. One must *will* to be different, and nothing must be allowed to interfere with the progress of that will. He saw everyone skirting around issues: how he flaunted the evil of this in the character of Peer Gynt! His impetuous, burning faith drove him through issues, cutting relentlessly into the very vitals of the social order. In *Brand* he developed the disastrous consequences of such relentless driving. His area of vision was narrow, tempered by that theological crease of his inheritance which was as definitely marked upon him as was his Norse inheritance. Exile himself as he might for years at a time, in Rome, in Dresden, he was always a Norwegian.

Ibsen lived through the political upheavals of '48 and '71; he saw modern history unfolding before his eyes; he was first-hand witness of the efforts for unification in the North and South, ignominiously handled. His attitude toward the social state was largely formulated under the stinging failure of Norway to realise her own nationalism (so dominant was Denmark, and Copenhagen particularly), to keep her social contracts, to uphold her moral promises, and finally to realize the broader importance of Scandinavian unity. He was prompted, through this excess of feeling, both in the handling of his saga and ballad materials, to be meticulous in the use of vocabulary for fear of showing Danish influence. Yet, curiously, he was aristocrat enough to have a

hankering for Danish culture. In the popular sense of the word he was not a patriot. He was an individualist working for a better world to live in. As a dramatist he began at a time when the average life was marked by false standards, by weak political policies. No matter how dated *The League of Youth*, *Pillars of Society* and *An Enemy of the People* may be, they apply to American town life today.

As a young man, Ibsen lived his Grimstad days among a settled community that thought him wild and not quite nice; until after his *Brand* period, he existed under the pressure of dire poverty, scarcely able to wring from Governmental travelling grants enough to see him over the years until he had gained a footing. Stern, exacting though he was socially, his few friends, in better financial condition than he, came to his rescue, saved him from absolute penury.

"Happiness is worth a daring deed", he made Hiördis declare in *The Vikings at Helgeland;* "we are both free if we but will it." The word "free" was not understood when he came to write it; it brought him amidst heated controversy. Family relations, the conditions of true love, the settlement of marriage bonds, were hidebound and set. Ibsen astounded the smug social order by his fearless handling of these themes in his plays. When he wrote *Love's Comedy*, tearing the veil from sentimentalism, the press scored his championship of "free love", when he was farthest from advocating such ideas. When he made Nora leave Torvald in *A Doll's House*, he became the real enemy of society, so the public thought, believing as they did that he advocated looseness of the marriage contract. It was early in his playwriting career that Ibsen began to realize the danger of tearing down social institutions, and leaving stranded those who had no social vision as to what might take their place. "The strongest man is he who stands alone," declares Dr. Stockmann. Ibsen brushed aside society as a body. It is the minority that is always right. But Dr. Stockmann half-suspected where "no compromise" would lead to. The shattered windows of his living room suggested it to him!

There followed, after Ibsen's saga period, years when the Norwegian playwright was, as he avowed, literally a lonely *franc*

tireur at the outposts of civilization. How long it would take for the world to catch up with him could not then be reckoned. Germany was quick to respond to him, and he was played in the German theatres as eagerly as he was announced in the Scandinavian countries. But the critics of his own blood roared bitterly over the intent of most of his plays. After *Love's Comedy*, when he applied for a travelling grant, it was the accepted belief that he deserved no recognition because of his social attitude in that play. They denied the imaginative value of *Peer Gynt*, when they realized that Peer's hedging was a poignant reminder of their own national flinching; they denied that he was a poet, whereupon Ibsen retaliated by shouting that if *Peer Gynt* was not poetry, then it would be. For "the conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be made to conform to the book."

Slowly, Ibsen seeped into other countries. But his ideas were revolutionary to Victorian London. When the English came to producing *A Doll's House*, they had Henry Arthur Jones adapt it under the title of *Breaking a Butterfly*. It was not alone the barrier of language that made Ibsen so long unknown to Anglo-Saxon theatres. He spelled anathema to the Conservative mind; he dealt with the disagreeable, the forbidden questions. Sincerity and outspokenness were not characteristics of the English theatre of that era.

Alone in his day, Ibsen was making a fight for social decency. He was aiming for an Empire of Soul wherein men and women, not bound by narrow considerations, should be complements, one to the other, in the working out of existence. He always combated the suggestion that he was a special champion of the woman problem. What he was really seeking was a moral balance, and whenever he attempted to suggest an adjustment, showing up the social lie as he saw it, he was met by the "stagnationists". He wanted to free men and women from preconceived ideas; this he wished to do in his own individualistic way, a steel, cold, relentless, realistic way, mayhap a narrow, unsocial way, but none the less sincere. He once wrote to Brandes: "My domain is not an extensive one, but within it I do my best."

How often do we catch glimpses of Ibsen in his plays, the full-blooded egoism for which he pleaded being relentlessly expressed

in the "All or Nothing" of *Brand*; the doubt as to whether such egoism was either commendable or allowable, in *The Wild Duck*; and a final hint, in *When We Dead Awaken*, as to whether such intensive apostolic work was worth the price of life, which flowed by untasted. One may use a burning-glass so intently as to sear oneself, and this Ibsen surely did when he wrote *Ghosts*.

There was no fitful creation about Ibsen; his was almost a set campaign. In one play there was always the germ of another: either in a phrase or in the outline of a character. He always knew he would be the centre of a storm of protest; he rather liked it and would have felt disappointment had there been no opposition. The Ibsen shoe always pinched; he was an uncomfortable playwright. Yet he steadily grew in favor; the vitriolic reception of him was indication that he was being heeded. When *Catilina*—his first play—was published, only thirty-two copies were sold. The first edition of *The Wild Duck* (1884) sold 8,000 copies in a month.

The history of the modern theatre has no instance of a more persistent playwright than Henrik Ibsen. To the very end, he was in a state of creation, which meant aloofness, dispensing with the reading of books and newspapers for fear of being disturbed. His plays went through long periods of incubation, of close scrutiny, but the actual writing of them was a matter of a few months. His canvas was narrow, with deepening observation and intensified conviction. Sometimes he was sidetracked in the writing of one drama for the sake of another—as in the instance of *Emperor and Galilean*. But though *The League of Youth* consumed his energy (since for the first time he was attempting the medium of prose) the philosophy of the "third empire" (a compromise between paganism and Christianity) was dominant within him. He never lost contact with an idea so long as it was unattached from a play.

First and last he was a playwright, an artist working in the theatre. That is often lost sight of in the efforts of some critics to make Ibsen only a purveyor of ideas, and not a poet. If the truth must be told, there was much of the romanticist about him for all his realism. His poetry, especially his short verses, possessed an associative value not unlike that to be found in Words-

worth (without the latter's love of nature). In memory he lived his happiest life. He was a sensitive artist, too; for all through his ballad and saga period he was feeling for the best form adapted to the new material; he was aware of the fact that as an artist he needed to shape the heroic properly. If later he was to be weaned away from the "ornateness" of verse (for he came to feel that conventional rhythm cramped the free flow of dramatic emotion), he was just as particular about the vocabulary and the naturalness of his prose dialogue. Only those sensitive to the Norwegian dialect can understand the importance of Ibsen's position in the realm of language study. His *Brand* shows the evidences of word coining, similar to the sonorous inventiveness of Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus.*

But the curious commentary about this reformer of the theatre is that he gave to his theatre no really new forms. As a theatre director at Bergen and Christiania, he was reared in the school of Scribe, and from that school he was never able to make a complete escape. The subterfuges of construction that marked the "well made" play were with him to the end; the trickery of occurrence which was stagey and did not smack of the close knit life he championed. His effects were well calculated; his scenes were effective from the acting standpoint; he stretched many moments of sound thinking for the sake of a situation (like Hilda knocking at the door when the Master Builder speaks of the younger generation); but when it came to tampering with his deeper intention, he was adamant, unmoved. Once only did he compromise in his playwriting, when a German producer threatened to write into *A Doll's House* a happy ending, if he did not do it himself. And he conceded the point, but almost immediately after regretted it.

The sum and substance of Ibsen's active life—from the publication of *Catilina* in 1849, to the appearance of *When We Dead Awaken* (written with the restless uncertainty of old age), with its 1900 imprint—was (strange as it might appear with the international furor against his Radical ideas), Conservative, since he never once advocated violence, but steadily upheld an evolutionary change in human nature by the relentless exercise of the human will, and an individual consciousness of the need for

change. On May 23, 1906, he died, a world figure paid tribute to by the world. No one, outside of Biörnson, Brandes and Hegel, his publisher, knew much of the personal man. The contemplative artist had sapped himself of genial intercourse for concentration upon his dedicated task. He sought for a revolution in the spirit of man. In a way he was on the spiritual Left, but politically always remained a relentless critic of the Liberals and Socialists. To live life over again, pleads Professor Rubek, in the Ibsen Epilogue play! But that is just what one cannot do when, after being dead, one awakens to the consciousness of what one has missed. "We see the irretrievable only then," declares Irene. Ibsen thus paid dearly for his life work. He died, leaving a different theatre, but secretly aware of his great sacrifice. Knowing this, one can forgive the foolish romantic flash of an old man in his late years, when love stirred in him for a young girl, and was quickly brushed aside. Hilda, in *The Master Builder,* is old love's young dream. And, in a recent book on *The Modern Ibsen,* Professor Weigand restates early opinion that the acerbity in *Hedda Gabler* was partly due to the willing excoriation of the Ibsen conscience.

The influence of the Norwegian playwright spread all over Europe. It broke down the hold of romanticism, and prepared the way for the naturalistic school. Sudermann and Hauptmann followed closely in his footsteps; France, in the person of Henri Becque and his *Les Corbeaux,* showed a departure from the theatre ritual of *Hernani* and *La Dame aux Camélias.* The hand of Ibsen was shadowed on the wall of the theatre. During his lifetime many of these intimations were to be noted, and doubtless he, beside feeling deeply their import, experienced a little vainglory (for he was a curiously conceited little man). The evolution of social life went on, and the fights that Ibsen waged were won, and the potency of his preachment waned as the smoke of battle diminished. Some of his disciples went beyond him both in technique and in social vision. Gorky's *The Lower Depths,* Hauptmann's *The Weavers,* dealt with strata of humanity Ibsen knew about only in theory. Remember that to him it was the minority that should rule—little aristocrat that he was! Whenever I see his working people on the stage, I recall to mind old

Eccles of Tom Robertson's *Caste*. Ibsen's working class is an obsequious one. It is not under economic slavery but rather suffering from a mean quality of soul.

The outpost where Ibsen stood so alone was reached and passed. Dramatists began looking backward at Ibsen, he who had once been the only figure in the forward movement. When he began, the old order was anathema to him—its smugness, its unfairness to women, its lying departmentalism. He wanted to shame his generation for living the lie. Did he do it? At least he made his generation conscious of the lie. Among dramatists he was a veritable woodpecker, hammering at the decayed spots in the tree of life. When he began, he alone was eager to place torpedoes beneath the tragic dead centres of our spiritual existence, beneath the stagnant social conventions. He felt the warped condition of sexual repression, yet at the time there was no Freud to explain the condition.

There was little in the bulk of Ibsen's work so universal as to lift it above its contemporary significance. Acting quality alone will save the social plays for the future. His women were of a period when their mental dependence was uppermost: they rounded out the life work of the male creature; they were struggling for independence, they were ripening for the new era. Nora, despite the rude awakening of Torvald, was back home on the morrow. Mrs. Alving read books of a Radical nature, or at least we are told they startled the Pastor, who took fright at any signs of advanced opinion. But Mrs. Alving was held in check by the shadow of the past. None of these women were really outspoken in the modern sense. I am wondering if Freud has not helped to make the Ibsen heroine old-fashioned.

Henry James scored Ibsen for his dry view of life; he was indifferent in his "vision of the comedy of things". In large part this condition may have been brought about by the manner in which Ibsen has been played in the theatre. The Ibsen cult carried a statuesque, sepulchral tone. Walter Hampden, in *An Enemy of the People*, departs from this manner, and in consequence everyone is surprised over the humor in Ibsen. The same unctuousness was to be seen in the ironic grimness of *The Wild Duck*, given several seasons back. But this the recent re-

vivals have emphasized: the date of Ibsen. They have been dressed in the old fashioned costumes of the '70's and '80's. The newer generation is approaching Nora one step only removed from the way in which every player approaches Camille.

It is in the broader aspects of character portrayal, in the greater sweeps of philosophy, in the imaginative flights taken in semi-historical and legendary fields, that Ibsen remains untouched by changing condition, and remains supreme. Through such plays he will hold a high position in the heritage of the drama. From *The Pretenders* through *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* to *Emperor and Galilean*, Ibsen was the big creator. It is these that entitle him to larger measure of stability.

The best in Ibsen was written between 1864 and 1892. What he did then was to pioneer an era that came after him. Gorky, Andreyev, Wederkind, were on the threshold; Schnitzler was yet to come; the Free Theatre of Paris, Lavedan, Donnay, Brieux, Rostand, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, were still to be heard from. Shaw, in 1892, was writing *Widowers' Houses*, the English drama renaissance was yet to be, and the Irish Revival was some years off. The old theatre still held fast to its traditions, but Ibsen forced the doors open. There were certain thoughts one was not allowed to think and it was in these thoughts that Ibsen basked. The censor held his hand aloft. The Ibsen battles were fought in London by Shaw and those "speak-easy" theatres which mothered the intellectual drama for the benefit of the progressive few. Several pages of invectives were thrown at *Ghosts*, and the anti-Ibsenites, led by the beflowered Clement Scott, critic of the Robertsonian era, failed to stem the current.

Ibsen, *æt.* one hundred, brought the dynamic idea to the modern theatre, from calcium moonlight into the warm sunlight of reality. He was not a profound thinker: *Emperor and Galilean* will not stand comparison with Goethe's *Faust*. But he calls for the same artistic bravery at times that Shaw called for in the theatre externalizing of *Back to Methuselah* or O'Neill calls for in the picturing of *Lazarus Laughed*. He possessed a limited sympathy; this he recognized. But he also knew, and confessed it, that there was something in him which would have made him potent in any age in which he happened to live.

WHO MOBILIZED FIRST?

BY SIR THOMAS BARCLAY

I

THE Treaty of Versailles contained three clauses which responded rather to the feeling of belligerence than to the desire for the restoration of peace among the contracting Powers. The two for the trial of the former Emperor and his officers have dropped into oblivion. The third, holding Germany responsible for the war and its consequences, the justice of which Germany was made to admit as the price of peace, is not so easily forgotten. Mr. Lloyd George once publicly and officially declared that without it the whole fabric of the Treaty would fall to pieces, and that has been more or less the attitude toward it among the less critical spokesmen of public opinion in France. In Germany the feeling on the subject from the first has been that an avowal of guilt extorted at the point of the sword cannot be allowed to stand permanently, but must be wiped out of the Treaty as an outrage on the first element of justice. President Von Hindenburg recently gave expression to the feeling of the German people in one of his few public utterances. It rankles in the hearts of the Germans, he said, though all that their public spokesmen demand is that the avowal be cancelled as having been obtained under duress.

Can the third clause not be allowed to fall into oblivion like the two others of a kindred nature? "No," say those on one side, "because it is an essential part of the Treaty." "No," say those on the other side, "because it is a falsehood dictated by vengeance and is an insult to a people confident of their innocence."

The object of this article is to contribute arguments, some of them from personal experience, some from the testimony of others, for suspending judgment. We have now sufficient material for regarding it as premature to determine the causes of the war in the sense of the objectionable clause. I had before the

war opportunities of intercourse with the statesmen of Europe and America which, at any rate, show that the clause may already be regarded as a mere aftermath of war fever. This is also the feeling of many distinguished Frenchmen. If they are reluctant to deal with the subject, it is because they are apprehensive that any concession in the matter might lead to unforeseen demands and reopen questions which it is better to leave to "the healing influence of time". Meanwhile, it will help this influence if we see more clearly why Germany resents being declared solely responsible for the war. I hope that my contribution will show how much evidence we still need, and how important it is to be patient on both sides while this is being collected.

II

The late Hon. John Hay, then United States Secretary of State, in the autumn of 1903 expressed to me his anxiety as to a possible war between France and Germany. The Anglo-French permanent Treaty of Arbitration had just been signed. Speaking of the revival of the movement for an all embracing Treaty of Conciliation and Arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, he observed that there would be opposition by the German population of the United States. "American Germans regard England's friendship with France," he said, "not as a step in the direction of peace, but as a step bringing Europe nearer to a *Revanche* war. They see in an alliance of the British fleet with the French and Russian armies the deliberate purpose of keeping Germany on the sea in such a position of inferiority that the British supremacy will remain unchallenged. France will, on her side, they are convinced, never be satisfied till she gets back Alsace-Lorraine. The Germans here will regard an Anglo-American *rapprochement* as merely intended to inveigle the United States into an *entente* for the destruction of Germany in an Anglo-French interest."

Mr. Hay went on to say the reports from Europe gave him anxiety. There was an apprehension that if a war between Russia and Japan broke out, Germany might be urged by powerful interests to take advantage of her military and naval powers

while France was without an ally and the *entente* with England was too fresh to be counted upon for any purely Continental matter.

In February, 1904, when the Russo-Japanese War broke out, however, Germany did not stir and it seemed that the Anglo-French *entente* had not been interpreted among European Germans in the sense attributed to it by those on the other side of the Atlantic.

III

At the Hague Conference of 1907, I took opportunity to inquire of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the chief German delegate, why Germany was intractable on the subject for which the Conference had been originally called. The Baron was rather vehement at times in his language. "Our neighbors," he said, "think we don't see through their manœuvres. The whole thing has been got up to weaken Germany. We have some people at home called Pacifists, who don't see it; more fools they. Do they suppose that Germany with two frontiers to defend against enemies, who are deliberately allied against her, can afford to reduce her defensive power to a maximum which would be only about equal to half their combined maximum? And now we have the enmity of England to face as well."

"But Germany had allies in Austria-Hungary and Italy," I suggested. He said, "Austria-Hungary is a tottering State divided against itself and Italy is out for territorial expansion. Besides she is already conspiring against Austria-Hungary. We must be fit to do without our allies. Austria-Hungary may break up at the first clash of arms, and Italy, we don't even count upon. Our army is now at its minimum strength for defence against its possible enemies. Germany has no military or political ambitions—no ambitions beyond the development of her own overseas possessions. She has no dreams of conquest. England and Germany will assuredly reach some understanding on the naval question."

Shortly afterward, on the retirement of Count Wolff Metternich, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was appointed Ambassador to London in the belief that he would be able to effect a settlement

of that stubborn question, but he died in office and none was reached. I was in Berlin at the time of his death. Kiderlen Waechter, who was Foreign Minister, told me that Marschall had been a failure; his very cordiality had disaffected Englishmen not accustomed to the rather boisterous good nature of this child of South Germany. Germany would have to choose a more sedate diplomatist of the orthodox type, who would proceed with delicacy and patience. Kiderlen Waechter also died shortly afterward. Prince Lichnowsky was just the sort of man who appealed to the English, and both he in England and Baron von Schoen in Paris were excellent men for the promotion of good feeling.

And where does the Kaiser come in, asks the reader, and where Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg? It is now their turn.

In 1913, I had a long talk one summer afternoon at Balholmen, Norway, with the Kaiser, who was "on leave" and free to unbosom himself to his friends, on board a friend's yacht.

"I don't know what is wrong with Europe," he said. "People seem to have forgotten what war is. They talk of it as if it were a necessity. War is only a necessity in defence. Germany has been at peace for forty years, and I have shown my convictions in favor of the preservation of peace again and again in spite of frequent provocations. If we had wanted war, we had our chance in 1904–1905, when Russia was engaged with Japan. Don't think there were no Germans who would have taken advantage of it, but I knew too well what Germany's prosperity owed to peace to flinch from my attitude of a sovereign who wished to live through his reign with a unique record of unbroken peace, national prosperity and social betterment as the noblest gems in a royal crown. For that, Germany's military supremacy must be such that none would dare to attack her."

As regarded England the Kaiser was emphatic in his conviction that England and Germany would never go to war with one another. Their industrial alliance made for trust between them apart from their racial affinities. But the Kaiser was not the absolute sovereign he was supposed abroad to be, and though he wished to be kept informed of all that went on he often incurred censure when an irresponsible bureaucracy was to blame. To

his Chancellor he left a great discretion and followed the advice of the man he intrusted with the office. In Prince von Bülow he had a diplomat of great knowledge, experience and ability; in Bethmann-Hollweg a man of supreme integrity, but little capacity for the direction of foreign affairs.

IV

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg had been Chancellor for some years at the outbreak of the war. In the autumn of 1912, when I was about to go on a visit to Berlin, I called on M. Poincaré, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and asked him if I could say anything to Bethmann-Hollweg which could promote goodwill between France and Germany. He has related the incident in the third volume of his book, *Au service de la France*, in the following terms:

> . . . Sir Thomas Barclay came to see me at the Quai d'Orsay and said: "I am going to Berlin. I intend to see M. de Bethmann-Hollweg, whom I have known for a long time. I should be glad to contribute to a *rapprochement* between France and Germany. Do you think that the restitution to France of Lorraine would finally restore the concord? And do you think it possible that in exchange for this restitution France could grant some compensation to Germany, for instance in Asia?" I replied to Sir Thomas Barclay that I had no great illusion in the success of any such *démarche*, but as he offered to feel the ground without implicating the French Government, I relied on his tact and left him free to act as he thought best.

It will be observed that M. Poincaré himself was ready to consider the surrender of Lorraine alone as a "burial of the hatchet", and he is a man of such strongly entrenched patriotism that this is a proof, if any is needed, that France had no aggressive tendencies before the war. Bethmann-Hollweg disappointed me. I thought he would say, "That is very interesting; we must see what can be done. The retrocession of Lorraine purely and simply is practically impossible, but perhaps some means can be found for satisfying French pride. Lorraine being French is, of course, a different proposition from Alsace. I will speak with his Majesty about it and you can tell your French friends that I am deeply impressed by what you say and

that the seed has not fallen on sterile soil." Alas! he said none of this, nor did he even mention the matter to the Kaiser.

We come now to the visit of M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, to Petrograd in July, 1914. It was on the conclusion of his visit that the crisis broke out. M. Poincaré is alleged by opponents to have given the Czar an assurance of France's support in the trouble, which was then impending. In the fourth volume of his book, *Au service de la France*, M. Poincaré gives an account of his last conversation with the Czar. After having spoken of all the impending European matters—

> His chief preoccupation was the silent and enigmatic Austria. What was she planning? He did not know and felt anxious. But he said not a word that showed any serious disquietude, not a word that let me suppose that he had any suspicion of an imminent European conflagration.

I may add the private assurance made by M. Poincaré to myself, that he never gave during his visit to Russia or at any time any promise of military support, but only the general one of diplomatic aid in the interest of peace.

M. Paleologue, French Ambassador at Petrograd, in his book, *La Russie des Tsars pendant la Grande Guerre*, records that on July 25, 1914, when seeing Mr. Iswolsky off, he found the station crowded with soldiers and officers, and remarks "*Cela sent la mobilisation*". He states that on July 28 he warned M. Sazonov to be careful to take no military measures, which might be regarded as a provocation to Germany. On July 29 the order for the mobilization of thirteen Army Corps was published, and the German Government was informed thereof in a communication which stated that no military measure was directed against Germany, although on the same day the Vice-Director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs told M. Paleologue that a partial mobilization had been declared by the General Staff to be an impossibility. Nevertheless, on July 30 the Czar countermanded the decree of general mobilization. M. Paleologue telegraphed to Paris accordingly, and yet early in the morning of July 31 a decree of general mobilization was issued and published. On the same day a twelve hour ultimatum was delivered by Ger-

many, stating that if Russia did not suspend "her measures of mobilization" the German army would also be mobilized.

M. Paleologue does not comment on the way in which his warning was disregarded, or on his having been led to telegraph to Paris that the order for general mobilization had been countermanded, whereas it was issued a few hours later. It will be for historians to unravel the mystery of Russia's attitude from July 25, when M. Paleologue noticed already signs of mobilization.

In an interesting article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last August, M. Sazonov gives his version of what happened on the critical days. He gives credit to the Kaiser and Von Bethmann-Hollweg for good intentions, but blames the latter for not exerting with the necessary firmness the restraining influence he might have brought to bear at Vienna. He also credits Count Berchtold with a change of attitude in the eleventh hour after it was too late to stop the oncoming catastrophe. In fact he makes it pretty clear that the moment the danger became a real menace to peace all the general staffs urged immediate action: the Austrian against Serbia, the Russian against Austria, the German against Russia and France; all anxious lest delay might be prejudicial and allow the enemy to strike the first blow before they were ready.

Since writing the above, I have received a letter from Count Berchtold concerning the statement made by Mr. Sazonov that the Russian general mobilization succeeded that of Austria-Hungary. This, he writes, was not so:

> On the 25th July our mobilisation of eight corps took place on the Servian (not on the Russian) frontier, following the Servian mobilisation. Our general mobilisation against Russia was ordered on the 31st of July at 12:30 p. m., about a day later than the Russian general mobilisation had been officially proclaimed.

As it was contrary to any imaginable motive that Austria-Hungary should have mobilized for an attack on Russia, until proof of the contrary it may be assumed that Count Berchtold's dates are correct and that the first general mobilization in date was that of Russia.

VI

Amid all this tangle, it is not easy to sit in judgment on the origin of responsibility for the War. We need more light. But

we have now enough to prove that neither France, nor Germany nor the latter's Sovereign, nor the Czar, wanted war. Yet it came for no obvious purpose, like a cyclone, in spite of efforts on all sides to avert it, and like a cyclone it has left nothing but ruin behind it. The wise will suspend judgment until we know a great deal more than has as yet been made known to the public. In the Russian Black Book, and the German and English State Papers in course of publication, we are already on the way to a documentation which will enable men of another generation to see the events of the last half century in their proper perspective and judge the men who governed the respective foreign policies with the detachment requisite for adequate treatment of events in which the personal factor has had too large a part among contemporary writers.

CHEESECAKES IN LITERATURE

BY GEORGE S. WYKOFF

Dr. Johnson once said (and only the Recording Angel knows the number of exordiums that can be attributed to the garrulous old Doctor), in illustrating a story dealing with retirement from the unhappy indispositions of this world (see Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, page 161), that "Miss Dolly makes the charmingest chicken broth in the world, and the cheesecakes we ate of hers once, how good they were!" Now, we moderns may not care the slightest who Miss Dolly was, but should our epicurean tastes number among our gastronomic desires chicken broth of charm and cheesecake of a richly golden, delicate, crumbly, paste-like yellow, we should surely consider the discovery of such a sentence in Johnson to be the index finger of Providence scribbling on the blackboard of literary research.

It is generally admitted in scholarship that the ambition to know more about a certain subject than any other man, living or dead, is a worthy one. So, without any pompous vanity or vain fanfaronade on my part, I may say, with becoming modesty, that about cheesecakes in literature no one since the day of Adam's creation has been or is better fitted to speak or write than I. For I have labored with incessant continuity in the musty archives of dusty libraries in all the leading and lesser cities of the earth, and am able now, for the first time, to give the startling results of my valuable investigations to the world of scholarship and research.

The origin of the term "cheesecakes" is Anglo-Saxon: "cheese" is from the Old English word *tzscheeze*, meaning cheese or curd; "cake" from the Old English word *kaake*, meaning cake; hence, *cheesecake*, a cake made with cheese, or curds; the delight of the human kind since the dawn of the universe, and possibly one of the chief factors in the civilization of the world.

The term itself first occurs in the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, Volume xxxii, Chapter 17, under the name of *morsus deliciosus*.

Cæsar has been describing his conquest of Gaul and Britain, and in picturing the customary manners of the ancient Celts, he tells of the marvellous delicacy which he found these half-civilized savages gourmandizing in great circular shaped masses; in fact, it seemed to be the chief calory-containing food substance in their diet. You may remember the somewhat famous passage: "*Quæ cum appropinquarent Britanniæ et ex castris viderentur morsus deliciosus, tanta tempestas subito coörta est deliciosus.*" Cæsar then gives a most naïve recipe for the baking of cheesecakes, and says that, when he returned to Rome, his British discovery became the chief glory of the age.

The popularity of cheesecakes continued through the centuries, and though the term is not specifically recorded in the written records of the people, there are hints in Bede's *History* and Alfred's *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which are believable and trustworthy evidence for assuming that these ancient authors waxed merry over many a bowl and platter of milk and cheesecakes. Chaucer—and I feel proud in assigning to him, for the first time, the epithet, "the poet of the dawn"—makes definite use of the word. In his rhyming burlesque of Sir Thopas, this knight has recited some several hundred lines of his poem, when the grouchy old host exclaims: "Drat on this dratty rhyming—cease!" But Sir Thopas is so enveloped in his story that he continues his narrative, rocking to and fro on his horse in time to the metre. The genial host is so exasperated that he takes from his lunchbox a huge slice of cheesecake, and, waiting until the Baronet is declaiming the loudest, skilfully throws it over the heads of four other Pilgrims into his mouth, and effectually concludes the narrative. This incident of Chaucer's relation is believed to be the original of some of the elements in the slapstick farces of modern motion pictures, especially the recently popular pie-throwing habit, but I need not go further into the matter, as it has been fully covered in Professor Searchem's excellent treatise, *What Cheesecakes Have Done for American Movies.*

The tradition is carried on by Spenser as the greatest of the non-dramatic Elizabethans. This wily poet well knew good Queen Bess's fondness for cheesecakes, and his desire to propitiate her and gain patronage led him to pay her the elaborate compli-

ment of mentioning the delicacy several times in the immortal *Faërie Queene*. In his letter of design to Sir Walter Raleigh, he says: "My plan is to have the Faërie Queen hold a banquet for twelve successive days, at which every one is to be given as much cheesecake as he can eat. A knight is to be sent forth on a quest each day," etc. The second reference occurs in the thirteenth canto of the First Book. The Red Cross Knight has slain his eighteenth monster, as the clock strikes twelve noon, and we have that beautiful, idyllic picture of Una and St. George as they are sitting together under a shadowy oak tree and feasting on their simple lunch of lamb's milk and cheesecake sandwiches. One stanza quoted will be more than sufficient:

> Beneath the spreading chestnut's spreading leaves,
> They laid their simple luncheon on the green;
> Of lamb's milk was it, and of cakes of cheeze,
> Delicious banquet more had ne'er been seen.
> And in the shining sunlight's summer sheen
> Whoe'er might happen to have passed that way
> Did see a joyous, feasting pair, I ween,
> Fair Una and the Knight of Red Crosse gay,
> Who vowed the cakes of cheeze had truly won the daye.

Queer, indeed, would it have been if the greatest immortal of the immortals had neglected to utilize this now widely popular viand, and my most careful study of Shakespeare's works and life has been richly rewarded by my learning that he was fully aware of its importance both for dramatic and biographical purposes. In fact, while browsing in Stratford-on-Avon not long ago, I accidentally stumbled upon some entirely new materials which I am sure will be of untold value to future writers of the life of the famous bard. One is a brief letter from Shakespeare to the Earl of Southampton, dated 1601 at London, which explains why he married Anne Hathaway. Let me quote a pertinent paragraph:

> You ask me, milord, why I was so foolish as to marry a woman eight years older than myself, when there were so many pretty young belles in the country seeking husbands. Ah, milord, do you not remember that famous line in my first play, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach"? Let me tell you, then, that my Anna can bake the most delicious cheesecakes that ever melted in the mortal mouth of man. Add to this most necessary quality a charming personality, a handsome figure, and a rather pretty face—my Anna would stand a pretty good chance in a beauty show—and you will believe me when

I say that I should have married her had she been forty-eight, instead of eight, years my senior. Milord, I simply can't resist cheesecakes; my mouth waters even now at the thought of those my Anna bakes, and were it not for the fact that I go down to Stratford every month or so, there to feast on this solid nectar of the gods, I should be tempted to chuck this whole stage business of writing and acting plays, and retire to the old home town to live, as I sometime mean to do. I am, milord, etc., etc.

Further evidence is found in the Hathaway cottage at Shottery. There, in the living room, is an old wooden dining table, and a careful observer will see, carved in rude letters along the edge on one side, presumably by Shakespeare, the following: "At this table did W. S. eat cheesecakes baked by Anne H., Nov. 14, 1582." What a lovely domestic scene these words convey! A cheery, roaring fire blazing in the fireplace, the slender, graceful Anne setting home-brewed cider and home-baked cheesecakes before the young gentleman, and Will, seated on a low stool, busily eating, drinking and carving at the same time. I should not be surprised if it were some day shown that it was this fondness of Shakespeare for cheesecakes baked by Anne Hathaway which led him to formulate the clause in his will bequeathing to his wife that most valued piece of furniture, his second best bed.

There is much in this matter, too, that has a bearing on the Shakespeare-Baconian controversy. I am not an adherent to the Baconian theory, but if I were, I should here find much material that would be excellent evidence on my side of the question. One of the chief difficulties heretofore has been, if Bacon wrote the plays, and Shakespeare published them, how the former contrived to send the plays to the latter, without any one, servants, messenger boys, and the like, knowing anything about it, or making any record. Now, what would be more logical than this: when Bacon finished a play, he had it baked in a huge cheesecake, and this was sent to Shakespeare, whose appetite for this delicate pastry everybody probably knew, and who could then proceed to publish and produce the play, with no one suspecting a thing other than that one friend had sent an appetizing delicacy to another. What simplifies the whole matter still further is that Bacon's name might not have been *Bacon* at all—but *Baker*.

Assuming, however, that Shakespeare wrote his own plays, let us see what use he made, dramatically, of cheesecakes. One

instance will suffice. Few people are cognizant of the fact that *Hamlet* owes its very origin and conception to cheesecakes. We know well that Shakespeare did not believe in ghosts, and, moreover, that he himself well knew the people of his time had long been incredulous in matters of supernatural occurrence. How, then, was he to get around this difficulty, and start the action of his play, without using the perfectly obvious and unsatisfactory method of the *deus ex machina?* He himself explains how he overcame this obstacle in a note suffixed to the printed programme of the play on its first presentation, which material was later included in the preface to the second quarto edition in 1598. The part of the note relevant to our subject is as follows:

> There must be a logical explanation whenever a person sees a ghost. Marcellus and Bernardo, Danes of the Danish, were, like the others of their race, heavy drinkers, and were undoubtedly always drunk enough to see anything. But what about Horatio and Hamlet, especially the latter, whose ardent temperance and prohibitionary tendencies I have well painted in this play? How can their seeing the Ghost be made logical and natural? It's easy—for a playwright like me! Horatio had just come from the University of Wittenberg, bringing with him one of the most loved delicacies of the university students, an eighteen-pound cheesecake. In the attendant joy at their reunion these two had sat down and consumed the whole at one sitting. In this condition I maintain that they could have seen anything, including ghosts and far worse, for the next week at least. If any of my spectators doubt it, let them consume nine pounds of cheesecake, and then faithfully record everything they think they see.

Hamlet probably has this experience in mind later in the play when he says at the end of his all too little known soliloquy: "Thus cheesecake doth make cowards of us all!"

There is one other phase of this subject in reference to Shakespeare which is worthy of record, but as it is purely speculative and depends for proof on undiscovered documents, I shall set it down for what it is worth only as a suggestion to future scholars. Since Shakespeare was so exceedingly fond of cheesecake, it is entirely natural that he should have made arrangements in his old age for a magnificent specimen of this dainty to be buried with him when he died; then, being keenly sensitive of this quite excusable indulgence in sentimentality, and wishing to keep posterity from ever finding out anything about it, he had inscribed on his tombstone the well-known epitaph.

I have spent so much time and space on the relation of Shakespeare to cheesecakes that I must examine very cursorily only a few of the increasingly many references that occur in literature during the succeeding centuries. Biographers of Milton tell us that after his blindness he every evening made his supper of wine and cheesecake, and if Shakespeare attributed a vivid imagination to the after-effects of such a diet, surely it is no marvel that Milton should give us such a poem as *Paradise Lost*, and should include among the delights discovered by Adam and Eve that soul-satisfying one we have been dealing with, namely, cheesecake.

In the eighteenth century, Pope has a pertinent couplet in his *Essay on Man:*

> A little cheesecake is a dangerous thing;
> Eat much, and taste the joys that it will bring,

and Goldsmith, in his poignantly mooning sentimentality about the "Deserted Village," exclaims:

> Sweet Auburn! Hallowed piece of sacred ground!
> Not e'en a cheesecake now can there be found.

The writers in the romantic revival of the early Nineteenth Century seem to have overlooked the imaginative possibilities of cheescake, but we again find it prominently mentioned toward mid-century. "Tennyson," said Carlyle, "is the powerfulest smoker I know, and he is fonder of cheesecakes than any other man alive." Tennyson himself has made no direct or indirect use of our subject in his poetry, but there are many reasons for believing that his fondness for cheesecakes was the inspiration for his *Lotus Eaters*, and only the smoother onomatopoetics of the latter word caused him to use it as title and subject-matter instead of the former.

Naturally, a period rich in creative writing as was the last half of the Nineteenth Century has much material dealing with this subject, and if any one is interested, the suggestion is hereby made that he investigate all these possibilities, and contribute to the welfare of the world and the well being of posterity a paper with some such title as *The Influence of Cheesecakes on the Literature of the Later Nineteenth Century.*

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

THE PRESIDENT AND PAN-AMERICA

If he were Scripturally inclined, as is the New England wont, the President might, with whimsical philosophy, take to himself the complaint of the children in the market place saying to their fellows, "We have piped and you have not danced; we have mourned and you have not lamented." Before he went to Havana he was condemned in advance for going down there to enunciate some imperialistic decree of the "Colossus of the North". And ever since he has been denounced for doing nothing of the sort. Well, we reckon that he long ago appreciated the old fable about the impossibility of pleasing everybody; particularly those who seem to live for the express purpose of not being pleased. To our mind the hostile criticisms that have been uttered against it are just about the highest tributes that could be paid to his felicitous and statesmanlike address at the opening of the Pan-American Congress. For they are of two general kinds. Some proceed from those regions in Latin America in which anti-American propaganda has been most active and virulent, and are obvious echoes thereof. The others come from those European advocates of the League of Nations who seem to think it a noble and holy thing for that League to exist and to be bossed by four or five big Powers, but a most wicked and corrupt thing for a Pan-American Union to exist and to contain the United States, not as a dictator nor even as a *hegemon*, but simply as one among equals. There can be no question, on the other hand, of the favorable impression which the address produced upon the Congress, or of the beneficent influence which it continued to exert upon the deliberations and transactions of that body. It will not be too much to regard President Coolidge's visit to the Cuban capital as having marked something like an epoch in Pan-American relations; both among the American States, North, Central and South, and between them and the rest of the world.

OUTLAWING WAR

It would be deplorable to have our prompt and generous response to the French proposal of a treaty outlawing war fail because of any disagreement over technical details. Whatever the result, however, our Government will be justified in standing resolutely by the principle that identical treaties may be and if possible shall be made with other Powers. That principle was enunciated once and forever more than a century and a half ago, when we declared that we should "play no favorites" but should hold all nations alike "enemies in war, in peace friends". It is incredible that France should object to that, or should demand an exclusive close corporation compact between herself and America. As for the intimation that France may be debarred from making such a treaty by the Covenant of the League of Nations, which in some of its articles seems to contemplate the use of aggressive war as an instrument for exerting international influence, that is something that concerns not us but the members of the League. It would certainly be interesting to find that the League of Nations, ostensibly founded for the maintenance of peace, was in fact less opposed to war than the country which has been so much reproached for not accepting its Covenant.

"SAFETY FIRST" UNDERSEAS

One thing stands out alone, salient and indisputable, in the piteous tragedy of the Submarine S-4. It has nothing to do with the promptness, the energy and the daring devotion of the Navy Department, from its head to the humblest seaman, in the vain efforts at succoring the victims. We assume these all to have been above reproach. Neither does it concern the tactics of navigation which permitted the fatal collision to be possible. We may grant that they were as prudent as could be. The point is, that as much scrupulous care and inventive genius should be given to providing for the safety or the rescue of the occupants of such vessels in the case of always possible disaster as is given to making them efficient in battle action. We must refuse outright to believe it impossible to provide means by which a disabled submarine can be raised to the surface in fewer hours than the

days which passed before the wreck of the S-4 could be so much as explored. The notion that such a hulk can be lifted only by burrowing underneath it and thus passing cables around it, is not for an instant to be accepted. Let our accomplished and resourceful engineers turn their attention for a time to devices for averting accidents, and for prompt relief whenever they occur, and we shall have no more such horrors as that which has just shocked and bereaved the nation.

A PATRON OF TITUS OATES

The Mexican scandal reeks rankly; though it is really American rather than Mexican. That a miscreant, for sordid gain, should fabricate "official" documents calculated to cast infamous aspersions upon honorable men and to embroil friendly nations in controversy if not in war, is unhappily not unprecedented in history. But that such forgeries should be accepted and widely published as genuine, in a presumably responsible and certainly influential press, apparently without a single earnest effort to ascertain their validity, is a performance so astounding as to challenge the limits of human credulity. Poor Titus Oates was obviously born before his time.

AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL CONGRESS

That the Congress of the United States, or at least its House of Representatives, is an illegal and unconstitutional body, is a startling proposition, but it would not be easy to disprove its truth. The First Article of the Constitution provides that Representatives shall be apportioned among the States according to the numbers of their inhabitants, for the purpose of determining which there shall be made an enumeration within every term of ten years after the first. The obvious intent is that there shall be a reapportionment of members every ten years, and this intent was invariably and faithfully fulfilled after each decennial census down to and including that of 1910. But the census of 1920 has been completely disregarded, and nearly seventeen years have now elapsed since the imperative mandate of the Constitution was last obeyed, that "Representatives shall be apportioned

among the several States according to their respective numbers". Three Houses of Representatives have already been elected in violation of the Constitution, in 1922, 1924 and 1926, and there is every prospect that a fourth will thus be elected this year, and indeed that the entire "term of ten years" will pass without the reapportionment which the Constitution prescribes. In thus contumaciously maintaining an unconstitutional existence the House matches the lawlessness of the Senate in denying to two States their equal representation in that body; and thus the entire Congress brands itself as unconstitutional.

PROPHECY FULFILLED

The fittest of all comments upon the fate of the Soviet conspirators and incendiaries against whom their recent dupes in China have at last turned in righteous wrath, was uttered by Hosea ben Beeri nearly twenty-seven centuries ago: "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." As for Mr. Braunstein of The Bronx, *alias* Trotzky, he will command little sympathy in his exile to a spot compared with which Devil's Isle might be esteemed one of the "Summer isles of Eden". But at least he may have the mordantly mournful consolation of knowing that the People's Commissars who have exiled him have thus branded themselves the peers of even the most despotic of the Czars in arbitrary intolerance and tyranny. That, too, is a fulfilment of ancient prophecy.

THE SAGE OF WESSEX

Thomas Hardy was not the last of the Victorians, nor the greatest; but he was one of the last and assuredly not one of the least. And he was one of those concerning whom both popular and critical judgments have most varied and will continue most to vary. There are many of most respectable mentality, who would not if they could deny the inescapable and to them supreme enchantment of his prose idyls, which first brought him contemporary fame: *Under the Greenwood Tree, A Pair of Blue Eyes, Far from the Madding Crowd.* There are those who insist that you shall not know literary salvation unless you bow before the sombre

obsessions of *Tess* and *Jude*. Nor are those lacking who deem the author himself right in holding himself above all else a lyric poet —though we must confess that we find his best poetry in his prose, and his most prosy writing in his poems. Yet it would not surprise us if the future should know him best by that work by which the present knows him least, the colossal epos of *The Dynasts*. Whatever lot may fall, his worthy fame will be as lasting as the place of his own loved Wessex upon the map of England.

ONE PHASE OF FARM RELIEF

There seem to be serious agricultural problems 'way Down East as well as Out West, with which in some cases the farmers themselves are very successfully grappling. Take New Hampshire, for example. The soil there is supposed—by outsiders—to consist chiefly of chunks of granite, and the fields to be mostly tilted up on edge, so as to be traversed with comfort only by the gyascutus, which has legs on one side of its body much shorter than those on the other. Well, the farmers have found it pretty hard sledding in those regions. But instead of wailing for Government aid to make conditions fit their industries, they have set to work themselves to make their industries fit conditions. Thus farms that once maintained five cows apiece and sold 12,000 quarts of milk a year, now each keep 1,800 hens and sell yearly 18,000 dozen eggs and 4,000 to 5,000 chickens—and make good money out of the business. It is not, of course, to be suggested that all farmers everywhere should follow this example by going into the chicken business. But it may seriously be inquired if many of them could not profitably follow it by making such changes in the method of conducting their business as would overcome the unfavorable conditions of which they now complain.

THE WASTE OF WATER

Potable water is one of the prime necessities of civilization and of human life, and is supposed to exist in most countries in inexhaustible quantities. It is therefore a little startling—though not to those who have been closely observant of tendencies in recent years—to find the United States Government instituting an

expert survey to determine the amount of the available supply and the possibilities of increasing it so as to keep pace with the increasing demand. The extent to which streams and lakes in the densely populated parts of America are being seized by the cities is indeed ominous of an impending scarcity. It is within bounds to reckon, for instance, that if the City of New York continues for the next fifty years to reach out for new supplies at the rate of the last fifty years, there will be not an available source left untapped if not undrained in the entire State. It would seem pertinent, therefore, for the Government not merely to seek new supplies, from underground, but also to consider practical methods of conserving the present surface supply, so that while every actual use for water, even under the prevalence of Prohibition, is abundantly supplied, there shall not be the enormous waste that now incessantly occurs. Two striking illustrations come spontaneously to mind. Experts have estimated that of the hundreds of millions of gallons that daily flow through the mains and faucets of New York, fully one-third is wasted without a pretence of being used, through leaky pipes and taps, carelessness, and other ways. Also, uncounted millions of gallons are used every winter for washing snow and ice from the streets, instead of melting them with heat or removing them with shovels. As for the second city of the Union, Chicago, it is seriously lowering the level of the water in the Great Lakes for the flushing of its drains, instead of disposing of its sewage in a cleanly and civilized fashion. At this ominous rate, the next generation may feel the scarcity of potable water as keenly as the present feels the scarcity of timber.

"SCHUBERT YEAR"

Austria's celebration of 1928 as "Schubert Year" is not too great a tribute to the memory of the composer, albeit it is a belated posthumous recognition of a genius that in life suffered an exceptional degree of discouragement and lack of appreciation. More than a hundred years ago there was another Franz Schubert, who also composed what he called music, and who was under contract to let a certain publisher bring out all his writings. One day the publisher wrote to him in great perturbation, enclosing

him a piece which a rival publisher had just issued, and which purported to be by "Franz Schubert". "If this is yours," he wrote, in effect, "you are breaking your contract. But I can scarcely believe that it is yours, since it lacks the fine finish of your usual work. Besides, it is numbered 'Opus 1'." The composer replied that of course it was not his, and that he was surprised that his publisher could for even a moment imagine that he could be guilty of writing such wretched stuff. Just who that publisher's Franz Schubert was, and what else he ever wrote beside that indignant letter, we do not seem clearly to remember. But the composition which he scorned as "wretched stuff" is now known to all the world as *The Erl King!*

FOOL QUESTIONS

A consular office of the United States in Europe, examining for her fitness to enter this country a woman whose son had long ago come hither and become a citizen, required that she should answer the question: "How many more feathers has a goose than a duck?" On the face of it, that would appear to be a problem in either mathematics or ornithology. We are officially assured, however, that it is really of "psychiatric interest". From that we dissent. Our conviction, on mature consideration, is that it is a clear case of damfoolery, and we hereby propose as an examination question for candidates for consular positions the Pythagorean problem, "How old is Ann?"

GAIN AND LOSS OF YOUNG WORKERS

It is a curious coincidence that in America there is a marked increase in the number of juvenile workers in industries and at the same time an equally or even more marked decrease in England. Last year there was in this country an increase of about five per cent. over 1926 in the number of American children of fourteen or fifteen years who secured "working papers" from the schools, permitting them to discontinue their attendance there and to enter industrial employment. In England, on the other hand, there was a decrease of about four per cent. in the number of young workers, a process which the Minister of Labour declared "cannot but hinder the revival or development of trade

and industry, and may prejudice the prosperity of communities." Between the two contrasting conditions there must be a preference for the former. For while there may theoretically be ground for regret at the assumed necessity of having a larger number of children quit school for work, it is obvious that a decreasing number of young persons available for work means a correspondingly lessened number of adult workers a few years hence and thus a national decline in industrial efficiency. Add to this the fact that the members of the Commonwealth of Nations are spending millions of dollars a year for promoting migration of workers from the Mother Country to the Dominions, and cause for concern as to the industrial future of the United Kingdom becomes apparent.

CHERISHING OPTIMISM

The practically universal optimism concerning the American business outlook for the present year is impressive and goes far toward being convincing. It is true that there is an ancient admonition of woe unto those of whom all men speak well, which might, *mutatis mutandis*, have an unfavorable application to these conditions. Yet it would not after all deny but would rather confirm the truth of our prosperity, and would merely enjoin a more scrupulous and vigilant guardianship of it, to see that it does not become impaired through overconfidence nor succumb to hostile attacks from the outside.

"*DE MORTUIS*" REVISED

Some years ago somebody—what was his name?—started the process by writing a "historical romance"—which in fact was neither romantic nor historical—under the caption *When Men Grew Tall*, or something of that sort, and dedicated to the proposition that Aaron Burr was a truly great man and Alexander Hamilton an insignificant little squirt. Since then we have had dear old Barnum, the most lovable self-confessed practical joker in the world, pilloried as a sordid crook; the lion-fronted Beecher reviled as a coward and a trickster; and Washington himself portrayed as a hypocrite and debauchee. And now somebody is trying to deny to Robespierre even the greatness of his crimes. If this sort of thing keeps on, we shall have to revise Plutarch, and say *De mortuis nil nisi bunkum.*

DOUBLE ACTION EXPERTS

We have no objection to a lawyer's trying to defend his client, charged with murder, on the ground of insanity, and adducing the testimony of experts to that end. Neither do we object to a lawyer's trying to prove, by the testimony of experts, that his client, who has been committed to an asylum for the insane, is entirely sane and should therefore be set at liberty. But with all due deference we must submit that it would be what our English cousins call "a trifle thick" for the two processes to be conducted by the same lawyer, with the same experts, in behalf of the same client, at an interval of only three days.

THE TREASURES OF NEMI

Lake Nemi must surrender its sunken treasures. Such is the decision of Il Duce, and we may expect the fascinating work to be accomplished during the coming summer, with historical results scarcely inferior to those of the excavations of the Forum. The two huge barges or houseboats of Tiberius—or of Caligula, as some insist—have been lying at the bottom of those mystic waters for nineteen hundred years. Yet they are plausibly believed to be in fairly sound condition, and filled with all the sumptuous furnishings that adorned them when they were the scene of imperial festivities; so that their recovery will add much to our knowledge of the early Cæsars and will greatly enrich Rome's museums of antiquities. Not the least gratifying detail of the enterprise will be that it will involve merely the partial and temporary lowering of the level of the lake, and not its entire drainage and destruction, once rashly proposed. No reader of *The Golden Bough* or, indeed, of Roman history, could contemplate with complacence the spoliation of—

> . . . the still glassy lake that sleeps
> Beneath Aricia's trees—
> Those trees in whose dim shadow
> The ghastly priest doth reign,
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain.

FROM PARNELL TO COSGRAVE

The visit of the President of the Irish Free State to this country inevitably reminds us of the visit, long ago, of the "uncrowned King" of Ireland—because, to employ a select Hibernicism, they are so different! No contrast could easily be greater than that between them, in occasion, in circumstances, in spirit, in purpose, and in every essential element and detail. It might well be taken as the measure of the world's political progress in half a century.

TROUBLE IN GUADURAGUA

Now it came to pass that the President of the Republic of Guaduragua was suspected of being in cahoots with a Juju society, of consulting astrologers, and of being under the undue influence of a designing woman; whereupon the Guaduraguan Parliament thought it well to investigate the matter, and came together on its own initiative for that purpose. But the President said, "Naughty! naughty! Mustn't meet unless I tell you to!" and got the court to back him up with a decision that such a meeting was illegal. To that the Parliament replied "Pish! tush!" and likewise "Go to!" and kept right on with its meetings. The President, recalling Cromwell's dissolution of an apparently indissoluble House of Commons, sent troops to drive and bar the contumacious legislators from the Parliament House, and had the court issue an injunction forbidding the Parliament to impeach him. At that the Lower House exclaimed "Pooh! bah!" and also "Rats!" and, self barricaded within a hotel, went on and impeached him. Also the Upper House bucked up its gumption, met in secret, arranged to try the impeachment, and summoned His Excellency to cease from his functions as President during the trial. To this he retorted, "I bite my thumb at you, sirs!" held on to his office, sent more troops to the scene, and got from the Supreme Court a permanent injunction against any more meetings of the Parliament or either House thereof, of any kind, for any purpose, in any place, at any time, save at his word. But the Upper House countered with "Shucks, for your Supreme Court! We are the Supremest Court, and we summon you, under penalty, to appear forthwith at our bar!" The President again

called more troops, at which, to universal surprise, the Parliament suddenly saw a great light, and said, "Oh, very well! If that's the way you feel about it, we won't play!" So they called the whole thing off and went every man to his own place, and there was once more peace in the capital of Guaduragua. Of course, *hæc fabula docet* that those Guaduraguans are a set of benighted Greasers, quite unable to give themselves a decent and stable government. The fatal flaw in that conclusion is, however, that it was not in Guaduragua at all that the comedy was enacted, but in one of the Sovereign Commonwealths of the United States of America.

TEACHING LIFE

It has long been a reproach to our educational system that it tried to teach everything excepting how to live. Perhaps this will be measurably abated if the new Brookings Institution at Washington fulfils its purposes. It is to be a national centre of research, teaching and training in the humanistic sciences—in politics, economics, sociology, the interests of domesticity; in brief, the arts of living. The scheme may seem to some an over ambitious and even visionary one, but to our mind the chief wonder is that such an enterprise was not undertaken and successfully executed long ago.

TROJAN AND TYRIAN ALIKE

About fourteen years ago the President on his own authority sent a force of Marines to invade Mexico and wage war; whereupon one of our statesmen declared: "It is the duty of every member of Congress and every patriotic American to stand by him." Now the President sends Marines to Nicaragua, at the request of the Government of that Republic and in fulfilment of a distinct obligation, to aid in the restoration and maintenance of order; whereupon the same distinguished statesman declares to his colleagues in the Senate: "If we permit this, we ought to resign!" What was that fable about its making a difference whose ox was gored? However, there can be no doubt that some of our Congressional statesmen are impartially actuated by patriotic principles, without the slightest regard to partisan conisderations.

THE UNIVERSAL DRAFT

The American Legion, in pursuance of resolutions adopted at its Paris convention, is urging the enactment by Congress of what is tersely described as a Universal Draft bill. That means a law which will give the President power, in case of war, to make a mobilization of all the resources of the country, including finances and industry—to draft the fighting man power "with the slacker loophole plugged up"; to draft capital and labor, likewise, to do their share; and to control the prices of all things needed for the prosecution of the war and for the maintenance of the civilian population. Its purport might be expressed in a slogan: "No slackers! No profiteers!" Doubtless such a measure will provoke much discussion and opposition. It may not be passed by the Congress. But it would be difficult to prove it anything more than a practical realization of the historic pledge of "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

INSULTS TO RELIGION

Right minded people will generally, we believe, commend the measure which the Indian Legislature is favorably considering, which provides a heavy penalty of fine and imprisonment upon anyone "who, by words either spoken or written, or by signs or by visible representations, or otherwise, intentionally insults or attempts to insult the religion, or intentionally outrages or attempts to outrage the religious feelings, of any class of His Majesty's subjects." The offence described is so gross a violation of common decency as to merit punishment wherever committed; while in India, with its variety of creeds all cherished by their devotees with jealous passion, it involves danger of violence, riot and even civil war. Perhaps the law, if made, will require missionaries to abate their singing of

> The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone;

a reform which the good Bishop Heber himself would probably be the first to approve. It must be realized that our well prized "freedom to worship God" means equally freedom for the Hindoo and the American, the Buddhist and the Christian, and also freedom from insult as well as from persecution.

NATIONAL AND STATE REFERENDA

The proposal of a National referendum on Prohibition, which is being much considered, is certainly not authorized by the Constitution, unless possibly it may be regarded as permitted under that interesting omnibus, the "general welfare" clause. Neither is it expressly prohibited. It does seem illogical, however, for the opponents of Prohibition to advocate it, because much of their argument against the Eighteenth Amendment is that it is a Federal infringement upon the rights and functions of the States. If that be true, as we are inclined to believe, and if the Federal Government had no business to concern itself with a matter properly lying within the police powers of the individual States, then surely the appeal for a referendum should be made to the States and not to the Congress. The undoubted intent of the Constitution is that the people shall express their will and exercise their rights within their respective States and as citizens of those States, and not as a national whole. Of the right of States to order and conduct such referenda there can of course be no reasonable question.

HOTCHPOTCH STATISTICS

The quaint saying that while figures will not lie yet liars will figure receives new application from the complaint of a committee of Governor Lowden's National Crime Commission, to the effect that statistics of crime, however voluminous, are hopelessly incomplete, contradictory and untrustworthy. The public had already surmised as much, because of the varied reports concerning them. Some declare that crime is increasing, some that it is decreasing; some say that juvenile delinquency is increasing, some that it is decreasing; and so on to the end of the calendar; and all on the basis of the same statistics. The trouble is, of course, that the statistics are not uniform, are not comprehensive, and are not accurate; so that it is impossible to make instructive comparisons between one year and another or between one jurisdiction and another. The same evil is to be observed to some extent in the work of the Federal Census Bureau; one census being taken on one plan and the next on another. There are no

data more valuable for information than statistics, properly compiled; and none more exasperatingly useless and misleading than those which are not rightly prepared.

JOSEPH AND ACHILLES ON THE SCREEN

Seldom has there been a more interesting proposal in the world of the silver screen than that of "filming" the Iliad and the story of Joseph. They are two of the world's supreme dramas, unsurpassed in every element of human interest, and so colossal that even the greatest dramatist might well shrink from essaying their actual stage production. For obvious reasons, however, cinema versions of them would be at once superior and inferior to the spoken drama. The latter on an adequate scale would be impossible; while the former, as a moving panorama of scenes and incidents, would be practicable and might be singularly effective. The thought, moreover, that the deeds of antiquity were being thus reproduced thirty-odd centuries after their occurrence by means of one of the most modern of inventions, and that Achilles and Joseph were made to figure as "movie heroes", would be unspeakably piquant and inspiring to the imagination.

VITAL STATISTICS EXTRAORDINARY

If we add together the numbers of deaths from typhoid fever, smallpox, scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, measles and diphtheria, the sum will fall considerably short of that of those killed by automobiles on the public highways. That, at least, is an authentic report from the State of New York, which we suppose will hold good pretty generally throughout the country. Are we indeed a maladroit and hapless Frankenstein, able to overcome the malign forces of nature but helpless victims of the devices of our own creation?

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"WELL, the Teapot Dome business is moving right along," I said to the Deacon as I bent over the paper he was studying. "The mills of justice are grinding pretty fast."

"Fast!" grunted the Deacon; "lawyers move about as fast as the army in that Russian play. When it marched it always took two steps forward and one step back, two steps forward and one step back, two steps forward and one step back."

"But justice shouldn't ever hurry," I protested. "It's got to move slowly and surely. A false step due to over-haste does more to discredit the courts than speed could ever atone for."

"Who said anything about over-haste?" growled the Deacon. "We get so used to seein' the processes of law move forward at the rate of one step a year, that when we see it go a step a month it makes us dizzy."

"I notice the lawyers themselves are trying to eliminate the law's delays," I urged. "Nearly every bar association meeting I read about produces some resolutions on the subject; and while I haven't any special knowledge, I think I've read that a lot has lately been accomplished in that direction."

"Well, who makes the law's delays? Isn't it the lawyers? If any people ought to try to improve things they're the ones. It's only themselves they've got to improve."

"Oh, come now, Deacon! You can't hold today's lawyers responsible for an accumulation of traditions and procedures that have grown up through generations. Besides, hasn't it all grown up through a desire to protect the innocent from miscarriage of justice?"

The Deacon laid aside his paper and pushed his spectacles up into his rumpled hair. "You're talkin' like a lawyer," he said sharply, "an' like a bad one, at that. What made the traditions? It wasn't a desire for justice, but a yearnin' for fees. An' what

made the traditions is the same force that keeps 'em alive. Bad lawyers don't want to change the traditions, an' there's too many bad lawyers—the jackals of trade, somebody called 'em."

"From what I know of lawyers," I argued, "they average up much like doctors or bankers or folks in general, and I've always understood you to hold that decent folk are in the majority."

"You're quite right," said the Deacon pleasantly. "But while there's more gas than water in any gallon I get down to Hank's garage, I notice that the water manages to slow up my old Ford.

"What's more," he added, "that much water spoils the rest of the gas. No, it's like this," he said seriously. "One bad lawyer does more harm than a bad doctor. The bad doctor may hurt the few unfortunates he handles personally; but the bad lawyer helps to gum up the whole legal machine, an' that touches us all."

"The bar associations get after the bad lawyers, just as the medical associations get after the quacks, so I've heard."

"I guess you're hittin' a farmer on a touchy spot," grinned the Deacon, "an' mebbe this is my grouchy day. But I don't agree with you. It ain't the bad lawyers alone that make the unnecessary delays, but it's the good ones protectin' the bad ones, with somethin' they call 'professional courtesy'. It's a nice phrase, but I figure it means courtesy to a fellow lawyer regardless of what it may mean to a lot of clients. It generally means that if Lawyer Jones wants to go fishin', Lawyer Brown agrees to a delay, so that when Brown wants to go fishin' Jones will be equally considerate. I figure it's mutual back-scratchin', more than a desire for justice, that ties up the courts; an' the judges, bein' only graduate lawyers, let 'em scratch."

"You don't like lawyers," I suggested feebly.

"I'd respect a downright good lawyer more'n a good doctor or a good preacher," said the Deacon, emphatically, "because I know it's a darn sight harder for him an' costs him a heap more to be good. An' I'm always hopin' to meet one," he added, softly.

"A man ought to read all the news in his paper at one sitting," remarked the Deacon, after he had been scanning the sheets in

silence for a time. "There's hardly a single bit of news that doesn't gain added interest when you read it along with some other bit. Lindbergh greeted at one end of Nicaragua by the President and all his Cabinet, and our Marines greeted at the other end by an unreconstructed General and all his machine guns, is a good example. I always like to set off the news from Russia with the news from Italy. It leaves my mind in a sort of balance, if I can keep from goin' crazy.

"Here's a good pair of items," he added, suddenly. "Lady preacher from England has her lecture cancelled by a Boston missionary society, so the paper says, because she smokes cigarettes. Down in a corner of the same page you read that the King of Afghanistan is makin' a state visit to Egypt and the theological crowd there have decided not to honor him as they had planned because he wears a white top hat. Seems it isn't the right uniform for a good Moslem."

The Deacon laid down the paper again. "There's such a lot of people that get manners confused with morals that it pays to learn the correct fashion. Bein' a gentleman, for instance, is a state of inward grace. But if you make a noise over your soup in this country a lot of folks think you aren't a gentleman, and in Japan you're not a gentleman if you don't.

"I guess the fact is that manners are a sort of code. Folks want you to fly some outward signals to tell what you are like on the inside. But we've all got to know the same set of signals or we're likely to choose poor company. Now you couldn't persuade Ma, there, that a cigarette in a lady's hand isn't a blue pennant at the mast-head to notify you the devil is in the cabin. But if she saw a man that was darn fool enough to wear a white top hat, she could easily believe he was a Christian. Her own great-uncle was a parson, an' he used to wear a mangy gray one. I saw it when I was a boy. But Ma isn't a bit unusual. I read the other day that Governor Al Smith stopped wearin' a brown derby hat some time ago. He figured out that nowadays he'd be flyin' the wrong signal at the mast-head."

"You believe in good manners, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course I do, so long as I remember that good manners are the generally adopted signals of good people in any one genera-

tion, and that there always are some good people that either don't know 'em or haven't adopted 'em. If the next generation that comes along gets a new set, the old folks are bound to read 'em wrong for a while."

"It may be a whim of mine," I remarked, "but I certainly enjoy nowadays meeting a boy with old-fashioned good manners."

"So do I," said the Deacon. "I like his manners! An' I have a hopeful feelin' that mebbe his parents taught him somethin' else besides. But mebbe they didn't. There's always some folks that get to be more interested in manner than in matter.

"I've been readin' a lot of new books in my old age; all sorts of stuff that Abigail sends me, an' then I get interested and get more out of the library. Some of these recent fellows start off with some interestin' mediæval stuff, for instance, and a nice sort of style that goes with it. Folks get to praisin' the style, till the author gets too conscious of it, an' pretty soon he's writin' books with nothin' to 'em but the style. I won't say they aren't worth shucks, because that's exactly what they are worth.

"I don't mind them so much," continued the Deacon, thoughtfully, "as I do the folks that never had any matter to start with. They're all manner, like those fellows over at the summer art colony with long hair an' bow ties. The only pictures they ever produced were the caricatures they made of 'emselves."

"Nobody minds *them*," I said, "and they don't do any harm. They add picturesqueness to the village."

"Oh, I don't say I mind 'em much. But they reduce human productivity. They get so interested flyin' the signals of artists that they stop hoein' potatoes. They remind me of Si Pease's rapscallion daughter who's come home from the city. She bows her head in church at a place in the creed, not because she feels like bowin' her head then, but to prove she's turned Episcopalian."

"In spite of what you say, Deacon," I observed, "I like good manners better than bad manners, no matter what lies behind them."

"You might just as well say," he answered, while he filled his pipe, "that you like clean hands better than dirty hands, even if they're pickin' your pocket."

* * * * *

Another lady steps briskly up to the cracker barrel! And she brings the Deacon a book entitled *Children of the Second Birth*, by S. M. Shoemaker, Jr. It describes varieties of Christian experience in a city parish. I shall make the Deacon read it. It will serve him right for pretending cynicism. Here is her letter:

DEAR PHILOSOPHER:

I suggest that you come off of your cracker barrel for an hour or two!

When you say in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW "when something exciting happens that sets people to thinking inside a church, the membership falls off," I should like to tuck you under my arm and take you to a dingy old church on the edge of a faded district in New York City. It is hemmed in by business and traffic, but it's a place where at least one philosopher ought to go to find out what is happening! The promise of peace that is offered here is a challenge to thought. The man who stands in the pulpit of a Sunday is young, and he offers people a peace which begins with inward war. Every kind of a person comes here, and comes again—rich men silk-hatted, drunks who are pulled in by the lighted cross over the door, débutantes tired of dancing and bridge, women old and young who know something of sorrow. There is nothing soporific about the things they hear. Without the kick of oratory, under the blazing lights hung from the rafters a century ago, they are made to see clearly: themselves and a choice of roads.

A hundred times a year each person there is asked to make a choice. And his choice may involve completely changing his direction. Conversion in this church means wiping out of life every personal antagonism, every hatred, every habit of thought and life that separates a man from God. From a congregation that was a handful, to well filled pews, this church has grown, because "thinking" there is inevitable, and it's the sort of thinking that leads to action. Here is to be found the extra motive spring which turns clear thought into useful action. Very few fools in this congregation, for here fools turn into wise men.

Drop in some day, and then go back to your sitting post! You will find yourself set to thinking in a new direction, and like the rest of us you will go back for more.

Sincerely yours,

AMELIA S. REYNOLDS.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

A review of DANIEL DRAKE'S *work on "Cincinnati and the Miami Country" called forth these pertinent observations on the need of enlightened forestry, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1816:*

The humidity of the Western country, Dr. Drake thinks, will be lessened when the country is cleared of its forests, and there can be no doubt of this result, which however is only desirable to a certain extent; for the greatest evil which the Western country has to dread hereafter, is excessive draught. The prospective wisdom of those states, should be particularly attentive to guard, as far as possible, against this effect. . . . General Andreossi, in his account of the Canal of Languedoc, states the increased evil of late years, that has arisen in France, from the destruction of the forests in the mountains, which protected the sources of the streams, by which means, the rivers have now become torrents, impetuous and destructive in winter, and presenting only beds of sand in summer. The gradual effect, if not counteracted, would be to reduce the country to sterility. How much more is this to be dreaded in a country of such extent, as that between the Allegheny, and the Chippewan mountains, with no intervening hills of height, sufficient to arrest the passage of these winds. The Government should select some spots from whence the most important streams originate, and mark out a certain portion of contiguous territory, never to be alienated or stripped of its forest. This would at once provide perpetual supplies of timber, and protect the precious fountains of the rivers.

HENRY TUDOR *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1817, told of his enviably picturesque experiences and observations on a walking tour through New England and New York:*

June 1st. To Keene, 43 miles.—Overslept ourselves at Pepperell, set off after breakfast, and walked six miles, then being tired of moving so slow from home, took the stage, and arrived here at 8, P.M. We have passed to day through a number of "clever towns," but have seen nothing worth remarking, except the Monadok mountain, at a distance, and seven beautiful girls *en passant*, which I have observed this day; it is remarkable, and I mention it for

the benefit of artists, what a fine, warm, and mellow tone, objects like these, in the front ground, give to a landscape; one of these maidens with a sparkling, open countenance, rose-tinted, transparent complexion, falling shoulders, and rounded arms, light, elastick step, small foot, and tapering ancle, (it must be observed that,

Brachia et vultum, teretesque suras
Integer laudo

formed one of the most picturesque *studies* I ever saw, and I sighed that I was not an artist. The latter part of this road is a gentle descent for two miles, shaded by tall trees, and with a fine stream running by the road side.

WILLIAM TUDOR, *Jr.*, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1817, told of some curious experiences at a "merry-making" evening party:*

The next complaint is on my own account. I was invited to "a symposiack," my idea of the nature of this party was very indistinct, my wife and daughter were equally at a loss. On the appointed evening my wife, whose imagination is singularly active, and will sometimes in consequence have her timidity very ludicrously excited, proposed to me, that I should accompany them to the theatre; I saw her drift, and that she did not feel perfectly easy on the score of this party. I smiled, and told her, I was resolved to find out what it was. On entering the room, I found several individuals, distinguished for their pursuit of science and literature. The materials were good, but it went off heavily, and I found myself obliged to be on my guard against yawning. At supper I engaged in conversation with a gentleman along side of me. Thirty years ago, I went, in regular course, through the mathematicks, metaphysicks and the Classicks, and obtained the usual literary degrees. I have, however, no pretensions to learning, and have, for many years, attended more to its results, than its forms. Having made some remark to my neighbour, who, though a metaphysician, was a very pleasant man; he began in the Socratick form, and having had the simplicity to answer his questions, I found, before I was aware of it, that he had treacherously caught me in a net, where I was too much enthralled to extricate myself. In this situation, a strange pedant, opposite, pelted me with a shower of hard words, every one of which left a contusion. I made my escape as soon as I could, and on getting home, the moment I entered the room, my daughter sprang to meet me, "well, dear Father, what kind of a party was it?" My wife bid her not be so impatient, and, in the same breath, said, "come, what was this party?"—I told my child to get the dictionary. "The Dictionary! well we never thought of that, but I don't believe there is any such word in the *English* Dictionary."—She read me the explanation, "Symposiack, relating to merry making!"—I told them the story, and resolved never to go to another.

A racy account of the introduction of horses into the Hawaiian Islands was given by CHARLES DAVIS *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1816:*

One of the gentlemen before alluded to, first introduced horses into Owyhee, which he brought from California. The natives who had never seen any animal larger than a cow, regarded them with feelings which might have renewed the ancient fables of the Centaurs. The whole population were out to see these strange animals. Many unsuccessful attempts were made by the natives at first, in riding them, which excited all their timidity. The gentleman who made them a present to the king, set the natives to work, to construct a rude carriage, with solid wheels, and harness made with rope. When completed, the three wives of the king were persuaded, after much difficulty, to take an airing, the king and his subjects being witnesses to this new experiment. Unfortunately the horses not being well broke, became restive in going down a small descent, overturned the carriage, and the three royal favourites, whose fears were not allayed by this disaster. The king and the chief priest immediately exclaimed *Taboo, Taboo.* "This is prohibited—the Gods are offended."

The notion of an American language and literature, distinct and separate from those of England, which has been exploited in our own day, seems to have been cherished by DR. WALTER CHANNING, *physician and author, brother of* WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING *and* EDWARD TYRREL CHANNING, *both closely concerned with the founding of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. DR. CHANNING *wrote in this periodical in September, 1815:*

National literature seems to be the product, the legitimate product, of a national language. Literary peculiarities and even literary originality being, the one little more than peculiarities of language, the other the result of that uncontrolled exercise of mind which a slavery to a common tongue almost necessarily prevents. If then we are now asked, why is this country deficient in literature? I would answer, in the first place, because it possesses the same language with a nation totally unlike it in almost every relation; and, in the second, delights more in the acquisition of foreign literature than in a laborious independent exertion of its own intellectual powers. Unhappily, so enslaving are these influences, that it is hardly to be hoped that we shall ever make our language conform to our situation, our intellectual vigor and originality. But is it true that a nation of real spirit and character will forever consent to copy, even though it does not get rid of the language it inherited? Would not what we have already accomplished in literature be thought well for a young people, if we wrote in our *own* tongue? Is it not the fact that when we write we are regarded as Englishmen, and are required to do as well as if we lived in England?

A most entertaining account of Sir WALTER SCOTT *was given by* THEODORE LYMAN, *in a letter from Edinburgh, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1815:*

I should think there was no man in this profane world, so often asked after as Walter Scott, and no traveller ever lands in sweet Edinburgh without inquiring where can he be seen? In a small, dark room, where one of the Courts of Sessions is held, there is to be seen every morning in term time, sitting at a little table and keeping the records of the Court, a stout, broadshouldered, brawny and somewhat fleshy man,—with light hair, light complexion, eyes between a blue and a grey, thick nose, round fat face, rather sleepy expression, covered with a ragged black gown, his lame leg stuck under the table, the other sprawling out in such manner as no leg, lame or not lame, ever ought to be. Such a man, forsooth! as one might swear, heaven had marked out,—as an honest good natured soul, though rather stupid withal,—a most loyal subject fit to guzzle port and porter, pay taxes, and drink 'God save the King.' Not one poetick line or ray of genius in his face, except a very slight kindling of the eye, to redeem the immortal bust of the author of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, from the staring, thoughtless, besotted multitude. Mr. Scott is now about forty-five years old, descended from rather an obscure family in Lothian, and when young, he says, that the old men used to take him up on their knees, call him little Watty, and tell him border stories and legendary tales, while his brothers were gone to work; a privilege, which his lameness gave him. Some of those philosophers, who are in the habit of making a "moral" to all their fables, may very possibly find out, that the world has gained another great poet, because Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other . . . Though Mr. S. is exposed to a constant throng of people with letters of introduction, his houses of resort in Edinburgh are not very numerous, and he confines himself chiefly to some of the choicest of the ministerial party; he is himself zealous to the last ditch for church and king. A disgust with its politicks make him leave *The Edinburgh Review*, in which he has written some pleasant articles. In his manners he is very mild and agreeable, apparently without any vanity, and the only affectation he has consists in the effort he makes *not* to appear a *poet*. He has a great deal of humour, and his conversation is principally made up of anecdotes; he is not, however, what they call either elegant or brilliant in company, but then he is cheerful and never obtrusive; upon the whole, one of the last persons you would suspect to be Walter Scott.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

The Villain or the Hero?

AS 1928 swings into its stride evidence accumulates that the financial drama which has been building during the past three years, and more particularly during 1927, is approaching its climax. It may be, indeed, that the stock market already has had its Sarajevo, the significance of which will not be generally recognized until the sequence of later events reveals itself. On the other hand there may be no such "spark in the tinder" for the present market, since its destiny is not dependent upon the clash of events, but has been and will continue to be in the highly concentrated hands of the Federal Reserve Banks, whose mastery over the force that is swaying security prices—that is, money—is indisputable. Instead of tracing the complicated history of all the dramatis personae, therefore, it is sufficient to watch the fortunes of the Reserve Banks, whom you may consider the villain or the hero as you will, according to your views of the propriety of their policies. Certainly any study of the security markets without keeping those policies in the center of the stage would be so unbalanced that beside it Hamlet without the Dane would be complete artistry. One of our leading economic services has recently written to its subscribers that the Federal Reserve Banks can sway the financial history of 1928 to an unprecedented degree. The many component forces of finance are so delicately balanced at the beginning of the year that the Banks can almost be compared to a railway signalman, controlling from his tower switches that shunt trains this way or that.

The central idea of the Federal Reserve policies during recent years has been this: to stabilize business as nearly as it can be accomplished by such stabilization of the price of gold as is practicable. The policy has not been advertised from the billboards, and a bill presented to Congress by Representative Strong of Kansas providing that such a policy be made mandatory on the Banks has been frowned upon by their officials, for fear that this advertisement of their powers among the unthinking might result in political attacks or in demands for unwise use of them. However, stability has been the goal of the Banks' policies, and when at times they have apparently encouraged instability in some directions the object usually has been to remedy it elsewhere.

Cheap and Abundant Credit

Against this background the so-called "wide open" policy of the past six months, beginning with the reduction of rediscount rates in August, 1927, and the addition to the supply of credit through the purchase of Government securities during the autumn, can be viewed initially as an attempt to keep gold stable, to check the commodity price decline then under way, and to aid our export trade—with an eye on the farmer—by promoting European stability and strengthening the foreign exchanges. Later purchases of Government securities were continued to offset the exports of gold which followed as a consequence of our lowered money rates.

But this policy of making credit cheap and abundant when there was no increase in commercial and industrial demand for it had the effect of promoting instability in another direction—the stock market. It accelerated a prevailing tendency toward expansion of security loans, and it was undoubtedly a leading force in producing the paradox of advancing stock prices and declining earnings during the autumn and winter, culminating in the situation that exists as this is written. A great expansion in outstanding bank credit has occurred—about 8 per cent. during 1927, and all the increase has gone into the purchase of or loans against securities.

Brokers' loans in New York have expanded to far above $4,000,000,000, and stock prices have been bid up continuously to levels that in many cases have very little relation to earnings.

Brokers' Loans

That is as far as banking facts and figures themselves carry us in the plot. But the climax that may be approaching will be precipitated by other elements than mere facts and figures, and the influence of certain other occurrences must also be examined. First of all must be set down the statement of President Coolidge, who early in January allowed himself to be indirectly quoted as saying that after consultation with the Treasury he saw nothing alarming in the expansion of brokers' loans in New York.

Following that statement occurred a series of events which were certainly hastened by it, though they probably would not have been delayed much longer had the expansion of loans continued. They were, first, a demand by Representative Dickinson of Iowa, House Leader of the "farm bloc", for a "constructive investigation" of the brokers' loan situation; and second, the introduction of a resolution into the Senate by Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin which would direct the Reserve Banks to prevent the further use of credit for speculative purposes. Senator Brookhart of Iowa introduced several foolish and unimportant bills for the same purpose. The conclusion seems inescapable that the principal effect of the President's statement was to advertise the volume of brokers' loans more effectively than anyone else could have done. And while his purpose was to strengthen confidence in the business outlook by minimizing the importance of one of its sore spots, there is much conservative opinion which holds that he really accomplished more by inadvertently directing attention to the sore spot and stimulating a demand for its removal.

Control of Credit

The farm bloc leaders in Congress by no means make up the entire list of those who believe the time has come to check the use of credit in the securities markets. Sky-high stock prices make strange bed-fellows. The angle of attack chosen by the farm bloc is based on the economically untenable plea that the credit used by Wall Street has been subtracted from a fund which should be available to the farmers, whereas the fact is that credit is always available first to commerce and industry, including agriculture, and that security speculation can employ only the surplus. This angle of attack is of course peculiar to the Congressmen mentioned. But among many conservative bankers and business leaders both in and out of Wall Street the expansion of credit is viewed with equal apprehension, and on broader grounds; and many of them are presenting the need for caution and for some corrective contraction because they realize that the more security prices are raised out of line with earnings and prospects the greater will be the fall, and its repercussions upon general business, when it comes. And while little criticism of Federal Reserve policies is contained in the statements of these leaders of business the fact is inescapable that only one means of control is at hand, and that it is reasonably efficient. That is the control of the supply of credit as far as it is within the power of the Reserve Banks to govern it through buying and selling Government securities and acceptances. Second, if necessary, the control of the price of credit through the rediscount rate. There is a precedent for this and a recent one. The advance in the rediscount rate to 4 per cent. in the autumn of 1925 was made more to check speculation than for any other purpose, and it was followed by sharp declines in stock prices immediately, and by the reaction which culminated in March, 1926.

To enumerate all the cautionary statements that have been made would serve little purpose. But one which has attracted much attention was made by a Governor of a Federal Reserve Bank himself, George J. Seay of Richmond, who asks flatly whether we are lifting ourselves by our own bootstraps, whether we are living at present in a fool's paradise, and adds that we certainly have one foot over the border. Governor Seay says: "Within the last two years stocks and bonds of the country have increased in market value by fifteen billion dollars, according to some estimates. Since increase in price heightens the borrowing

power the owners of these securities had, or thought they had, this huge addition to their spending power, and it has been used to a very large extent in the purchase of other securities, as well as for other purposes. It is thus easy to trace the sources of the tremendous investment power of the people of the country; it was built up largely through the expansion of bank credit, and that in turn was made possible through the additions to our stock of gold, coupled with the very low requirements for bank reserves."

A "Shaking Down" in Prospect

Here obviously is one Reserve Bank governor who, it can be assumed, will welcome curtailment of Reserve Bank credit. When it is considered in addition that bankers and business statesmen in general would look with approval on a reaction in stock prices, and that political influence, though for other reasons, is exerted in the same direction, is it not time for the owner of securities to take cognizance of the fact that a "shaking down" may be in prospect under Reserve Bank guidance?

During January three developments in Reserve Bank policy emphasized this probability. One was a requirement that the member banks in the New York district adjust their reserve position twice weekly instead of weekly as heretofore, the effect being to make them maintain their reserves more closely at the required level, and to watch their stock market loans. The second was the sale of Government securities and acceptance in considerable amounts. It remained to be seen whether the latter was of temporary or more enduring significance, but it administered a check to the stock market. And finally the Chicago and Richmond Reserve Banks raised their rediscount rates.

The Investor's Programme

The problem of the investor, if he is willing to accept the foregoing as an accurate analysis of the present and a reasonable forecast of the future, is to build upon it a definite individual programme. One of the most vexing of questions at such times is this: To what extent is it wise to sell out holdings of stocks with the expectation of buying them back at lower prices? Does not such a practice turn the investor into a speculator, and constitute a risk which for the average shareholder is as grave as the risk of withstanding a price decline? That is, the risk of forfeiting his partnership in the enterprise through failure to buy back or because prophecy goes awry and the stock keeps on advancing.

It is impossible to give an arbitrary answer to such general questions. One thing is certain. Under present conditions the list of holdings should be carefully revised by the sale of the shares of any company concerning whose ability to go through bad weather without serious losses and impairment of surplus there is any doubt. And the percentage of the investor's capital that is carried in short term bonds of high caliber or in other equally liquid or safe securities should be increased. This serves the double purpose of stopping losses and of providing ready funds for the buying opportunities that will come on the declines. Beyond these principles the problems are specific and the advice of expert and reputable dealers or other counsel should be sought.

The late Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, once made some notable comments on his policy, in directing the affairs of that corporation, of "keeping strong"; in other words, to pay only moderate dividends, to carry what seemed to be unnecessarily large amounts of cash and such readily marketable securities as Government bonds, and to build up a surplus sufficient to weather every possible contingency that a naturally conservative judgment could foresee. That is an excellent test for owners of stocks to apply to their holdings in such times as these. The man whose chief interest is in his own business, and who desires to give a minimum of his attention to outside investments, can ill afford to carry at present prices any but the shares of companies which have "kept strong". If, however, he is fortunate enough to have purchased shares of financially strong corporations at, let us say, 30 to 40 per cent. below present prices, and there is nothing specifically unfavorable in the prospect for the company's business, he may choose to ignore the possibility of a decline caused by higher money rates, and to keep not to exceed 50 per cent. of his total

funds in such shares. Few investment counsel could criticize such a programme.

The question at issue is one of the secular trend or "long pull" versus the shorter fluctuations. There is little doubt but that the destiny of any sound, ably managed company, which is adequately alive to the necessity for research and for keeping abreast of competition, is continuously upward over a period of years. Many men have built fortunes by investigating and backing such companies with complete disregard of intermediate stock market fluctuations of such character as the reaction based on higher money rates which may now lie ahead. On the other hand, other fortunes have been built up by men who pay relatively less attention to the ultimate opportunities in the stocks they hold, but instead seek conservatively to catch the "bull" and "bear" swings of the stock market, never trying for top or bottom, but keeping their money in stocks when they think the main trend of stocks is upward and in bonds, resting on their oars, when they think the main trend of stocks is downward. The latter group have more of the speculative instinct and to handle their funds successfully they must be in a position to observe broad fields of events more discriminately than the former, who can stake everything on confidence in a management and its product. But regardless of these distinctions the present is a peculiarly interesting time for both types. For the investor who "rides with the market" it is time to decide whether the main trend has shifted, or is about to shift from upward to downward. And for the investor who rides with individual companies it is an opportunity to weed out any dead wood on the list and to employ for the funds released the "safety" technique, earning at least bond interest while waiting better opportunities to buy stocks.

The Start of 1928

Because so many believe that during 1928 money will govern the stock market it is not to be assumed that there is any less interest in the course of business during the year, for next to the Federal Reserve Banks' policies the activity of commerce and industry will be the most important element in the money markets. Many authorities believe that business will expand, and it is interesting to note that some of these expect stock prices to decline, though hitherto expanding business and a declining stock market have generally been held to be incompatible. And if business activity does increase much it will demand more credit, which will be subtracted from the amount available to finance security speculation.

The year has already gone far enough to make it appear that as compared with 1927 the first may be last and the last first. The conspicuous laggards of 1927 were the automobile and the iron and steel industries. The conspicuous hustler was the cotton-textile industry, in which all consumption records were broken. It is already clear that cotton-textile activity will fall off. The higher price of the raw material and the stocks of goods accumulated last year make that inevitable, and the early year markets reveal curtailment and wage reductions, accompanied by dull business. But iron and steel and automobiles have opened the year more encouragingly. The unfilled orders of the Steel Corporation at the beginning of January were much larger than was generally expected; production has increased and prices have been marked up. The automobile year has started off in a riot of optimism. The most ardent skeptic of advertising claims cannot doubt that improved motor cars are being offered this year at lower prices, and, if it is true, as the industry's leaders think, that a great many of 1927's normal purchases were postponed until this year because buyers waited to see what the Ford Motor Company would offer, they must acknowledge that business will be huge. Furthermore manufacturers are backing their optimism with a greater production to start the year off; the January output is estimated at 20 to 25 per cent. more than in the same month last year. If these two industries, with their innumerable ramifications, equal the expectations of their leaders it is difficult to believe that business as a whole can show any recession from 1927, which was itself 6 to 8 per cent. below 1926 as measured by the leading indices. One support which iron and steel needs sorely is railway buying, which was extremely slim last year due to economy in recognition of

lessened revenue. Hence it is encouraging to note that the various shippers' associations estimate that the traffic they originate will be almost 3 per cent. more in the first quarter of 1928 than in the same quarter last year.

Presidential Years

A fact which no one is overlooking—I run across a word of caution based upon it by Arthur W. Kiddy in *The London Spectator*—s that 1928 is Presidential year in the United States, and general election year also, it nay be noted, in France and Germany. From time to time the statisticians and busiess historians have sought to assure the American business man that his belief in the ispiriting effects of a Presidential year is a reature of his imagination, but it is my exerience that he dismisses their charts as heoretical fol-de-rol and persists in his belief ith a complete reliance on the superiority f his own observation to such factual testiiony as they present. Wherefore the presnt tendency of the business prophets is to nclude for this reason a definite psychologiil handicap in laying out the probabilities r a Presidential year. Colonel Ayres of the leveland Trust Company has made a conse summary of the history of President ears which may carry more weight than most ecause he has accumulated such great presge from his past work. He says that busiess has been above normal in six out of the st twelve election years, that in seven out the twelve it has closed the year higher an it opened, and that conditions have anged vastly since the "silver menace" t our fiscal and credit systems in jeopardy ery four years. Nevertheless, he admits at business has dipped downward more an usual during the spring and summer of ch of the election years studied. Probably at sums the matter up.

The French elections may in fact affect r financial position more than our own. It is believed that if M. Poincaré comes back to power France will immediately proceed to *de jure* stabilization of the franc, which is already accomplished in fact. France has huge foreign balances abroad. Her capital was exported at a great rate during the decline of the franc, and since M. Poincaré got the currency back in hand most of the foreign exchange holdings then accumulated have passed into the hands of the Government, for as the capital came back the Government bought the foreign exchange in order to prevent a too rapid rise of the franc. Exactly what the French holdings abroad total is difficult to estimate, but it must be surely in excess of a billion dollars in New York and London combined. France has already taken considerable amounts of gold from New York, and the Department of Commerce reports that at the end of 1927 there was in this country $158,000,000 of "earmarked" gold, of which the larger portion was unquestionably held at the disposal of France. It is in the light of this situation that the recent removal of the State Department's ban against loans to France, in so far as industrial loans are concerned, should be read. The policy of France with respect to her huge holdings of foreign exchange is clearly of the utmost importance to the international money markets, and the possibility of withdrawals is only one of many reasons for expecting slightly higher rates as the year wears on.

Another important matter for investors in foreign securities to watch is the ability of Germany to meet the enlarged reparations payments that now become due, and the agitation for a final fixation of the total of reparations. Discussion of the priority of reparations or private loans has already produced one spell of weakness in German securities, but the final conclusion of the debate seemed to be that there is little occasion to worry over the question, as payments on all private loans will doubtless be permitted by the Allies.

AS OTHERS SEE IT

A Message from Haiti

SIR:

I had taken the REVIEW for twenty-five years when it was changed to a quarterly. Not liking that system I discontinued the magazine regretfully. Therefore I was glad to hear that you had returned to the monthly plan. I am spending the winter here in Haiti and will renew regularly when I return next spring.

A. C. HILL.

Port au Prince, Haiti.

Our Population Declines

SIR:

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, writing on *Progress Through Birth Control*, is a pessimist. Evidently she never heard of the progress birth control has made during the last few years. Dr. Harris, Health Commissioner of New York, reports a birth rate so low that it barely keeps our population at the present figure. Dr. Harris predicts a higher death rate and explains it thus: When the birth rate declines there are less young ones to fill the ranks of the people, and the proportional number of old ones is bound to increase. Since the old ones are likely to die sooner than young ones the proportional number of deaths is bound to increase. The public schools of our larger cities report a declining attendance. For the country districts the increasing number of abandoned farms tells the tale. Why, birth control and stoppage of immigration are an unmitigated success! And while our population declines numerically the number of our unemployed increases alarmingly, according to official statistics. Our free municipal lodging house was never more overcrowded than at present. Of course, foreigners of the lower races are to be blamed for the ills from which the American nation is suffering. In sections of our country where the old stock is maintained pure and unadulterated, in the South, we have the white trash, the highest percentage of white illiterates, the Klan, lynchings and monkey trials, while in the large cities, where the old stock is contaminated, we have, in addition to Billy Sunday, Aimee McPherson and the Rev. John Roach Straton, a few art museums, opera houses, symphony concerts libraries and night clubs.

No, that geometrical increase of population is a memory that belongs to the dim past. Even the Huns, that guilty tribe which brought on the world war, are now following in the footsteps of path-finding America. According to the latest statistics Germany has a birth rate of 21, insufficient to keep the population at its present level. For an increase Germany is depending upon immigration.

Canada's population is at a standstill and has been for many years, practically. Canadians ought to be well satisfied. But are they? No, the Canadian Government is trying very hard to attract immigration. Canadians are even willing to forget all about those Belgian atrocities and are ready to receive Huns with open arms. And what do we hear from Australia, that model country of restricted immigration and pure stock preservation? The unemployed engaged in bread riots! Why, this cannot possibly be true, as it would contradict all the cherished theories of our restrictionists and stock purists. But then, the results of prohibition did not actually confirm the promising theories of propagandists on the payroll of the Anti-Saloon League. So far the Rotarians, Chambers of Commerce and the rest of the Babbitts have been sincere and vehement advocates of the pure stock principle. But looking over their balance sheets showing a decline of business compared with 1920 those patriots may change their minds and return to their old slogan: Business before

indulgence in race superiority. After all, as that heretic Dorsey says, the Nordic considers his race superior because he looks at it with Nordic eyes.

GUSTAV SCHWEPPENDICK.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

No Weight Lost

SIR:

Let me say I think THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW decidedly improved; it loses no weight in an added lightness of treatment and it is much more satisfactory to have it every month.

JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK.
Boston, Massachusetts.

In Dr. Fenn's Favor

IR:

I want to thank you for publishing the rticle of my friend, the Rev. Dr. Percy T. enn, entitled *Lo! The Poor Cleric.* It will o great good to many poor clergymen, specially neglected old ones, to feel that me one is taking their part. No other enomination so unjustly mismanages its ension funds, as the Protestant Episcopal hurch. All the Church papers are muzed, being fed the sop of juicy advertisement hich pays better than the "old clergy" ibscriptions. The whole thing is commeralized while the devil brings up the rear. his is especially pleasing to the House of shops, for it has at last a real goad to flog e clergy into line and keep them there or arve. To say that we are doing as well as e other denominations is not to meet the se when proper management could make us a great deal better.

J. B. BLANCHET.
cksonville, Florida.

An Appreciation

:

I am wondering if Professor Johnson of racuse University is "The Cracker Barrel ilosopher" who gave me a pleasant and fitable experience as I read the January, 28, number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW while en route from New York to Syracuse. If so, this screed carries a bit of my gratitude to him. All he wrote is wholesome, well thought out, and warmed my insides. If he is to continue to pass on his philosophy of life to our fellow men through the issues of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW the name of the undersigned will again appear among the subscribers.

EDMUND H. LEWIS.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Encouraging Words

SIR:

Congratulations on the more living life you are breathing into the great REVIEW.

CHARLES F. THWING.
New York City.

A Methodist Protest

SIR:

The article by Dr. Fenn, *Lo! the Poor Cleric!*, calls for an answer. In so far as Dr. Fenn discusses conditions in his own Church, ministers of other churches have neither the right nor the desire to comment. But when he claims to voice the thought of "the great majority of the clergy of all denominations", the rest of us have the right to be heard.

A ministry of upwards of thirty years, almost as long and perhaps as varied as that of Dr. Fenn, and acquaintance with hundreds of ministers of my own and other churches, form the basis upon which I challenge his statement that we are living "in hell", *et cetera.* Of course conditions in the Church and ministry are not ideal; they never were. Salaries, for many ministers, are not adequate, nor are promotions always commensurate with merit. But men who are restless for these reasons will do themselves and the Church a favor by seeking other work. The ministry is in its nature sacrificial; to enter it, then lament the lack of advantages found in other professions, is to confess ourselves unworthy. Salaries ought to be better; but God save us from the day when we shall be denied the anxieties and strains tasted by those to whom we minister; from ever becoming fat, overfed, sleek ecclesiastics!

Doubtless some mature men are pushed aside by unwise committees bent upon younger men; but in general ministers who keep mind and soul fresh are sought after, even down to old age. If crowds flock after clerical mountebanks, seeking ever new sensations, great numbers of loyal Christians disapprove such, and revere the thoughtful, sincere man of God who has a real message. Of course some people are unkind, selfish, inconsiderate; but such folks are a trial to business men as well as preachers; and it would be less than generous not to speak of the kind, thoughtful, considerate men and women who abound in every Church, to know whom is a joy. Really the patience and forbearance of the laymen, in some cases I have known, is truly amazing. Ministers are not commonly hampered in their freedom in the pulpit. In all my ministry I have never asked what I might preach, nor has any member of any Board ever made the attempt to dictate in this particular. Observation leads to the conviction that this experience is not exceptional. In fact I believe that there is today greater liberty than ever before, that the people are eager to have the fullest expression of the truth. To assert that it is the safe, conservative man, who will let things be, who secures and holds the large parish, is nothing less than a slander upon the whole body of successful men, abundantly refuted by a host of ministers who have reached large positions of usefulness, of whom Gordon, Cadman, Jefferson, Fosdick, Coffin, Langdale, Hillis, Newton, Conwell, Hough, Niebuhr, Gilkey, Stone, and Tittle are conspicuous and worthy illustrations.

The great majority of ministers are not "in hell"; to assert it is ridiculous, for none of us are compelled to remain in the ministry against our will. On the contrary we are happy in the work to which we feel divinely called. We are not satisfied with ourselves; we humbly confess our unworthiness and lack of ability. But we ask no man's sympathy; we want nobody's pity. We have trials, as do men in all walks of life. But we have rich compensations, the joy of service, the grateful tears of those we serve, and the fellowship of the gracious Lord with whom we walk. We glory in our task, and would not be tempted to leave it for any position in the gift of man.

WILLIAM H. WYLIE.

Vincennes, Indiana.

Who Owns Your Favorite Newspaper?

If you have followed with interest, and some alarm, the increasing growth of "chains" in the newspaper field, then you will appreciate the article by

JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

NEWSPAPER CANNIBALISM

***in the* APRIL**

North American Review

Coming issues will contain equally interesting articles on other national problems

VOLUME 225 *One-Hundred-Thirteenth Year* NUMBER 4

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

CHARLES JOHNSTON (*India A Dominion?*), Irish born, later became an American citizen and a professor at the University of Wisconsin. That he knows life intimately in India is evident from his early contacts there. After serving in the District of Murshidabad, in which Clive won the decisive victory of Plassey, he was transferred to Orissa, not far from the famous shrine of Jagannath, where the Head of one District was a Bengali, whose lady, an adherent of the liberal Brahmo Samaj, fitted tactfully into the social life of the civil station.

¶ *Paul Y. Anderson* (*"Jim" Reed: Himself*) was born in Tennessee in the foothills of the Smoky Mountains, thirty-four years ago, exactly half of which time he has spent as a newspaper reporter. His family were Southern mountaineer Abolitionists, which may account for his Bolshevik tendencies, although as a matter of fact Mr. Anderson stoutly maintains that he can whip any man who calls him the "parlor" brand of that ilk. As national correspondent of *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch* he is in a position to watch closely political actions.

¶ *Pascual Diaz* (*State vs. Church in Mexico*) was consecrated Bishop of Tobasco, one of the southern states in the Republic of Mexico, in 1923. The following year he had to leave his diocese because the Governor of that State made it obligatory for the Catholic clergy to marry. On returning to Mexico City, Bishop Diaz was elected Secretary of the permanent committee of Bishops to answer the anti-Catholic charges of President Calles. Known as the "Mercier of Mexico", he has now taken refuge in New York City.

¶ *Willis Fletcher Johnson* (*Cuba's Place in the Sun*) is the American born son of an English father whose sympathetic actions before the Civil War assisted many a fugitive slave to gain freedom. Just so does the present writer stand up for Cuba's integrity and the guaranty of her individuality, as he did in his authoritative history of the island whose fortunes have more or less been thrown in with the lot of the United States.

¶ *John Hunter Sedgwick* (*Newspaper Cannibalism*) has the point of view of the scholarly gentleman whose workshop has been situated in Boston. In his background can be found attainments in the law and extensive foreign travel. Beside travel abroad his diversions are country walking, the sailing of boats and working hard. "The last," says he, "is the only diversion that I have in which there seems to be no limitations."

¶ *Roy W. Howard* (*Newspaper Mass Production*) is "Roy" to his employees as well as to his friends. The keynote to his personality is that he is always having a good time, thinking, acting, walking and reading quickly. He was under forty when he became partner in a chain of twenty-six newspapers. His is the typically American story of the poor boy who climbs to success. Democratic in thought and action, he has a private office or den in a New York office building which would amaze the average corporation president or the Horace Greeleys and Wattersons of a by-gone era.

¶ *Gilbert Seldes* (*Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes*) has been a free-lance writer for the last four or five years; has known editorial capacity, playwriting and journalistic political correspondence. The present essay, which is a by-product of a long study in fads, reforms, manias, cults, will be part of a book, the first to be brought out by this writer since his *Seven Lively Arts*.

¶ *Harold W. Stephens* (*Mask and Lash in Crenshaw*) is State capitol reporter on *The Montgomery Advertiser*.. To speak more strictly, he is a lawyer straying in the paths of journalism. "I am," says he, "twenty-four years old and unmarried. My leisure is divided between books, chess, golf and the pursuit of such other pleasures as are permitted under the Constitution."

¶ *John D. Gladstone Grace* (*Flapper Votes and Lords' Reform*), a publisher and a journalist, is regarded in Canada and elsewhere as an authority in international and Dominion affairs. The Hon. Herbert Hoover declared that Mr. Grace's industrial articles had much to do with post-war stabilization in Canada.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

He has declined several nominations and offers of places in Australia and the United States.

¶ *John T. Rodgers* (*The Library of Congress*) is a cosmopolitan man of letters, of New England antecedents, Mid-West nativity, Princeton graduate culture, and New York practice and experience, who has for some time been engaged at Washington in research work of nation-wide interest. His present contribution to this REVIEW bears, as did various former ones, the stamp of authenticity illumined with imagination, befitting an appreciative impression of a great national institution.

¶ *Franklin Snow* (*After Eight Years*) began his career as a railroad man and turned to journalism. "Following railroad affairs," he observes in his editorial capacity, "may seem rather strange both as a vocation and an avocation, yet if one can combine with one's work an inherent interest in the subject at hand, the inspection of new rail facilities can be as fascinating a pastime as is the contemplation of a new golf course to the business man who must seek relief from the ennui of his job."

¶ *Henriette Weber* (*Plucking the Golden Gander*), critic, writer and lecturer, has known all her life people who do things, whether sojourning here or in foreign lands. To her recreations she adds mountain climbing, saying: "I have tramped and climbed days at a time over more than one dangerous trail—in Switzerland and the Tyrol, but especially in our own Adirondacks, which always offer a new thrill to those who know these mountains."

¶ *A. E. Hamilton* (*Killing Lady Nicotine*), an American, was born in Mexico City and educated under G. Stanley Hall in California. Many have been his occupations from time-keeper on a railroad to teaching English, writing editorials and running camps. Author and humorist, he says; "As to hobbies, I chop trees with fair accuracy and draw pictures badly."

¶ *Sarah Comstock* (*Early American Drama*) is a writer of books and magazine articles. Although born in Pennsylvania her first work was in a California newspaper office. Her latest production is *Roads to the Revolution*, which illustrates her special gift for ferreting out our historic landmarks with her camera and writing about these relics, many of which are now rapidly vanishing. It is felt desirable to call attention to the unique movement at Columbia University to revive early American plays. So far only *The Stage* of London has pointed out the importance of this manifestation in the history of our native drama. As we go to press it is announced that another play is being acted by the Columbia Laboratory players.

¶ *John Spargo* (*The Foe of Liberty and Progress*) was a veteran Socialist nurtured under Keir Hardie when he came from England to the United States. Splitting from the official Socialist Party later on, he struck its death knell. A man of marked personality, he is the village philosopher of Old Bennington, Vermont, from where his fame as historian, genealogist, and collector of antiques has spread far and wide. "From new social systems to old teapots is quite a jump," admits this New England leader of Old English birth.

¶ *J. Loewenberg* (*The Comic Spirit*) is a Harvard product without any doubt, for from that university he obtained his degrees, Bachelor, Master and Doctor of Philosophy. Now situated at Berkeley, he is Professor of Philosophy in the University of California and a frequent contributor to philosophic journals. That such a learned gentleman should have as a hobby "the detection of affinities" is difficult to believe until we hear the explanatory words "affinities between philosophy and literature."

¶ *Thomas Maitland Cleland*, who designed the present Cover of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, received the award of one thousand dollars given by the Harvard School of Business Administration from the Edward W. Bok Foundation, for the advertisement most effective in its use of pictorial illustration during 1927. Mr. Cleland's skill in design is superior and his standing as an artist of high talent is thus given substantial recognition.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

TWO of the most interesting figures in the contemporary literary landscape have been removed by the hand of death since the appearance of the preceding instalment of this commentary. I refer to Thomas Hardy and Vicente Blasco Ibañez, and if the linking of their names causes any shudders on the part of the admirers of the Englishman, let me explain that I have no intention of making a comparison between the artistic stature of the two men. As outstanding personalities of our time, however, they may be fittingly discussed together.

In the case of Hardy, it was his work that counted most; with Ibañez, it was as much a matter of a vigorous personality and a tremendous vitality as it was of any artistic merit that conferred distinction. Anatole France once said to the Spaniard: "The day you write your autobiography, you will achieve your greatest novel." The events in Hardy's life could be covered in a slim pamphlet.

There was significance in the manner of the departure of the two men from life. Hardy, dying at peaceful Max Gate in Dorchester, was the poet quitting his Ivory Tower; Ibañez dying in his magnificent villa, Fontana Rosa, at Mentone, with great throngs outside waiting for news of his condition, and buried in France, although in the soil of his native Valencia, from which he had long been a political exile, was the man of action to the last breath and to the last gesture, implied in his refusal to permit his body to be taken back to Spain. It was well known that Hardy wished to be buried in the Wessex of his own creation, and at first it was decided that his body should rest in the village church he loved, but later it was decided that an Abbey burial was his just due, and it was given, only the heart remaining in Dorchester. This was the final ironical touch to a life rich in irony.

The Bed's Head Bookshelf

(In this place will appear each month the mention of one or more books winnowed from the thousands published in recent years—books chosen for their enduring qualities and their fitness for a place at the "Beddes' hed" of bibliophiles.)

This month we go no farther back than last year for our selection of a volume worthy to be owned and treasured. It is William Butler Yeats's *Autobiographies: Reveries Over Childhood and Youth and The Trembling of the Veil* (Macmillan, $3.50). Here we have a book that fulfils all the peculiar requirements of the BED'S HEAD BOOKSHELF in that it is beautifully made and beautifully written; in that it is by and about an interesting poet, essayist, dramatist and critic, and in that every page is rich in personalities as well as in the revelation of the personality of its author. It has, besides, the advantage of being delightful reading piecemeal. Its place as one of the enduring literary biographies of our own times is quite secure.

Hardy's Place Is Fixed

The Englishman lived two lives, completing his work as a novelist more years ago than it is easy to realize, and winning recognition as a poet and dramatist in the second part of a long career—he was eighty-six when he died. He passed on, having won a secure place in the history of English literature, but even in the long years when he came to be so highly honored there was something of the touch of exile about his life in Dorchester; something left of the bitterness which he felt at the early condemnation of his novels as immoral.

The Spaniard's enduring place in the literature of our time remains to be determined. His novels are still reaching us in translation, *Reeds and Mud*, one of the earlier realistic stories being scheduled for immediate appearance, and recently we had *The Mob*, also an early book, and *The Pope of the Sea*, one of

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his later works. It was Ibañez's ill fortune to become widely known by his poorer books, although there was some solace in the fact that such novels as *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* made him independently wealthy. At bottom, Ibañez, who was a typical *Valenciano* mentally and physically, was always more a man of action than a man of thought; his novels are often overburdened with propaganda and rarely done with any attention to technique. In so recent a story as *The Pope of the Sea,* the ordinary requirements of the novel are scorned, and what we get is an entertaining and sympathetic historical account of the life of that hard-headed *Aragonese*, Pedro de Luna, the only Spanish Pope.

A Home for Writers

Spanish newspapers bring word that the Ibañez villa, with its beautiful grounds and its "Garden of the Novelists", this last adorned with portraits in tiles of Cervantes, Balzac and Dickens, and with busts of Flaubert, Cervantes, Dostoievsky and Victor Hugo, will become a home for writers, according to the terms of the novelist's will.

Several biographies and critical studies of Hardy and Ibañez have already reached the spring lists, and there are others in preparation. The Spaniard was at various times in his life cowboy, colonist, representative of his native province in the Spanish Parliament, political exile, world-tourist, scenario-writer, and so on. He was an ardent republican and one of his last books was a savage attack upon Alfonso XIII and the Spanish dictator, Primo de Rivera.

A Life of Frémont

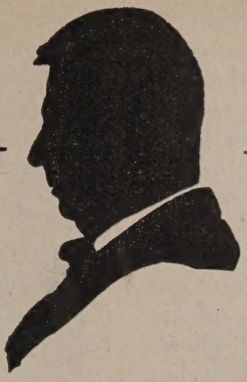
When one turns from the contemplation of the death of these two undeniably important figures to the more immediate matter of the current output of literature, the first books to offer themselves for attention are biographies, among them the life stories of famous Americans who have not heretofore had adequate treatment. Allan Nevins has done a definitive biography, for example, of General John C. Frémont, under the title of *Frémont: The West's Greatest Adventurer* (Harper, two volumes boxed, $10), a richly illustrated book in the preparation of which Mr. Nevins had the cooperation of the Frémont family, and into which he has put a full share of his historical knowledge and fine skill in writing. There is something slightly forbidding about the word "definitive" when applied to a biography; it has the sound of a reference shelf and ponderousness. But Mr. Nevins has not done that sort of study at all. Frémont was, after all, a great adventurer, and a biography that omitted or underemphasized the romantic aspects of his life or failed to catch up all the color of the early days in the Great West, would not be entitled to the praise that Mr. Nevins's work richly deserves. The Frémont biography includes also a full treatment of the life of the General's wife, Jessie Benton Frémont.

Andrew Johnson Revived

For half a century there has been no full length biography of Andrew Johnson, the only volumes available on the life of a fascinating figure in American history about whom almost nothing is generally known, being a few books hastily prepared and published shortly after his death, none of them of any real value. Therefore, it is likely that there will be unusual interest in Judge Robert W. Winston's *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot* (Holt, $5), which, like the Frémont, is handsomely illustrated from contemporary sources, and which is the first biography of Johnson of several that are planned for the next two or three years.

Judge Winston is a North Carolina lawyer who has spent years in collecting the material for Johnson's biography, which is primarily an attempt to paint a life-like portrait of the man who rose from a little tailor shop in Greeneville, Tennessee, to the White House, and who after his narrow escape from impeachment while he was President, was returned to the United States Senate, an honor conferred upon no other ex-President. In contrast to the number of recent biographies that have been strongly iconoclastic, Judge Winston's book seeks to restore a neglected figure to its rightful place in the nation's history. This is a readable book for the layman, and of value to the historian because most of its source material is original.

Crowell Books



American Economic History

By WALTER W. JENNINGS

An introductory study taking up different phases of industry by subjects; with 100 charts. By the author of "History of Economic Progress in the United States." $3.00

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The "Also Rans"

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Send for Spring List of Books

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO
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Minton, Balch, whose revival last fall of Andrew Jackson at the hands of Gerald W. Johnson proved popular, are adding another important American biography to their list in *Rufus Choate: The Wizard of the Law* by Claude Fuess ($3.50). This is another story with an abundance of romance and legend, for Choate was the eccentric and brilliant type of person about whom good anecdotes cluster. Mr. Fuess gives full space to a treatment of the eloquence of his subject and does not neglect to tell the story of the multiplicity of overcoats worn by Choate into the courtroom and of his habit of peeling them off layer by layer as he warmed to the business in hand.

A biography that should not be overlooked is Colonel George Harvey's *Henry Clay Frick: the Man* (Scribner's, $5), which shows a comprehensive grasp of the steel man's remarkable life. In this career, which spanned a rise from a small borrowed capital to the acquisition of millions, there is much latitude for inspiration, and we think the author has done justice to his subject.

The American Pageant

Before leaving the American scene to discuss other important recent biographies, it is well to note that two more volumes in the magnificent series of *The Pageant of America* of the Yale University Press are now available. Volume IV, *The March of Commerce*, is by Malcolm Keir; Volume VI, *The Winning of Freedom* is the work of William Wood and Ralph Henry Gabriel, the latter the general editor of this "Pictorial History of the United States". These books are models of typography and binding, and the fascination of their contents would be difficult to exaggerate, with their hundreds of intelligently chosen illustrations and their admirable text.

A pageant of another sort entirely is depicted in a book just now being widely discussed, *The Great American Bandwagon* by Charles Merz (John Day, $3), which is a survey of the contemporary American landscape from Maine to California, made in a cleverly journalistic manner. Most of the transitory features of our culture—let us hope the adjective is not over-optimistic—are deftly caught and transferred to this literary news-reel, and the result is we discover a painful amount of vulgarity in our midst: highways lined with hot-dog stands, fortunes spent on prize-fights, more excitement over an Atlantic City beauty contest than the Nicaraguan situation, and so on. Mr. Merz's explanation of this state of affairs is that the American pioneer spirit, which did not have time to exhaust itself before we bumped into the Pacific Ocean, is still manifesting itself in our general restlessness and bandwagonish tendencies.

War Leaders Appraised

A series of sketches in which the talents of military leaders in the World War are appraised by a British expert makes up one of the most interesting of recent books of a biographical nature. This is Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's *Reputations Ten Years After* (Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown, $3). Captain Hart's appraisal of the American generals, Liggett and Pershing, should be satisfactory to patriots on this side of the water. Haig this author esteems as a soldier and a great gentleman; he discusses Gallieni, whom he admires; Foch, Joffre, Von Falkenhayn, and others with shrewd appreciation and perfectly frank evaluation of their good and bad points. Captain Hart is also the author of *Great Captains Unveiled* (Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown, $3.50), a book of studies of military leaders from Genghis Khan to General Wolfe.

Connected sketches of Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein in this volume form an interesting commentary upon important military aspects of the Thirty Years War, and if the subject is found appealing, as well it may be, there is a chance to pursue it further in a full-length biography. We refer to *Christian IV, King of Denmark and Norway* by John M. Gade (Houghton Mifflin, $5), a handsomely illustrated volume, which gives a richly detailed panorama of the Seventeenth Century as well as an excellent story of Denmark's hero-king, who has remained a hero despite the fact that the end of his reign saw his country no longer ruler of the Baltic and Oceanic seas.

Drawing by Oscar Cesare

"The most significant American of his generation"

My Philosophy of Industry

HENRY FORD *in the April* FORUM

THE great industrialist, following the lead of his distinguished contemporary, Thomas A. Edison, has granted to The FORUM several personal interviews dealing with his principles of industry and his philosophy of life.

Transportation, politics, moral law, the farmer's problem, leisure, prohibition, the power age, the economic situation in America, are but a few of the diverse phases of this modern life which Mr. Ford treats with consummate skill and understanding.

Also in the April number:

Are We Victims of British Propaganda?
William H. Thompson vs. P. W. Wilson

Self-Education in College, *President Lowell of Harvard*

Springtime, A Story, *Zona Gale*

The Federal Octopus, *Oscar W. Underwood*

The Bible To-day, *Frederick K. Stamm*

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A Great British Sailor

That English slave-runner, freebooter, and naval hero, Sir John Hawkins, is the subject of another large biography, the title of which is *Sir John Hawkins: The Time and the Man* by James A. Williamson (Oxford University Press—American Branch, $7), and which has many illustrations. This history begins with "Old William Hawkins" and includes, of course, the career of John's brother, also named William. It is a fine account of Elizabethan seafaring days, running through the defeat of the Armada and the building up of the British Navy.

One of the best of recent biographies of literary figures is Elizabeth Drew's *Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which is at last a middle-ground treatment of the character of "that inescapable woman" whose relationship to Carlyle has caused the spilling of so much ink since Froude first launched a lot of stories that have persisted to this day. Miss Drew's study of Mrs. Carlyle is in three panels; the first, "Jane Welsh", the second, "Mrs. Thomas Carlyle", and the third, "Jane Carlyle". Relying closely upon the multitude of letters and diaries available, Miss Drew concludes that on the whole the Carlyles were as happy together and as devoted as two high-strung, temperamental and physically deranged people could have been, and that most of the stories about them are false, including Froude's favorite, that Carlyle was never able to consummate his marriage. This book will do no violence to admirers of Jane, among whom the present writer is delighted to number himself, and it should set at rest a lot of silly gossip about the Carlyles.

Two Books on the Alcotts

A standard biography of an American literary figure, Ednah D. Cheney's *Louisa May Alcott: Her Life, Letters and Friends* has just been issued in a new edition by Little, Brown at $2.50, and along with it, Caroline Ticknor's *May Alcott: A Memoir*, which is $3, the biography of "Amy" in *Little Women*, who, studying with the money that came from the sale of that book, became a noted painter in Paris and London. There is also much of interest about the Alcott family in this volume.

Russia in New Fiction

Turning to the field of current fiction, a significant recent development is the number of novels now appearing that deal with the Russian Revolution. One of the best of these, *City of Bread* by Alexander Neweroff, was mentioned here recently; Ivan Shmelov's *The Son of the Dead* (Dutton, $2.50) gives another vivid picture of the suffering and the misery undergone during a violent change in government. The Shmelov novel concerns the Crimea, normally one of the loveliest places on earth, and the horror of the Revolution is heightened in this story by its contrast with the smiling landscapes of the Peninsula.

Larger in scope and more on the order of such a great canvas as *War and Peace* is General P. N. Krasnoff's *The Unforgiven* (Duffield, $3.50), which is a sequel to Krasnoff's two-volume novel, *From Double Eagle to Red Flag*, which covered a quarter-century period in the history of Russia. The new novel tells the story of the disintegration that has set in since the overthrow of the Czarist Government. Krasnoff's point of view is that of the Russian aristocrat who hopes for a restoration of the Monarchy, but this does not detract from the fact that he has had remarkable opportunities for first-hand observation and that he is able to tell a tremendously dramatic story of a great country in agony.

On the same general lines is S. Gussiev Orenburgsky's *The Land of the Children* (Longmans, Green, $2.50), a sequel to *The Land of the Fathers*, and a sweeping panorama of Russia between 1915 and 1920. *The Land of the Fathers* was published in Russia by Maxim Gorki in 1905 and sold 200,000 copies. The two Orenburgsky books are best characterized as prose epics.

Mr. Wilder Still Popular

Among novels that have been out for some weeks, Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* continues to arouse the greatest enthusiasm, and its huge sale has stirred so

much interest in Mr. Wilder's work that his first novel, *The Cabala*, is also selling briskly. Somewhat the same thing has occurred with Lion Feuchtwanger's *The Ugly Duchess*, which has revived interest in Mr. Feuchtwanger's *Power*. Isa Glenn's *Southern Charm*, which attacks with a great deal of cleverness some of the sacred traditions of Miss Glenn's own section, has aroused a good deal of controversy, one amusing feature of which is that New England reviewers have come to the rescue of Southern aristocracy, while a good many Southern critics have missed the ironical implications of the book altogether. E. M. Delafield seems to have found her American public at last with *The Way Things Are*, which is a novel in which intelligent readers are certain to find delight.

Marie Cher's *The Door Unlatched* brings a newcomer to the attention of this country under the imprint of Minton, Balch, with an expertly done psychological novel that has been favorably reviewed by a variety of critics of diverse tastes, and which promises to surprise its publishers, who prefaced it with a note to the effect that they did not expect it to sell, but they liked it themselves. The public has a way of disappointing the publishers both ways.

From the Scandinavian

Readers of Hildur Dixelius's *The Minister's Daughter*, which seemed to me one of the most distinguished novels of last year, will be interested in the appearance of its sequel, *The Son* (Dutton, $2), which tells the story of the child of Sara Alelia. Miss Dixelius tells her Scandinavian tales with a fine simplicity, selecting her details admirably, and I unhesitatingly recommend the making of her acquaintance.

Last month I mentioned Howard W. Odum's *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3) as one of the most interesting of books yet written in the South with the negro as subject. This book is a monologue of a negro itinerant worker, who intersperses his recital of his wanderings with snatches of song, mostly "blues" that cannot be found anywhere else. Mr. Odum has succeeded in putting together a perfectly authentic document of negro life, and at the same time, of creating a new form for fiction that one hesitates to label, but which, whatever it is called, is most engaging.

Another recent Southern story is Edward Larocque Tinker's novel of Creole life in New Orleans, *Toucoutou* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), a vivid and exact reconstruction of a bygone period in what is in most respects the most fascinating of American cities. Mr. Tinker is the biographer of Lafcadio Hearn, and while a New Yorker by birth, he has spent much time in New Orleans collecting and studying the data for his books. *Toucoutou* tells the story of a girl, who, brought up by the former mistress of a young Creole planter, marries a white man, and is eventually found to have negro blood in her veins. There is a side of Louisiana life revealed here that has hitherto been largely neglected and Mr. Tinker has built up his backgrounds and created his atmosphere so skilfully that a remarkable illusion of first-hand contact with the people and the places in the story is established.

Two Stories of Florida

Two novels dealing with opposite poles of life in Florida afford an opportunity to examine promising new talent. One is Edith Everett Taylor's *Not Magnolia* (Dutton, $2), a first book by a Florida college student which is laid partly in a college and partly upon an ancient estate near Tallahassee. This is largely a story of the wild Younger Generation, and a young book, but quite well done in places, and certainly frank upon certain subjects that have only recently become matters for everyday discussion in mixed company. Edwin Granberry's *Strangers and Lovers* (Macaulay, $2), Mr. Granberry's second novel, *The Ancient Hunger* having been his first, is a story of Florida poor whites, done with a great deal of vigor and insight and in a successfully poetical style.

A number of collections of short stories have appeared recently, in addition to the annual anthologies, such as Edward J. O'Brien's *Best British* and *Best American*, published by Dodd, Mead, and *The O'Henry Prize Stories*, published by Doubleday, Doran. Dodd, Mead are going on with

Richard Eaton's *Best French* and *Best Continental* stories and Mr. Eaton is doing a valuable work in making available to American readers well-selected examples of the stories of Continental writers.

Georgian Stories, 1927 (Putnam, $2.50), edited by Alec Waugh, is, as usual, a good collection, with four or five stories that any one would be glad to have well bound for preservation. This collection contains some of the finest work of the English short story writers in our time, and has been consistently well edited from its first appearance, although, to be sure, there have been times when any reader might have felt inclined to take exception to certain selections.

Mary Arden's *Luck and Other Stories* (John Day, $2) contains some exceptionally fine tales by a young Englishwoman who will be heard from in the future. *Rhapsody* by Dorothy Edwards (Knopf, $2.50) is a collection somewhat resembling Miss Arden's in general character, with music playing an important part in most of the stories. *Peacocks and Other Stories of Java* by Venette Herron (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a volume of exotic tales, mostly about the dissatisfied wives of Dutch Colonials, with three or four very nearly first rate stories and some others not up to the mark. James Stephens's *Etched in Moonlight* (Macmillan, $2) is a padded collection of inferior stories by the author of *The Crock of Gold*, *Here Are Ladies*, etc. There is not a story in the lot worthy the Irishman's talent, with the possible exception of *Hunger*.

Miss Mayo Answered

One of the sensations of the spring publishing season is Dhan Gopal Mukerji's well-mannered reply to Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, the book of 1927 which is probably entitled to be called the most provocative volume of that year. Mr. Mukerji's small book—it is a pamphlet in length—is called *A Son of Mother India Answers* (Dutton, $1.50). He replies directly to many of Miss Mayo's accusations, and declares that she remained in India far too short a time to justify many of her sweeping conclusions. The tremendous interest in the Mukerji brochure is a reflection of the disturbance made by Miss Mayo's book, and the controversy bids fair to run on for months, or until the public tires of it. The fair-minded person who reads Miss Mayo and Mr. Mukerji is bound to feel that really to know India is the matter of a lifetime of sympathetic study.

A long-awaited volume is Martin Johnson's *Safari* (Putnam, $5), the account of the African camera-hunting trip made by Mr. Johnson, accompanied by his wife. The photographs in this book are delightful, and the text is full of the most fascinating stuff about African wild life that any nature-lover could ask. The book is handsomely made. For my own part, I could not put it down, and I feel free to venture the opinion that it will prove a satisfactory fireside companion to many an indoor lover of the outdoors during the chilly evenings of this spring.

An Improved "Mirrors"

Mirrors of the Year, published for the first time in 1927, is in hand from Stokes ($4), a collection of essays upon various aspects of the American scene during last year. This year's volume is a good deal of an improvement over last year's, which was very weak in spots. Among the contributors to the current issue are Louis Bromfield, Elmer Davis, William Lyon Phelps, Larry Barretto, Edith Wharton, Richard E. Byrd, Herbert Asbury, and Louis Seibold.

A number of books designed primarily to interest bibliophiles have appeared in recent months, among them one of unusual excellence which I have not noted here before. This is *The Golden Book* by Douglas McMurtrie (Covici, $6), subtitled "The Story of Fine Books and Bookmaking—Past and Present". This is a royal octavo of more than four hundred pages, printed on a special laid paper and handsomely bound. There are over a hundred illustrations. I have enjoyed the society of Mr. McMurtrie's book for two months and can recommend it heartily to others of the book loving fraternity.

Other Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

My Life Transformed. By *Helen Heckman*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Story of the development of a deaf and dumb girl into an able pianist and dancer by a stepmother whose ac-

complishment is viewed as something in the nature of a miracle.

The Beautiful Mrs. Graham. By *E. Maxtone Graham.* Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

These letters portray the Cathcart family famed for its beauties and its activities in public life during the XVIII Century.

George Henry Boker. By *Edward Sculley Bradley,* Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.00.

The life story of the poet who wrote *Francesca da Rimini,* a play which dates from 1853.

The Gary I Knew. By *Arundel Cotter.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

The basis of this work was just reminiscences of the late head of the United States Steel Corporation as they came to the memory of one of his associates.

Alice Foote MacDougall—The Autobiography of a Business Woman. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

This book is a piece out of life, told from the lips of a woman, gently born, who had to carve out of industry the future of herself and her three young children.

Cardinal Newman. By *George J. Donahue.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

Written from the point of view of one who made hero worship of this great outstanding figure in the history of the churches, both Protestant and Catholic.

The Transplanting. Edited by *Martha Genung Stearns.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A narrative from the letters of Marie Balascheff, a Russian refugee in France, who as the daughter of Prince Cantacuzene had spent part of her girlhood in Washington.

FICTION

Poison Shadows. By *William Le Queux.* New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

This is another Le Queux thriller in which a handsome old house functions as the abode of shadows wherein men come to unusual fates.

Black Valley. By *Hugo Wast.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

This is the story of Gracian Palma and the two girls, Mirra and Victoria, who silently battle for his love. The setting is in Argentina.

Show Cases. By *Jacques Le Clercq.* New York: Macy-Masius. $2.50.

These are short stories dedicated to the relations between the two sexes set off as a rule against foreign backgrounds.

At the House of Dree. By *Gordon Gardiner.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

A mystery story in which a sinister element is contributed by a secret band of rogues from India.

The Tick of the Clock. By *Herbert Asbury.* New York: Macy-Masius. $2.00.

A detective yarn set in the well known haunts of New York City where the underworld has an opportunity to play its part.

Martin Schüler. By *Romer Wilson.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A study of a musical genius, with its morbidity, its brutality, its vanity, its inconstancy and caprice, and its strain of vulgarity.

A Fairy Leapt Upon My Knee. By *Bea Howe.* New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

A fanciful tale of how a real fairy came into the lives of two lovers and of what ensued.

Meat. By *Wilbur Daniel Steele.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A strong novel showing the harm that can be done to normal children by the excessive catering to an abnormal child in a family.

Ambition. By *Arthur Train.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The life story of a man who was beguiled into marrying a girl whose past was none too savory, and the eventual parting of the ways to the immense satisfaction of both.

Migration. By *David Grew.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

A farm boy loves a girl of the circus and his mother stands between them, hoping to keep her son from deserting the land for other walks of life.

Red Horses. By *Felix Riesenberg.* New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.00.

The rush of big American business runs through this novel which has its setting in the State of Washington where a young Russian mixes into the life of the city and finds it often less than honest.

Shaken by the Wind. By *Roy Strachey.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Story of a prophet who came into a well ordered family, bringing fanaticism and trouble.

The Haunted House. By *Hilaire Belloc.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Mystery, frenzy of excitement and fear, as well as a headless ghost, serve to make this a thriller of a tale.

Roman Gold. By *Michael Lewis.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

An affair of secret passages inside a country home in Devon and the arts and wiles of a sinister brotherhood which enhance the unraveling of a mystery.

A Girl Adoring. By *Viola Meynell.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The mind and heart of a young girl are sketched in with a staying power. It arouses memories of one's own youth.

Cloudy in the West. By *William Patterson White.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

Although the "Old West" may be actually passing, the flavor of its romance, its daring, and its humor will never be lost so long as we have stories like this.

Tragedy at Ravensthorpe. By *J. J. Connington.* Boston: Little, Brown Company. $2.00.

In this volume we are treated to thefts of rare Leonardo da Vinci medallions, exciting escapades through secret passages and other exploits such as might be associated with a lonely country house.

The Golden Bubble. By *Courtney Ryley Cooper.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

History is used as the background of this tale which shows the growth of the city of Denver and the gold rush which made its existence possible.

HISTORY

American Foreign Policies. By *James Wilford Garner, Ph.D.* New York: The New York University Press.

These chapters are based on lectures defining the foreign relations of the United States since the World War.

South America Looks at the United States. By *Clarence H. Haring.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A year of residence and travel in South America, together with intensive study, enables the author to write this book under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University.

China. By *Thomas F. Millard.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

Herein are answered such questions as: Where is China today, and why? The author has been adviser to the Chinese Government.

The Looting of Nicaragua. By *Rafael de Nogales.* New York: Robert M. McBride Company. $2.50.

By the author of *Four Years Beneath the Crescent,* this book raises the question: "Why are we in Nicaragua and what the hell are we doing there?" according to the redoubtable Will Rogers.

Nicaragua and the United States. By *Isaac Joslin Cox.* Boston: The World Peace Foundation. $1.25.

This is a sane treatment of the Nicaraguan problem by the professor of history at Northwestern University.

Empire to Commonwealth. By *Walter Phelps Hall.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.00.

Appraises those forces within the Empire during the last thirty years which make for closer union and cohesion in comparison with those which made for disintegration and decay.

The Post-War Mind of Germany and Other European Studies. By *C. H. Herford.* New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.50.

A scholarly study of subjects which are now much in the common mind when the perspective of a decade lends light to war history and its subsequent manifestations.

Germany Ten Years After. By *George H. Danton.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

A treatise that concedes the position summed up in the words: "Germany lost the war and won the peace."

In Quest of the Western Ocean. By *Nellis M. Crouse, Ph.D.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $6.50.

The story of dauntless explorers and their groping attempts to find a passage westward which resulted in the discovery of America and other exploits.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The Inner World of Childhood. By *Frances G. Wickes.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

This presentation of the psychological life of children is based on the Jung theory and is written by the consulting physician of St. Agatha's School in New York.

The Nervous Child and His Parents. By *Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A general discussion of children and their habits, especially related to the troublesome aspects in the lives of the normal youngsters.

The Annuals of Flowerland. By *Alice T. A. Quackenbush.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

With the arrival of the spring season, flower growers will welcome expert advice from those who make specialities of gardens.

The Harvest. By *L. H. Bailey.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

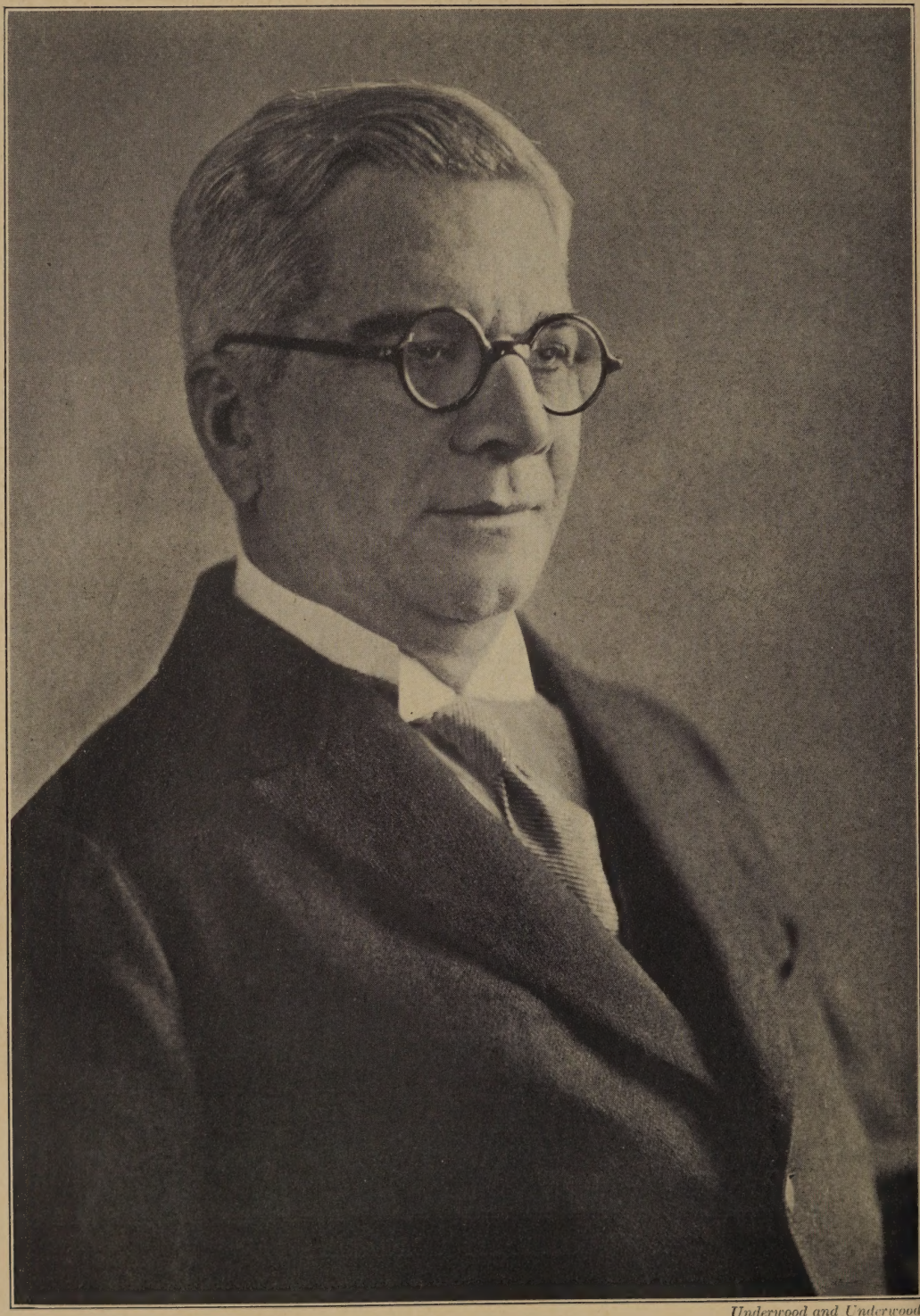
The first chapter begins: "The spring has come again. The winter has been long and the roads stopped with snow; but today the mercury is at seventy and there are signs of warm thunder; soon the spouts will be filled with April rain."

Beauty and Health. By *Lois Leeds* and *Hilda Kaji.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

A practical guide to the acquisition of a healthy body and feminine beauty.

The Mysteries and Secrets of Magic. By *C. J. S. Thompson.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

All the necromancy of the ages has been investigated in order to make copy for this most tempting book.



Underwood and Underwood

PRESIDENT MACHADO

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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INDIA A DOMINION?

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

As Sir John Simon, Lord Burnham and their associates begin their work in India, it may be interesting to consider why this Parliamentary Commission has undertaken to advise His Majesty's Government regarding a Constitution for that immense conglomerate of races and tongues, and what the result is likely to be. The Imperial Parliament has had much and widely varied experience in constitution building in the last sixty years. In two cases, Canada and Australia, both the areas and the populations involved were larger than those of the original Thirteen States when the American Constitution was ratified in 1787. The Union of South Africa has a larger area than the present territories of those thirteen States, but it is interesting to remember that thirteen additional States have been carved from the original boundaries, the total area of the thirteen States being nearly 900,000 square miles in 1787, as against somewhat less than 500,000 for the Union of South Africa when it received its Constitution in 1910. So the British Empire has ample experience in constitution making, and widely different conditions have been successfully met in the various Dominions.

A not wholly unexpected shadow was cast on the arrival of the Royal Commission in India, by protest strikes in Bombay, Calcutta and other large cities, and by serious rioting at Madras.

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The purpose of the strikes was to mark India's disappointment and disapproval of the omission from the Commission of natives of India, whose future form of government is the question to be considered. But the reason of this omission is plain and should have been fully understood by the statesmen and politicians of India. Exactly as in the case of the Dominions, a Constitution for India must take the form of an Act of Parliament passed at Westminster; therefore Parliament appointed a Commission to investigate and make suggestions, but with no power to make final decisions. The Commission will naturally take counsel with leading and influential natives, whose views will be given full weight. Two reflections are suggested: First, that the centrifugal tendency exemplified by local independence of the Dominions within the Empire should naturally affect India also; and, second, that the complete success of the Dominion Constitutions augurs a like happy outcome in the difficult problem of India.

That problem began to appear above the surface something over forty years ago, when the Indian National Congress held its first meeting. In those days the Government of India was a benevolent military despotism, the garrison of British regiments numbering about 75,000 men, while the population governed was more than 200,000,000. The actual frame of government was exceedingly simple. The unit of administration was the District, with a population averaging about 1,000,000. The Head of the District bore the titles of Collector and Magistrate: his functions were, to collect revenue, mainly the land tax, and to maintain order. He was aided by a District Judge and often by a Joint Magistrate and one or two junior Deputy and Assistant Magistrates.

All these were members of the Covenanted Civil Service, so called because each member entered into a covenant of nine clauses with the Secretary of State, before going to India. There were also three influential British officials at the central station of each District, the Civil Engineer, the District Superintendent of Police and the Civil Surgeon, but they were not members of the Covenanted Civil Service. At that time, forty years ago, some nine hundred Covenanted Civilians carried out the practical ad-

ministration of British India, and, within their limitations, did the work extremely well.

The District was the unit of government, both for taxation and courts of justice. Ten districts, on the average, were grouped together to form a Division, under a Commissioner, and some half-dozen Divisions formed a Presidency, or Province. These Provinces were under the Government of India, with headquarters in those days at Calcutta, and with a refuge at Simla, south of the mountains of Kashmir, for the hot season. This is the general plan of Rudyard Kipling's Indian stories, which were written in the period we are considering, about forty years ago. He has painted lively pictures of the Simla paradise, with the Viceroy, or Governor-General, as ruling divinity. In reality, however, the Viceroy was no absolute despot; he was responsible to the Secretary of State for India, who in turn was responsible in form to the Sovereign, whose secretary he nominally was, and responsible in fact to the Cabinet, which was responsible to the majority in the House of Commons, and ultimately responsible to the electorate of the United Kingdom. The natives of India had thus no voice whatever in legislation or administration; nor, it may be added, had their practical rulers, the Covenanted Civilians, whose duty was to obey orders descending from above.

Yet even in those primitive days there were certain ways in which the sons of India had a real share in the work of government. At each station, the capital of a District, there was a native Sub-Judge, who tried many civil cases, and whose salary was about double that of a newly appointed Covenanted Civilian. There were also two or three native Deputy Magistrates, whose duties and emoluments were equal to those of the young Civilians. Further, each District was divided into four or five Subdivisions, over each of which a native Deputy Magistrate efficiently presided, except where a youthful Civilian, who had learned the rudiments of his work and had gained some familiarity with the spoken tongue, was put in charge of a Subdivision to gain further experience.

And, beside such purely administrative participation, there were three ways in which natives of India were given opportunities to learn the rudiments of self-government. First, there

were the Municipalities, most of whose members were natives elected by natives, and these bodies had charge even of civil stations which were the homes of the white administrative colonies. So also there were elected District Boards, who were made responsible for roads, bridges, hospitals, and so on; as before, these Boards were largely made up of natives elected by natives. There were also smaller local boards of the same kind. Here were three fields in which natives might practise self-government; always, it should be added, under the paternal guidance of the Head of the District. The clerical staff at the civil station was also native, and many of these men were able and trustworthy civil servants.

Making allowances for local variations, this was the form of government in British India, with an area of about 1,000,000 square miles and a population of about 200,000,000. There were also all the Native States, less in total area and population, beginning with the States of Rajputana, which represent primordial India; Hindu Native States, like Mysore in the South, which is under Brahmanical domination and has recently worked out a very interesting Constitution of its own; fragments of the Mogul Empire, like the great State of Hyderabad; States of quite recent origin, like the Mahratta Principalities, and so on. Each of these has its immensely interesting history and complexion, but for the present we are primarily concerned with British India.

But for two factors this serene traditional order might have continued indefinitely, giving British India an excellent administration, benevolent, impartial, scrupulously just, and very economical. The first revolutionary factor was the introduction of English education by Macaulay, who prepared himself for his work in India by studying Hindustani on the long journey outward around the Cape of Good Hope. His textbook was a translation of the New Testament, and neither then nor later did Macaulay possess any knowledge of the fine ancient literature of India, and therefore of the real spirit of India. Macaulay is thus the patron and father of the English-speaking natives, and it should be said that many of them, especially among the lawyers, learned to speak and write English remarkably well. Many of them went to England to study law, and won degrees in the great

universities. From the land of enlightened democracy they returned to India's benevolent despotism, primed to make eloquent comparisons between the two strongly contrasted forms of government, a result which could easily have been foreseen.

The second factor of revolution was introduced by the Royal Proclamation, when the British Government took over the rule of India from the East India Company, following the Indian Mutiny of 1857. This proclamation in very general terms promised to the natives of India a larger share in the government of their country, a promise capable of the widest possible interpretation. It was in part carried out by admitting natives of India to the Covenanted Civil Service, in competition with candidates of British birth; all natural born subjects of the Crown being free to compete on equal terms. Many natives of India succeeded and did well. In India they were received socially on the same terms as their British colleagues, and junior Covenanted Civilians found no difficulty in working harmoniously under a native Head of the District. But these native Covenanted Civilians amounted to only a small percentage of the whole Covenanted Civil Service, and in reality they had no more voice in determining general policies than had their British fellow Civilians. For both, all authority came from the higher powers, ultimately the Secretary of State in London.

So there was the royal promise of a wider share in the government of India, and there was the class of English-speaking lawyers, some of them trained in England, strongly inclined to press for the fulfilment of this promise. There was a marked contrast in spirit and tone between these English-speaking lawyers and the able natives, already described, who shared in the general work of administration at the civil stations, many of whom also spoke English well. While these civil servants were accustomed, in the routine of their daily duties, to look to the British Head of the District for guidance and all initiatives, the English-speaking lawyers were equally accustomed by their daily work in the courts of the magistrates and judges to arguing with the British officials, opposing their decisions, and, in general, taking a much more independent attitude toward them. This was wholly natural, and once more could have been plainly foreseen.

The English-speaking lawyers of the different provinces of India, with their widely different tongues, had now a common language; many of them had watched the working of democratic institutions in England and had listened to debates in the Mother of Parliaments. All of them, from the nature of their work, were much more independent than their kinsmen who worked in the civil stations. These elements of force naturally combined in the organization of the Indian National Congress, about the year 1886. Its theme, set forth in eloquent English by fluent lawyers, was the fulfilment of the promise made in the Royal Proclamation of 1858: Indians had been promised a larger share in governing their country; when was this promise to be fulfilled?

So the half-Europeanized lawyers and their supporters lifted up their voices in impassioned speech, and the long struggle for an Indian Constitution began. This movement, as we have said, was inevitable, and it is easy to recognize in it a phase of that general devolution which has influenced the whole British Empire since the Dominion of Canada won a Constitution in 1867.

Once this movement was started in India, it is easy to see that two sides would inevitably take form. On the one side there was the existing form of government, the hierarchy of Covenanted Civilians with the Governors of Provinces and the Viceroy at the apex of the pyramid. While many of these able men had for India an affectionate regard, and all of them had given to India the best years of their lives under conditions of real hardship and sacrifice, at the same time it was inherent in human nature that they should look upon the governing of India, which they had carried on so long and in general so successfully, as a vested interest, something they were extremely reluctant to surrender. The Heads of the Districts had grown old in this responsible work, they thoroughly understood it, and they could see no valid reason why it should be changed. There were exceptions, but this strong feeling of conservatism was as deep-seated and general as it was natural. On the other side there was the awakened consciousness and natural ambition of the English-speaking lawyers and their friends, inevitably seeking a larger share in the government of their country.

Each side pulled and pulled hard; and the whole of modern

politics in India, with the steady progress toward a Constitution, may be expressed in terms of the successive resultants of these two opposing forces. We may for the present pass over the policy of England; it was simply an expression of the conservative conviction that England had an inherent and historical right to govern India. It should be kept in mind that, even in the days of the East India Company before the Mutiny, the British Government had a large share in the government of India; the Charter of the Company came up for revision every ten years, and, through this periodical revision, the paramount authority of the Crown was asserted. The Viceroys were appointed by the British Government long before the Crown formally assumed the Government of India in 1858.

It was altogether natural that each Head of the District should have his friends among the abler and more influential natives, with whom he often exchanged social amenities, and that he should discuss the knotty problems of his daily work with these friends. In the same way the superior persons in the hierarchy, Commissioners, Governors and the Viceroy himself, had worthy and trusted friends; and it was equally natural that this amicable discussion should by slow degrees take the shape of more formal Councils. Much of the progress toward a Constitution for India is bound up with the growth of these Councils, in each of the Provinces, and for India as a whole.

Each stage of advance was marked by the passing of a law in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The first great step forward was the Act of 1892, which conferred on the Councils the right of asking questions concerning details of administration, and also of discussing the Budget; this was a definite advance from the purely advisory part which the Councils had thitherto played. But the Act of 1892 went further; it accepted the elective principle. The Councils were made up of official and non-official members, and all non-official members continued to be designated by the authorities; but, since the recommendations of the native nominating bodies came to be accepted as a matter of course, the principle that the natives of India had the right to choose their own representatives on the Councils was now recognized.

This initial recognition quite naturally and inevitably strength-

ened the wish and demand of the native politicians for a still larger share in the government of their country, a demand which was greatly stimulated by Japan's victory in 1905 and the new self-confidence which this brought to the peoples of Asia. Therefore it became expedient to take another step forward in 1909, with the Morley-Minto reforms, which applied to India the traditional principles of English Liberalism. By the Act of 1909 the Legislative Councils were greatly enlarged, the official majority was abandoned in the local Councils, and the principle of election was legally admitted. At the same time the powers of the Councils were extended. They were now empowered to discuss the Budget at length; to propose resolutions and to divide upon them; and to move and divide on resolutions touching all matters of public importance. But the ultimate decision rested in all cases with the Government, and the Councils were, in fact, restricted to criticism.

Five years later came the World War, in which the princes and peoples of India showed splendid loyalty to the British Empire, not only contributing treasure and troops, but rendering it possible to withdraw nearly all the British regiments from India. This loyalty and sacrifice created a claim for greater rights, a claim which was recognized by the Government of India Act of 1919. As Lord Morley and Lord Minto were mainly responsible for the advance of 1909, so Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford presided over the reforms of 1919. The new Act contained a clause that it should be reviewed after ten years, in 1929. The Commission headed by Sir John Simon is now making the survey in India on which this revision will be based. It is historically interesting to find the principle of decennial revision, first applied to the Charter of the old East India Company, once more coming into force.

Sir John Simon's Commission will review the working of the Act of 1919, and make certain recommendations. Let us consider first the problem of the Councils established in each of the Provinces. These Provinces number nine: the older Presidencies of Madras, Bengal and Bombay; the Punjab; the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh; the Central Provinces; Bihar and Orissa; Assam; Burma. Other Provinces are directly administered by the Central Government.

In the three Presidencies, Madras, Bengal and Bombay, the Governor, who is sent out from England, is assisted by four Executive Councillors and three Ministers. In the remaining six Provinces the Governor is a member of the Covenanted Civil Service, and has two Executive Councillors and two Ministers. In the Presidencies, two Executive Councillors are members of the same Covenanted Civil Service, while two are drawn from the ranks of Indian non-officials. The smaller Executive Councils are divided in the same proportion. Broadly speaking, the Executive Councillors represent the old, conservative tradition of the Covenanted Civil Service with its sense of vested rights, while the Ministers represent the new ambitions of the native politicians.

Therefore it is natural that the Ministers should be members of the Legislative Councils, which are about the size of our State legislatures, but with only a single chamber. The highly complicated constituencies include both special and general interests; for the whole of India there are about six or seven million voters, about a third of whom have a certain knowledge of English; that is, about three per cent. of the population have votes.

The same rift between the old tendency and the new is visible in the apportionment of tasks between the Executive Councillors and the Ministers. The Governor and Executive Council reserve for their own decisions all questions of finance and law and order. To the Ministers are transferred such subjects as education, local self-government, medical relief, sanitation and agriculture, much as similar matters were in the old days entrusted to the District Boards. This division of functions, which has been called the Dyarchy, is one of the problems which will give Sir John Simon's Commission many anxious hours. The extension to the Legislative Councils of the right to decide what taxes shall be levied, and how the money shall be spent, is another equally contentious theme. Extension of the present very limited franchise is a third. While it is neither safe nor necessary to prophesy, one is inclined to believe that the Commission will recommend a further approach to the form of government prevailing in the Dominions, which is what India now appears to desire.

"JIM" REED: HIMSELF

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

"I DON'T know that I believe in the reincarnation of spirits, but I do know that if Jim Reed had been on earth and in possession of his present mental attributes when Andrew Jackson died, he could have filled Jackson's shoes perfectly."

Senator Caraway, of Arkansas, who uttered that opinion, is not the only thoughtful observer who has noted the points of resemblance between the tall Missourian and the tall Tennessean. They are too numerous and striking to be overlooked. It is not a facial resemblance, because Jackson was one of the homeliest men in history, and Reed is one of the handsomest. But Reed is Old Andy's spiritual heir. He has Jackson's savage courage. He has his loyalty to friends and his bitterness toward enemies. He has his strength of conviction. He has his independence of thought and his self-reliance. But, most of all, he has his magnificent bellicosity. Jackson did not have Reed's learning, but he did have his common sense, and in the case of both one instinctively feels that common sense was more important to them than learning.

The ardor of those who love "Jim" Reed is equalled only by the fervor of those who hate him. His ability to evoke intense devotion and to provoke intense antagonism, is his most conspicuous trait, and the one most characteristic of him. There can be no middle ground where he is concerned. Even if you wanted to be impartial about him, he would not permit it. In every word he says: "He who is not for me is against me." By every gesture he proclaims: "Where I am involved, there can be no honest neutrals." On every issue that affects him, he demands a roll call.

All his campaigns in Missouri have been waged in that manner. No man in the State has so many idolatrous admirers, or so many implacable enemies. Always the fight has been over Reed's acts,

Reed's record, Reed's intentions; never over his opponent's. The outstanding issue invariably was Reed, himself. Every fight was a fight between pro-Reed and anti-Reed forces. The vote for his opponent was always a vote against Reed, and would have been given to any man who happened to be running against him. In his hardest battle, the organization supporting his opponent was composed of "Rid-Us-of-Reed Clubs". Like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, his shining head marked not only the center of the fray, but the cause of it.

There is no mystery in this state of affairs. To know Reed is to understand how utterly impossible any other condition would be. For Reed himself is never neutral on anything—or anybody—that interests him. Either he blows hot or he blows cold, never both in the same breath, never midway between; and always he blows a little hotter or a little colder than anyone else. Subtle distinctions and philosophical detachment are not for the man whom an adversary once called "the Saw-Voiced Raven of the Kaw".

Reed finds the pattern of life fairly simple: this thing is right; that thing is wrong. This man is a patriot; that one is a scoundrel.

Thus in his public capacity we find him nearly always occupying one of two rôles. Either he is Nemesis, hunting down his prey inexorably, or he is Leonidas, dying at the pass. One moment discovers him ruthlessly pressing his adversary; the next reveals him waving a splintered sword above a bloody but unbowed head, and defying the hosts of hell to come on. If he is not the prosecutor, then he is the defender, and invariably the case is desperate. Either his own back is to the wall, or his opponent's.

In remarking Reed's forthrightness and vigor, I hasten to disclaim the implication that he has a primitive mind. On the contrary. With the possible exceptions of Walsh, of Montana, and the late Robert M. LaFollette, the Senate in modern times has never contained a man with greater ability to pursue a complicated and ramifying subject to its end. His intellect is seldom clouded by the strong emotions which inhabit his mind. He can be suave, even silken. He is cool until the end

is reached. But once the evidence is in, his verdict is ready. The end never finds him a prey to disturbing doubts.

In this age of indifference to, and impatience of, everything pertaining to government, there is a popular tendency to impute revolutionary motives to any public man who displays independence of thought, especially if he supports it with vigorous action. Accordingly, I have sometimes heard Reed described as a "Radical". No accusation could be more ludicrous. In government he is a stark Fundamentalist. Regardless of the merits of a bill, he instinctively feels that it should not pass. When he advocates a measure, one hears him grumbling under his breath. Although a great lawyer, he regards each new law as a new curse to afflict mankind. If he had his way, I am sure he would repeal three-fourths of the laws on the statute books. His conception of a complete and perfect code probably would consist of the Constitution and the Ten Commandments, and he might strike a few passages out of them.

His Senate appearances are polished, but in political campaigns he always addresses his audience in one character—that of an old-fashioned statesman. His immense and mobile vocabulary is sprinkled with homely metaphors, and with idioms that hark to the farm. He leans far more upon the wisdom of the past than upon the hopes of the future. His political philosophy is rooted in Magna Charta, to which he often refers. The Federal Constitution, he declares, "is the most perfect instrument ever devised by human hands". He is impatient of "new-fangled notions". Fads infuriate him. He is as conservative as the Hebrew prophets, and their stern righteousness is woven into his very fibre.

In considering Reed as a public character, immediate notice must be taken of his fame as an orator. That fame rests upon solid foundations. Few men living have such power over audiences, and although the radio is with us, this gift is not yet to be despised in a Presidential campaign. In the first place, Reed's physical appearance is impressive. He is sixty-seven, but there is not a trace of feebleness in his spare, erect frame. He is lithe and muscular, the hardy product of a hardy race. A finely-chiseled profile, keen gray eyes, a firm and thin-lipped mouth, and

hair that lies upon his long narrow head like thick frost, make up the portrait of a Roman Senator. His mien is grave, his voice the best in the Senate, and his gestures few and full of dignity. Among distinguished figures, his is the most distinguished. And what a wizard with words!

Every speech begins as a lawyer's argument. Carefully he defines the issue. Slowly and impressively he marshals the evidence. Fact piles upon fact, circumstance joins with circumstance. In this business no man has more skill. The edifice mounts with perfect symmetry. Then the summing up—the peroration. Imperceptibly the grave voice has risen to menacing heights. The suspense has become terrific. Beneath knitted brows the gray eyes flash, the ruddy countenance has assumed a deeper flush, and the right arm is upraised as if to hurl a thunderbolt. The tones of outraged righteousness and affronted decency crash and roll, and Jove speaks while cowards quail and the ungodly crouch low in the obvious hope that their presence will go unnoticed. It is a grand spectacle.

In Reed's rhetoric there is not the Grecian purity of Lincoln's speech, nor yet the ornate and gorgeous beauty of Ingersoll's orations. In comparing him with the great orators of the past, Patrick Henry is the name that occurs. Like Henry he is bold and audacious, adroit at comparisons, trenchant in phrase. Reed is forever crying: "Give me liberty or give me death!" To him every river is a Rubicon—and he crosses them all. A distinguished journalist once called him the satirist of the age, likening him to Dean Swift. The comparison is hardly apt. Reed is no fancy swordsman; rather he is a gladiator sheathed in steel, whose valiant blade cleaves a helmet from plume to chin at a single blow. He asks no quarter, and he gives little.

From the political standpoint, Reed has a perfect background. Born on a farm, left fatherless at an early age, he ploughed the fields, harvested the crops and cared for the stock to support his mother and an army of small brothers and sisters. He studied law at nights, entered and won debating contests, married young, and went into politics. After doing his full duty by his mother and her family, he left Iowa for the greater prospects of Kansas City. He had been chairman of his county committee before he

was old enough to vote. In Kansas City he continued his activity in behalf of the Democratic party, and less than twelve years after his arrival there, was elected Prosecuting Attorney.

During fifteen months in this office he made an amazing record, which now is cited against him as often as it is cited in his favor. Out of two hundred and eighty-seven cases, he obtained two hundred and eighty-five convictions! This is frequently adduced as evidence that Reed has a "prosecutor's mind". It has been said that he carried this habit of mind into the Senate, and that it explains his numerous and savage attacks on Hoover, Mellon and others. The fact is, however, that Reed is equally forceful and adroit as a defender. He himself has somewhat minimized his unparalleled record as a prosecutor by explaining that he dismissed cases which did not seem to be well founded, and by recalling that he came into office as a "reform" candidate, when corruption was rife and vice was bold and widespread.

His reputation as an oppositionist, however, will not down. Thousands who followed Woodrow Wilson to the last will forget that Reed supported every measure which Wilson submitted for the prosecution of the war, and remember only that he was largely responsible for the defeat of the League of Nations. They ignore his powerful advocacy of tariff reduction, the direct election of Senators, the Farm Loan Act, the Ship Purchase Bill and the Adamson Law; his fight for the confirmation of Justice Brandeis, his investigation of the "lobby", and his support of Wilson's Mexican policy; they can think of him only as the man whom Wilson from his death bed called "a marplot".

In 1920 they turned the full vials of their wrath upon him, and for a time appeared to have completed his political destruction. Both houses of the Missouri Legislature passed resolutions condemning his course of action. The Democratic State Convention refused him a seat among the "big four" delegates to the Democratic National Convention at San Francisco, and that gathering put the crowning touch to his humiliation by denying him a seat as an ordinary district delegate from Kansas City. He was an outcast, a pariah, an excommunicate. To all outward seeming, he was through.

If the Woodrovians who formed the "Rid-Us-of-Reed Clubs"

had not been so determined to execute their vengeance upon the Senator, he might, indeed, have been through with politics. As a matter of fact, he had made up his mind to retire in 1922 and reënter the practice of law. For one thing, he likes to practise law, and for another, he was "broke". But the hot eagerness of his enemies to heave him out left one of "Jim" Reed's temperament no choice. He rolled up his sleeves and launched into a stump-speaking campaign about which Missourians still talk.

It made a four-alarm fire seem like the final peep of a dying canary. He recanted nothing, added to what he already had said, denounced his primary opponent as the "Administration valet", and told the voters that if they wanted a toady, a coward, a bootlicker or a messenger boy in the Senate, they had better vote against him.

Whereupon, with blood-curdling whoops and ferocious admonitions to "Hit 'em again, Jim!" they renominated him and then reëlected him by the greatest majority of his career. It did not matter that a large element of his support came from the "wet", Wilson-hating, German Republicans of St. Louis. Regardless of whence or whom, there was an abundance of them. Today the Democrats, leaders and privates, who were so busy letting his blood in 1920, are for him almost to a man and woman. Reed not only whipped them—he made them like it. He not only made them accept him for another term as Senator—he now has their fervent support for President. It was one of the greatest come-backs since Samson's.

What, therefore, Reed intended to have been the mellow aftermath of his public career—years spent in the leisurely and dignified trial of occasional important lawsuits—has actually been the period of his greatest and most spectacular battles. For the last three years he has been, as one editor said, "almost single-handed, the effective Democratic opposition in Washington". He led the fight against the World Court so effectively that President Coolidge was glad to ditch it at the first excuse; he fought the Mellon tax bill in 1926 when the leaders of his party were content to let it pass in exchange for a few ripe personal plums, and he conducted an investigation of Prohibition which undoubtedly did

more to discredit the Anti-Saloon League than all other attacks on it combined.

To crown it all, he obtained—largely through his ability to cow those who would naturally oppose him—authority to carry on the inquiry which resulted in the exclusion of Senator-elect Frank L. Smith of Illinois, and Senator-elect William S. Vare of Pennsylvania, from the Senate. It was a superb piece of investigation, which he followed up with a masterly constitutional argument, and it supplied his party with the best lot of campaign material which has come into its possession since Teapot Dome boiled and gushed.

Will he be a candidate for President? He is a candidate for the nomination now, and if I know anything about Reed and the temperament of his loyal supporters, that candidacy will wax more vigorous and vocal hour by hour. If Governor Smith cannot be nominated, Reed is the natural heir to the Smith strength. He is "wet" and he is anti-Klan. Some of his most effective speeches in the last year have been indictments of bigotry.

What kind of a President would he be? There, at least, is one question which can be answered with certainty. Read the life of Andrew Jackson.

STATE *vs.* CHURCH IN MEXICO

BY BISHOP PASCUAL DIAZ

Of Tabasco, Mexico

SINCE coming to this country, after having been expelled from my own beloved land, I have realized as never before the extreme difficulty of one people understanding another, even though their boundaries are partly only a river and partly an imaginary line. Struggles with the language, so different from my own; attempts to penetrate the psychology of the people, so admirable yet so utterly diverse to my experience; the daily ordinary dealings with men and women of every class and religion, have all been factors in confirming this conviction. They have also made me see how difficult it must be for the American people to understand the Mexican, how strange his customs must seem, how obscure his motives, and how unexpected his reactions to given circumstances.

It is with this in mind that I welcome an opportunity to set forth, with malice toward none and with sincere respect for truth, the point of view of the Church on a struggle that has been waged acutely in Mexico for nearly two years. In doing this I will base my statements on documents and facts, the official declarations of the two parties to the dispute, the laws and Constitutions of Mexico, and the acts of Government and Church.

First of all, I would like to premise one or two axiomatic truths.

This struggle is not one of personalities. Above and beyond the bitter sayings and doings that such a situation always engenders, there is a serene plane of principles which are at variance. I can say for my part as Secretary of the Committee of the Mexican Episcopate that nothing but the compulsion of principle would have forced us to close the churches in Mexico and thus to deny to a whole people the consolations of their religion.

In point of fact there are two philosophies at grips today in

Mexico. According to one of these, all rights enjoyed by citizens are derived from the State; they are a free gift by the community as such, they do not exist inherently in any individual or any group of individuals, and accordingly they can be revoked, or substantially curbed, at will by the State, which in practice means the Government of the State, though these two are not the same thing. Thus, beside the individual, the family, the school and the Church are all completely subject to the State in all things. This philosophy has found its flower in modern days at Moscow, for whereas its Nineteenth Century practitioners were stubbornly capitalist, the Bolsheviki logically added the right of property to the list of all the other rights residing in or deriving from the State, seeing no reason why it alone should be excluded.

The other philosophy professes that there are certain rights which reside inherently in the individual, the family, etc., and may not be destroyed by the State, which as represented in its Government exists solely for the purpose of protecting them. This is the theory which I read clearly in the American Declaration of Independence, and which, I am told, is the constant idea behind the decisions of the American Supreme Court. It happens also to be the theory usually held by Catholics, and certainly held by those of us who, because of it, necessarily stood out against the Mexican Government, whereas the other theory to a greater or less degree was espoused by those who followed Carranza in the so-called Constitutionalist movement of which he was the titular head, and of which Obregon and Calles are the successors. It is, therefore, the clash of these two philosophies which has caused the turmoil in Mexico these many years. Let us see how this clash has worked out in practice in the religious world.

In itself the Mexican Constitution of 1857, which was in force until 1917, was a sort of compromise between the theory of extreme State supremacy and the facts of Mexican civilization—if one sets aside the "Laws of Reform," added to the Constitution in 1873. The makers of that Constitution did not admit, for instance, that the Church had any inherent rights by virtue of its Divine foundation. Nevertheless, they conceded to it certain rights, *as if they were inherent.* By a legal fiction, they granted a

juridical personality to the Church, so that it could own property, recover damages in law, defend its spiritual mission against aggression, conduct schools, be made the recipient of a legacy, dispose of property, and perform all the other acts which modern civilization concedes to any corporate body duly organized for a specific and legitimate purpose.

The Constitution of 1917 stripped the Church of every one of these rights, in general by denying to it any juridical personality, and in particular by a series of prescriptive and proscriptive regulations, which I shall relate in detail, and which were calculated in effect to reduce it to the condition of a mere appanage of the State.

This Constitution sets up absolute separation of Church and State, denying to Congress the right of establishing or prohibiting any religion whatever (Art. 130), and conceding to every citizen the right of professing, according to his conscience, any religion (Articles 24, 130). I will simply remark at this place that it is no part of the doctrine of the Catholic Church that where in a given country there does not exist religious unity, as in Mexico at present, there should be union of Church and State. This we expressly announced in our collective Pastoral of April 21, 1926, at which time we also said explicitly that for this reason not only were we not protesting against the above provisions of the Constitution, but that we accepted separation as the practical solution in the circumstances. The clash, therefore, did not arise over this point, as has sometimes been assumed.

This Constitution, however, went much farther than to decree mere separation of Church and State, and it is here the conflict took its rise. For it is one thing to separate Church and State; it is another to subject one of them to the other by law. Article 130 explicitly denies to all Churches any juridical personality, their universally recognized guarantee of independence from Government interference in purely spiritual matters and of constitutional protection against an invasion of their rights. In its place, the Constitution declares that the Federal authorities are empowered to exercise in matters both of worship and of external church discipline "the intervention which shall be designated by the laws". Later I shall show how the Enabling Act, a legisla-

tive decree framed and promulgated by the Executive, interpreted this intervention.

In consequence of this provision, the constitutional restrictions imposed on ministers of religion will not cause surprise. Clergymen are not to be recognized as ministers of religion, but as simple members of a profession, with important restrictions. They must be Mexicans by birth; their number in any locality may be limited by the State Legislatures; they are declared by the mere fact of their profession to have forfeited all their political or civil rights (Articles 82, 55, 59, 130: 3, 27). Their activity as ministers of religion is "fiscalized", that is, their control of church premises is a State function, shared by them with ten others, residing in the vicinity, or must be altogether transferred to other hands (Art. 130). A Mexican citizen, therefore, who becomes a clergyman, loses his legal existence as a citizen. Moreover, ministers of religion are restricted entirely to the "secular" clergy, for vows of religion and Religious Orders are altogether proscribed (Art. 5). It should also be remarked that these provisions do not apply exclusively to the Catholic Church, but to all religions alike.

In the provisions concerning marriage, public worship, education, the press, the church edifice, and church property in general, the same spirit predominates. Marriage is declared to belong to the civil power exclusively, and has only that validity which this power grants it (Art. 130). If it were merely declared that a civil ceremony is necessary for marriage to obtain its civil effect, there would be no complaint from the Church, of course. As for public worship, it must be carried out entirely in the interior of the church edifice (Art. 24), a peculiarly vexatious restriction in a country with Catholic and Latin traditions. Moreover, even in the interior, worship is subject to the intervention and supervision of the civil authorities (Articles 24 and 130).

Education is declared to be free (Art. 3), a remnant of the former Constitution; in spite of this, however, religious education is forbidden in all primary schools, even in private ones, and these are subject to Government authority, not only in matters of hygiene, safety, etc., but also in curriculum, number and quality of instructors, and so on. The power of conducting primary schools is absolutely denied to religious bodies, while no institu-

tion of higher learning conducted by a religious group can have any official recognition for academic degrees or credits (Articles 3, 130).

It is forbidden for any periodical or newspaper which can be considered sectarian by its programme, its title or its ordinary tendencies, to make any comment on national political affairs (Art. 130), even when these latter concern denial of fundamental rights.

All church edifices are declared to be the property of the Nation, and the Federal Government can convert them to other uses (Art. 27), while new ones can be erected only by authorization of the Secretary of the Interior, and they in turn become property of the State (Art. 130). The churches are likewise to be deprived of ownership of Bishops' houses, parish houses, seminaries, asylums, colleges, convents, and all institutions of private benevolence (Art. 27). A clergyman becomes incapable of inheriting any property, except from his immediate relations (Art. 130), and the Church may exercise no ownership over real estate or the income from real estate (Art. 27).

For infraction of the provisions of Article 130, which, as will have been noticed, is the principal one in this matter, no one may enjoy the right of trial by jury.

From the years 1917 to 1926, this part of the Constitution remained inoperative, since no Enabling Act had been passed, and no penalties imposed, and though many extra-legal vexations were suffered, there was relative peace. In the latter year, however, President Calles, who had succeeded General Obregon in 1924, took steps to remedy this defect. On January 7, Congress handed over to the Executive extraordinary powers to make legislation by Presidential decree. On June 14, the decree on religious infractions was signed, and it was promulgated on July 2, to take effect July 31.

This decree-law imposes heavy fines and imprisonments on those who violate the above mentioned provisions of the religious legislation. It expels all foreign clergymen; it dissolves all monasteries and convents; it forbids anyone to wear any garb, or badge, even the Roman collar, distinctive of a clerical calling; it proceeds to the immediate confiscation without indemnity of all

church edifices, parish houses, schools, colleges, hospitals, etc., and their conversion into public buildings; for purposes of its prohibitions, it defines clergymen as all who give religious instruction to anyone, even in private; and it defines as religious bodies all pious associations for religious purposes, even without vows; and it punishes anyone who should presume to criticize acts of the Government, even of local mayors.

Previous to this, the Government had already set as a condition of being allowed to exercise the priestly ministry, the duty of inscription in the municipal register, and it had severely reduced the number of priests allowed in each State. Thus in the State of Jalisco, with 1,000,000 Catholics, only 250 priests were allowed; in Oaxaca, with the same population, only 30; and in my own diocese, Tabasco, only five priests were allowed, and then only on condition that they marry, which effectually expelled the Church from that State.

Probably the best way to help Americans to visualize the state of things such legislation has brought about in Mexico, is to suggest what effect it would have if it were passed in the United States. By decree of the President, not by an Act of Congress, such organizations as the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and the Federal Council of Churches, would be suppressed; no clergyman, Protestant or Catholic, would be allowed to vote in any election; all private primary schools would be closed; foundations, such as that of Trinity Church, in New York, would be confiscated; periodicals, like the various *Christian Advocates*, would be restricted to printing strictly religious news and editorial opinions; all parish residences and annexes would be confiscated; and, by the same ratio to population, ninety per cent. of the clergymen in the country would be expelled from the ministry.

This comparison, however, was not necessary for the readers of this REVIEW to understand why Church leaders in Mexico resisted this legislation. The spirit in which it was conceived is clear enough; it was designed to render it impossible for the Church to carry on. In fact, practically every means at the usual disposal of religion is taken from it: the ministry of the priest is converted into an agency of government, with every

inducement to the weak and unfaithful to go into schism; the training of the priest is made impossible, with seminary schooling suppressed; the recruiting of educated men to the priesthood is checkmated, since Catholic colleges are deprived of scholastic standing, and hence must die out; no missionaries may be brought in from abroad, while the training of little ones in parish schools, which experience shows is the great bulwark of sturdy faith and future religious practice, is stopped entirely.

The defense ordinarily made of this proceeding is that it was necessary in order to keep the Church out of politics, by which is meant, I suppose, to keep the Bishops and priests from interfering in the government of the country. But even if this were necessary, it was not necessary to go to such extremes in the other direction, namely, of State interference in the Church. The fact is, however, well known and easily verified, that no such necessity existed; since 1857, and even since thirty years before that, a period which covers the whole era of Mexican Independence, the opportunities for the Church exercising political influence have been *nil*; in recent years they have been less than nothing, for the Church has dragged on in a state of extreme subjection and poverty.

Shortly after the restrictive regulations went into effect, the dispute, as usually happens in such cases, crystallized in the public mind around one point, and one which, perhaps, is not so easily explained to the American mind. It concerned the inscription of the priests in the local municipal register, as a condition of their being allowed to continue their ministry. If this measure had been designed merely as a census operation, there would probably have arisen no objection. Both sides, however, understood it as much more than this. For one thing, it was a preliminary to a wholly unjustifiable limitation of clergymen at the will of the local authorities. But even more than this, there entered in the question of principle, so dear to the Latin mind and so much more important to it than mere external legal forms. This registration was undoubtedly intended by the Calles Government as a sign and symbol of subjection of the Church to the State in purely spiritual matters, and the acceptance of it as an act of surrender, and still further, of secession from the Catholic

Church. Anyone who doubts this may read the debates of the Constitutional Convention on Article 130. The answer of the Church to the declared will of Calles to enforce the will of the Convention was the closing of the churches, but not—and be it sharply noted—as a purely political gesture to bring Calles to terms, but as a measure of compulsion, to avoid continuing them in circumstances which would have been tantamount to secession from Catholic unity, which in the eyes of all Catholics would be gravely sinful. This fact was undoubtedly known to Calles when he took this initiative.

Apart from this question of principle, however, I think I have said enough to indicate that the purpose of the religious legislation of the Social Revolutionary party in Mexico was a blow aimed not particularly at the Catholic Church, but at all religion impartially. About the execution of the legislation I have purposely refrained from speaking. Suffice it to say that it has been done with extreme brutality, more than fifty priests to my personal knowledge having been killed in a year, after a mock court martial, or, more often, no trial at all. In every case, their crime was to have attempted to continue their priestly ministry. In some cases their good name was even taken away from them along with their life, for they were falsely accused of having taken part in revolutionary activities against the Government, and forged confessions were not unusual.

In closing, I would like to return to my first words. The philosophy which animates the anti-religious legislation in Mexico is as much opposed to American political ideals as it is to Catholic principles, and is in fact the source, on the Mexican side, of all the difficulties which have arisen between the two countries. Moreover, that same philosophy is being constantly spread through Latin America and constitutes a menace that cannot be ignored by any lover of peace or good government.

CUBA'S PLACE IN THE SUN

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

ONE of the most significant features of the sixth conference of the Pan-American Union was one of the least referred to in public utterances. I would not say that it was one of the least recognized and appreciated, for it is scarcely conceivable that it was not greatly to the fore in the mind of every member of that gathering. But because of its character it was fitting and desirable that it should not be exploited. There are things that are too important and too precious to be advertised with sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

The reference is to the formal and international establishment of what we may call, in the familiar phrase of world politics, Cuba's place in the sun. And that place is to be regarded, and doubtless was regarded silently and privately by the members of the Conference, from three points of view; independent of each other, yet correlated and coördinate. These are that of Cuba herself as an individual nationality, that of her relationship to the United States, and that of the regard in which she is held by the other members of the Pan-American Union.

The unhesitating acceptance of the Cuban capital as the place of meeting gave international emphasis, then, to the fact that, as the American Congress precisely thirty years ago declared, with significant purpose taking the words from our own Declaration of Independence, "the people of the Island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent"; and also to the complementary fact, stated at that same time and by that same authority, that the government and control of the island are to be left to its people. Of those facts no thoughtful Cuban today has the slightest doubt. There may have been doubts, and even more than doubts, at one time; though chiefly, I assume, fostered and fomented for sinister political purposes. Today they are as foreign to the Cuban mind as they were at that epochal noonday

hour of May 20, 1902, when over the Government Building in Havana the American flag was hauled down and the Cuban flag was raised. Cuba feels her sovereign place in the sun to be the peer of that enjoyed by any other State that has hitherto provided the meeting place of a Pan-American Conference.

Nor is appreciation of that fact less complete and convincing on the part of the United States; albeit it was not effected save after a prolonged and strenuous struggle and after the almost unique performance of the abandonment of what might be regarded as little less than a traditional policy. More than a hundred years ago John Quincy Adams, as Secretary of State, enunciated as a principle and practically the purpose of this Government that, in the fulness of time, Cuba should and would be annexed to the United States; and from 1823 down to 1898 innumerable efforts toward that end were made, some in this country, some in Cuba itself. I prefer not at this time to recall how considerable a proportion of Americans, and indeed how many Cubans, held to that purpose in 1898 and thought that they saw in our war with Spain assurance of its fulfilment; or the unscrupulous and desperate propaganda and conspiracies which were conducted to that end; or yet the identity of the United States Senator who, when the American flag was raised in token of occupancy above the Government House in Havana, exultantly exclaimed, "That flag will never be hauled down!" It was indeed not an easy matter to secure adoption of that self-abnegatory fourth section of the Act of Congress authorizing military intervention. But it was adopted; and it was fulfilled. And Cuba's place in the sun today vindicates before the world the good faith of the United States of America.

I would however recall, for the sake of a salutary lesson, the tremendous ado that was raised, in both Cuba and the United States, over our insistence upon the treaty and the amendment to the insular Constitution which defined and established the relations between the two countries. The speeches that were made, the newspaper articles that were printed, the books that were written and published, constituted an agitation contrasted to which the present fuss over our Nicaraguan policy is as a tempest in a teacup to a Caribbean hurricane. But it all passed, and to-

day that instrument is seen to be absolutely innocuous so far as any impairment of or menace to Cuban sovereignty is concerned, and yet to have been an indispensable bulwark of strength and stability to the Cuban Republic and perhaps the chief cause of its happy exemption from evils which have too often beset some of its colleagues in Latin America. Of its wisdom and justice, Cuba's place in the sun also affords abundant vindication.

There remains the point of view of the other American Republics, in some respects the most important consideration of all. For it is impossible to forget the cries of "Yankee Imperialism!" which in recent years have been too frequently heard in some of those countries—though usually, as there is ample reason to believe, of alien inspiration and incitement. It is unwelcome to recall them, but it is worth while to do so for the sake of the complete answer to and repudiation of them which are given by the unhesitating acceptance of Havana as the place of meeting of the Conference and the recognition of that city as the capital of a truly sovereign State. Nowhere has there been a suggestion that Havana was not as truly the seat of national sovereignty as Mexico City, or Rio de Janeiro, or Buenos Aires, or Santiago. Nowhere has there been complaint that the United States exerted any greater influence there, because of the location, than it had done in any of those other capitals.

And yet it must be apparent to everybody from the Rio Grande to The Horn that if "Yankee Imperialism" was to be or could be manifested in any country of Latin America, it would be in Cuba. That island is—save for Mexico—the nearest of all to us, and the most isolated from its neighbors. It is visited by more Americans, is the home of more Americans, and is the scene of more American business enterprises and of the investment of more American capital, than any other; perhaps more than all others put together. There were the historic utterances and incidents to which I have referred. There was the earnest and persistent effort of Spain herself, in the making of the peace treaty, to have us take the island for our own, as we did Porto Rico and the Philippines. There were the counsels of some American statesmen of "light and leading", as well as the devious machinations of sordid but not uninfluential speculators. There were innu-

merable provocations, temptations, opportunities. I will not say that there was ever any real danger of the United States annexing Cuba, for, in the last analysis, I do not think that there was. But I will say that for many years there was a nearer approach to such danger than there was in the case of any and all other Latin American States; and that since "Yankee Imperialism" has not been oppressively exercised upon Cuba, it is simply fantastic folly to look for its exercise elsewhere. Surely Cuba's place in the sun must make such logic of events clear and convincing throughout the whole Pan-American Union.

What else? I have already mentioned the governmental stability which Cuba has enjoyed, and have said that it has been largely due to the influence of American relationships. But it has not in the least degree been due to American dictation or coercion; in witness of which the historic record is eloquent. Once, indeed, we did intervene in Cuban affairs, for the maintenance of peace and constitutional order; but we did so at the formal request of the Cuban Government. And then what happened? Under that temporary American occupation the very man against whose revolutionary activities our intervention was directed was, with our ungrudging acquiescence and approval, elected and installed as President of Cuba, by the will of the Cuban people! Again, on another occasion, at the request of the Cuban Government, our Government warned a prominent Cuban agitator to cease his revolutionary propaganda against that Government, in this country, under pain of arrest; yet only a few years afterward welcomed that same man as Cuban Ambassador at Washington. It would be impossible more strikingly or more convincingly to demonstrate the benevolent impartiality of America toward the political parties of Cuba, or the fidelity with which we have left "the government and control of the island to its people."

I trust that without any invidious reflection upon other Republics I may point out that Cuba, despite a few revolutionary attempts, and despite some very impassioned and acrimonious electoral campaigns, has been free from the violent intolerance that has unhappily been observed elsewhere. When, following the disturbances of 1906 and the American intervention, José Miguel Gomez became President, there was no murdering, no proscrip-

tion, no exiling, of his political foes. When again in 1917 ex-President Gomez and Carlos Mendieta attempted a revolution of an atrocious character, and were defeated and captured by President Menocal, there were no savage reprisals. The army officers who had been guilty of treason were indeed tried and sentenced, as the law required, some to death and some to life imprisonment. Yet not one of those sentences was executed, but all were commuted or annulled outright. And when years later ex-President Gomez died, he was accorded all possible honors of a State funeral by an Administration which he had conspired to overthrow. It is not too much to credit that tolerant, humane and magnanimous spirit largely to the example and influence of the "Colossus of the North"; to which I may add, If that be "Yankee Imperialism," make the most of it!

There are other things which the brilliant illumination of Cuba's place in the sun must make obvious to Latin America and to all the world. In these thirty years the death rate in the city of Havana has been reduced from thirty-three to eleven in the thousand; from one of the highest to one of the very lowest in the world. The population of the island has increased from 1,572,-845 to about 3,500,000. Illiteracy has been reduced from more than sixty to less than twenty-seven per cent. of the population. The number of public schools has risen from 635 to 3,364, and the number of pupils from 40,559 to 377,475. When America intervened in Cuba the total value of all real estate in the island was assessed at only $323,641,895; upon it there were mortgages amounting to $247,915,494; leaving an equity of $75,726,401, or about $48 *per capita* of the population. I have not at hand statistics of the present valuation and wealth of Cuba, but I should be greatly surprised if the figures were not more than ten times as great as thirty years ago. Today United States capital is invested in Cuba to the amount of a billion and a quarter dollars. Those figures are eloquent of the wealth and prosperity of the island. But they are even more eloquent of American confidence in the stability of the Cuban Republic and its Government, seeing that Cuban law affords the only protection enjoyed by that enormous sum.

Such is the sovereign State that has been developed almost

within sight of the shores of the United States, and in an intercourse with and influence of this country which have not been imposed upon it but have rather been sought and solicited by it. It is to be doubted if in all Latin America there is an equal showing of substantial progress, or a superior showing of civic integrity and national stability. The flag of Lopez and Tolon, unfurled more than three-quarters of a century ago, was made, in its physical fabric, in New York City, but for one-third of that time it has been as independently Cuban as that from which its colors and design were taken is American; and President Machado, after more than four centuries the latest successor—and more than successor—to Diego Velasquez, stands peer among the world's heads of sovereign States. That is the significance of Cuba's place in the sun; a significance trebly reflected back upon the points of view from which that status is observed. To Cuba herself, it is a confirmation of the intelligence and zeal with which she has worked out not merely her own salvation but also what we may without exaggeration call her beatification. To us, we are content and grateful to have it a vindication of our disinterestedness and good faith, against the groundless and senseless imputation of "Yankee Imperialism". To all the rest of Latin America, between which and us the Pearl of the Antilles serves as a *liaison* agent, let us hope that it is a triumphant assurance of our desire to see all those Republics, equally with Cuba and ourselves, enjoying places in the international sun. And if the place of the "Colossus of the North" at times seems greatest and foremost, it is after all only that of *primus inter pares*, bestowed upon it by the logic of age, of population and of geographical extent. That, I take it, though it be not so much as mentioned or hinted in the *Agenda*, is not the least of the lessons of the sixth Conference of the Pan-American Union, at Havana.

NEWSPAPER CANNIBALISM

BY JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

By this time the general public knows about newspaper consolidation in the United States and its superficial effects, but not all see that consolidation is only a name for a group of problems directly affecting the people. This process, much in view during the last few years, has been well called "newspaper cannibalism", though "newspaper Malthusianism" perhaps describes more accurately an operation that suppresses some newspapers that the rest may be better nourished and have better chances for survival. That, at least, is the substance of the argument for consolidation.

Consolidation is hard to attack from the strictly bookkeeping point of view, and in this age of elaborate industrialism it would be a trifle superior to pretend that, whatever else it ought to be, a newspaper is not a business enterprise. A newspaper must pay its bills; business is certainly business; but when the views of the counting room have been stated most unanswerably, are they in fact unanswerable? They are not, because the counting room, though honest withal, does not understand what serious effects on the public may result from such a purblind conception as immediate profit and loss. The best, least academic critics of consolidation have been working journalists who know what they are talking about, and they are explicit that it increases the risk of defective news, makes real comment a thing to be dodged, and accustoms the public to accepting mediocrity. They assert that the public is less than ever encouraged to think for itself by a daily press which shirks the duty of independence, and the position of which has become one of never displeasing any customer. This is not factitious; if we look about we see too much reason for it in the tacit limitation of real discussion and real fact gathering, accompanied by a sterilization of thinking and a docility of acceptance that as the population increases stand out more and more.

Consolidation did not create these evils to the State. It has but concentrated them and changed some of the labels. Loud gratulation resounds that politics no longer influence as they did, and we can believe it. Tweedledum, however, has been succeeded by Tweedledee in the shape of advertising influence; perhaps not so vicious as politics, but no help to real backbone. If advertising does not feed the newspapers, that grateful work must be done by the ravens. Nor does it mean much that the modern newspaper is a "capitalistic enterprise", while the way that capital is used means a great deal. It means not much to say that newspapers are no longer institutions, because so long as they are newspapers they must be institutions; whether ill or good is another matter; but while their current publicity persists, institutions they will be.

In Erastus Corning's day, there was not much idea of the public service corporation, but today it is well understood. In its fundamentals and scope the daily newspaper is an institution, whatever terminology may say to the contrary, yet we see it lopsided with advertisements and not giving the enlightenment it ought. There is no doubt that the public likes to read advertisements; we are all curious save for a chilly few; nevertheless there must be some thinking, and there must be discussion that is not hobbled, two objects attainable only by less interference with the writing staff; but the limitations upon this increase.

There follows less edification for readers, no matter what the business management may say. The close connection of this limitation with consolidation is plain; no consolidation is wrought to spread some great moral or political doctrine; it is effected to make more money, and that depends upon advertising, the art of making people buy things. When a newspaper says what interferes with that process, business is halted and the advertiser intimates that his feelings have been wounded. No threats are made, the editor or newsman is seldom kicked in the face, but he is given to understand that if he continue froward, he must leave the ship, and in economic midocean this has inconveniences. More, consolidation having been effected to do better business, the limitation already existing in the unconsolidated press marks

itself the more in the consolidated and the stereotype becomes wider than ever.

The more honest the conviction of the counting room of its uprightness, the more unwholesome becomes its attitude toward the public intelligence, unless we admit that free discussion has become impossible. The criticism of consolidation shows an uneasy consciousness of the sterilization of thought, and when we ponder the needs of this country, nothing more dangerous can be conceived. The number of independent dailies grows no larger; as organs of opinion they decline. It avails nothing to mourn the Conscript Fathers, and there are plenty of able journalists, but can these make head against the sophistries of a mechanized culture, or must they be backed by the soul hunger of the advertisers? Clever men are easy to find, but when their vocation is to write what they do not think, the result does not edify them or the public.

This good material should be used not to shampoo the public, but to make it sit up and think as individuals at a time when herd thinking threatens the American scheme. Advertisers have not as much influence as some think, but they have too much if you want good newspapers. Does the American press care to be better than it is? Are the thunderous attackers of boobs justified? There are excuses for both. The grave nobilities which newspaper owners and advertisers permit themselves have at least the virtue of being funny, while we are bound to sympathize with the boob-hunters' objection to a diet that becomes thinner with consolidation.

But the hunters forget apparently that they are dealing with a public saturated with advertising propaganda. In consequence of this, with some honorable exceptions, the dailies do not practise independent comment, and it must be looked for in the weeklies and monthlies that say what they think and give facts as they are. They do not have the circulation of the dailies, nor the compact direction of the consolidated which ensures such an efficient job of cuttlefishing, and in so much are handicapped, but their outspokenness is their achievement. Their existence means that an important part of the American public craves independent discussion and wearies of the stencil products

of mechanization. You may not agree with what these periodicals say, but you are benefited by its being said. It has improved the ventilation.

Americans' faith in machinery makes them confound the insensate with the thinking, and to attribute impossible qualities to crass matter. They often forget that the machine's purpose is to dispense with thinking, though much thought has gone into its creation, a fact visible in the condition of the press. The suggestion that this condition arises from the development of a machine age, only touches a symptom. It does, however, raise a question whether as the machinery increases intelligence may not be improved out of existence. It is not within my province in this paper; but the picture of a couple of million people smothered in their own fat is not encouraging. It is more cheerful to think that for the moment mechanization is needed to make a huge population something like homogeneous, and that the daily papers feel this need. But either view does no good unless Americans understand that this mechanization can be only a means, not an end, all the more as the mechanists and the consolidators say it cannot be avoided, as though speaking for all time. The answer is that it must be avoided.

How deal with the "octopus"? The desperate remedy of State owned newspapers has been suggested, as well as endowed newspapers, but the bottle feeding of endowment would come out a bad second to the bottle feeding of consolidation. As it has ever been, the remedy is with the individual, who must suffer the pains of alertness to the common interest. So long ago as 1909, speaking of evils that now are but multiplied, Mr. Hamilton Holt saw that "personal integrity", character, was the real remedy. It is. It must strengthen newspaper owners and staffs to withstand the money influence of advertising. It must brace the public to conceive its need and to see that free discussion is a right, not a defiant luxury. When Mr. Robert R. McCormick said not long ago that "individually, most people rail at the newspapers of today; collectively, they will not tolerate any other kind," he was accurate within certain limits, but he showed how weak this sense of integrity, of character, has become on both sides.

There are voices beside that of "business", but the public often seems to hear no other. What the consolidators really mean is not that there was no money under the old system, but that more can be made under the new; and there you have the milk in the cocoanut.

When the public itself loses its fear of money, newspapers will lose their fear of advertisers, and we shall have more respect paid to intelligence in chronicle and comment. Problems may not be as grave as in 1789, but they are too grave to be waived away with a balance sheet, unless mechanization is to destroy thought's airy freedom. There must be in this practical country a habit of practical knowledge through information on the evolution of the body politic. There will always be public opinion of sorts, but what we need is an intelligent public sense of what is going on, its meaning for today and still more tomorrow. In the absorption with immediate results which affects us all in this busied world, we overlook the danger of sterilizing our thinking functions and the slavery it brings. No doubt I shall be ridiculed for saying it, but when Americans find that money does not come first, public opinion and comment will take on shape and quality. In the mean time, it will profit to remember that the future has a trick of arriving quickly.

NEWSPAPER MASS PRODUCTION

BY ROY W. HOWARD

As a nation we Americans love to be menaced. Like poor relations, menaces are something we have with us always. Life would scarcely be complete without them—normalcy would be impossible. And we must have variety, for menaces, those of the sort which threaten our life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are ephemeral. Their vogue is for the most part short-lived, and styles change. We newspaper men know. The truth compels admission that, taken by and large, we have been rather frequent menace merchandisers ourselves in times past and present. Now we are by way of being hoist on our own petard.

The very latest thing in national menaces is the "chain" or group operation of newspapers. You have probably never felt the menace—and you more probably never will—but you are certainly destined to hear a great deal about it in the immediate future. Two thousand daily newspapers in the United States are concerned. Some are proponents of the idea, some are opponents, but all are interested, because the group operation idea is obviously only in its infancy and is certain to spread. Even though the true journalist insists upon viewing his vocation as a profession, as the editorial effort most certainly is, the task of producing daily newspapers successfully is today a most complex operation, involving the superimposing of professional efforts upon a solid business foundation.

The business aspects of the operation are amenable to every economic law that determines success or failure in any other line of commercial endeavor, and with the realization of this fact has come the development of the group operation of individual properties—scientific mass production (one of the chief elements in our present day prosperity) applied to newspaper making.

Some of the criticism of the menace of group ownership is, undoubtedly, sincere. Mere magnitude in an enterprise suffices

to terrify a certain type of mind. Some of the criticism is merely the result of misconception and misunderstanding, but most of it is the result of self-interest, born of the reactionism that opposes all progress, and of the not uncommon fear of modernized competition.

But, regardless of its inspiration, the criticism is of the menace of what may happen, rather than of anything that has happened. In this connection, it is well to remember that successful and continued chain operation of newspapers has been practised in the United States for a half century.

Since the menace is not something which has swooped down on us over night, bringing new terrors and mysterious attributes, threatening unprecedented repercussions for which no antidote is known, we can at least take time to examine the phenomenon with calmness and dispassion. At most, its workings are evolutionary rather than revolutionary. By what it has effected, in way of change for better or for worse, it has cast ahead of it an easily traceable shadow of its future probable development.

"Chain journalism," as its critics prefer to designate it, is nothing more than the editing and operation of a group of newspapers in different cities by a single corporation, or by a group of corporations, with a centralized control.

Chain newspaper operation needs no apology. Newspapers in the long run, almost without exception, succeed or fail according to their ability to serve the public interests of their community. What is true of a single newspaper is equally true of a group. That chain operation makes for financial stability, even critics of the system will admit. This is a matter of first rate importance to the public which depends upon a newspaper for uncensored facts and free editorial elucidation of those facts. With financial stability and economic independence (granted the operation is in the hands of men whose sole interest is in journalism, men who are free from financial, social and political entanglements, as the successful group operators of the future are apt to be) comes a return to the fearlessness of the old time editors of the days before the production of a daily newspaper became a great and expensive manufacturing job. The temptation for a selfish or a sinister interest in the community, whether this influence be a banker,

a merchant, a politician or a public utility to bring pressure to bear on a newspaper solely dependent upon that community for its revenue, is naturally greater than is true in the case of a newspaper which is a unit of a strong chain with financial resources on call well outside the immediate zone of pressure.

After all, the chief concern of a community is that the motives of its newspaper shall be unmixed and shall have no selfish or special interest to serve. If a newspaper is poorly written, of bad typography, inadequate in its news coverage or impotent in its editorial efforts, the public can quickly detect the weakness. A more insidious shortcoming and one which sometimes takes longer to detect results from the owner having a personal ax to grind. In chain ownership this latter tendency must inevitably be easier to detect.

A frequent objection to chain ownership of newspapers is that it results in standardization. After all the answer to this indictment is to be found in whether the standardization process produces a better product for a larger number of American people. The answer is found in the fact that in consequence of mass production methods now employed by the big newspaper chains, millions of people in small communities and rural districts are receiving from their local press daily newspapers that exceed in completeness of world news coverage, in entertainment and in editorial value anything that was produced in the great metropolitan districts a generation ago. This tremendous advance in the development of the small dailies of the country, which is a direct result of syndication and chain operation, has, by a system of setting in action identical thought processes in all communities of the nation at almost identically the same time, annihilated provincialism in the United States and contributed to the development of a true American hegemony that is the marvel of the rest of the world.

Production of a daily newspaper of today has become a complex job—the work of highly skilled experts. Chain operation enables the mobilization of this high priced talent at a minimum cost to each unit of the chain. The widely diversified editorial product of these experts presented in a modern newspaper constitutes a better mental diet than the newspapers of a generation ago which

were the undiluted reflection of the ideas, the ambitions and the prejudices of a single man, sometimes a genius—but only sometimes.

The passing of personal journalism is not a great calamity. If it has cost us some picturesque characters, and if we are being served with a less trenchant style of editorial, there are compensating advantages. In a great democracy such as ours the outstanding need of the hour is greater information and greater tolerance. Sincere efforts at enlightenment and education by the press are more important than self-appointed leadership. The public has no desire to see this country governed by its newspapers any more than it desires to see it governed by partisan political bosses. The frequently heard statement that the entire American press is losing its influence, is the veriest bunk. No newspaper in this country has lost any influence in the past generation that it deserved to keep.

Two kinds of newspapers have rapidly and completely lost their influence. Newspapers edited by demagogues seeking to inflame public opinion and stampede mass action for their own aggrandizement, and newspapers willing to prostitute themselves in the services of vested interests and public exploiters have almost completely passed out of the picture. Both of these types can be spared.

The successful newspapers of tomorrow will be the ones which devote more and more of their energy to enabling their readers to think intelligently for themselves, and less of their efforts to attempts to do the public's thinking for it. It may require an optimist to accept this statement, but I believe that thinking is coming into vogue. It even may become a popular fad. Certainly the journalist who fails to reckon with the heightening level of mass education and even mass intelligence in this country, is due for a rude awakening.

Journalism in America has always obeyed the law of the survival of the fittest. In this land where business is no longer forced to apologize for being "big", provided it is accepted as honest and provided it functions with a decent consideration for public interest, the uniting of far flung individual newspapers into chains or groups, into effective organizations under single

corporate ownership, is as inevitable as the unification of various small railroads into great continental systems was a generation ago. The improvement in the service will be correspondingly great. The danger does not lie in the creation of national or sectional groups or chains. The danger for American newspapers of today and tomorrow lies in the tendency toward monopolization of individual fields, or toward the elimination of competition and the subjection of a city or community to the dictatorship of a single publisher. Such a publisher, granted he has ability and means, is much more likely to become a menace when he seeks to crush or render impotent all competition in a restricted field, than if he takes a fair share of the business of a given city or community, recognizes the benign effect of competition on both his business and his community, and transfers his surplus talent and investment to another field where a lack of competition and the arrogance of a would-be journalistic monopolist may tempt him.

The Interstate Commerce laws were not aimed at consolidations of railroads which were non-competing. They were not designed to prevent building up of bigger and more efficient lines of business. They were designed to prevent consolidations which meant elimination of competition and the creation of monopoly. Chain newspaper development does not mean journalistic monopoly. It means elimination of economic weaklings; fewer but more virile ownerships. It means recognition of the passing of so-called personal journalism, which too often meant private journalism with private interests put ahead of public interests; private hates and private favors with partisan political obligations to be met before considerations of community service. The development means that American journalism, which with all its shortcomings is years ahead of that of any other nation on earth (England not excepted), has entered upon a new phase from which there can be no turning back.

The supreme test of every group will be whether the dominant influence is editorial; whether service is put ahead of profit. Wherever this test is honestly met, chain journalism will offer no menace to any public or private interests.

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES

BY GILBERT SELDES

When Voltaire remarked that there were so many religions in England and only one sauce, he failed to draw the natural conclusion that in the course of time the sauce itself would become a religion. Whether this has happened in England, and accounts for the dullest food in the world, I do not know; in America, at least, eating, which was never a great pleasure, is now becoming a function in the cult of health. Like a great many other American cults, this has a strict morality, and its ascetics mortify the flesh in more senses than one. While the Continental European eats what is good to eat, we eat what it is good for us to eat; the æsthetic and the moral attitudes were never more sharply in opposition. We go further than that at times, and eat what is good for others and refuse to eat what causes harm to cows and swine and chickens; we eat out of duty to our bodies or to God or to nature; we eat as often and as hastily as our other affairs permit; we eat less meals than we like at the command of dieticians, and live on miraculous foods shot at us from magazines and newspapers. We eat to grow fat, to grow thin, to become rich, to become beautiful, to achieve success in life, to encourage or destroy a warlike spirit, to become pure in heart—and our street cars and press and billboards are so cluttered with advertisements for digestive remedies that in comparison with a Frenchman who eats what and when and how he likes we seem to be a nation of dyspeptics.

The enormity of American meals and the beginning of eating cults are coincident at the very beginning of the Republic. At the age of sixteen, Benjamin Franklin read a book recommending a vegetable diet, and in the interest of economy lived on boiled potatoes or rice, hasty pudding, a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart, and a glass of water. He saved

money and had more time for study "in which he made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quick apprehension, which generally attends temperance in eating and drinking." (Flat as this statement is in style, it deserves notice: it is one of the very few moderate statements ever made on the subject of dieting.) The kind of eating which the infant Republic enjoyed was really shocking, and it is not surprising that in the first half of the century the Reverend Sylvester Graham was in demand as a lecturer on "How to Eat" and books were published called *Dyspepsy Forestalled and Resisted.* Ham and beefsteak appear morning, noon, and night, protests Mrs. Trollope, who disliked everything in America, ". . . They insist upon eating horrible, halfbaked hot rolls both morning and evening. . . . They are extravagantly fond, to use their own phrase, of pudding, pies, and all kinds of 'sweets' . . . but are by no means such connoisseurs in soups and ragouts as the gastronomes of Europe." There was, we learn from Americans themselves, always meat for breakfast, sometimes two meats, and potatoes and condiments and hot cakes and perhaps eggs and cheese; the dinner was not less hearty, and supper, which might have been light, usually had cake and pie. Morris Birkbeck, a favorable English critic, mentions a morning repast consisting of coffee, rolls, biscuits, dry toast, waffles (which he explains for his English readers), pickerel salted, veal cutlets, broiled ham, gooseberry pie, stewed currants, preserved cranberries, butter and cheese; and adds to our dismay that for all this, for himself and three children and for oats and hay for four horses, he paid six shillings and nine pence. It is no wonder that Americans at that time ate swiftly and in utter silence.

The 1830's were a period of upheaval in America during which, under the violent driving of religious revivalists, an hysteria of reform passed over the Northeastern States to culminate ten years later in Mormonism, in the fanaticism of the Millerites expecting the last trump, in the first great temperance movement, and in the spiritual wives of the Oneida Community. Naturally the food we eat did not escape criticism, and the question was almost immediately involved in our typical morality. Edward Hitchcock, who later became president of Amherst,

fought against dyspepsia because it produced nervous maladies which had an unfortunate effect on the religious character of society. Graham based his dietetic laws primarily on the assumption that God created man "with a perfect constitutional adaptation to the state in which He first placed him"; the state, that is, of vegetarianism. He stood on the Bible record that God spoke to Adam and Eve of herbs on the face of the earth and of trees, and said "to you it shall be for food", and claimed that "the highest degree of intellectual and moral cultivation and refinement" is favored by a natural dietetic regimen. The fanatic Asenath Nicholson, who ran a temperance boarding house in New York before she took the Bible to Ireland, announced that "the assembling of troops in the harlots' houses" would never cease until "the riotous eating of flesh" should come to an end.

At Oberlin College, which was founded by revivalists, the fifth article of the covenant was "that we may have time and health for the Lord's service, we will eat only plain and healthy food", and enthusiastic students lived for a whole year on graham wafers "cracking some of the hardest with a hatchet". Giving up tea or coffee was a sign of Christian grace, and Oberlin was not the only college which turned to Grahamism. At Williams the students formed an association abstaining from tea and coffee and using only the simplest food; at Lane Seminary, where Lyman Beecher taught theology, it was the wish of the students to dispense with all luxuries "and to live on the principles of Christian simplicity and economy".

In Marysville, Tennessee, an added significance was given to the programme of simplicity by the announcement that "we wish our ministers free from dyspepsy and liver complaint". The famous Angelina Grimke, who freed all her slaves and became a worker for suffrage and abolition, not only rejected all animal products, but all foods produced by slave labor as well. And Mrs. Finney, the wife of the celebrated evangelist, received a letter from a girl who "could live comfortably on bread and water, if necessary to promote health or advance the cause of righteousness". This morality of eating is of course still familiar in the sentimental argument which manages to keep pace with the scientific argument for vegetarianism. In the notes to *Queen*

Mab, Shelley has given the humanitarian (if that is the word) plea with great vehemence, and in *The Revolt of Islam*,

> Never again may bird or beast
> Stain with its venomous streams a human feast.

In addition there was the transcendentalism of diet as there is a New Thought of eating and a Yoga. In the philosophical vein, as Horace Greeley presents it, Graham taught that health is the necessary result of obedience and disease of disobedience to physical laws, from which we deduce that we have only to discover the moral discipline of nature and subject ourselves to it in order to be always well. In accordance with this transcendental philosophy Graham rejected the system of breadmaking in which flour is bolted, separating the coarser from the finer particles, as he held that procedure to violate the democracy of nature. Graham's *Science of Human Life* is long forgotten, but his name is still used for the bread made from this unbolted flour. Its virtues have been challenged. In the progress of milling the valuable elements which Graham insisted upon retaining have been reincorporated into white flour. And besides, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson, Graham's brown bread was a delusion from the start. He had read some of Liebig's analyses of food stuffs and discovered that nitrogen was given a higher rank than starch; and as brown bread had a greater proportion of nitrogen he decided that it must of necessity be the better and white bread by equal logic must be the cause of universal dyspepsia. Graham went further and became a propagandist for oats and barley and corn in opposition to wheat, and made there the same scientific error; for while it is true that the coarser grain contains more nitrogen, it is more important that the white wheat bread contains nitrogen in precisely the most acceptable form in which the human body can absorb it and the other cereals do not.

Another element in Graham's morality was the protectionist. For some reason all imported spices were found injurious to the human frame and imported sweets as well, so that it was not really nature which was to be trusted, since nature supplies salt and pepper and sugar and butter at various points; it was nature as found without the aid of ships or mills or churns. Graham touched here on the dietetic morality which is the source perhaps

of the most common prejudice and the one with the least scientific expression—namely that costly foods are "bad for you." The dietetic reformer has always marked the economy of his proposed diet. The Apollo of temperance reforms, Dr. Diocletian Lewis, who was as much as any single man responsible for Prohibition in this country, and was a pioneer in gymnastics and bean bag throwing, and lectures to young men about sex, proposed a capital table for ten cents a day. It included six cents' worth of hulled Southern corn, with a little milk for both meals—he advised but two—on Sunday, five cents' worth of beef stew for one of Friday's meals, and, on Saturday, a riotous dinner consisting of half a small lobster (cost three cents) with hominy salad, coarse bread and one cent's worth of cracked wheat and milk. Dio was not a vegetarian, but he had the moral sense highly developed. Like all other reformers of diet, he implied that the cheapness of a food was proof of its goodness, and exhausted a fine vocabulary of moral abuse on foods which only the rich could afford.

The morality which banished certain foods from the table was not satisfied. The next step was to make permissible food as tasteless as possible. Where meats were permitted, sauces and gravies were not, as if the simplicity of "its own juice" sanctified a dish and an appropriate sauce corrupted it. There was objection also to "mixing together heterogenous substances in the stomach at the same meal",—a forerunner of the mono-diets of our own time,—and the palatability of hot drinks was held against them because they "were relaxing to the solids of the body" and because cows fed exclusively on hot still-slops lost their teeth at the end of two or three years.

It would be very easy to use the history of American food fads as the basis of a study in American morality. The notable thing in all the reforms of the early period is their Kantian morality: the reformer looked for the moral quality of the food in itself. The dietician of today calls himself scientific; his moral bias is none the less discernible—it is part of the cult of the individual. Between these extremes there rose the ethical dieticians. It was a golden age when teachers of vital magnetism and magnetic healing could assure us that, thoughts being things, we can improve the quality of our food merely by thinking it into a higher

plane, and serious compilers of dietary laws urged us to swallow a happy thought "with every morsel duly masticated" in order to avoid indigestion. Importers of Oriental mysticism assured us that there was a mysterious principle, called *Prana*, in ordinary food, and that this *Prana* fed the nervous system just as proteins and carbohydrates fed the digestive systems; acquisition of *Prana* depended upon thorough mastication and on noble thoughts. Above all the ethical vegetarian reappeared in new glory, assuring us that his principle did not mean a diet of vegetables "but the living on foods which tend towards vitality (*vegeto:* I vitalize, I give vigor to)," and so assured us that the use of milk and eggs "is another plane of ethics" and, asking us to choose between the primitive savage and the modern scientist, bid us eat fruit because "ethics are pleading with a voice growing daily in force as in sweetness, for a realization of the dreams of prophet, poet, and painter alike—pleading for the incoming of the Golden Age of Humanity when the lion, in man, shall lie down beside the lamb, and no longer thirst for its flesh and its blood—when affection shall take beneath the human ægis all that can suffer and feel pain, and when the kinship of all beautiful lives shall be recognized and reverenced."

There were the no-breakfast plan and the proposals of the fruitarians, and the water drinkers and the grape and milk and Salisbury meat cures, and the general principle of taking a single article of food at one meal or even for a considerable period of time. And a little bit earlier there was one of the greatest of all dietary systems which brought a strange immortality to one who dealt professionally with mortal remains, for Banting was undertaker to the royal family in England, comfortably installed in the shadow of St. James's Palace. He had tried all things to reduce his weight—it was nearly three hundred pounds—and having failed, developed a system of his own. He went on a diet of lean meat and sugarless coffee and no starches, and lived happily and died an octogenarian none too fat. For years after his death, his son still received annually thousands of letters praising his father for the pamphlet in which he made public his system. There were of course prompt replies, and a German doctor, Ebstein, exactly reversed the system and fed his fat patients on fat. The

death of the Comte de Chambord, supposedly due to weakening under the Banting system, and the tendency of Banters to develop uric acid, were early parallels to our own disasters among the starving set in Hollywood. Banting was really in advance of his time—people were not yet eating for appearances, but for health. Before diet caught up to Banting there were to come a hundred new diets, raw foods, water cures, and starvations. There was also the day of fish for brain food and the day of Bulgarian ferments for an earthly immortality.

Surprisingly in the midst of chaos there rose a man to say one clear and almost inspiring word about diet. He was not a scientist, and in the question of food as in other things he was something of a cult leader; yet what he said links him with hardly an intervening step to the most intelligent of all writers on food, Brillat-Savarin. For the importance of Horace Fletcher is not so much in his idea of mastication as in his profound belief in taste as the guide to diet. He had led a varied and interesting life. According to a brochure published by a manufacturer, Fletcher had been a gold miner in Mexico and was a marksman of international repute, had studied art and managed opera companies, was a millionaire and a globe trotter, had been a newspaper correspondent living like a soldier of good fortune through piracy and riot and massacre. He was forty years old in 1889, a tired, fat old man, when he first heard of the rules William Ewart Gladstone laid down for the mastication of food. For sixteen years Fletcher followed out and developed a system of eating, and in 1905 he made his findings public. He had sloughed off nearly fifty pounds, regained his strength and his appetite for life, and had made the discovery which added the word "Fletcherize" to the language. As a newspaper joke and in common talk, the word meant only to chew a mouthful forty or sixty times; precisely it meant that every mouthful should be chewed so long as it had taste, and Fletcher developed the idea further so that the taste of food became the criterion of the choice of dishes.

There were secondary doctrines. One was that by proper mastication we reduced the amount of food necessary for health, and from that followed that one could live on eleven cents a day. Fletcher became a little fanatical about food, probably because of

the prominence it brought him, so that it was reported that he masticated nothing but potatoes during a period of fifty-eight days and frequently tipped the waiter fifty cents at the end of a meal costing forty cents. During the war he was a member of the Committee for Relief in Belgium, and temporarily at least taught some eight million people how to eat economically. He passed through the most gruelling tests under the supervision of Professor Chittenden at Yale, and easily did all the exercises of the highly trained 'varsity crew, most members of which were about one-third his age. The only scientific objection sustained against Fletcherism was that it kept the digestive tract free from "roughage", which it apparently needs as a spur to activity. The social objection to removing from the mouth whatever cannot be reduced to a liquid is not the sort of thing which a good fanatic would consider serious.

On the whole, Fletcherism had stood the test of time far better than any purely dietetic system. As late as 1918 Professor Irving Fisher published a minute survey of experiments in which evidence preponderantly favors Fletcher. Here, too, taste and appetite and instinct are given first place and "counting the chews" is banished as an unscientific fiction. Fletcherism was found to tend to, but not compel, a vegetable diet and only the excesses of both its theory and practice have been condemned.

Although he was a cult-leader in the new thought, Fletcher omitted the moral tone from his work on food. He was not a moralist, and he was not an æsthete of food, only a physiologically acute experimenter. The opportunity for an æsthetic dietician was great, but no one took it except, possibly, the managers of "arty" tea rooms, who devoted their second rate æsthetic perceptions not to the food, but to the draperies and Breton bowls and silver much too 'cute. The American cuisine, according to trustworthy observers, went into a rapid decline in the first and second decades of the century; there were social and psychological reasons for this which hardly need to be canvassed. The misfortune was that there had never been a tradition of epicureanism throughout the country. In judging a country's cooking it is necessary to consider the average restaurant and the average home; in a city as large as New York, there are enough exceptions to make dining a

great pleasure; in variety New York surpasses and in quality it very nearly equals the cuisine of Paris. But the abominable average, and the degeneration of Paris chefs when they begin to feed hundreds of indifferent diners in America, break down any claim that can be made for American cooking as a whole. The Frenchman, perhaps because of a long training in tasting wines, relishes his food with almost all his senses, including that of smell; in America it is unheard of to like the feel of foods, and to savor their fragrance is a vulgarism. Food is no longer eaten for the glory of God; it is now merely a means of sustaining life. Without a tradition of the pleasures of the table, America fell easily under the domination of the new dieticians—the slenderizers. Here we trace the influence of the couturier whose skeletonized mannikins show off clothes to the greatest advantage; after him obediently comes the producer of revues, proving his refinement by discarding the plump "pony" until any sign of fatness has become comic.

The martyrs of the starvation diet have frightened the dieticians a little, but the tyranny of a slender figure persists. It is, in fact, part of the contemporary religion of self-development which issued from the aggressive portions of New Thought and from the religion of success. A slender figure is an asset of personality, like a good memory, a knowledge of the world's best literature, a command of French, knowing which fork to use, and a sweet breath. Like these equally purchasable commodities it is not the outward manifestation of an inner truth; it is simply something put on—or put off. The high moral standards of the older systems of diet would condemn slenderizing as sheer counterfeiting; it is, in fact, a symptom of the new, but equally arduous, morality of the Ego. Like almost all the older systems, it has no place for taste; like them it has produced the most disagreeable of dinner companions. When the family of Bronson Alcott dined out they gnawed at apples and advised their hostesses to cast out putrid meats, substituting bowls of sunlight and platters of Platonic ideals; the modern fanatics moan for a lamb chop and a slice of pineapple and curse the day the potato was found to be edible. The absence of wine and the presence of dieters has made dining a purgatorial exercise.

The new diets are held in superstitious awe by their followers, and one hesitates to outrage the religion of one's guests. The days are no more when tomatoes caused cancer and people carried a raw potato in a pocket to draw off rheumatism. The new superstitions are expressed in scientific language which has a habit of growing stale—and unscientific—before we quite know what its terms mean. We speak of calories, and find that science has forgotten them and is using vitamins. We catch up quickly with vitamins and find that although scientists can name them, they are extremely shrewd about declaring their qualities. A food may be rich in most desirable vitamins, it seems, yet be useless as a tonic, and we may stuff ourselves with calories and still fail to take nourishment. The sacredness of the celery stalk has been challenged, and there seems to be little left to say for radish leaves; and the problem of special diets to cure our ills or to prolong our lives seems still to be entirely academic. Like baldness and wrinkles, food is still in the hands of quacks.

From time to time a scientist confesses his ignorance, lays down a few general rules, and says in effect, let your conscience be your guide. Each time this happens, I have heard, one pedant and one quack die in mortal agony, and a good man is made happy. For it revives the hope that Americans will return to taste—not to refined good taste, but to palatal and lingual taste—as the standard of food value. We are still incompletely mechanized, so it is not necessary for all of us to bow to the morality of the machine, abstaining from everything good because it does not make us productive; some of us are still fairly well, and do not need to take food entirely as medicine. There only remains to rediscover a certain frivolity which used to be the mark of superior beings, so that we may become indifferent to the fact, if it is a fact, that the British Empire is due entirely to roast beef and Shaw's intellect to the lack of meat in his diet. Then we can, with a snobbish complacency, fall back on Brillat-Savarin, not for his epigrammatic promise to tell us what we are if we tell him what we eat, but for a nicer meditation:

"It is only intelligent men, especially, who hold *gourmandise* in honor; other men are incapable of an operation consisting of a series of appreciations and judgments."

MASK AND LASH IN CRENSHAW

BY HAROLD W. STEPHENS

I

Now the name "Alabama", through a romantic notion of Alexander B. Meek, statesman, author and poet of the middle Nineteenth Century, is generally, though mistakenly, thought to mean "Here We Rest". The legend would have a long wandering and half famished tribe of Indians adopting the rich country which they had found within the confines of what is now Alabama as their own. And in token thereof their leader, planting his spear into the ground at a spot near where the Coosa and the Tallapoosa meet to form the Alabama River, signalized their journey's end with a tribute to the plenty which graced the red clay hills and sandy bottom lands about him.

The legend has received official recognition. Shortly after the Civil War it was taken as the motto of the State, and so remains today, despite those souls who would substitute for it "We Go Forward" upon the silken scroll which streams from the mouth of the American eagle upon the State's official seal.

In truth, the ancient Indian brave may well have spoken as Mr. Meek related. But if he did it was with a not at all analogous intent. For "Alabama" has been defined by etymologists not as meaning "Here We Rest", but as a descriptive title approximated by the English phrases "pickers of berries" and "gatherers of vegetation". And in recent days, when the State has acquired an unaccustomed notoriety, the original meaning remains in point—in the full innuendo of its dual import.

In Alabama things have come to a pretty pass. From every section of the State—until their total is lost in confusion—have come reports of floggings: depredations of masked and robed bands of night riders, reputed members of the Ku Klux Klan. In Blount county there were trials and convictions. In Lauder-

dale county there were trials and convictions. In Jefferson there were indictments—and postponements.

And in Crenshaw, where matters reached their head, where there had been brutal assaults even upon the persons of women, and where even a minister of the gospel was among the thirty-four men indicted for their perpetration, the State, after two defendants had been acquitted, found it necessary to discontinue its prosecutions—for the very obvious reason that it was apparently impossible to secure a conviction.

Alabama, and particularly that section of it known as Crenshaw County, has acquired a reputation. To national eyes it would seem that the crossed crimson bars upon her flag have undergone a metamorphosis: and emerged resplendent in the shining scales of a Chinese dragon, symbolic of the Invisible Empire of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Her people, by repute, gravitate into two classes: those who flog and those who have been flogged. An acknowledgement of Alabama nativity is tacitly an admission of undue familiarity with the mask and lash.

Indeed, passing motorists shun the State. Even those hardy individuals who tempt fortune in a Ford laden with babies and a bundled canvas tent, although they will journey over the State's more prosperous highways, will not venture to cross the boundaries of Crenshaw County.

Even now, when the tumult and the shouting are effectually dead, it is true. Yet Crenshaw County is not, and has never been, even when the floggings were most frequent, a place of horror. Its people felt no fear at the approach of night. They did not crouch in terror listening to the footfalls of masked men with lashes in their hands.

They went about their tasks in their accustomed way, living the lives and thinking the thoughts their fathers and their grandfathers had before them. They faced the same problems: and met them in the same manner.

And there, in short, lies the pith of how there came in Crenshaw County a condition at which the residents of more urban sections stood aghast. The story of the rise in Crenshaw County of masked bands, who took law into their own hands to visit retribution upon the heads of those "the law couldn't touch", is

the story of the lives and thoughts of the Nordic farmers who constitute the bulk of the county's white population. And the story of the collapse of the State's prosecutions is that of how those rural folk accepted and reacted to the revelation of the evil in their midst.

Alabama: gatherers of vegetation and pickers of berries. In Crenshaw the berries were political, and those who would have picked them are those who have a taste for such fruit. The gatherers of vegetation were those country people whose thought and life bred a canker in the State.

Your native Alabamian, especially if he chance to be of rural origin, is a stubborn individual, and one who hangs tenaciously to his conceptions of an idea. He is at once simple and shrewd, and to him the promptings of prejudice are stronger than those of reason. He has a love of personal liberty—in so far as he himself is concerned—and will brook no interference which he deems arbitrary. And he has a pride, which though it may not always be apparent on the surface, is deep and abiding.

It was these attributes, and one other, which tried the Crenshaw County flogging cases. Twelve jurors sat in the box in each case. They judged the cases fairly and honestly, according to their lights. There was evidence before them which would support either a conviction or an acquittal. But their action in acquitting the two defendants was a reflection of their attitude, just as surely as the subsequent withdrawal of the cases "until such time as a different sentiment shall prevail" was a mirroring of the feeling abroad in the county.

That their verdict should be one of acquittal was written before the first case went to trial.

II

Crenshaw County was agog when in middle October a special Grand Jury convened to investigate conditions. Barely two weeks before, the first startling charge, that in Crenshaw County existed a veritable "reign of terror", had been made by Attorney-General Charlie C. McCall. Sensation followed sensation in rapid sequence. Rumors pyramided. Men were arrested.

Attorney-General McCall was neither welcome nor unwelcome when he came to Luverne, the county seat, to present the results of investigations by his office before the Grand Jury. He was the dominant figure in the greatest episode in the history of the county. And thought, in the swift course of events, had not yet crystallized.

The work of the Grand Jury was soon accomplished. At the end of five days it adjourned, after having found one hundred and two true bills against thirty-four men in flogging cases. In its report it denounced a condition of lawlessness which it had found to exist through certain sections of the county as "the evil fruit of evil leadership", and charged the perpetration of the majority of the floggings which it had investigated directly to the Ku Klux Klan.

But thirty-odd days later, when the Attorney-General returned to Crenshaw to take part in the trial of the cases, the situation had changed. The initial excitement had abated. And in the intervening weeks a very definite public opinion had formed.

In Alabama, which has had State prohibition since 1915, it required almost a decade before State officers could go into a rural county and make cases with a reasonable degree of certainty that a conviction would be secured. State officers are looked on with distrust today. Why? Because in the years before 1915, when there was local option, it was the county's business to enforce the law; and your hidebound rural Alabamian, whose advocacy of local self government amounts to prejudice, deems the enforcement of the laws by the State an arbitrary transgression on his rights and liberties. The State officer is a stranger—and in rural Alabama the motives of all strangers are questioned.

Now Mr. McCall was a ranking State official. Whether or not he had come into Crenshaw by request, as was true, had no bearing on the matter. That he had come at all was sufficient basis for a widespread belief that the prosecutions were an unwarranted interference in Crenshaw's affairs.

Attorney-General McCall is by no means universally popular in the State. In his onslaught against the Ku Klux Klan the motives of the Attorney-General, who was a Klansman at the time of his election and whose resignation from the order had

followed the report of the Crenshaw County Grand Jury, were dubiously commented upon. It was openly hinted that in the fight he sought a likely horse upon which he might ride into the Governor's office, come 1930.

In the course of their ruminations the people of Crenshaw continued in their accustomed routine. And each observed that life about him followed its habitual channels. The fact gave rise to divers thoughts.

For despite the fact that they, who were there, and had been there, could plainly see there was and had been no reign of terror in their county, the daily press continued to parade the accumulating detail of the misdeeds charged to the county. They were keenly aware of the notoriety which was being visited upon them; and resentful, for they were without weapons and could not defend themselves.

Yes, they who lived there, and who were possessed of knowledge of what had really happened in the county, knew there was no reign of terror in the broad stretches of cotton land surrounding them. There had been some floggings, but they had not been frequent, and the number who had been beaten was small, a bare handful. And they, by knowledge and report, had not been wholly innocent: a country Magdalene, a shiftless white man, and a parcel of Negroes, among whom was a woman, of whose guilt or innocence no one was much concerned. There had been no terror and no horror. They lived there. They could see. They knew.

More and more the feeling grew that the affair was nothing more than a political gesture. It was outside interference, malicious in its nature, designed to further the political ambitions of the Attorney-General. That the dailies of the State carried screaming headlines, exploiting the news for its value, and scathing editorials charging a certain administrative laxity in combating the flogging situation, was construed as an attempt to discredit the administration of Bibb Graves, the Klan Governor of Alabama. Mr. McCall, of course, was leagued with the daily press.

And that one on whom the suspicion of selfish motives was cast should come into their county, charge it with

general lawlessness and make its name a byword for horror, was galling.

So when, on November 21, the State opened its first case, not many hours had passed before Attorney-General McCall found himself on trial.

It came in this wise:

The State, prosecuting one Shelby Gregory for an alleged participation in the kidnapping of Annie Mae Simmons, the Negro woman, who in July, 1925, had been abducted and beaten by five unmasked white men, introduced evidence of a confession. The voluntary nature of the confession was attacked by the defense. Gregory, on the stand, swore that he had been threatened and abused by the Attorney-General in jail. And Mr. McCall found it necessary to take the witness chair to testify in substantiation of his own evidence.

Not a Crenshaw County jury that ever sat would have convicted that defendant!

The next defendant tried was Thaxton Miller, who faced a similar charge growing out of a severe beating given one Travis Bozeman in July, 1926. Twelve masked and robed men had taken him from a car as he returned from church. Miller's counsel introduced evidence of an alibi, which was combated by the State. The defendant was acquitted.

That night the Attorney-General withdrew from the cases, leaving all further prosecution to the solicitor who had requested his assistance. He was whipped; and frankly said so.

That and more. For in the statement which he issued at the time of his withdrawal he flatly charged that officers of the State Law Enforcement Bureau—a contemporary State department exercising police powers—had shown themselves more zealous in the interests of the defense than in the prosecution. He charged to them an utter lack of coöperation with his department in its work.

And as food for thought he disclosed that a copy of a report, made by officers of the Bureau to Governor Bibb Graves on the activities of the Ku Klux Klan in Crenshaw, had been found by his own men in the safe of the Exalted Cyclops of the Klavern whose activities were under investigation. And the day before—that speculation may have its guide posts—the contents of a let-

ter found side by side with the report in the Klavern safe had become public property through the medium of a subpœna ordering that another missive, to which it was a reply, be brought into court.

The letter was from James Esdale, Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in Alabama, and was addressed to Ira B. Thompson, Exalted Cyclops of the Luverne Klavern, in whose safe it was found. In it Mr. Esdale stated that he agreed with Mr. Thompson that it was high time something be done "to bring the Attorney-General to his senses" and to let him know "that the people of Alabama elected him to run the Attorney-General's office and not spend all his time around here working up police court cases against the Ku Klux Klan".

Further, Mr. Esdale wrote Mr. Thompson, he would speak to Governor Graves on the matter, in doing which he felt full confidence that the Chief Executive would give his full coöperation "as he has so nobly done in the past".

The letter antedated the report with which it was found.

Governor Graves, however, declined to speak concerning it. And Walter K. McAdory, Chief of the State Law Enforcement Bureau, also maintained silence. In consequence the suggested channel of thought remains to a high degree speculative.

But the people of Crenshaw County, perhaps, were not in error when they read a political significance into the events occurring about them. The gentlemen concerned were Klansmen. The Klan was under attack. And it is a notorious fact that the acorns fall with the oak.

III

So it happened in Crenshaw County that the vaunted cases of the State fell flat. In their collapse not one word of evidence was introduced in court, nor was it submitted elsewhere, that the outrages described by the Grand Jury had not occurred. Nor was there evidence which related to the Grand Jury's indictment of the Ku Klux Klan. At the close of court the charges against the order stood unproved and uncontradicted: the evidence which constituted their basis a part of the secret records of the investigating body.

Calvin Poole, the Solicitor of the Second Judicial Circuit, the nominal prosecutor in the Crenshaw County Circuit Court, analyzed the situation which ended the State's efforts in Crenshaw when he withdrew the remaining cases "until such time as a different sentiment shall prevail in the county".

Attorney-General McCall had been tried in the stubborn minds of the white citizens of Crenshaw, and found guilty. His cases shattered against a stone wall of public opinion.

Perhaps it was that he did not understand to the fullest the thought and life of the people on whom he must rely to obtain convictions, and their inevitable reaction to his work in the county.

Before he left he understood.

And by a patent example he was made aware of another fundamental attribute to the make-up of the native, backwoods Alabamian, which no doubt played its part in the *débacle* of the trials and which certainly took a major rôle in the enactment of those brutal events which he investigated.

Shortly after his withdrawal from the cases, at about ten o'clock the same evening, he was in a car which drew up before a Luverne drug store. From the curb, while awaiting a package of cigarettes, he overheard a heated discussion between a group of seven or eight within. The subject of the debate was *the right to flog*.

The thing speaks for itself.

FLAPPER VOTES AND LORDS' REFORM

BY JOHN GLADSTONE GRACE

QUAINT and picturesque personalities, attired in freakish cloaks, ancient hats, beards and collars are sometimes seen flitting like shadows through the corridors of the Scarlet Chamber. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind so far back, almost to the twilight of time, as the present British House of Lords. Viewed from the constitutional angle, the British Empire is still in the making, while the House of Lords is obviously out of tune with the times. It is not wild anarchy's call that threatens the Chamber of Peers. The status and standards of the British masses are rising. The age of class distinction as marked by dress is passing among men.

At a recent conference in Ottawa of the nine Provincial Prime Ministers, they discussed Second Chamber reforms, but unanimously disapproved of the abolition of either the Dominion Senate or House of Lords. In June, 1927, the British Peers themselves took up the question of revision and reconstruction of that ancient Parliament, when the vote stood two hundred and eight to fifty-four in favor of a "reasonable measure of Reform." They would probably reject a Franchise bill lowering the voting age for women from thirty years to twenty-one.

Need I recall history to show how women without votes rocked thrones, empires and dynasties? The American and Canadian women are keenly interested in the British campaign which promises to turn on the votes of the young girls. The archives, vaults and closets of the ancient Peers may be pried open, and the six Queens of Henry VIII and the wives of George IV may pass in review. The House of Lords had high international recognition and was functioning when Marie Antoinette of France was executed for her follies, but then she ruined the old Bourbon régime. Nell Gwyn of England held sway over the Court of Charles II, and was popular with the Lords because she did not interfere in

politics. Shall the United Kingdom be ruled by women? They have a majority of the votes, but soldiers and women, in Canada, Great Britain and the United States, proved to be unpopular candidates. Premier Baldwin may have lost track of figures. It is officially announced that he will introduce a sweeping Franchise Extension measure. The Socialists of Europe cheered at the English Reform Bill of 1832, but it only added 200,000 new votes. Queen Victoria was alarmed at the "one man one vote" measure of 1884, which gave the franchise to over 1,500,000 new voters. The Labor party and its women organizations insist, and the Prime Minister agrees, that 5,240,000 young, irresponsible girls shall now be added to the voters' lists.

The United States Senate, while elective, was modelled largely on the lines of the British House of Lords. Fundamentally they are somewhat different, for the United States Senate, which divides Executive authority with the President, was created to protect the small States from the big ones. No more than two Senators are allowed by the Constitution to any State, and thus Nevada with only 77,000 inhabitants is equal to New York with eleven million population. The House of Representatives represents the people, and the Senate the States. The Westminster Peers, and the Senators of the British Dominions, are appointed by the Crown for life, and are empowered to revise or reject all legislation except money appropriations. The Lords Spiritual comprise twenty-six Bishops, who are obliged to sit together, to wear sanctuary robes and lawn sleeves, the dress of the Established Church. The Lords Spiritual seldom take part in the debates, and contrary to the general impression in the United States and Canada, the Lords Temporal, or the lay Peers, look not with reverence but with disdain, more or less, on the Bishops. The hierarchy, with few exceptions, are the scions of obscure families, and are "baser born", to use the expression of one who once occupied the Woolsack and was Chancellor of the British Exchequer in the blazing Scarlet Chamber. The British nobility is divided into five degrees of rank, and all are represented in the seven hundred and forty members of the House of Lords, viz: Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount and Baron. The Peers were almost unanimous in the decision to exclude all women from their House.

Death lurks, however, in the shadows of this grandmother of Parliaments, while libraries might be written on its dowerless deeds. It was the arrogant enemy of the Thirteen Colonies at the Revolution; the friend of the South in the Civil War; the ally of Spain to prevent the liberation of Cuba; but all was harmony in the cataclysm of 1914–18. The Lords opposed Confederation in Canada in 1867; and immediately after the Peace Conference at Versailles in 1918, when I began to advocate the founding of a Dominion Embassy at Washington, I learned that Lord (James) Bryce was about the only Peer who favored the project. In the days of anointed Kings their Majesties claimed the exclusive right to appoint Peers. However, a grave in Westminster Abbey, a seat in the House of Lords, or in the Senates of the oversea Colonies, too often represented money only. It is no secret at Downing Street now that Edward VII, when he was Prince of Wales, often coöperated with Gladstone to prevent such impositions.

The British Empire is not a decadent power and shows nothing of age but its dignity. The world map-makers in 1926, engaged to determine the exact new British War boundaries in East Africa, Egypt and other countries, were appalled at its stupendous dimensions. Its solidarity has stood the greatest of all tests in the World War conflict.

The destiny of the House of Lords was a paramount issue when young William Pitt first became Prime Minister of England. Its extinction was demanded. George III had appointed three hundred and eighty Peers in one year. Pitt inaugurated a new policy. He called to the Upper House a number of intellectual empire builders, soldiers, journalists, sailors, and a few of the despised "business men in trade". The Lords were always exclusive and attempted to close the doors on Nelson and Wellington. The infusion of new blood by Pitt saved the institution. Premier Stanley Baldwin will now be obliged to adopt a drastic policy to meet the 1928 crisis. By a vote of 96 to 43 the Canadian House of Commons, in 1918, forbade any Dominion citizen from accepting titles or decorations of any kind. The Hall of Fame in the new Federal Parliament at Ottawa will honor real benefactors with statues in carven niches, but some of the domestic, racial

or religious heroes of yesterday, in marble and granite at Ottawa, Queen's Park, Toronto, and Quebec, will fade and most likely be removed in time.

Britain's reverence for its Parliament is shown by the fact that there are two hundred more Members elected than there are seats in the House of Commons. No Government or leader would, however, dare the sin of vandalism in that shrine. Organized labor has been tamed to some degree since the War, but ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald and his followers have no incense to offer before the present House of Peers, and would take responsibility for its abolition. Delegations from the British nations beyond the seas, with well defined non-partizan jurisdiction, who would be acceptable to reformers, might be seriously considered in the plan of reconstruction. Canada has long had representation in the House of Peers. Young Lord Shaughnessy of Montreal, who succeeded his father in 1923, and Lord Hugh Atholston, also of Montreal, are present-day members. Oxford called Dr. William Osler of Toronto and Baltimore (later Sir William) to be its Regent, while the Hon. Edward Blake, the founder of the Liberal party in Canada, became the acknowledged leader of the British Bar while practising in London, and sat for Longford, Ireland, in the House of Commons. The contemplated reform of the Lords means elimination of all members who have been for more than two years absent; the extinction of the hereditary claim; recognition of geographical representation in the United Kingdom, and a revision of the privileges, rank and titles of Temporal Lords. The overseas delegates, if the plans carry, or meet the approval of Imperial authorities, might comprise: twenty-five Canadians; ten Australians; seven New Zealanders; ten from India; five from South Africa; and one each from Newfoundland and the West Indies. The infusion of such new blood in the ancient temple of law, all distinguished men and a hundred per cent. British, would make for harmony, loyalty, enlightened industrial coöperation and consolidation without coercion.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

BY JOHN T. RODGERS

To endeavor to draw a picture of the Library of Congress at a single sitting, would be not dissimilar from trying to bail the Potomac Basin with a tea cup. I shall therefore attempt nothing of the sort, but confine myself to reproducing, in so far as I may, something of the atmosphere which that stupendous institution conveys to a daily visitor.

We learn from *The Book of Washington*, sponsored by the Washington Board of Trade, that "the collections and productions of art in the Library of Congress contain the greatest mass and cover the widest range of any aggregation in the world". This certainly can not be far from the truth—if at all. More than 3,500,000 volumes are housed under the roof of the Library proper, and about 2,000,000 are under its supervision in other places.

The original Library was founded in 1800, in pursuance of an Act of Congress. In those early years it was housed in the Capitol and consisted merely of a few rows of bookshelves filled with such stock references as Congress, in its wisdom, felt the need of. This modest collection duly perished in the general conflagration let loose by the British when they sailed up the Potomac in 1814 and drove President, Congress, the Supreme Court and most of the city's inhabitants to the woods. In the piping days of peace which followed the war, Congress found time to appropriate $23,950 for the purchase of Thomas Jefferson's library, and thus the treasured books of the Sage of Monticello became the nucleus of the Nation's library. Nothing, surely, could have pleased him more.

The present building was begun in 1889 and finished in 1897. It was designed by two distinguished architects who, for the present purpose, shall be called Schwartz and Klotz. Schwartz was a German, and Klotz an Austrian. Many are the stories told of them. Schwartz, true to his heritage from the Fatherland,

cared little for the fripperies but he had a mighty love for a firm foundation. He visualized a structure which should be so *kolossal* as to defy time, dynamite and all manner of invading English. He dreamed of walls thirty feet thick, steel vaults, subterranean chambers, secret passageways and goodness only knows what else.

Klotz, bred in the traditions of fair Vienna, had other ideas. Foundation walls were necessary, no doubt, as were fire preventives, but these were, after all, for inferior minds to worry about. What he beheld in the Library of Congress was a heavenly confection of colored marble, dazzling mosaics, elaborately sculptured friezes, delicate little balconies—in short, a surpassingly gorgeous ensemble of color and design.

Said Schwartz: "Dot man Klotz, he iss der craziest yet, mit his marbles und columns und statuvary. Vot hass dot got to do mit a library?"

"*Tausen' teufel!*" moaned the wretched Klotz. "Dot man, dot Prussian Schwartz, hass der soul off a pig. He doess not know vot a liberry meanss. He vould buildt 'em a barn! Iss dere den no difference between cattle und Congressmen?"

This distinction, which would appear to require no laboring to an enlightened mind, made not the slightest impression upon the stubborn Schwartz. After all, it was only twenty-two years since Sadowa, and memories are hard to kill. So the pro-architects glowered and muttered and railed at each other until it seemed as if the great work would be permanently postponed, and Congress would never get its fine library.

At last, with the united efforts of the President, the Cabinet, the Fine Arts Commission and Standing Committees from both Houses of Congress, the two old gentleman were brought together and managed to reconcile their differences so far as to evolve between them a plan for the building. The result of their labors now rears its massive bulk across the park from the Capitol. It preserves, in its lineaments and decorations, the model of a perfect compromise. Schwartz has his solidity: there are walls which seem to rival Gibraltar; there are huge bulwarks and towering battlements; there are deep underground passages which connect the building with the Capitol. There are a heighth, breadth,

depth and thickness about the thing which fill the visitor with positive awe. But inside it is all as rich and fanciful as the fondest dreams of good Klotz could wish for. There are marble halls and vestibules glittering with as many colors as the coat of Joseph; there are lofty columns springing up into vaulted roofs which swirl with a million paintings of Cupid-on-the-cloud; there are cunning little balconies which suddenly bring you to the brink of infinity. There are brazen statues of all the magnificoes that even Klotz could think of. There is, finally, his masterpiece, a proud golden dome, which gazes somewhat sarcastically at the bride's table confection across the park. The building occupies three and one-half acres, with a present book space of eight and one-half. It cost, in all, $6,932,000; but it was worth it. There's never been anything like it.

As for the accommodations of the Library, who, could describe them! Everything which was ever put on paper seems to be there in in one form or another. Art, Literature and Science: music, painting, sculpture; poetry, prose, history; medicine, philosophy and mechanics—all are there, so that any American, even if he do not choose to run, may read. Out of those interminable streets of books which stretch away on every hand from the great circular reading room can be whisked in an instant the accumulated wisdom of mankind.

Humanity itself is there, in all its types and phases: the pale, perspiring lady, laboriously doing an English essay for friend daughter, at present "in conference" at a tea dance. . . . the austere prelate reading up on the life of a saint . . . the boozy, punctilious old gentleman who breathes heavily in your ear and apologizes for everything under the sun but that . . . the aristocratic secretary of a radical Republican trying to get up a democratic speech in King George's English, which will presently be delivered —to the Congressional Printer . . . the eye-glassed young man, obviously dedicated to some high purpose . . . nuns, priests, politicians and policemen. What a world it is!

But the great fascination of the Library to one who is a constant frequenter is the personal discovery of those boundless riches as they reveal themselves to the prowler. There is the gigantic Periodical Division where the reader can obtain almost

every newspaper since time was, and where he will find laid before him every magazine from *The Hibbert Journal* to *The Manure-Spreader*. There is the great Map Division in which the ends of the earth are met and forever joined together. There is the superb Manuscript Division, containing, among thousands of other documents, the vast bulk of the Presidential Mss., from Washington's Diary down. Ranged around the Main Reading Room itself are alcoves stocked with standard works of reference in history, literature, law and science, where the casual reader will find more than his fill.

But I am inclined to think that, after all, the most precious moments in the Library of Congress are those which, alas, could never be witnessed by mortal man. Long after the great bronze doors have been closed, and the lights put out, and the breath of the night watchman has distilled him to slumber, I suspect that the moonlight, pouring through the great front windows into the marble hall, would illumine many a powdered wig and catch the gleam of many a silver buckle. I am no spiritualist, and have never taken much stock in séances since my first experience, when something went wrong with the mechanics and the medium was anything but happy. Nevertheless, I certainly believe in ghosts. You can't tell me that the Fathers of this Republic don't keep a pretty sharp eye—yes, and a critical one, too—on these United States. Hence they must surely, from time to time, revisit the land of their greatness, or, as Byron would probably put it,

> Columbia, whom glory still adores,
> Where Coolidge reigns 'mid Borah's constant roars.

I picture a ghostly party of them arriving in Washington some night—say, from a tour through the Far West to inspect the latest developments in the Louisiana Purchase. I should like to play the part of the gentleman from Cook's on that occasion. And I fancy they would make straight for the Library. The White House, with its typewriters and Presidential spokesmen, would bore them. (Where, I fancy they would inquire, is the President?) Congress would horrify them. ("What, Sir, you ask us to listen to Thomas Hefflin—we, who have been accustomed to *Thomas Jefferson?*")

No, I think they would feel most at home in the Library. There they would be surrounded by many precious mementoes of an immortal past. They would, of course, cover the main points of the Library museum. They would gaze upon the fragment of a bone said once to have adorned Christopher Columbus (anatomical location not specified). They would inspect the Beethoven originals. They would view the murals by This and the mosaics by That. But the end would find them grouped about a certain shrine where high in its golden frame hangs a yellowed document, fast fading from the sight of man. It begins with the phrase, "WHEN, in the Course of human events—". And beneath it, another document, no less priceless, which commences in words of thunder:

WE THE PEOPLE of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America.

I seem to see little Madison, turning with his deprecatory smile to Jefferson, with the remark, "Apparently, Sir, we did our work well. Behold, the Union still survives!" I think I can catch John Hancock's dry cackle as he peers at a signature still plain enough to be read without spectacles. And I am sure that gruff old John Adams would not let the occasion pass without retelling his favorite anecdote. I picture him turning to face the group and tapping the gold frame of the Declaration for emphasis while he recounts, with high and ghostly glee, the incident of his reception, as the first American Minister, by George III: how, in response to the King's well meant inquiry as to whether he liked England, he somewhat bluntly replied that his first attachment was to his own country; and how old red-faced George instantly bellowed:

"An honest man, Sir, will never own any other!"

AFTER EIGHT YEARS

BY FRANKLIN SNOW

EIGHT years have passed since the passage of the Transportation Act of 1920. Eight years of rail progress and achievement have elapsed; an era of perhaps as epochal a change as the railways have experienced since the days when transcontinental lines were in the making and stock speculations and peculations were an integral part of railway affairs.

The Transportation Act was passed on the eve of the return of the railways to private control after two years and two months of Government operation. Unlike many industries which prospered inordinately from the war, the rail lines emerged from the wartime period bruised and battered, their rolling stock in poor condition, their credit shattered, their employees apathetic, and the payrolls padded by thousands of men and women, who had been added, perforce, to replace the more efficient workers who had left the service.

The story of the railway rehabilitation of the last eight years has not been told. It is a story of change, of progress, of changed conditions, new ideals and ideas, of currying popular favor; a story which begins with the railroads' earnings at so negligible a figure that few rail stocks were selling at par, and which concludes with the picture of today, when earnings are exceeding the billion dollar mark annually, when stocks of half a dozen or more systems are selling actually to yield only five per cent., when the public and the rail employees are, in general, sympathetic to the ambitions of the carriers, and when freight service has been so improved that the phenomenon of "hand-to-mouth" buying has become an accepted principle of trade in all industries.

A new era has opened in railroading. The series of operating reports instituted by the United States Railroad Administration and the various financial statements required by the Interstate Commerce Commission have made the affairs of the railways an

open book to all and the result has been of benefit to the carriers, in that it has increased public interest in their performances.

The eight years since 1920 have not been such harrowing years as the railway publicity agencies in their pronunciamentos and the executives in their public addresses would seek to imply. It is safe to say that no major problem has faced the carriers in the period since private control was resumed. Rate investigations, the trend toward consolidation, the controversy over valuation methods, the changed method of adjudicating labor disputes, the introduction of improved safety appliances, the competition of the motor car—none have been questions which have retarded the progress of the railways toward financial stability, and the gloomy views taken by some rail executives concerning these problems, as they have arisen and moved swiftly across the picture toward their ultimate solution, have been rather the warped view of the individual so closely associated with a business that he cannot see beyond the confines of his own enclosure than the broad attitude one expects from our so-called captains of industry.

But the old order changeth, and with it the former type of railway executive has gradually faded from the picture. It would be interesting to speculate, did time and space permit, upon the effect which this change in management, and policies, of most of our great railways in the last eight years has had upon these systems. Can it be that the success which the rail lines have enjoyed recently is due in no small part to the influx of new executives, and that the relegation of those who refused to grant press interviews, who ignored the public sentiment, and who otherwise failed to keep abreast of the changing trend of conditions, is partly or largely responsible for the important changes of eight years among the railroads?

For as one turns back the calendar and reviews the list of rail executives in 1920 and compares it with that of today, he will find only a corporal's guard of the old army still on the job today. Budd, of the Great Northern; Loree, of the Delaware and Hudson; Loomis, of the Lehigh Valley; Harrison, of the Southern; Kenly, of the Atlantic Coast Line; Pearson, of the New Haven; Gray, of the Union Pacific; Alfred, of the Père Marquette; Gorman, of the Rock Island; Holden, of the Burlington; Sproule, of

the Southern Pacific, and Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio, are the only executives of the period at the end of Federal control who still hold the reins of the larger roads of the country today. And with a few exceptions, these men were among the more progressive of the period about 1920, which may lend weight to the implication that only the progressive type of rail executive can compete successfully with the current problems of rail management.

The newer type of railway president is a young man of 50 years of age, quiet-spoken in manner, affable to all with whom he comes in contact, receptive to new ideas, appreciative of the aid which Labor—when approached in a coöperative rather than a paternalistic manner—can give to Management, aware of the definite values to him and to his company of advertising and of publicity, a gentleman, and something of a student. He may be a college man or he may not; the proportion in new elections of presidents runs at the approximate ratio of 50–50, and the results of college and non-college presidents seem to run at the same proportion of effectiveness and efficiency. But regardless of his past education and of the department through which he advanced to the presidency, the rail president of today must be something of a lawyer, a shrewd financier, have a common sense view of engineering, an understanding of rates and rate-making principles, and, above all else, be a diplomat. The qualifications of today denote the changes which have come over the railway world in the eight years since the passage of the Transportation Act and typify, as perhaps nothing else could do, the significance of the late A. H. Smith's remark that "About ninety-five per cent. of this railroading is human stuff, anyway."

It is inaccurate to refer to the railroads as a "problem" today. That a review of the past eight years in rail transportation brings out various problems which have reached, or are in process of reaching, amicable solutions, is evidence in itself of the fact that the railroads are in no worse condition, fundamentally, than numerous other industries which might be cited. But the rail industry is so vast, its operations so imperative to every one of us, its purchasing power so great and its functions so spectacular, that everything dealing with the railways is news. Hence, a deal

of material can find its way into the public press which some may term publicity and others propaganda, and which the Eastern papers delight in printing to denote on the one hand, the growing efficiency of the carriers and, on the other, the "problem" which the present allegedly low scale of rates imposes. (That publications in the agrarian districts return these press statements to the senders, with their advertising rate-cards enclosed as an invitation to remit payment for the printing of these announcements, is no evidence that the statements, as such, are erroneous, but merely, that the press-agent has been over-enthusiastic in his plea for pity for the poor railroads.)

The functions of every worth while business are two-fold: Rendering service, and creating a profit. Where the profit motive is paramount, the success in rendering service may be vitiated, and where the idea of rendering service is carried to extremes, as in the manner of certain governmental ventures or of companies engaged in too pronounced a competitive warfare, the profits are bound to decrease. How well the railways have rendered service and earned profits through providing an efficient service, thus combining the two main functions of business, is indicated by the earnings statements of the years from 1920 to 1927, and by the attitude of rail patrons toward the carriers.

In 1920, net operating income was $620,000,000 (although supplemented by Government guaranties which expired in September of that year). The accounts of 1920 are so confused by reason of two months of Government control, six months of Government guaranties and only four months of independent operations, that 1921 provides a better comparative basis for earnings. In the latter year, net earnings were $616,000,000, from which point they have risen steadily to the high-water mark for all time, of $1,232,000,000 in 1926, a return of 5.11 per cent. on the property investment, or approximately six per cent. on the tentative value as determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission. A figure half way between these two items is, presumably, a fairly accurate picture of the return which the railroad industry earned in 1926, and 1927 did not fall far below it.

The years 1925, 1926 and 1927 have been "billion dollar years", the only years in history, excepting 1916, when a net of

more than one billion dollars was earned, although it is only fair to point out that a billion earned in 1916 was a much larger return upon the investment of that day than a similar return a decade later.

Since rates have not been increased since 1920, and have—due to the generosity of rail traffic officers in presenting reductions to their shippers in order to obtain competitive business—been gradually reduced since that time, it becomes apparent that increased efficiency has been an important factor in this achievement. One of the surest methods of measuring efficiency is through the operating ratio—that is, the proportion of costs to revenues—which, for 1920, was up to 94.3 per cent. This has come steadily downward, reaching its low mark in 1926 when, for all the railroads, it stood at 73.15 per cent., a reduction of 21 units, in the percentage reports, in a period of six years.

As one example of the savings effected, the payrolls, which were $3,682,000,000 in 1920, have been cut down to an annual average of $3,000,000,000, which is the more notable in view of the upward trend of individual wages. But a reduction of from more than 2,000,000 employees in 1920 to less than 1,800,000 today has more than offset the success which has been attained by the employees in obtaining wage increases from the Boards of Arbitration set up under the Watson-Parker Labor Act, which was passed last year over the objections of a number of rail executives, who were by no means dissatisfied with the former method of adjudicating such questions through the former Railroad Labor Board, which, it has developed, was a more effective bulwark against higher wages than the arbitration boards have been.

But the fact that railroad wages, in terms of percentages of total operating revenues, have shown a steady decrease since 1920, when they equalled 55.4 per cent., to 1926, when they amounted to only 42.6 per cent., indicates that the railways' wage problem is not seriously affected by nominal increases to train service and other employees, whose contribution to the present prosperity of the carriers has been a factor of no small importance.

The economies effected by reduced wage payments have been offset, in half, by the sharp decline which has set in in the passenger business of the railways, a decline which is reaching serious

proportions, taking, as it has, one-fourth of the railway passenger revenues. Due to the sudden rise of the private motor car as a means of business travel as well as for pleasure purposes, the railroad passenger business on many local lines has been reduced to the vanishing point, and with the motor coach lines accounting for a large volume of suburban and inter-urban travel, the steam railroads are facing the unusual situation of increasing costs of running their passenger departments with diminishing returns from the business obtained. To meet the situation, many railways have entered the motor bus field with their own subsidiaries, although this is little better than a stop-gap.

Yet if passenger revenues are diminishing, freight earnings, even despite the lowered earnings per ton-mile on many products which have been given reduced rates, are running above the 1920 figures, 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1927 having shown earnings which fluctuated between $4,345,000,000 and $4,800,000,000. Earnings are, however, predicated to a great extent upon national prosperity rather than upon the sales efforts of the traffic managers of the railways (excepting in the passenger field, where pleasure travel has never been intensively developed by the passenger managers), and the rise and fall of revenues is not an indication of rail efficiency or the lack of it.

Problems which come more directly within the scope of railway policies, such as consolidations, present a more striking picture of railway conditions in an eight years' review of the transportation situation. Few questions dealing with the railways, perhaps, have received more publicity during the years since the passage of the Transportation Act, 1920. Certainly, none have received so much attention in proportion to the results attained, for after eight years of manœuvering, jockeying for position, pleading before the Interstate Commerce Commission, frenzied buying for control of rail lines in the open market, conferences between leaders and financiers, and other steps looking toward a general consolidation of all railroads into some eighteen or twenty large systems, the results have been nil.

With the minor exception of the merging of the little El Paso and South Western into the Southern Pacific System—of which it had been almost an integral part for years due to traffic interchange—

and the combining of some of the smaller lines controlled by the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland into their Nickel Plate System, together with the obtaining of control through stock purchases of other roads which they still seek to merge, it may safely be said that the merging of American railways is in the same position that it was eight years ago.

And as time has gone on, a change in public sentiment has occurred, in which doubt has arisen as to the benefits to the public at large of the creation of huge rail systems with control and management at a point remote from most of the patrons of these lines. It is by no means proved that a large railroad may be more efficiently operated than a small one, or conversely, that a small carrier cannot provide as efficient a public service and at the same time return as substantial a net to its stockholders, as a combination of carriers.

As one reviews the steps toward merging the railways, it becomes painfully evident that the motive has been one of selfishness, in which the public interest has been largely subordinated to the greed of gain. In the Northwest, for example, economies of $10,000,000 annually were forecast by promoters of the Northern lines' merger, but not one cent of this would be reflected in reduced freight rates, the witnesses testified. In the East, similar conditions obtain, and it is the view of those who have studied the testimony and the prospective lineup of railways that there is no reason to anticipate an improved public service, because service already is adequate and excellent, and there is no prospect of reduced rates through mergers, for the reason that the promoters thereof do not intend to give their savings—if any—to their patrons.

The Transportation Act of 1920, which gave an impetus to rail merging, said: "The Commission shall as soon as practicable prepare and adopt a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties of the continental United States into a limited number of systems. In the division of such railways into such systems under such plan, competition shall be preserved as fully as possible, and wherever practicable the existing routes and channels of trade and commerce shall be maintained." Further, it stated: "If, after such hearing, the Commission finds that the public

interest will be promoted by the consolidation and that the conditions of this section have been or will be fulfilled, it may enter an order approving and authorizing such consolidation," etc.

The Commission prepared a tentative plan, published it, invited comments upon it, and was deluged by the flood of criticism which it received. No strong railway wanted to be saddled with a carrier in poor condition. No system of medium size and growing wealth wanted to lose its identity. Every large road was willing, nay anxious, to take over every line which would enrich it, but was positive that it would be illegal to *make* it take over any roads which it did *not* want.

The Commission finally threw up its hands and, in the colloquial, "passed the buck" back to the Congress, recommending some form of legislation which would provide for consolidations from time to time without the previous preparation of a definite and set plan for all the railroads of the United States. At this writing, such legislation has not been enacted. The railroads want it. The shippers are becoming less enthusiastic over rail mergers. The public is becoming more questioning in its attitude toward the economies, and who is to receive the benefit of such savings.

Hand-in-hand with the consolidation question has gone the moot subject of rail valuations. Due to the strenuous efforts of the rail managers and some of their publicity counsel, this question has been agitated to a point far beyond the benefits which the carriers would derive should the Supreme Court hand down a favorable decision in the test case—that of the St. Louis and O'Fallon Railway—which is before it. Briefly, the railroads contend for a principle of valuation which takes into account the entire property investment in the carriers at current values, while the Interstate Commerce Commission bases its views upon a valuation on prices at 1914 value, plus subsequent additions and minus depreciation. Between the two totals, is a sum of approximately $15,000,000,000.

The importance of the case lies in the fact that Section 15-a of the Transportation Act specifies that rates shall be made to earn a "fair" return upon the value of the carriers, which the Commission has determined to be five and three-fourths per cent. Like-

wise, the Act says that earnings above six per cent. on this value shall be shared equally with the Government. But it is not to be thought that should the railways' methods of valuation prevail, rates would be increased to yield five and three-fourths per cent. upon such inflated value, nor is it a fact that many railways are in a situation where their earnings are subject to recapture, even upon the Commerce Commission's method of evaluating the roads. Hence, aside from the aid which the railways are consciously or unconsciously rendering their associates in the public utilities field, it is not likely that it will make any great difference either to the railways or to their patrons what final value is placed upon their properties. Like many other questions of bygone or present years, the valuation question will undoubtedly simmer down to a minor matter and the next generation will marvel at the furore created by a matter of such relatively small importance from the standpoint either of service or profits.

Yet the trend toward solution of all these questions is evidence of progress toward railroad stability, and the fact that the stock market now finds several railways in so strong a position that their stocks are selling to *yield* only five per cent. is an indication that Wall Street is by no means perturbed over questions which give some railway publicists so many unhappy hours. When one compares rail stocks in 1920 with those in 1928, one decides that the railroads—barring, of course, those short lines or small roads which might better have not been built at all—are among the Nation's stable institutions. To observe Atchison's range from approximately 75 to 200 in eight years, or Pennsylvania's from under 40 to better than 65, or New York Central's from below 70 to nearly 170, or Southern Railway's common stock which has tripled in value, is to be reassured that all is well.

There are minor problems, but the major affairs of the railroads are shaping up successfully. Dividends of many roads have increased appreciably during the last eight years, and roads which have been in financial stringencies for a decade or more are featured in the day's news as being on the verge of declaring modest returns to their owners. When the Boston and Maine, New Haven, and Erie railroads enter the dividend-paying class, the railways' rehabilitation will have been complete.

PLUCKING THE GOLDEN GANDER

BY HENRIETTE WEBER

"THE rules drawn up when woman was an economic slave still appear to exist when woman claims to be an economic equal." So commented an English judge recently, when a woman appeared before him to claim damages for breach of promise. The judge took the easiest way out—presumably the plaintiff was good to look upon—and awarded her one hundred pounds. Nevertheless he could not refrain from giving voice to a sentiment rapidly growing more popular: that there is no economic justice in making a man pay simply because he has usurped the privilege of changing his mind. Moreover his decision may have been the very best thing for all concerned.

The "hard-boiled virgin" who takes the stand that money can heal a heartache deliberately rubs all the peach bloom off of romance, leaving it but a dead and withered fruit, and so deserves neither sympathy nor money. The affair becomes at once a completely sordid one, so that the world, even including the unsuspecting male, is beginning to guess that little (if any) honest sentiment actuates a woman capable of measuring such a hurt in ice cold dollars.

Hewing to the same line as the breach-of-promise technician, but with an even more expansive settlement in view, is the vacuous hearted parasite whose favorite music is the Alimony Blues. Here again the man is asked to pay and pay—for what? When a marriage is dissolved, it is no longer a tangible asset, or even a dubious liability. Then why should the mere male pay for that which no longer exists? In order to forestall an army of protests, let it be recorded right here that the answer to that question is obviously entirely different in the case of children. For them adequate provision must be made, reasonably according to the father's means. They are his economic responsibility, whatever the cause of the separation.

The purpose of this discussion, however, is not family economics but rather the gross unfairness and even dishonesty of the able bodied, youngish and childless woman who divorces her husband or is divorced by him, and then as an inciter to chivalry, plays a rôle which is the height of illogical impudence. In the light of this day of economic equality and women's rights and feministic privileges, she is a first class throw-back. She sees herself in a prima donna rôle, and sings her aria, "I am Weak and Need Protection" to the assiduous accompaniment of her inferiority complex, and thinks she is doing a shrewd and clever thing by getting something for nothing. Or does she? Let us see.

None of us need to be reminded how numerous are the exponents of this gold digging technique. Shopping around in hotel lobbies for face values, you can see a replica of them ornamenting every nook and corner or joyously usurping the point of vantage by slowly wending her perfumed way through any well-appointed peacock alley—the cockiest of them all.

Here she is, in the interesting thirties, a radiant exponent of beauty parlor ministrations. Her hair waved to a degree where it successfully conceals nature. Her "facial" has been the perfect and expensive kind. Perfect and expensive, likewise, is her costume, and the pekinese which she lovingly caresses in the curve of one round arm. The lady, in fact, is a composite of potential curves which an excessive indulgence in creamed mushrooms and other delicacies threatens soon to turn into clearly defined actualities. She probably revels in "odeurs" without pronouncing the word correctly, and possesses a repertoire of compacts suited to the exigencies of every hour of the day. Altogether life for her is just one long sweet endeavor to get as much as she can, and to give in return as little as possible. She is expert in short-changing life's values, and far too short-sighted to see the mile-high placard, "You Can't Win!"

But conditions are changing. The gold rush is about ended. The number of willing suckers who pay the toll of sympathy sobs indefinitely and at exorbitant prices, is decreasing. On all sides there are healthy indications that even the law is taking a different stand. For example Governor Paulen of Kansas has recently determined to make his State a refuge for wife-deserting hus-

bands. He bolsters up his somewhat surprising decision with the assertion that "a wife who cannot hold a man's love and keep him at home is not entitled to the services of a Sheriff to take him back"; and so the Governor is refusing writs of extradition. He contends that most requests for extradition are attempts to compel the payment of alimony. Women on juries are not the only ones who are seeking to put these exponents of sex inequality in their places. Rebellion among the men, as already indicated, is spreading. This does not signify less chivalry on their part, but merely that men are developing a new discrimination. This is making of modern chivalry a finer and nobler thing.

Oldtime chivalry we are apt to gaze upon through a haze of enchantment. The distance of time lends this to our view. All looks beautiful and romantic, and if your vision remains blurred, you will see nothing else. But blink your eyes once or twice and get a clearer view. Then you will see the other side of the situation. Oldtime chivalry was supremely selfish. It placed woman on a pedestal, to be sure, but the top of a pedestal is an uncomfortably small space for prolonged tenancy. Since it flattered women to occupy this position, they naturally looked upon it as a gallant gesture on the part of the men, quite losing sight of the fact that it left the imaginative male a far greater freedom of action than would have been the case had he been subjected to a closer and more understanding scrutiny.

"You look beautiful up there, my dear," he said slyly. And Lady Love accepted this as a gracious compliment.

But one day Ariadne, or someone, stepped down off the pedestal. She had been doing a lot of thinking. "The happiness I would lives not in darkness," she remarked to herself. While the sugar-coated compliments men had given her were extremely pleasant, they had begun to cloy a bit. Moreover she began to suspect that possibly there was a good deal of method in their flattery. Their technique was becoming so proficient that they must have a good reason, she judged, for practising it so assiduously. Besides, she was getting rather tired of her cramped position. Wouldn't it be pleasant to stretch a leg and go about the world a bit, all on her own, Ariadne asked herself,

and possibly unearth a new thrill? After all, some of these wanderings that the men folk were indulging in must be enjoyable. She would find out! And she did! Then she hurried back to her pedestaled sisters to tell them several things she had discovered. Presently one and another and finally in increasing numbers they followed her example.

At about this time life, for the men, began to become much more complex. It was no longer as easy as it used to be to succeed with the "kept-late-at-the-office" excuse, with a keen-eyed intelligence at the other end of the telephone. Women were beginning to see and learn and know many things heretofore kept from them. The one thing men forgot was that the top of a pedestal, cramped though it might be, offered a good point of observation. But with more knowledge, there has come an infinitely better understanding between the sexes. Therefore all the more heinous is the parasitical attitude of the unfair members of the sex who think they are modern because they know the latest dance steps, jazz tunes, and fashion foibles.

Stuffing their minds with trifles, they have let the progress of the world pass them by and are hopelessly old-fashioned. They have gone back to the dark ages. They have climbed back on the pedestal, but the base is now insecure. It has been allowed to rot away through insincerity and bad faith, if not downright dishonesty. The once favored position has lost caste.

Oh, Lady! Lady! Come down off your perch before someone knocks it over. Open your eyes and take a look. Can you not see that you have been side-stepping the main issue? Just "shopping around" in life—that's what you have been doing. And it's a wasteful expenditure of time, energy and money. You may strike a superficial bargain here and there, but by cluttering up your time in aimless wanderings you pass by the really worth while things, the possession of which would bring you far more lasting satisfaction. You are paying far too dearly for every one of those unearned alimony dollars. Where is your *esprit de cœur?* Be fair-minded and stout-hearted enough to stand on your own feet. If you do, you will get farther, stay young much longer, and have an infinitely better time with life.

KILLING LADY NICOTINE

BY A. E. HAMILTON

THOSE hygienists, economists and moralizers who occasionally or chronically fulminate against the demon Nicotine are apt to fight with boomerangs and miss the mark, or else jab at the arms and legs of the monster instead of striking straight at its smoke blackened heart. They roar loudly, for instance, at the enormous economic waste of burning up a crop of weeds, and print pictures of street corners littered white with stubs of cigarettes. Yet at the same time they contend that tobacco is a rank and deadly poison. If this be so, then obviously the more cigarette stumps are thrown away, and the more of the poison gas goes up in smoke, the better for the physiology of mankind. For what if nicotine were swallowed simon pure? Or snuffed up like cocaine? Or injected hypodermically like a shot of morphine?

The contention of the fumiphobe that the custom of smoking tobacco is merely an addiction to a narcotic drug will not stand alone. If the demand of humankind were merely for a mild opiate, then the supply of nicotine would be provided in much simpler form than that of cigars, cigarettes and mixtures for the pipe. There would be no need for any clever invention for rolling cigars, or for the immensely more complicated and versatile machinery which produces cigarettes with the rapidity of bullets from a Gatling gun. It would only be required to harvest the tobacco crop, boil down the leaves in huge vats, distil the nicotine and turn it into pills, capsules, powder or essential oil. What remained could be turned into fertilizer, hair dyes and shingle stain.

Think of the enormous saving in capital investment, labor, transportation and merchandizing that would be realized were mankind to call for nicotine alone; not to mention the correlative economies among all those subsidiary and accessory fields of production such as pipes, holders, trays and smoking cars. From the

economic angle, then, nicotine as a narcotic drug could be much more profitably manufactured and marketed in its pure crystalline or liquid form, and mankind could chew, swallow, snuff or hypodermically inject it without having to give a second thought to the possible annoyance of his neighbor.

Now there are peoples who use tobacco in this crude, unsocial way. The Naga women of Burmah smoke a waterpipe or *tsumkŭla*. When the water through which the smoke passes has become sufficiently saturated with noxious residue (usually the result of twenty or thirty smokes), the liquid is drawn off and given to husband, lover or friend to be sipped from a joint of bamboo. Very little of this poisonous liquor is actually swallowed, as even the most indurated Naga stomach cannot tolerate more than a homœopathic dose. The nicotine and other poisonous by-products of combustion are absorbed largely through the mouth, and, by the men at least, this practice is followed with the utmost satisfaction, mere smoking being considered juvenile and effeminate.

Smoking, however, is the form in which both men and women the world over have chosen to take their pleasure from the curious plant *nicotiana tabacum*. The herb derives its name from the Y-shaped tube, *tobago*, through which Columbus discovered the natives of the Caribbean drawing smoke; and from Jules Nicot, who first isolated the substance *nicotine* ($C_{10}H_{14}N_2$) from the chemical compounds of tobacco juice. And it is smoking as a social custom, and not as a personal habit of taking a drug, which merits attention when its hygiene, economics or morality is called into question.

Stanley Hall's genetic psychology is still generally considered a new species of mysticism by the laboratorian. When Hall spoke of "atavistic echoes of our pelagic days still reverberating within us and calling us down to the sea again," he was challenged to prove the existence of such hereditary memories by recording their manifestations on a smoked drum. When he proposed that our love of fire and smoke were due, in part, to inwrought influences from dim ancestors who tamed the fire spirit and survived cold and hunger and the wild beasts of forest and jungle by gathering around a blazing log, the materialist called upon him to prove

his theory through a microscope, a test tube or a galvanometer. Yet, when one considers the curious phenomenon of the almost universal delight in smoking tobacco, he is prone to fall back upon such captivating intuitions of unproved and perhaps unprovable possibilities regarding the fundamental why. Certainly, the pleasure of smoking, as a problem in the psychology of the feelings and emotions, has not yielded as yet to any formula from the experimental laboratory.

Periodic ebullitions against smoking on the part of women as contrasted with the accepted privilege of men seem always quite tangent to fundamentals. Once we accept even a partial genetic viewpoint, it would seem that smoking, both as a social and as a personal custom, belongs primarily not to man but to womankind. For countless generations woman has been the guardian of the hearth, and a large proportion of her time has been spent in tending little fires, mostly open fires, until within the last century or so. And now that civilization has imprisoned the fire spirit down in the basement, and its comforting warmth comes to us through a series of tubes and gilded radiators, is it a great wonder that women have begun to welcome the ember-glow and smoke rings of the little cigarette? For four centuries men have been carrying about with them the pipe, a diminutive and portable hearth, ever responsive with warmth and glow and comfort and the rythmic beauty of smoke. Somehow, at least in England and the United States, both men and women have assumed that smoking is a masculine affair, and fashion alone has drawn the line. But since 1914, when nurses and Y. W. lassies joined Tommy and Doughboy in a smoke, this line has begun to melt away, until the picture of a flapper without her cigarette has become like a portrait of Charles G. Dawes without his pipe. Yet the tobaccorectionist brands as mere sentimental mysticism the idea that the pleasure of smoking is deeply rooted in a racial love of fire and glowing coals and curling smoke. He says that we do not smoke for pleasure at all; but that the habit, once begun, is continued in order to avoid the discomfort and even the pain of going without a drug. He brands the supposed joy as spurious, a hypnoidal resultant of partially paralyzed nerves.

This is the weak spot in the strategy of the reformer. Instead

of admitting the fairly obvious fact that men and women smoke because they like to, he tries to prove that their pleasure is a delusion of mortal mind and that what they are doing is, in reality, to indulge in a camouflaged pain. His emphasis is upon physiological chemistry. His target is a narcotic drug which forms a certain very small percentage of the smoke of burning tobacco. Yet he should begin by reading Pierre Louys, whose story of a visit from Callisto holds the seed of the whole question. Slipping off her elegant burial robes, Callisto curled up in a comfortable chair before the fire and asked: "During the nineteen hundred years of my sleep in the grave, what new joy have you discovered? What new pleasure have you found? Invite me to share it with you . . ."

"We need more time, Callisto," Pierre pleaded.

She smiled in derision. "Your art and thought have both borrowed from us . . . Descartes and Kant borrowed from our Parmenides, Euclid, Archimedes, Aristotle . . . you have discovered nothing that they had not dreamt . . . not even America. Aristotle said that the earth was round and indicated the path that Columbus finally took. But oh! if you had only discovered one new pleasure; only one!"

Pierre could not combat her arguments, so he handed her a cigarette and taught her how to light and smoke it. She held the package in her hand, and smoked another and another still. Callisto, at last, had found a new pleasure!

Once admitted that the fashion of smoking is rooted in a fundamental pleasure sense, and that the custom is a human joy, however wicked, we have a broad point of attack for the enemies of Prince Nicodemon, as they call the monster. Now the world can line up definitely on one side or the other of an ethical question of formidable dimensions. Instead of mere pot shots at personal and social hygiene, public and private economies, individual likes and dislikes in matters of odor or taste; we might have a grand crusade against this latest stronghold of the Devil. For, with Bacchus entombed, or at least supposedly moribund, what more likely candidate for reformatory ire than the power of enticing evil, camouflaged so wistfully by J. M. Barrie as *My Lady Nicotine*?

EARLY AMERICAN DRAMA

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

To date I have tried it on seventeen persons. "In what manner," I have asked each one, "did John Howard Payne launch *Home, Sweet Home* upon the sea of American popularity?" The seventeen have included two college professors, one high school teacher, four poets, one playwright, two musicians, and the remaining have been ordinarily intelligent laymen; and three, three only, have been able to answer that the song was written by Payne for his drama, *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, and that it was in the first production of this piece that it plaintively tremoloed its way into the eager-to-heave bosoms of a century ago.

Home, Sweet Home has survived. But *Clari* had languished among the smelling salts and the pressed rose petals, the sighs and the stays, of the eighteen-hundreds, when yesterday beheld her snatched from the brink of the grave by an enterprising group of players; and resuscitated. Upon the stage of Columbia University's little theatre, sponsored by its Institute of Arts and Sciences, this band of amateurs has been performing *The Maid of Milan* as it was first performed in 1823; here before our Twentieth Century eyes was the innocent village maiden cruelly beguiled, here did the handsome and becomingly stockinged Duke woo, sue, abduct and repent. In pitifully trembling soprano did the Maid soliloquize that roaming 'mid pleasures and palaces had, as one of my young college friends stated, "nothing on" her lowly thatched cottage—this being before she had ably utilized her silken scarf, attaching one end of it to the balcony railing as resourcefully as any bobbed maiden of 1928 might do, and, with an 1823 appeal to heaven for protection, let herself down into the scenery and safety. Here did the Duke cry, "Oh, misery!" and vow to have her back from an aged father who, meanwhile, was spurning her whose ingratitude had, so he averred, broken this heart and bleached this head. And then everybody fainted,

or pleaded on bended knees, or vowed eternal something, or bedewed the scenery with passionate tears; and it was all highly entertaining. But, until the play was over, many of the audience did not awaken to the fact that it was a great deal more. It was, indeed, a significant occasion in American drama.

The significance lies just here. The little group of amateurs, recruited from graduates of the University, directed by Mrs. Estelle H. Davis, of the faculty's English Department, styling themselves "The Columbia Laboratory Players," has been engaged during the past year or so in applying a skilful pulmotor to certain early and forgotten American plays—and with remarkable results. These actors have taken it upon their courageous and determined shoulders to revive the lost past of American drama, thus conceiving and carrying out a work distinctly their own. Both amateurs and professionals have left it for them alone to undertake seriously to produce a series of plays which, when completed, will represent our national drama from its very beginning down to a recent period.

They began with *The Contrast* by Royall Tyler, the first comedy ever written by an American and professionally produced in our country. Godfrey's *The Prince of Parthia* had been its only predecessor on our native stage; that was a tragedy. *The Contrast* was written by a man who had graduated from Harvard, studied law, and served as an aide-de-camp in the Revolution; his background was both varied and national. His comedy was produced at the John Street Theatre in New York on April 16, 1787, thus blazing a trail to be followed by hundreds who had never heard of Tyler or of that pioneer actor, Thomas Wignell, who, in the character of Jonathan, created the stage Yankee for all time. "Dang it all!" cried Jonathan, "I can't speak them lignum vitæ words!" And so, with his tall nose and his greased boots, he entered our tradition.

This piece is the only one of the series which has been produced on a public stage (or, probably, on any stage) in recent years. In 1912 a Vermont pageant revived it, and in 1917 it was given under the auspices of the Philadelphia Drama League. For the rest, these players have in very truth set out with zealous pick and spade and excavated among our catacombs. *The Father* (*of an*

Only Child), indeed, was discovered, yellow and crumbling at the edges, in the University library; since this was not permitted to be taken out, it was typed there on the spot where it still reposes, treasured among the archives.

It was on the evening of April 17, 1926, that the curtain of the McMillin Academic Theatre rose upon the apartment of Charlotte, furnished in fidelity to the post-Revolutionary period. And here let it be stated that, although the troupe disclaims affluence, their zeal in setting and costuming abundantly atones for any shortcomings on the part of their purse. They gladly burn the midnight oil, laboring indefatigably with their own hands to concoct a footstool, blue jerkin, slumber robe, embroidered train, sofa, or native village that shall be true to period and place. What adaptations may have been made of defunct cupboards, portières, negligées, ball gowns and table covers are guarded, eternal secrets, within their circle. Early prints are pondered, histories of costumes ransacked, every available means resorted to that the productions, upon which boastful Broadway might smile, may be as close to truth as they are remote from Broadway "lavishness". The result is always a picture faithfully suggested, at least, even where poverty dictates that one chair must be made to do duty for three.

"And so, Charlotte, you really think the pocket-hoop unbecoming?" asked Letitia.

"Oh, it may be very becoming to visit my grand-mamma, or to go to Quakers' meeting," retorted the audacious coquette; "but to swim in a minuet, with the eyes of fifty well-dressed beaux upon me, to trip it in the Mall, or walk on the Battery, give me the luxurious, jaunty, flowing bell-hoop!"

Thus, with a jesting discussion of woman's dress, opened the first American comedy in 1787—quite as any New York comedy of today might open with repartee concerning the abbreviated skirt, the spike heel and the lipstick. Charlotte's philosophy of life proved as modern as it is ancient: "Man! for whom we dress, walk, dance, talk, lisp, languish and smile!" cried she. "Does not the grave *Spectator* assure us that even our much bepraised diffidence, modesty and blushes are all directed to make ourselves good wives and mothers as fast as we can? Why, I'll undertake

with one flirt of this hoop to bring more beaux to my feet in one week than the grave Maria can do by sighing sentiment till her hair is gray!" And thus, in 1926, opened again that same comedy in this little theatre. Word for word it was given as in the original production of Hallam and Henry, who created, respectively, Dimple and Manly. No curtailing, no modernizing; and so exacting of pace is this troupe's director that, to everyone's astonishment, the piece did not drag. On the other hand, it held an alert audience from Charlotte's first naughty audacities to her final penitence. Colonel Manly assured his sister, "I neither drink nor game"; Jessamy walked upon the Mall, "a fine place for a young fellow to display his person to advantage"; Dimple scornfully described the provincial entertainments of New York, a "hopping to the sound of two or three squeaking fiddles," as torturing to a man who has travelled; and Jonathan thrust his Yankee mannerisms athwart this fashionable scene, all to the delight of that small audience who witnessed this significant beginning of almost two years ago.

Small though it was, its enthusiasm was great. The director and her actors, who had waited in suspense, asking one another, "*Did* we get it over?" drew a long breath and sighed, "We did!" Although a mere handful, reckoned as New York audiences go, had seen *The Contrast*, the impetus which they gave to the movement was enough to assure its continuance. And so, at intervals of months, one by one these plays are being produced, while a growing realization of the movement's value is reaching those interested in our dramatic history.

The Father, like *The Contrast*, deals with the period immediately following the Revolution, and was William Dunlap's first play to be performed, his once famous comedy of manners. Its first night, which was September 7, 1789, at the John Street Theatre, launched him upon a career during which he wrote or adapted over sixty plays. After 1833 it had never been given until the evening of October 22, 1927, when Colonel Campbell, bowed with years, tottered forth upon this little stage; when an Eton bob was concealed beneath the clustering ringlets, and a knowledge of golf, physics and Freud beneath the sighs, simpers and swoons of Caroline; when Mrs. Racket demonstrated that matrimony, even

in the seventeen-hundreds, involved difficulties which we are wont to consider "modern"; when Susannah revived the first stage presentation of the servant problem in America; and when Doctor Tattle satirized the medical profession's omniscience.

William Dunlap, as playwright, manager and historian of the American theatre, was the outstanding figure in our country's early dramatic career. He was a New Jersey boy, born in 1766, and had always haunted the footlights. During the Revolution the British frequently gave their own plays in this country, and Dunlap attended these as often as possible. Later he spent three years in England, studying plays and actors. That this comedy, one of his chief works, should have lain buried for ninety-four years, is a comment on American wastefulness. In rescuing that crumbling yellow copy and setting forth its delectable satire on domestic bliss, on woman's worship of a uniform, on man's weakness where the maid servant has charms, and on the wiseacre's delight in his own loud voice, the Columbia Laboratory Players have done an important work for the American drama. We have outgrown the sentimentality of *The Father* and *The Contrast;* but their humor and wit are alive today. To be sure, their characters tend now and then to become types; the same is true of some of Sheridan's, and, for that matter, of the earlier Shakespeare's. But they are sharply etched. Best of all, through the artificiality of their period, through the manner and form which were, as in all our early literature, entirely English, there is a certain whiff of something native already showing—a scent of the soil, a promise of disclosures to come, once we dig beneath the surface.

James Nelson Barker's *Superstition* followed *The Contrast*, and was given on March 5, 1927, one hundred and three years after its first night at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. Both may be found in Quinn's *Representative American Plays*. In the first production Mrs. Wood played Isabella, who is accused of witchcraft, while Mrs. Duff enacted Mary, the lovely daughter of Ravensworth. It is said that William Wood removed the play from his stage because Mrs. Duff outshone Mrs. Wood. However that may be, it sank into oblivion; F. C. Wemyss, author of *Twenty-six Years of the Life of an Actor Manager*, says: "I have been surprised that no manager ever rescued so good a play."

It is laid in New England in 1675, when the dread of witchcraft was preparing for the climax reached in Salem Village almost a score of years later. At the same time Indian raids thickened the plot of pioneer life, and the two motifs are interlaced through action that is supposed to consume only twenty-four hours—an interesting instance of economy, at any rate. It is written in blank verse which rings pompously today; but, as one of the earliest plays which used our Colonial history as a theme, it holds a keen interest. Its last act—the trial in the church where the bigoted old Puritan who has led forth the villagers to conquer the Indians now turns upon the helpless "witch" who, he believes, has brought every woe upon them—is spectacular, it is melodramatic; thunder and lightning rage, shrieks, groans, swoons and death reign; and yet there is a certain fidelity to a period in which daily life *was* melodrama. The struggle of the Puritan's human instincts against his rack-and-thumbscrew virtue has its impressive aspect:

> Turn then to her,
> Swelling with earth-born vanity, to her
> Who scorns religion, and its meek professors,
> And, to this hour—until compelled—ne'er stood
> Within these holy walls.

And yet at the tragic end we find him "raising his eyes to Heaven but withdrawing them again in utter hopelessness".

Such a piece is no easy task for the handling of amateurs; a safer experiment lies in the path of comedy. In March, 1928, the Columbia Laboratory Players produced *The Forest Rose*, by Samuel Woodworth, which began its career at the Chatham Theatre, New York, October 6, 1825. Although it was well known before the Civil War and for some years thereafter, Woodworth is now remembered for little more than *The Old Oaken Bucket*. *The Forest Rose* is a comedy-melodrama laid in a rural New Jersey village. Perhaps the most entertaining achievement of the troupe has been *Clari;* in which we have a drama involving comedy, melodramatic suspense, and a happy ending, with a number of songs to boot. In fact, it has sometimes been treated as an opera. The score was composed by Henry C. Bishop; attempts to get this proved futile until a photo-

stat copy of it was secured from the Boston Public Library, where the original is preserved.

Although John Howard Payne wrote the play, thus enrolling it upon the native list, its scene is laid in Italy and the air of *Home, Sweet Home* is an old Sicilian tune. It concerns the fortunes of the guileless Clari, who is borne off by the Duke Vivaldi to his palace under false promises of marriage; eventually she returns to her aged father, the Duke repents as all naughty Dukes should do; they marry, and everyone decides to live happy ever after. Humor, both intentional and unintentional, there is aplenty, from the drunken mummer to the aged father who does not know his daughter when she drops a veil over her face. No other piece could throw into such amusing relief the naïveté of that period's plot, sentiment and suspense; and the artistic delight of the whole was that these actors never once slipped over the perilous borderline into burlesque. Where professionals of long experience have recently revived the sentimental drama in caricature, these amateurs have played throughout in the utmost sincerity, letting the humorous contrast of *then* and *now* speak for itself. And, cleverly, they have thus brought it to pass that we should see not only the amusing difference in a gentleman's "rich velvet cloak" or his "light blue jerkin trimmed with silver"; but that we should be faced with the fact that beneath the cloak and the jerkin there was no such great difference after all.

THE FOE OF LIBERTY AND PROGRESS

BY JOHN SPARGO

I

WHETHER considered as a philosophy of social progress, as a politico-economic ideal, or as a practical programme for the advancement of the well being of mankind, Socialism is discredited and obsolete. The impotence of the movement everywhere, and particularly in the United States, where according to its own theories it should be strongest, is not difficult to understand. It is not due to repression. It is not due to the superior political skill or intellectual powers of its natural opponents on the one hand, or to lack of ability, courage or devotion on the part of its advocates. Such factors as these have, at most, only temporary and localized significance, wholly inadequate to explain a universal condition. The real explanation is that the philosophy of the movement and the programme by means of which it would attain its goal are in direct contradiction to the basic and controlling forces of life itself. Socialism is not progressive, but reactionary. Its influence is not calculated to assist the onward march of mankind, but rather to obstruct its progress.

The Marxian theories which constitute the philosophical basis of modern Socialism have been discredited by the evolution of life. Its advocates have attempted to prolong its hold on the minds of the faithful by the ancient device of constantly reinterpreting the Master's teaching and modernizing it. No amount of revision or modernization, however, can overcome the fatal fact that the cardinal principles of the movement are obviously, and even grotesquely, contradicted by the facts of life, thus setting the movement in violent opposition to human experience. Wherever we touch the cycle of Marxian theory this weakness is disclosed.

Fundamental to the whole programme and goal of the Socialist

movement is the theory that the growth of industry results inevitably in the ever increasing misery and degradation of the workers. Against that theory may be set the simple fact that precisely the opposite is true; that where industry has developed most the standard of living is highest and the prosperity of the workers has attained the highest level. This is the simple and unchallengeable truth. We have about one-fourth as many people as China, but we do more than ten times as much work, thanks to our highly developed industrial organization, and our wages and standards of living are proportionately higher than those of the Chinese. There is no other country in the world in which the wage earners live as well as those of America. Nowhere else do wage earners enjoy such comforts and luxuries as those of America can and do enjoy. There is no country in the world where the great mass of the working people earn as much as do those of the United States, enjoy as much leisure, or command the means to live as well as do those of this country. The reason for this condition of affairs is our highly developed industrial organization, our abundant mechanical power, and our large scale production. With few exceptions, the actual labor of the workers is lighter, and performed under better conditions, where machinery is most used and industrial organization is most highly developed.

Similarly, the Marxian theory of the irresistible concentration of wealth in the hands of a constantly diminishing number, pointing inevitably to the rapid attainment of a condition characterized by a small possessing class on the one hand and an enormous propertyless class on the other, finds no support in the actual conditions of life. The countries in which industrialism is least developed come much nearer to that state of affairs than any of the highly developed industrial countries. Farthest from it are those nations in which industrialism has attained the highest development, our own country being the foremost of these. We are farther removed from the condition forecast by Marx than at any time in the history of the nation. Never before was there such a wide and general diffusion of wealth. Never before was so large a part of the wage-earning population represented in the statistics of home ownership, bank savings, insurance, stock and

bond ownership, and other evidences of participation in the annual surplus.

Instead of becoming constantly poorer and more oppressed, the wage earners of America are steadily growing more prosperous and free from oppression. The principal reason for this condition of affairs is the enormous growth of mechanical power, far exceeding anything hitherto known to mankind. Behind every American worker today there is mechanical energy equal to four and one-half horsepower. The whole of human experience warrants the belief that in proportion as the mechanical power behind each human unit in industry is increased, so will the prosperity and well being of the worker himself increase. The simple fact of the matter is that we have outgrown many of the abuses and evils common in the early days of industrialism, abuses and evils which were dependent upon the limitations of that early industrialism and upon lack of experience with mechanical power. When we turn to countries like Russia and China, where with a vast abundance of natural resources and of available labor power standards of living are notoriously low, we find competent and candid students unanimously agreed that substantial betterment can be obtained only through those great features of modern industrialism, ever increasing mechanical power and mass production. And these things can be had only in direct opposition to the spirit and programme of modern Socialism; only through the agencies of men and women who disbelieve the Socialist philosophy and repudiate its programme.

It is one of the most ironical facts in the history of economic thought that Karl Marx regarded himself as the first to comprehend and interpret the relation of machine production to social evolution, a belief shared by his disciples, whereas in truth he wholly misconceived that relation. Indeed, Marx's misconception of the rôle of machinery is the explanation, in large part at any rate, of the grotesque divergence of his imposing generalizations from the facts of social evolution. Always a closet philosopher, knowing little or nothing of industrial life at first hand but only its statistical reflections in books, he never got a glimpse of the great outstanding fact of the flexile nature of the social organization resting on and proceeding from machine production.

The introduction of a machine enabling two or three men to do what had previously been the work of a dozen men signified to Marx simply the displacement of so many workers, resulting in increased competition and unemployment, consequent depression of wages and ever increasing misery. He never perceived that the hardships occasioned by such displacements of labor by machinery—often the result of inexpert management—were temporary; that the new methods with their increased productivity opened up new channels of employment, and instead of irresistibly forcing the workers downward uniformly presented new means of advancement. He never understood the simple truth that industrial expansion through machinery and mass production brought greater flexibility into the economic system, adding greatly to the opportunities open to the workers, lessening human drudgery and increasing the sum of comfort available to the worker and his family.

That machinery ought to bring these results was obvious to Marx, precisely as it had been obvious to his predecessors, including Robert Owen and others toward whom he adopted such a supercilious attitude. He believed, however, that the beneficial results could not be attained within the capitalist system, but only through a social revolution preceded and made inevitable by a prolonged period of constantly increasing suffering and degradation. He saw this as an inexorable and inescapable process, a sort of Fate decreed pilgrimage along a tragic *Via Dolorosa* to a promised paradise.

The tragic experience of Russia under the Bolshevist régime has abundantly demonstrated that social revolution in an industrial society based upon machine production must inevitably defeat its own purpose. By revolution it is possible to seize the powers of government without destroying them, and to proceed at once to use them. In a society in which industrialism is not highly developed, where production is still carried on in small work-shops, largely by hand labor, it is possible for social revolution to take place without serious interference with the productive agencies, much less their destruction. It is quite otherwise in a society where machine industry and mass production prevail. In such a society the occurrence of social revolution of necessity

means the destruction of the highly organized social mechanism. In Russia the terrible experiment in social revolution only superficially affected the life and work of the peasant in the village; it was vastly more serious in its destructive effects in the industrial sphere. Had Russia been more highly developed industrially the consequences would have been proportionately more disastrous.

The more highly developed an industrial society is, the more destructive social revolution necessarily becomes, and the more impossible to possess the essential mechanism of the economic life through revolution. The crude and simple mechanism of the village mill is uninjured by the obstruction which would completely destroy more sensitively balanced machinery. If it were true that the logic of capitalism involved the long process of continually increasing misery and degradation culminating in social revolt by the oppressed millions, that revolt could not bring relief, but only additional misery and degradation. At the end of its *Via Dolorosa* the revolting class would find its entrance to paradise made impossible, the gateway impenetrably blocked by the débris resulting from its own destructive work.

II

The practical programme of Marxian Socialism is equally inconsistent with the actualities of human life and experience. It is that contradiction of and opposition to the logic of life which is the essential characteristic and identifying principle of Socialism. The ideal end desired by the Socialists is not peculiar to them, but is shared by most civilized people. To banish poverty and oppression, to give equal opportunities to all, to abolish strife between individuals, classes and nations, are aims which the Socialist has no right to regard as peculiar to himself. What distinguishes the Socialist programme is not the result aimed at; it is the method to be employed. The essential feature of that method is the replacement of individual or corporate ownership and direction of industry by public ownership and direction through governmental agencies. Public ownership is proclaimed as a universal panacea by Socialists everywhere, notwithstanding the contrary experience of mankind.

If there is anything which may be said with certainty upon this question, it is that truthful and just comparison of the results attained under government ownership where it has been tried with those attained in similar activities elsewhere under private ownership and direction, almost uniformly demonstrates the superiority of the latter method. Private enterprise has universally shown a much greater capacity for adjustment to changing conditions than government ownership has shown. In that capacity, of course, lies the secret of progress. Readiness to abandon old methods and adopt new ones, to scrap perfectly good machinery for no other reason than that better has been invented, to pioneer along new trails, is essential if progress is to be made and industry is to accelerate the evolution of life. That readiness, evidence of a highly sensitized responsiveness to changing conditions, is less common under government ownership than under private ownership; it is supremely characteristic of our American industrialism.

Dependable comparison of the respective merits of public and private ownership has been made difficult by the battle of statisticians which obscures the truth. Government ownership in all its forms affords many opportunities for the concealment of important elements of cost. There is generally room for suspecting that the service governmentally owned and operated is subsidized either directly or indirectly, some part of the true cost being charged to taxation. There is plenty of evidence to prove that, as a rule, where more than very simple industrial processes on a small scale are involved, private ownership is greatly superior to public ownership, costing less and rendering more efficient service.

Where the industrial processes involved in production and distribution are few and simple, government ownership and operation may be successful; but where the opposite condition prevails, and the industrial processes are numerous and complicated, government ownership and operation almost always fail, and invariably prove inferior to private ownership and operation. This is the dilemma upon which the Socialist movement finds itself impaled: the only industrial functions which a tolerable government can efficiently perform over a long period are very simple

ones. When we face the problem of industrial organization as a whole, however, we find that for the most part modern industry involves processes too numerous and too complicated for governmental direction; to bring them under such direction would involve, inevitably, the creation of an intolerable bureaucracy. The enormous expansion of government, from which there could be no escape, would require the employment of an army of officials frightful to contemplate and fatal to the ideal of the democratic government of a free people.

The vast bureaucracy which rests with such crushing weight upon Russian industry is not accidental or the result of something peculiar to Russia. The application of government ownership and management to industry inevitably requires it. Government ownership can be applied to modern industry only through such an enlargement of governmental powers as must effectually destroy the liberties of the people. Moreover, whenever and wherever a great industrial service is brought under government ownership and management it becomes so difficult as to be well nigh impossible to effect the changes in technical processes upon which industrial development depends. It is too difficult to discard existing methods and mechanisms in favor of new ones. Invention is thereby paralyzed. No municipally owned and operated electrical service anywhere in the world is characterized by such energy and ingenuity in finding new means of public service as are shown by the most progressive of our public service corporations.

III

The wide extension of customer ownership, through the sale of the stocks of these public service corporations to their customers, and of employee ownership, through the sale of stock by many industrial concerns to their employees, indicate the lines upon which we are developing a type of industrial organization that is destined to socialize our industrial life without destroying our incentives to progress, or submitting to the crushing burdens of such bureaucratic government as the Socialist programme necessarily involves. We are surely and steadily increasing the diffusion of opportunity and distributing the advantages derivable

from technical improvements in industry among an ever increasing proportion of the population.

In this form of public ownership, rather than government ownership, lies the great hope of America. Upon this basis, combining the advantages of free individual initiative and enterprise with the socialization of the benefits and advantages derived from large scale production, the structure of industrial democracy can be built. Government ownership can never be made the foundation of industrial democracy. No greater calamity could possibly occur than the success of the propaganda having for its aims the government ownership and control of industry. The substitution of government ownership and control for the existing method in any of our great industries, but particularly those manufacturing industries which depend upon electrical power, would arrest that progress in invention, industrial organization and cheapened production by highly paid labor which is the great outstanding fact in American life, and perhaps our chief contribution to civilization.

Furthermore, no great industry can be brought under the permanent control of a government by representation without developing a political bloc actuated by selfish group interest. The process is an inevitable one. The whole personnel, both the officials and employees directly engaged in the industry, and the government officials, big and little, connected with its direction, unite as a political force for mutual aid in the achievement of special advantages. Any candid survey of the subject will show that this has been the universal experience thus far, and there is no reason for believing that our experiences would be different.

Let there be no mistake about this: The hope of America for continued and increasing well being lies in the preservation of those incentives which are inseparable from private property and individual initiative. That is equally the hope of other nations, but we are here concerned only with the problem as it affects our own. The vigorous and growing opposition of organized labor in this country to all schemes of government ownership in industry is one of the most hopeful and encouraging facts in American political life. Nowhere has the Socialist theory of industry been more assiduously or more skillfully promulgated

than inside the labor unions. This fact is made evident by the records of their conventions and the contents of their official journals. And to no social group do the specious arguments for government ownership come with the force of greater plausibility. The organized workers reject the Socialist programme for industry because they fear bureaucracy and stagnation; they are confident that in the greater elasticity of the existing system their opportunities for advancement to higher levels of well being are infinitely greater.

What the Socialist promises and hopes to achieve through the substitution of government ownership and control for existing methods is richer and fuller life for the individual. Through communism of ownership and responsibility he hopes to attain to an enlarged and perfected individualism of enjoyment and achievement. That goal can never be attained by the method proposed. There can be no enlargement of individual enjoyment and achievement as the fruitage of a policy whose essential feature is the destruction of individualism in ownership, initiative and responsibility. Against that abortive fallacy American industrialism sets the profoundly significant fact that private property and the incentives therefrom derived create a great communism of advantage and opportunity, which in turn produces an enlarged and perfected individualism of enjoyment and achievement.

THE COMIC SPIRIT

BY J. LOEWENBERG

THE comparison, essayed here, of George Meredith and Hegel, regarding the Comic Spirit, might at first blush appear of sufficient incongruity to be itself an occasion for merry laughter. First blushes, however, are innocent. And if it be true that he who laughs last laughs best, we had better check the impulse to smile until we discover whether the subject is actually jocose.

George Meredith and Hegel! Can natures more opposite be found to challenge appositeness? The English novelist and the German philosopher moved on such different planes of thought and feeling that a sense of strain cannot easily be removed from the effort to discern what is common between them. None the less the case is strong enough to bear strain. And anyone who cares for the Comic Spirit, and who believes in its beneficence, will do well to endeavor to understand how astonishingly intimate is the affinity, regarding the serious use of the Comic, between the poet and the thinker.

Happily, in the case of Meredith, we are not dependent (as we are more or less in the case of Hegel) upon the actual display of the Comic Spirit in order to appreciate the salubrity of its works. Meredith, in a famous lecture delivered in 1877, formulated his profound conception of the Comic; and those interested in the relation between his theory and the expressions of it in artistic form will find extraordinary fascination in comparing his great novels with the "idea" of Comedy that inspired them. Our concern is with the idea. What is it? Comedy, Meredith tells us, is "the fountain of sound sense". The uses of it consist "in teaching the world to understand what ails it". A clear eyed observer has indeed no difficulty in detecting the source of all the ills from which the world suffers. It is Folly; and Folly is a name compendious enough to cover the multitudes of human sins

and delusions. Hence Folly "is the natural prey of the Comic, known to it in all her transformations, in every disguise; and it is with the springing delight of hawk over heron, hound after fox, that it gives her chase, never fretting, never tiring, sure of having her, allowing her no rest". In quick and intelligent perception of Folly lies, then, the Comic idea, and its use in that vigilant and unscrupulous laughter by which Folly is exposed and not infrequently corrected.

If it is Folly the Comic Spirit feasts upon, it will obviously not die for want of nutriment. The comic observer has but to open his eyes to see omnipresent in human life and character a luxuriant growth of incoherence, contradiction, and absurdity. Of the profusion of material sustaining the Comic, Meredith gives an epitomized account in one sentence. Whenever men wax out of proportion, he says, "overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate"; whenever we see them "self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, planning short-sightedly, plotting dementedly; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually, or in the bulk"—the Comic Spirit "will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter". What a synoptic story of human blindness and perversity! What a *catalogue raisonné* of all that is weak and insensate in our human world!

Comic laughter, however, is not ordinary laughter. The laughter which the Comic Spirit directs is not the laughter of derision, of contempt, of hatred, or disdain. It is laughter of a peculiar sort. It proceeds from the head, and it is at the head that it aims. Meredith likens it to a "harmless wine, conducing to sobriety in the degree that it enlivens". It is radically different from the laughter of satire or irony. The kind of laughter which is silvery is neither pugnacious nor ambiguous, neither churlish nor cynical. The hilarity provoked by satire, irony, humor, or wit is more or less bumptious; it is a form of aggressive animadversion; its roar, whether joyful or defiant, is

too capricious and too reckless to be compatible with kindness, humility, and restraint. Not so the smile inspired by the Comic Spirit. Though playful, it partakes of sobriety; though critical, it is not devoid of sympathy. It is deliberate. It is responsible. It is chastened. It is serious. It begins in insight and it ends in insight.

Is it surprising then that comic laughter is so rare and so unwelcome? People are ready, as Meredith puts it, "to surrender themselves to witty thumps on the back, breast, and sides; all except the head". The laughter which is "thoughtful" is too sane and too solid an art to appeal to the average mind; it presupposes as its fundamental condition a study of the actual world which the average mind has neither the strength nor the will to endure. Genuine comedy reveals the truth too faithfully to be pleasing. It is otherwise with satire, irony, humor, and wit. They contain enough exaggeration, caricature, and paradox to flatter us into thinking that we at least are not enfolded "with the wretched host of the world". The very extravagance with which our foibles are depicted removes the sting by encouraging the thought that we are not so bad as we are painted. This explains why we are often entertained by a caricature of ourselves. What hurts in comedy is its actuality. Its truths are humiliating because we are not suffered to escape the conviction that we *are* as bad as we are painted. We cannot forgive the comic poet for stripping us to the skin and for holding us up to ridicule. We often prefer obloquy to truth, because a harsh judgment rendered from without naturally tends to justify our self-approbation; but against a true perception of ourselves, which is free from censoriousness, we are powerless.

Comedy, as Meredith has it, is "the specific for the poison of delusion"; but how many admit delusion to be poisonous, and how many are in search of the remedy? To ask the question is to answer it. That all of us are wedded to our pet illusions is evident enough; and that we could not be separated from them without a mighty struggle is a truth equally patent. Without chiding us for being deluded, genuine Comedy uncovers with consummate art our inevitable foibles, compelling us to look at them without flinching. It cannot, of course, transform our

natures. Its boon is rather intellectual. It may make us more clear-sighted. In the matter of self-knowledge an Aristophanes may succeed where a Socrates failed. To love Comedy, as Meredith expresses it, "you must know the real world and know men and women well enough not to expect too much of them". This sagacious utterance defines what is requisite before we can rise to the height of comic perception. It is knowledge.

And what sort of knowledge? Meredith's theory of the Comic supplies the answer. The knowledge demanded for comic observation must be disciplined and disinterested. The love of Comedy presupposes a chastened mind possessed of a vivid sense for the actual. The laughter of the intellect is a laughter prompted by an honest study of what transpires in our natural world. The absurd collision of circumstances and the violent opposition of ideas and the irrational antagonism of wills and the wanton rivalry of passions, of which any state of civilization is an epitome, are venerable themes; their modern variations, discernible by us all, have but the appearance of novelty. The comic poet of genius, like Molière or Meredith, knows what ails the world; he also knows the specific for the world's ailments. But this, too, he knows, that Folly is ineradicable; that she is a many-headed monster; that she not only "pretends to empire", but is actually enthroned in most exalted places, demanding and receiving homage from the major portion of mankind. It is the knowledge of the pervasive and insinuating actuality of Folly which inspires and directs the Comic Spirit.

Unvarnished knowledge of the actual world, from which pure Comedy draws inspiration and for the sake of which it induces thoughtful laughter, is not without its tragic side, especially since such knowledge issues in the acknowledgment that Folly is ubiquitous and indestructible. The line that separates Comedy from Tragedy is, indeed, attenuated. The affinity between Comedy and Tragedy is suggested by a "sagacious essayist", quoted by Meredith, "who said that the end of a Comedy would often be the commencement of a Tragedy, were the curtain to rise again on the performers". The affinity, I think, is deeper still. The "performers" in a Comedy are from the very beginning "Tragic Comedians". The *content* of Comedy is as such

indistinguishable from that of Tragedy. A world at the mercy of Folly, as the comic poet perceives it to be, can without difficulty be given a tragic rendering. For to Folly in one form or another must be attributed whatever conduces to hatred and strife, jealousy and treachery, cupidity and cruelty, cowardice and intolerance; and these are the universal threads of which Tragedy and Comedy are equally woven.

The reason why Comedy induces laughter and Tragedy does not is perhaps this: In Tragedy we stand aghast before the momentous events that bring forth their fatal issues without a clear understanding of their ground; in Comedy we see Folly face to face as the source of Life's disasters. She it is who is the real *dramatis persona.* We are more intent upon her than upon the events and issues she produces. Comic perception, being more than impassioned contemplation, penetrates to the very root of tragic conflicts and crises. Comic laughter, therefore, supervenes upon the calm recognition of Folly as the cause of human ills.

Now this is precisely the sort of laughter which resounds in one of Hegel's great works, published in 1807, under the formidable title *Die Phänomenologie des Geistes.* It enjoys the reputation, not unique in philosophic literature, of being shockingly difficult and obscure. A perfect specimen of "speculative obfuscation", to use Meredith's phrase, this book is singularly forbidding; everything about it is unwieldy; subject-matter, style, method, intention, result—all combine to produce the effect of a Gordian knot. Hence the neglect of it; though justifiable, this is to be regretted. For the book is a monumental vindication of the Comic Spirit. How Meredith would have relished the book had he been able to peruse it! The perpetual collision of ideas, with which it is replete, would have shown him that "sensitiveness to the comic laugh" is not incompatible with abstract analysis and ratiocination. As he says, "there are questions, as well as persons, that only the comic can fitly touch". And the Hegelian touch is nothing if not comic.

Unlike Molière's, however, Hegel's laughter is not of "unrivaled politeness". He does not shun the scornful and the brutal forms of it. Nor is he deficient in plain and often puerile joking. He frequently descends to the most outrageous puns.

Nevertheless, the Comic in Hegel is always in the ascendant, though his laughter, even when purely Comic, will not bear comparison with that of Molière or Anatole France. It is rather like that of Aristophanes, the laughter, as Meredith puts it, "without scruple, the laughter of Hercules", its titanic quality being commensurate with the colossal follies that pervade everything human and transient, and for the calm discernment of which Hegel had a peculiar genius.

For Hegel's *Phænomenology* may not inaptly be viewed as the confluence of the major follies of mankind. They are here assembled, as in no other book, in universal array, redolent of actuality, strikingly indigenous. Hardly a variety of human experience is overlooked; types of temperament in perpetual collision are here sounded with singular depth; the old familiar faces—the subtle theorizer and the canny man of action, the worshipper of facts and the tidy rationalist, the austere moralist and the hypersensitive æsthete, the callous cynic and the devout soul, the timid Conservative and the impetuous Radical, the insouciant conformist and the reckless rebel, the sour Puritan and the jocund worldling, the crafty politician and the dusty pedant, the cocksure dogmatist and the chronic doubter, the apathetic stoic and the officious reformer, the effeminate mystic and the blatant Philistine—they are all here, coming under the ever wakeful eye of the Comic Spirit. These types, divergent in the extreme, partake, according to Hegel, of the same absurdities and extravagances, providing inexhaustible material for comic analysis. The "poison of delusion" infects them all: they are all self-deceived because they are all so self-confident.

It is the incorrigible self-assurance, displayed by the advocate of any particular theory or practice, upon which Hegel wields his dialectical scourge. The illusion of perspective, to which every sort of partisanship is apt to condemn us, Hegel discerns as the source of all those fatal collisions of ideas or interests that render human life so everlastingly unstable. And how is this illusion to be dispelled? Hegel finds the specific for it, as does Meredith, in a vision of comic sobriety. This is achieved by a method, commonly called "dialectical", which simply consists in impugning self-assurance by making it logically ridiculous. For the partisan

is too idiosyncratic to perceive his own lack of rationality. The want of congruity with his own intent or profession, from which every partisan ordinarily suffers, the dialectical method aims to render manifest. The logic called dialectical is thus essentially the logic of Comedy. It is a method by which ideas are made to whip themselves, as it were, in the process of exhibiting their internal contradictions.

The discernment of the Comic by Hegel, here barely intimated, shows how true is Meredith's observation that "Philosopher and Comic poet are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life". A comic attitude is rendered necessary by the whole tenor of Hegel's philosophy. This is not the place to show why for Hegel the comic idea has a cosmic sweep, nor why the interpretation he elaborates of our human follies is essentially erroneous. The view that the world is rational just because everything in it is subject to Folly seems to me a desperate *tour de force*. Hegel's comic perception of the world may be heeded without sharing his metaphysical bias that Reason is a symphony of incongruities. Whatever philosophical lesson we draw from the ubiquity of Folly, there is little doubt that Comedy, deeply conceived, is for mortal man the great specific. Meredith does not exaggerate when, in *The Egoist*, he names her "the ultimate civilizer". She it is, he says, "who proposes the correcting of pretentiousness, of inflation, of dulness, and of the vestiges of rawness and grossness to be found among us". By what token shall comic laughter be known? Meredith suggests a simple test: "You may estimate your capacity for Comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them less: and more by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes, and accepting the correction their image of you proposes". Greater test than this there is none. The laughter that saves is the laughter directed at ourselves.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

WAYS AND MEANS OF PEACE

"LET us have Peace!" That is the message of France and America to the world. Nor is it merely a verbal message, recommendation, exhortation. It is made concrete in a treaty between these two Powers which we must regard as marking the most advanced, enlightened and effective step ever taken for the preservation of peace. By felicitous coincidence and contrast this epochal action was taken on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their first joint utterance, which was to the effect, "We shall have war!" For we must remember that there were two treaties made at that earlier date, and while one of them declared for "a firm, inviolable and universal peace" between the signatories,—though without making the slightest provision for its maintenance; wherefore that peace actually lasted scarcely twenty years,—the other and more important one created a military alliance for waging a widespread war. Between the present convention and those earlier ones the difference is greater in character and purport than in time and circumstance. We could not now commit ourselves to peace more completely than we did in 1778. "Firm, inviolable and universal" leaves nothing more to be said. But what we have done is to commit ourselves not merely passively but actively to the maintenance of peace, through pledging ourselves to a sure method of averting war.

We have done that by committing ourselves to the arbitration of international disputes on a scale hitherto unknown to any of the Great Powers. It is gratifying to recall that America was the first to establish the principle of arbitration, even for settling disputes over the title to territory, in the famous Jay Treaty of 1794, and that we gave to that benign process a mighty further impetus in the Treaty of Washington in 1871. But those conventions provided merely for the arbitration of certain specified

matters. It was reserved for later years, even our own time, to see general treaties for the arbitration of controversies that had not yet arisen but which might arise. Even then, however, there was always the reservation from arbitration of matters "affecting the honor or vital interests" of the Nation. That phrase sounded well. But it was what Rufus Choate called a "resounding and glittering generality", which might mean anything or nothing. What makes the present treaty epochal is that it discards that vague expression and limits the reservations to three very specific classes of disputes, concerning the propriety of withholding which from arbitration there can be no difference of opinion. These are: Domestic affairs; cases involving the interests of a third party; and cases implicating the Monroe Doctrine on the one hand or the League of Nations on the other. Moreover, the logical inference is that since these matters are not arbitrable, or justiciable, they should not be regarded as providing cause for war. Thus we may say that the two Nations stand pledged never to resort to war with each other in any case, for any cause; and since America, at least, purposes to make identical treaties with all other Powers that are inclined to do so, we are warranted in thinking this the most hopeful step ever taken for the outlawing of war through providing effective ways and means for the preservation of peace.

It will not escape attention, by the way, that in this treaty the Monroe Doctrine receives such international sanction as it has not had before. It is in fact recognized as equal in validity to the Covenant of the League of Nations; France conceding that our regard for it is to be respected equally with her own obligations to the League. This, we believe, will meet with general approval among the Powers, so that others will be ready to give the Doctrine similar recognition. We find, for example, *The Spectator* of London, saying:

> It seems to us that every peace-loving European must earnestly desire that the Monroe Doctrine should be retained intact, though there is plenty of room for remedying the grievances and disabilities of the Central and Southern Republics. Nobody in the Old World wants to challenge the Monroe Doctrine. It is a tremendous convenience. It rules half the world out of the field of strife.

Precisely. And if the League of Nations will do the same for its half of the world, we shall indeed have peace.

THE SENATORIAL RAKE'S PROGRESS

The Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that—

> The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are preserved to the States respectively or to the people.

A little while ago the Senate arrogated to itself one of the fundamental rights of the States, by dictating who should or who should not be elected by the States as their representatives in that body. Since then it has gone a step further by assuming to instruct and admonish the people as to whom they should or should not elect as President. That was logical, of course. If the Senate does not respect the rights of the States, there is no better reason why it should respect the rights of the people. But we cannot help wondering, with what Mr. Kipling would call a holy, chastened curiosity, what the Senate would say and do if the President should issue a proclamation warning the people that they should not elect such or such men as Senators!

OUR "CARIBBEAN POLICY"

That the United States should have a so-called "Caribbean policy" for the safeguarding of its rights and interests in what has felicitously been called the American Mediterranean seems to be regarded by some as a new, sensational and temerarious development. To such we would recommend the reading of an elementary history. We seem to recall that Lewis Cass, in Buchanan's Administration, enunciated a pretty vigorous Caribbean policy; that Seward in Grant's time renewed and emphasized it; that Grover Cleveland declared it in tones that made the whole world "sit up and take notice" in the case of Venezuela; that McKinley upheld it in respect to Cuba; that Roosevelt continued the good work in Panama and Santo Domingo; that Wilson did the same in Hayti; and that President Coolidge has merely followed those precedents in Nicaragua. Moreover it would be easy to trace

that policy back to John Quincy Adams and to Thomas Jefferson. It is to be observed, too, that save for our purchase of the Virgin Isles at the wish of their inhabitants, and our lawful annexation of Porto Rico as the result of war, the invariable effect of our assertions and enforcements of that policy has been to protect and to confirm the independence and to promote the prosperity and stability of the States fronting upon that sea. Wherefore those who have a taste for conjuring up new and fearsome spectres, ogres and ghouls would better look elsewhither than to our long established, consistent and benevolent "Caribbean policy".

TAINTED MONEY IN HIGH MORALITY

The Anti-Saloon League is understood to have accepted a gift of half a million dollars to its campaign funds from a source redolent of most unsavory personal morals; given, too, not for any personal sympathy with the principles of the League, but simply in the expectation that it will prove a good business investment. Without being cynical or even captious, it is difficult to free the League from a perplexing dilemma. If the League is a high moral and spiritual agency, it is accepting badly tainted money for its pure and pious work. Or if it is not a moral but a political organization, then its use of this large contribution should be strictly accounted for, as are the campaign funds of other parties. One or the other conclusion is inescapable.

"A FORTUITOUS BLATHERSKITE"

Sir Hugh Denison, the Australian Commissioner, calls Mayor Dogberry of Chicago "a fortuitous blatherskite"; adding: "I must warn you not to take him too seriously." But is he not himself a trifle too serious, in devoting two so formidable and resounding polysyllables to such a subject?

> Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
> Old gentlefolks are they,—
> Thou say'st an undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way.

There was, it is true, the precedent set by a philosopher when he retorted upon an abusive fishwife by calling her a parallelo-

pipedon. But we can hardly hope for equal effectiveness from Sir Hugh's epigram; for the sage's word silenced the virago and reduced her to tears, while to talk of silencing "Big Bill" would be a contradiction in terms.

THE FORTUNATE SAORSTÁT

President Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State, created a most agreeable and favorable impression in America, wherever he went; save perhaps upon a few Irreconcilables, who would not have been pleased no matter what he might have said. Perhaps the best of all was his declaration, often repeated with convincing earnestness, that "the Saorstát is as free as Canada", accompanied with expressions of entire confidence in the political, industrial and social future of that State. All this, Americans readily believed, not merely because they wish it to be true but also because from correlated sources of information they know it to be true. Trade statistics of the Free State last year showed a pronounced and healthy increase, with a considerable reduction of the adverse balance. It is to be observed that the increase in exports is chiefly in agricultural, dairy and poultry products. There has doubtless been also an increase in manufactured articles, but this has been absorbed by the domestic demand; a circumstance not at all to be regretted, since it indicates the increased purchasing ability of the people and the consequent rise in their standard of life. Whether indeed the Free State will ever become a great exporter of manufactures may be open to doubt. A century or more ago it could and should have been an immensely prosperous scene of cottage industries, but to develop the factory system on a large scale would be another matter, for which the State may not be found to be well suited. It is not known to have any important coal deposits, and some high authorities seriously discount hopes of developing much hydro-electric power from the Shannon River. However that may be, it is possible that a pastoral and agricultural prosperity may be attained even greater than that which could be bestowed by manufacturing industries. Certainly Americans were glad to recognize in Mr. Cosgrave the optimistic and confident chief of a prosperous and progressive Commonwealth.

SOCIALISTS REPUDIATING MARX

The very noteworthy article in this issue of this REVIEW, by Mr. Spargo, condemning government ownership of utilities and industries as the "foe of liberty and progress", is precisely in line with an official utterance of the highest importance in the German Reich. The paramount question there, after the abolition of monarchy, was the extent to which the new Government would adopt the Marxian programme, of which Government Ownership is the Alpha and Omega. To determine that the Constituent Assembly in 1919 appointed a Committee on Socialization, which was dominated by pronounced and authentic Socialists. This committee, after thorough investigation and long consideration, in its report substantially repudiated Marx. It declared that with the exception of railroads, the mails, telegraphs, etc., State ownership and operation of utilities and industries would be more expensive and less efficient than that by private corporations. Mines especially were declared to be unsuited to Government ownership, and it was urged that all mines now in possession of the State should be sold to private owners and operators. And this report was favorably received and practically adopted by the Government. Thus Soviet Russia is left alone in its adherence to Marxism, and there are unmistakable indications that even it is beginning to repudiate it, to let it go the way of other vagaries which have vainly aspired to revolutionize humanity by denying human nature.

THE ATHENÆUM: CENTENARIAN

Remembrance of the origin of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as an outgrowth of the old Athenæum Club has always caused us to feel a sort of sympathetic link with the much younger but still venerable and certainly distinguished London periodical of opinion and criticism which has just completed its one hundredth year. For the major part of that time it was known as *The Athenæum*, but in recent years, because of a merger with another and similar publication, it has borne the name of *The Nation and Athenæum*. It is of course of the original publication that the centenary has just been commemorated. That journal

during three generations of what we might call the Dilke Dynasty maintained a splendid standard of integrity and scholarly authority in literary and other criticism, though it avoided the fatal identification of weightiness with heaviness by turning "from grave to gay" and printing the whimsical vivacities of Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and similar writers. It is gratifying to know that despite its change of name it has not changed its spirit but retains the scholarly and ethical standards which long ago made it famous.

THE INTERNATIONAL FREE PRESS

It was not surprising that the Mexican delegation at the Pan-American Congress moved for a censorship of the press such as would protect international relations and the good name of States against the publication of "false, misleading or exaggerated reports", nor can we avoid a certain sympathy with its demand, in view of the monstrous injustice that was recently done to that country in the public prints. Nevertheless we must hold that the cure for such evils is moral and educational rather than legal. Dr. Orestes Ferrara well said in opposing the motion that "all the evils of the press that may result from its liberty will be cured by that very liberty". It may be appropriate to remember, too, that the press of the United States, against a licentious portion of which the Mexican proposal was particularly directed, is by no means the only or the worst sinner. The Mexican press has not been void of similar offences, while that of some important European countries in reviling America during the Spanish War of 1898 reached an unrivalled depth of turpitude. The provocative factor in the case is to be found, doubtless, in the comparative immunity from prosecution for libel which is enjoyed by those making attacks, however atrocious, upon foreign peoples and their governments, and also in the applause which such brutalities invariably elicit from a certain unthinking element of the public, which seems to be actuated by the spirit of the navvy who, when his companion pointed out a bystander with the remark "'E looks like a furriner," responded, "Let's 'eave a 'arf brick at 'im!" The need of press and public in all lands is to apply the Golden Rule to utterances about their international neighbors.

THE ALASKA PANHANDLE AGAIN

The revival of the Canadian desire—it cannot be regarded as amounting to a demand—for an outlet to the Pacific across the upper part of the Alaska panhandle is not surprising, though we must consider it quite futile, save as such passage of traffic may be permitted over American territory by courtesy of the American Government. Our title to an unbroken strip of the coast from the famous Fifty-four Forty northward has been too long established and recognized to be again called into question; nor is it conceivable that the Congress would consent to the alienation of even the narrowest corridor across it. Doubtless it is a hardship to Canada to be compelled to bring traffic from the Far Northwest all the way down to Vancouver to reach the sea. But we should doubt if it was, after all, as great a hardship as it is for America to have a stretch of Canadian territory intervening between the United States and Alaska, so that we are compelled to make a detour upon the high seas in order to reach an important part of our own domain upon this continent. Since we are perforce content with the latter conditions, Canada will doubtless be able to adapt herself to those which at times she finds a little inconvenient.

A POLITICIAN AMONG ARTISTS

Lord Chesterfield was accounted by *Ursa Major* to be not a lord among wits but merely a wit among lords. So Vicente Blasco Ibañez may be regarded not so much as a literary artist among politicians as a politician among literary artists. Of his sometimes extraordinary graphic and dramatic power there can be no question, but in even his greatest works we are never able to escape the feeling that he was writing primarily as a political propagandist and agitator. His place in modern Spanish literature is secure, however, as also in the literature of the world. If he failed in his ambition to rival Balzac with another *Comédie Humaine*, and fell short of the colossal genius of Victor Hugo, he at least is entitled to rank in the same category with those masters. Perhaps his nearest analogue was Emile Zola, whose "naturalism" he paralleled, and whose vibrant "*J'accuse!*" he rivalled with Catonian iteration of "Alfonso must go!" It was

the irony of his career, however, that he died when the forces which he hated and against which he strove were most triumphant, so that to the general mind he seemed to have failed as a political leader and to have achieved his only real success as a writer of romance.

THE CENTENARY OF A SEER

"The nations' airy navies" were a poet's vision; but the *Nautilus* was the conception of an essentially scientific mind. Fortuitous though it was, Tennyson's forecast was extraordinary, and richly merits the innumerable citations and tributes which it has received in the last score of years. Now it is fitting that at least equal honor shall be rendered to the prophetic romance of Jules Verne. In fact, he is in a most practical sense entitled to by far the greater credit. His forecast of submarine navigation was not confined to half a dozen lines of imaginative verse, but filled the pages of a substantial volume written with unsurpassed fascination of inventive romance and yet with the measured detail and precision of a mathematical treatise; a dual character which ran through practically all of his writings and thus gave him the stamp of unique genius. We may not certainly know whether his book was meant to be prophetic, but whether intentional or not, we must reckon his story of the submarine to be certainly one of the most remarkable forecasts in all the range of the world's literature.

OXFORD AND ASQUITH

With the fatuity of the superficial, some lamented the untimely death of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith as "the passing of the last of the great Victorians", though of course it was nothing of the sort; seeing that several British statesmen survived who were both older and more eminent than he, and much more characteristically "Victorian"—whatever that may mean. But Mr. Asquith, as he was known through nearly all of his career, was assuredly a statesman of the foremost contemporary rank, abundantly worthy of a place in the illustrious roll of British Prime Ministers. Indeed, he merited, in character and capacity, a more fortunate lot than that which befell him in the last dozen

years of his life. He will be remembered as the victim of undeserved circumstances and factional intrigues, which he was not able to overcome but which at least he confronted with the courageous serenity of a gentleman and patriot "without fear and without reproach". Had he been of less fine ethical fibre he might have met plot with successful counterplot; but that was not a part of his scheme of life. Had he been vindictive or resentful, he might have drawn grim and tragic satisfaction from the fact that his deposition from its leadership marked the decline if not the fall of the once great Liberal party. Such sentiments were alien to his generous mind; and it is probable that his chief regret was for his party rather than for himself. It must have been a poignant reflection that the two lives, of his preceptor and elder colleague, Gladstone, and himself, spanned what may prove to have been the whole history of that famous organization. Perhaps we may now interpret the cryptic phrase with which he ended his memoirs, commenting upon the present and the future of British politics: "We shall see!"

OUR OWN BUSINESS

It is regrettable that there should have been so sharp divisions of opinion on certain subjects at Havana, but we cannot regret the stand which was taken upon them by the United States, and which was happily supported by the great majority of members of the Pan-American Union. Even the Covenant of the League of Nations exempts from international jurisdiction the purely domestic affairs of States, though it apparently invests aliens with the power to say what those are and what they are not in any Nation. It must be regarded as extraordinary that any serious statesman, and even more that any government, should dispute the right of a country to determine the conditions upon which foreign commerce shall be permitted to enter its markets, and foreign nationals shall be received as residents within its borders and as members of its citizenry. It has long been a reproach to the Great Powers that they have arbitrarily imposed upon China a tariff system selfishly devised for their own rather than for China's benefit, and it is inconceivable that the nations generally

should countenance such imposition upon themselves. Our new treaty with France explicitly withholds domestic affairs from arbitration, and there can be no question that both signatories regard tariff and immigration laws as belonging to that class.

HAIG OF THE POPPIES

Lord Haig was a great soldier, a great patriot, and a great man. Among all his comrades in arms none more perfectly exemplified the ideal warrior, tender to his followers, terrible to his foes, and subject to no law save that of duty. Before the World War he had won distinction in many arduous labors. In that titanic conflict he acquitted himself with singular modesty, discretion and valor, making Mons, Ypres and many other names immortal synonyms of "what long enduring hearts could do". After the return of that peace which he had so largely aided to achieve, it was his supreme distinction that instead of seeking political preferment on the one hand, the path to which was open to him, or on the other enjoying his honors and emoluments in inglorious ease, he chose a life of incessant and often sorely taxing toil in behalf of the brave men, the privates in the ranks, whom he had led through danger and often to wounds and disability and the shadow of death. It was he who conceived the beautiful idea of making silken emblems of the poppies of Flanders fields, to be at once the tokens of pious remembrance and gratitude and the practical means of substantial succor and comfort to the survivors of the war; and those flowers, million-fold familiar to all the world, will be, though the most fragile, by no means the least enduring of his memorials.

INTERNATIONAL LAW NATIONAL

It was of gratifying interest to observe one of the oldest of American principles concerning international law conspicuously embodied in the report submitted by Mr. Mauritua, of Peru, to the Pan-American Conference at Havana. That report recommended a declaration to the effect that—

> International law is at one and the same time both national and international —national in the sense that it is the law of the land and applicable as such to the decision of all questions involving its principles.

That salutary principle was embodied in the Constitution of the United States, for probably the first time in any such instrument, to the effect that all treaties made by the Federal Government should be the supreme law of the land. Going even further than the technical letter of the Constitution, to its obvious spirit, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, John Jay, in charging a Federal Grand Jury at Richmond, Virginia, in 1793, said:

> The laws of nations make part of the laws of this and of every other civilized nation. They consist of those rules for regulating the conduct of nations toward each other which, resulting from right reason, receive their obligations from that principle and from general assent and practice. To this head also belong those rules of laws which, by agreement, become established between nations.

Referring to the practice following this memorable enunciation of Jay's, Sir Henry Maine declared that "international has precedence of both Federal and municipal law, unless in the exceptional case when Federal law has deliberately departed from it," and added that this was a "distinctively American doctrine". It is a doctrine in which America is entitled to take much pride, and which all the Republics of the Pan-American Union might well formally adopt.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"HERE'S another orator who says that the Radicals are destroying the very fabric of our nation," said the Deacon, dropping his paper to the floor.

"Well, they're trying to, aren't they?" I asked.

"How can I tell, when I don't know who's a Radical and who ain't?" he answered. "As far as I can figger it, a Radical is anyone whose opinions differ radically from somebody else's. It's a relative term. To a fellow without any ideas a man who's got one idea is a Radical, as I see it. My grandpa could remember the time around here when a man who wanted to graft a fruit tree was not only radical but indecent. And my father told me about the first young dude who showed up in our village with pants that didn't button at the sides. They drove him out of town."

"But, Deacon," I protested, "you know what the newspaper means by *Radicals*. You're begging the question."

"No, I ain't," contradicted the Deacon. "I s'pose it means a bunch of folks who differ most radically from the majority vote. But I've been havin' the dickens's own time of it, lately, tryin' to find out who they are."

I saw from the way he was filling his pipe that he meant to argue, and I groped in my mind for a definition. "Well," I said, "there are Radicals in religion, and in politics, and in social theory, of course, and in other fields of human plan and practice. I suppose a real Radical is the fellow whose way of thinking leads him to disagree with the stabilized majority in almost every field."

"Good enough!" agreed the Deacon cheerfully; "and now who are they? In religion Ma says I'm too radical, and that I'm holdin' with these Modernists who can't even begin to say the creed and haven't enough beliefs left to cover their nakedness. She holds with old-fashioned religion, she says. But I guess some

of her own ancestors were among the Modernists in Massachusetts Bay Colony who wanted to kick out the clergy. She even forgets that a whopping big lot of 'em got radical enough back in the early Nineteenth Century to deny the divinity of Christ, and they've stayed that radical ever since all through New England. But most of 'em are so conservative in their politics they kept on votin' for Bill Taft after he stopped runnin'.

"No, siree! Radicalism in religion is terrible old-fashioned. There's a lot of conservative old folks down on the Connecticut shore whose grand-dads used to run through the streets naked just to show their disapproval of all accepted forms, and then they'd go to church and yell until they were arrested. But I bet they read *The Transcript*, or whatever corresponded to it then."

"Oh, well," I said, "it isn't considered really radical to have new ideas in religion."

"How about politics, then?" persisted the Deacon. "The most radical speech you ever hear nowadays can't hold a candle to some of the stuff Sam Adams wrote, and they went and put some of it into the constitution of Massachusetts. It would startle you to read it."

With a cautious glance toward Ma, the Deacon spat into the fireplace.

"When I was with some of the neighbors down at the store the other day, I asks all of a sudden, 'What's a Radical?' 'A Red Russian,' says Si Pease, quick as a wink; and everybody else nodded. 'What's a Conservative?' says I. Eb Hicks was the one to answer that, an' he was slower about it. 'A member of a Rotary Club,' says he, 'who boasts he's one hundred per cent. American.' I was mighty glad he said that. 'Then,' says I, 'what are you goin' to do with a member of a Soviet who says he's a hundred per cent. Russian? Russia for the Russians, is his slogan; down with foreign clothes and foreign food and foreign music and art. The only foreign things he accepts are foreign books, and what he reads most are O. Henry and Mark Twain. They've crowded Gorky and Tolstoi to the wall.

"See where I'm gettin' to?" asked the Deacon, eyeing me solemnly. "The Bolshevik in Russia is as Conservative as the Rotarian in America; but put a Bolshevik in America and a

Rotarian in Russia and let 'em yell 'Russia for the Americans!' and 'America for the Russians!' and that makes Radicals out of 'em. A Radical is only a Conservative in the wrong pew."

"When I hear the word 'Radical'," I argued, "it does not mean politics or religion so much as social structure. To my mind a Radical favors extreme feminism, or companionate marriage, or equal distribution of wealth, or some other crazy experiment in daily living."

"You've mentioned a lot of good old conservative ideas," replied the Deacon. "There's been a lot of hard-headed Americans who tried the communizing of property, beginning with the Pilgrim Fathers; and I've heard of some highly representative citizens reggerly voting the Republican ticket, who are the sons and grandsons of communized wives. Any outsider who invaded one of those communities while the experiment was in full swing, and who tried to have land of his own or a wife of his own, was a dangerous Radical. And speakin' of feminism carried to the *n*th power,"—here the Deacon looked particularly pleased with himself,—"I've been readin' up on the Indians. Now if there's any real hidebound Conservative, it's an Indian. But they tell me that in those pueblos in the southwest the women own the houses and the land and the children, and for the past few hundred years the men of the tribe haven't owned a thing but a communal claim on a clubhouse. I suppose if a he-Indian wanted to carry a bank account in his own name they'd throw him out as a dangerous Radical."

"I think I can see a definition," I said to the Deacon. "A Russian Communist is a Conservative when he's among his fellow Communists; but he is a Radical if he comes to America and tries to establish Russian Communism here. He lifts a whole programme out of its natural environment and tries to apply it all at once among a people whose social experiments may not be progressing in that direction."

"That's just my idea," agreed the Deacon. "He's a real Radical; but I get kind of bored at hearing the orators call him a dangerous one. He's got too much of a handicap to be dangerous. He's tryin' to fight solidly established ideas with other ideas that haven't even got a toe-hold. If he tries to fight ideas

with bombs it ain't because he's a Radical but because he's a darn fool. Ideas never were licked by bombs. But the hidebound orator builds him up into a menace in order to scare a lot of other hidebound folks away from any new ideas at all."

"But do you claim, then," I persisted, "that there aren't any such things as dangerous Radicals who ought to be deported?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the Deacon impatiently; "you can't argue very well about a phrase like that. It has set so long it has jelled. A man can be dangerous because he's a liar or a thief, or because he's armed and crazy, and he might be all the time as conservative as President Coolidge. Or he might happen to be radical. I'd want to shut him up or send him away only because he was dangerous.

"I'm by nature a kind of a Conservative," admitted the Deacon. "But I ain't afraid of ideas. The most dangerous thing about ideas," he added, as he began to clean his pipe, "is that they worry folks who haven't got any. And they make some folks talk so much it keeps me awake."

* * * * *

By an odd coincidence, just after the foregoing interview with the Deacon, a telephone inquiry was received by this department editor urging him to ascertain the Deacon's opinion upon companionate marriage. Since he had in fact mentioned the topic in passing, I took occasion to bring it up by letter, as I should probably not see the Deacon again in person for about a month. He writes:

Glad to discuss that matter with you on your next visit. I don't really know anything about it, but I never yet found that any detriment to discussion. Look it up yourself and give me a definition, if there is any such, when next you come. I've got an idea, from stuff in the papers, that it's a scheme for legalizing early separation by mutual agreement without the need for filing charges and going through a lot of legal rigamarole to untie the knot. Judge Lindsay says it brings about openly and decently what now is done by trickery or criminality. There's a lot in what he says. Why stop with the marriage tie? There are a lot of other human ties that can get to be durned uncomfortable. I'm a sort of guardeen of a half-grown grandchild who has gotten mighty sick of his grandpa. I bet he's ready to advocate companionate grandparentage. He knows that in a final emergency he can get rid of me

with arsenic or a hammer; but he thinks it might be less embarrassing, and tidier, to do it by mutual agreement.

Seems to me I've read that the idea includes doing away with the preliminary ceremony. Folks just begin living together by agreement and quit by mutual consent. Lots of folks have been doing that for a long time, of course. In fact it's so easy to do it, you'd think more folks would. There must be an increasing number of people who feel that they wouldn't violate any moral law, so long as the only two folks involved in such a scheme were faithful to each other while it lasted.

I suspect that the only thing that keeps such reasoners from practising unlegalized marriage is fear—fear of losing community respect. Perhaps its advocates urge that you've got to educate the community up to the idea. But I guess it's almost a human instinct to respect those folks who can subject themselves to discipline and play a game according to rule; and to disrespect these who hate discipline and want to abolish the rules.

Marriage, I figger it, is a sort of discipline. You go into the game in the first place because you choose to; then you play it; and playing it means the exercise of a certain amount of self-denial by each player. Nine-tenths of the divorces are due to the fact that one or both of the parties to the agreement couldn't keep on being unselfish. Judge Lindsay argues, I take it, that since an increasing number of folks can't play the game according to rules, we'd better get rid of the rules. It fits in with the theory that since an increasing number of children don't like the multiplication tables we'd better get rid of the tables. And since an increasing number of folks take what don't belong to 'em, we'd better abolish property. The idea don't make me mad; it interests me. But I kinder feel as if it wouldn't get us any further along. But I surely have written you a lot on something I know mighty little about.

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

Those who today regret the passing of good old customs may be reminded that such has been the perennial complaint of mankind, as witness the words of the distinguished litterateur RICHARD HENRY DANA *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1817:*

Old things are passed away; all things are become new. Not only those customs, which now and then met us in our dull travel over the road of life, are gone; even the seasons seem changing. We no longer gather flowers in May; and our very last new year's morning, instead of rising upon the crusted snow, and fields glittering with ice, spread itself with a sleepy dankness over the naked earth. . . .

Amidst this neglect and decay of old customs, and characters, when every thing is brought to a wearisome level, when all is varnish and polish, so that even the roughness upon the plum, (to use the modern cant,) is vulgar and disgusting, when the utterance of strong feeling is ill breeding, and dissimulation, wisdom; it is well for the world that there are beings not mindless of the past; who live with ages long gone by, and look upon the characters of the present time as trifling and artificial; who bring back, and keep alive amongst us, something of the wild and unpruned beauties of the earth, the ardent and spontaneous movements of man; so that the forest and rock, the grass-plot, and field-flower, are yet about us; and some few walking in the midst, who are mighty and awing, kind and like a child. . . .

This is an exhaustless theme; but I have talked long enough, perhaps too long; for to many it may all seem childish conceit, or the strange imaginings of a tired spirit, impatient of reality. But he, of wide and deep thought, will not so look upon it, nor hold this view of things false because it is sad. Now that every thing rude and irregular is cut down, and all that remains is trimmed up and made to look set and orderly, he will not forget how much there was of exquisite beauty, of loftiness and strength in the one; how tame and unsatisfying is the other. Though there was a deep and subduing tenderness, an ardour and sway of passion in the men of former days, sometimes uncontrolled and not always aimed aright; yet he will see, that with little of softness, man is still weak, and without the extravagance of feeling, still erring. The absence of passion is not always reason, nor coldness, judgment.

SAMUEL GILMAN, *poet and preacher, drew a comparison of* SPENSER *with* SHAKESPEARE *in an essay on* The Faery Queene *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1817:*

In some respects Spenser is superiour to Shakespeare. He wields the rod of enchantment with a more soothing and insinuating effect—and he throws on the colourings of his description a brighter flood of light, as well as a softer body of shade. It is true he has a smaller number of brilliant passages; but then he redeems this comparative defect by a much less abundance of trash. He wrote at leisure, and deliberately waited for inspiration; Shakespeare scribbled against time—chased the muse—won gloriously indeed—but sometimes abused her! The stanza of Spenser was too precious an encasement for nonsense; whilst the colloquial structure of Shakespeare's *material* admitted the baseness along with the richness of sentiment. . . .

The Faery Queene is a repository of all the minor beauties of poetry. Unbounded variety in its descriptions—exact fidelity in its copies of nature—inimitable playfulness in its sallies of fancy—irresistible severity in its satire—a ravishing transport in its flights of passion—an unsparing copiousness, fertility, and richness of imagery—in short, there is not a flower of Parnassus, which is not to be gathered there.

Some strange scientific speculations of the famous Royal Society two hundred and fifty years ago were recalled by JARED SPARKS *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1817:*

We can hardly realize at this time, that no more than one hundred and fifty years ago men of learning and eminence seriously anticipated the time, when journeys would be made to the moon with as much ease as a voyage across the Atlantick; when it would be as common a thing to buy a pair of wings to fly into a remote country, as to buy a pair of boots to go a long journey; when sympathetick conveyances would be carried on at the distance of the Indies with as much certainty, as by a literary correspondence; and when the grey hairs and exhausted strength of age would be restored to the beauty and vigour of youth by a simple medical process. Yet these speculations were actually advanced, with a great deal of gravity and confidence, by Glanville, one of the staunchest advocates for the Society, and its ablest defender against the wit and virulence of Stubbe, and the angry stormings of the irritable peripatetick of Chew.

The following are some of the curious queries, which the Society sent to Sir Philliberts Vernatti, who resided in Batavia, requesting him to answer them according to the best information he could obtain.

"Whether diamonds and other precious stones grow again, after three or four years, in the same place where they have been digged out?

"Whether there be a hill in Sumatra, which burneth continually, and a fountain which runneth pure balsam?

"Whether in the island of Sambrero there be found a vegetable, which grows up to a tree, shrinks down, when one offers to pluck it up, into the ground, and would quite shrink, unless held very hard? And whether the same, being forcibly plucked up, hath a worm for its root, diminishing more and more, according as the tree groweth in greatness; and as soon as the worm is wholly turned into the tree, rooting in the ground, and so growing great? And whether the same plucked up young, turns, by that time it is dry, into a hard stone, much like to coral?

"What ground there is for that relation, concerning horns taking root and growing about Goa?"

The proverbial vagaries of the weather on St. Patrick's Day were manifest in 1815, on March 17 of which year there was a spectacle described by PROFESSOR CLEVELAND, *of Bowdoin College, in the following (May) number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

March 17, about ten o'clock A.M., there was a most brilliant exhibition of haloes and parhelia in the vicinity of the Sun. The number of haloes, or circles and arcs of circles, was nine: and the number of parhelia or mock suns five. As it is hardly possible to give an accurate description of the phenomenon without the assistance of a figure, I shall barely remark that, among the haloes, the most beautiful was a very distinct white circle, passing through the sun's disc, parallel to the horizon, about ninety degrees in diameter, and having the zenith at its center. In this circle were four parhelia or mock suns; two of them being by estimation forty-five degrees distant from the sun, and near to the points where the white circle intersected an irised halo, passing round the sun; and the other two at ninety degrees from those just mentioned. The two former were irised; the two latter perfectly white. The morning of this day was cloudless, with the wind blowing from northwest; but during the phenomenon the vapor in the air was condensed with unusual rapidity in the south. About thirty minutes after ten o'clock the southern part of the haloes was obscured by the actual formation of clouds; and about two o'clock P.M. snow began to descend very copiously with a southeast wind.

The eminent jurist WILLARD PHILLIPS *gave in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1817, an interesting account of the prelude to Brazilian independence:*

The provinces of South America were no doubt reminded, by our revolution and subsequent national importance, that they were but colonies, though they might be independent and powerful States; yet the Pernambucans, with the other inhabitants of Brazil, lived on in contented and inglorious loyalty,

till Bonaparte drove their sovereign from his European capital. The news of the prince's voyage having preceded him, the Governour of Pernambuco fitted out a vessel laden with provisions, to meet the royal fleet, and the people testified their loyalty and joy by voluntary contributions of all sorts of delicate refreshments, with which to welcome their sovereign. On his arrival and establishment at Rio Janeiro, they thought that the era of the glory and happiness of the Brazilians had commenced. These hopes were disappointed, as was to be expected, but the disappointment was not sudden, and produced little sensation among the people. They anticipated some great and glorious good, they hardly defined to themselves what, which, when they failed to realize, they felt rather the regret of parting with a pleasing illusion, than resentment at having sustained a serious wrong. They have never, like us, been in the habit of conning over their grievances till they had learned them by rote, or reiterating remonstrances and demanding redresses, with respectful, but bold and persevering importunity. But though they were not versed in the arts of resisting and controlling the administration of government, and had not made a multitude of political maxims a part of their habitual system of acting and thinking, still they were not regardless of the affairs of government, or unconscious that they had personal rights and interests.

SIDNEY WILLARD, *Harvard's Librarian and Professor of Ancient Languages, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1817, took* NOAH WEBSTER *severely to task for his autocratic tone in philology:*

He seems everywhere to consider himself the great schoolmaster in his art, under whom there are no deserving pupils; and he goes about the forms feruling and filliping the dunces, and calling blockhead, as familiarly as *Busby*. Now he puts Johnson in the corner, and anon Harris receives a box in the ear, and Horne Took is most ungratefully kicked out of doors. . . .

We are by no means disposed to deny him the praise of learning; and, to a certain degree, of useful learning; but we cannot allow that he has a lawful claim to be considered as the *sole dictator* in the use of speech. Does he claim any thing less? and does he not claim this without reserve? He seems never even to suspect that he has any competitor in his province; it is he alone of the *most learned*, if we interpret his language rightly, (and we should like to make it mean less, if possible,) who has escaped from the thraldom of narrow prejudices; who knows, from his *extensive researches*, the errours of the *most learned*, and who discovers every thing that is discovered on this subject, which is *new* and *astonishing*. For custom, analogy and habit, however, he expresses his respect. Here we coincide; and here we think him not altogether consistent with himself, when, by the application of etymological rules, he would supplant some of the best established words in the language, in favour of those which are comparatively strangers.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

A Warning Bell

THESE are agitated times for those who ride the financial teeter-totter (the name that the new pedagogy has conferred upon the familiar see-saw of our youth) A warning bell has been rung and if those who are high in the air persist in riding they do so in defiance of the guardians of the playground. And to describe the Federal Reserve Banks as guardians understates rather than exaggerates the predominant influence that they exert in the present array of financial circumstances.

Those who have read others of these articles will perhaps grant them a certain continuity of theme, traversing the following steps: 1. The price of most stocks has been bid up too high in relation to the earnings of the companies. 2. The explanation of this apparently unjustified rise is a plethora of money, which has been spent for securities in the endeavor to earn its keep or to multiply it. 3. The effects of this natural plethora of money on security prices have been intensified rather than softened by the policies of the Federal Reserve Banks, which for a time added to the supply of credit by purchasing bills and securities from their member banks; thus adding to the member banks' reserves so that their loaning power was vastly increased. Furthermore, the Reserve Bank last summer cheapened the price of money by reducing the rediscount rate. 4. Therefore, the key to all the financial markets has lain and still lies with the Reserve Banks, since they exert an effective, if marginal, control of money. And money controls prices.

If a reiteration of these matters seems wearisome, it can only be repeated that an understanding of them is of the most profound importance, and that the events of the more recent past which have affected investment securities cannot be described or comprehended except against that background. Since the establishment of the Federal Reserve System itself there has been no financial development approaching in importance this evolution of a "managed money market," and it is safe to say that many, who realize that a change of first magnitude in the functioning of our credit mechanism has occurred, nevertheless do not fully appreciate its nature. Some think a perpetual monetary stability is being achieved. But in seeking stability in one direction the Reserve Banks promote instability in another, as they did last summer when they lowered the rediscount rate to assist agriculture, only to stimulate a rise in stock prices which unbalanced the financial structure on that important side. Had that cut in the rate not occurred, and had it not been followed by the expansion of credit through open market operations, it is safe to say that speculative distension would not have reached the degree it did, and that the corrective measures now being applied would not have been necessary.

In previous issues of the REVIEW the writer has analyzed this situation in more detail. In the December and January issues, particularly, he suggested that some application of the Reserve Bank brakes might be made soon after the first of the year. Selection of that time was based on the belief that agriculture, commerce, and the international money markets would be least affected at that time by such "braking," and that it would also be well, from political considerations, to have contraction out of the way before the Presidential campaign gathered full momentum.

That suggestion, it transpires, accurately anticipated the facts. The Federal Reserve Banks have one by one raised their rediscount rates to the 4 percent level. They have also reversed their open market policies and become sellers instead of buyers of Government securities and acceptances. In other words they are applying two brakes to credit ex-

pansion: they are making money cost more, and they are making it less abundant. The climax to which the events of the autumn and early winter inevitably pointed has arrived precisely on schedule.

It is therefore not surprising that stock prices have been declining, and that most of the big trading days have been days of liquidation, rather than days of buying as they were last fall, and as, indeed, they have been during most of the four years of the "Coolidge boom". Every experienced observer knows that the market of the past year or so, in its short term aspects at least, has been essentially a money market, and that dearer money signals a temporary stop. And it is to be remarked that the effects of the subtraction of credit by the Banks can hardly be felt fully during a period of seasonal quiet in demand for accomodation. Later, when agriculture sends out its call for funds to finance planting, when trade comes to the banks with its spring seasonal necessities, then the closed pockets of the Reserve Banks will mean something tangible to money rates. One can hardly suppose that the liquidation of securities markets which have advanced for four years can be completed within a few weeks.

Other Elements in the Picture

But the facts demand that other elements also be fitted into the picture. We have seen how last fall the Reserve Banks fostered stability of agriculture (and, it may be added, of Treasury and international finance) at the expense of instability in the securities markets; and they have returned to topple the latter when the balance of the inverted pyramid became precarious. Can they, or will they, do the second job thoroughly—as thoroughly as the natural course of events would have done in days before managed money markets were heard of. The probabilities seem to answer "No", for business, agriculture and the election must be considered, and credit is really so abundant that the Banks, having lopped off the excess they had created themselves, must, it would seem, stop short of artificial scarcity. When a stock price level is reached which is more in line with earnings, and which does not produce such abnormalities as mediocre stoc selling in line with the best bonds, it is n improbable that stability will be reëstab lished while the long time trend is left to t determination of business developments.

As to the latter, it can only be said that to this writing the expectation is still in a vance of the realization. In the automob industry, which probably will make or m the business year, optimism rules, but duri the first two months of the year manufactu ing was more active than sales, despite th admitted excellence and cheapness of th new cars exhibited at this year's shows. F the moment one can only suspend judgme until it is seen whether orders equal hope The steel industry is producing more activel car loadings are making a better showing comparison with last year, and the prophe who have predicted a gradual rise in busine activity during the remainder of the yea have thus far little reason to modify the forecasts.

During 1927 the country witnessed th paradox of receding business and advancin stock prices. If 1928 should reverse th paradox and give us increasing business an declining stock prices we cannot logically ex press wonder. We may be sure that liquida tion will be well cushioned by money, tha whatever of reality there is in the vaunte and much exaggerated "new stability" wi tend to hold the markets on an even keel, an that the resources of the Federal Reserve sys tem will not go untapped if disorder appears And if business holds up as economists ex pect, it will not be long before earnings an money rates are in a sounder and more en during relationship.

Investment Policies

As for investment policies it can only b repeated that a larger percentage of fund than usual should be kept in seasoned bond and that stocks of companies in a strong re serve position, with abundant cash, are the only ones which investors can conservatively be advised to hold—and then only if owned outright as investments for the future, with out present probability that their disposa may become necessary.

A gentleman of wide experience and long

observation remarked recently that the organization of the United States Steel Corporation and other consolidations of the period was undoubtedly a formative cause of the financial stresses from 1903 to 1907, because they made capital liquid and negotiable which hitherto had been fixed, and invited overexpansion of credit. He added that the present era has many resemblances to that, not only because consolidations have been equally numerous but because a greater variety of enterprises have passed from a closely held to a widely diffused ownership, so that the number of corporation stockholders today far exceeds that of any previous time. Furthermore share ownership is now characteristic of capital in many forms in which it did not previously exist. It is only necessary to mention the enormous sales of mortgage bond certificates, coöperative apartment houses, etc., among others. There has been, in fact, an enormous expansion in the media for security investment that has kept pace with our rapid accumulation of capital and the improvement of our credit machinery.

The point of interest is that the mere existence of this huge body of securities must automatically be followed by expansion of credit sufficient to absorb them. A single owner of a factory will obtain a line of credit from a bank; divide up the ownership of the concern and list its shares on a stock exchange, and the evidences of ownership themselves become as easily, though neither as cheaply or as safely, negotiable as Government bonds. The purchaser not only owns the certificate, he owns the right to borrow on it to buy another, and so on through several more stages.

The Borrowing Process

If this borrowing process goes on to a great degree, or is stimulated by issues of securities which invite it, credit and security market distension must be the inevitable outcome. To what degree this has occurred in the past year or two is impossible to appraise accurately, but the evidence of bank statements and brokers' loans is sufficient indication that it has been enormous. It therefore follows that a decline in one security may involve three or four without reference to their merit, through the forced sales of holders who suffer from the first. That is unquestionably one of the most perilous aspects of the present situation and one of which more will doubtless be seen before long. It adds to the necessity of conserving the cash position and maintaining a strong liquid reserve.

It is characteristic of the influx of money—much of it borrowed—into securities during this period, that the investment trusts have added so hugely to their holdings. One of them recently issued a statement of its owned securities which reveals, when compared with its previous statement, that in not a single instance had its holdings been reduced. On the contrary they had been increased double or treble in many cases. The president of this trust has demonstrated his conservatism by advising his shareholders to sell all stock which they are financially unable to carry without recourse to borrowing, but as speculation in the shares has been particularly rife it is too much to hope that the recipients of his advice will all accept it. The buying of securities by this trust and others has been vastly important in advancing the price of the stocks and bonds it holds; yet such buying has not added an iota of real value to any of them, and obviously there is a good deal of the dog chasing his tail in the picture,—or a vicious circle similar to some of the phenomena of 1920.

Insurance and Investment Trusts

From time to time mention of some of the newer investment media such as the investment trust, which are competing with the older and more established sources of investment income, has been made. One that has not previously been discussed is the insurance trust, which is making great strides and being actively promoted by various combinations of leading trust companies and insurance agents. The term means simply the assignment of insurance policies in trust to an institution authorized to exercise trust powers, and the drawing up of an agreement in which the insured's wishes are set forth and their execution turned over to a trust company. In essence the trust agreement is similar to a will.

But that is the simplest form. The effort of the trust companies which offer this machinery to the public is usually directed by a combination of an insurance and a savings plan, whereby the insured deposits with the trust company as much as he may wish to save. Part is used for the payment of insurance premiums and part for acquisition of general investments, whose proceeds remain in the fund and go to the building of the estate.

Let us see how the plan works in practice. A man who carries $20,000 of ordinary life insurance and can save $100 a month assigns his policy to the trust company and deposits his $100 a month with it. The trust company pays the premium, and buys securities with the remainder and with the proceeds; either the trust company or the insured, or both, may select the securities. Additional insurance could also, of course, be added from time to time as the invested fund increased.

If the man who desired to avail himself o this service had investments but no in surance he could create a funded life in surance trust, by which the income from hi securities would be used to pay premiums o insurance policies. But that of course i more a detail of trust service than a genuin new offering to the investor.

In addition to the trust service there ar the recognized forms of income and instal ment insurance, including the "guarantee investment" policy by which the insuranc company will pay 5 percent. per annum o the face value of the policy to one beneficiar and the principal intact to a second one o the death of the first. All these plans in las analysis of course involve the investment o funds, to a large extent in securities—funds which in another day might have gone almos anywhere. The growth of the income in surance idea will mean in the long ru that more estates will successfully be kept intact.

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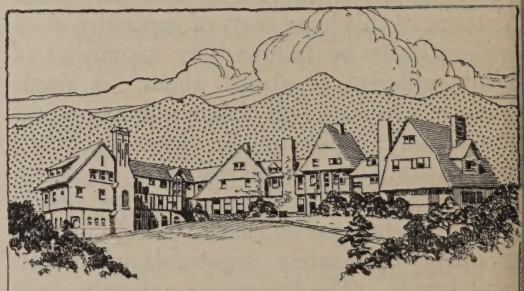

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AS OTHERS SEE IT

The Big, Big D

IR:

The delightful invigorating essay *On the omfort of Cussing* in your current issue cap- vated an old man now retired from long ears of professional contact with railroad ıen, Chief Executive to Yardmaster in- usive, and therefore no stranger to a vasti- ıde of profanity. The once active manager an immense traffic attests its motive ɔwer. Once I wrote, "The freight cars of merica helped scrap the Kaiser's crown." rue: plus steam—and D-power!

On reading the soul-animating essay by . MacLean Johnson, the name Everard, ıeaning *strong as a wild boar*, at once emed probably the praenomen of the minous writer. Imagine the old man's iscovering, not that E masked the strength ıd ferocity of a wild boar, but the grace of liss Ethel, a lady of my very own Boston! his knowledge confers remission of sin, if ıus it be, of my own considerable cuss ord command. What a joy to discuss hics of swearing with her; but, damn it! m deaf.

A further absolution I embraced eagerly well as a certain little friend herself, on ing told her mother chanced to hear my ve-year-old sweetheart say: "Dolly, how ten have I told you to keep your damn hat ı straight!" To the ensuing gentle remon- rance, Favorita replied: "Why, Mamma, think it's a very nice word; I use it a great al."

C. H. TIFFANY.

ɔston, Mass.

The Heroism of the Ministry

R:

I read with mingled feelings the article titled *The Joy of the Christian Ministry* by shop Darlington, in the February issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Bishop Darlington must be a dear, to be sure. Manifestly would not hurt a fly. Such a charming man to have around at an afternoon tea! The verse from *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, quoted at the beginning of the article, struck the militant note. But the Bishop straightway forgot his text (as clergymen are wont to do) and one couldn't find a trace of the heroic in all the paragraphs that followed. We may be very sure that few of our young men would have enlisted in the World War if the most thrilling appeal that we could make had been the assurance of a quite reasonable pension for those who came back alive.

Some time, Mr. Editor, you must atone for this feeble and lackadaisical presentation of the call to the Christian ministry, by publishing a ringing challenge to our godly and intelligent young folk to join in the most heroic of all human enterprises.

WALTER EVERETT BURNETT, D.D.

Rochester, N. Y.

Recommended to All

From The St. Joseph, Missouri, News

The January issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is recommended to all who enjoy good magazine articles. Not in a long time have we found so many happily combined in any one number. There is a good article on Hoover to begin with. *The Sorrows of Mencken* analyzes the emotions of one of America's most destructive critics and finds the reasons for his discontent in the buoyant idealism of this still youthful nation. *How to Live in New York City* and *Why the King James Version Still Lives* are two optimistic articles for people who deplore the conditions of living in a great city, and for those who cling to the familiar version of the Bible in the face of the revised. *The Dead*

Lift, by Stewart Edward White, is an article for everybody to read. Nobody ought to miss it. The author of brisk adventure stories, tales of the old frontiers, has struck a new vein, and he is mining rich ore from it.

Wit and Thrills

SIR:

I have just finished reading Miss Weber's very delicious article, *Silk Stockings and Sedition*, in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and am moved to write and tell you what a thrill it gave me. I rarely see THE NORTH AMERICAN these days and feel it was quite an inspiration that led me to buy it. Your article and the one on Mencken furnish two more instances in proof of my claim that it is to our women writers that we must look for wit and the light touch.

MRS. CHARLES F. DWIGHT.

New York City.

An Advocate for Sweden

SIR:

A certain Mr. Mulford has given some very curious statements about Sweden in a letter to you, published in the February issue, showing that he, probably, has taken in vain the name of a small country, hoping nobody would know anything about it. He first tells about the dictatorial government. As far as Swedes know—and others too, except Mr. Mulford—Sweden has always been governed by popular rule, to the extent that the representation alone has had the power of levying taxes. Just now the Parliament, elected by all citizens above twenty-three years of age, male and female, is practically almighty, just a government, directly opposite to "dictatorial".

That Sweden is heavily taxed is true, but not heavier than other European countries. I venture to say that the taxes are the lowest to be found on the other side, but I will not commit myself so far, only to state that the taxes are lower than those in the Scandinavian sister-countries! State Socialism is existing in the same degree as in France, for example. It is true that we have also had "Socialist" governments, but one must remember that our Labor Party, at least its majority, is more conservative in practi than the radical Lloyd George wing of Gre Britain's Liberal Party.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will repudia Mr. Mulford's slander on a foreign countr

RAGNAR ERICSON.

Pittsfield, Mass.

Cobden Redivivus

SIR:

In the *Affairs of the World* you rema in your editorial, "About those 'Chine Walls'", of a wonder over the tariffs that a so "fearsome and harrowing". The who point of the high tariffs is not necessari that they stop trade, as that they not on make trade sometimes more difficult, a not only are favorable to some and u favorable to others, but that they direct cause much of the strife of this world. Tra ing back many, if not most, of the problen of the world, we find that they began becau of discriminatory tariffs. Herbert Hoov once warned us about trade wars which h foresaw would possibly develop in the futur Most wars have begun because of econom causes!

The American tariff is not to be criticise simply because it is "high protection". I your own February issue appears an exampl In the article on Frank O. Lowden, th author says, "The West has no Protectio Not only has the tariff not furnished Prote tion to the West, but it has increased the co of the farmers' supplies." A "protectiv tariff" which favors part of the country an not another part, is certainly unequa dangerous and to be discarded! Our polic of protection would be much greater, muc better, were it equalized, so that the who country would be subject to the same. As is not, may it be suggested that our prese protection is politically (at least) splittin the country?

The Pan-American Congress has brough in the tariff in its debates. The high pr tective policy is criticized, and rightl Perhaps, as you state in your editorial polic Canada and some of the states below th Rio Grande are not discriminated agains but what of other states? You of course ca recall our tariff tilt with France of recen

months. Just one instance of how a protection policy can cause uneasiness on the international horizon! If you cannot see any dread about protection, look around Europe. Do not the discriminatory tariffs there cause unending uneasiness? Such policies bring about retaliation and recrimination. History proves this. And, if all the political economists are "agin" protection, is it not certainly true that protection is basically unethical? Henry George said that free trade was the natural trade and that protection had to be invented. John Stuart Mill and those preceding him have lamented such policies as we pursue protectively. Most of the arguments for protection are absurdities. Protection is an old shibboleth! Policies of protection are *apparatus belli* (materials of war). I shall wait patiently for the *auspicium melioris aevi!*

MONTGOMERY MULFORD.

Buffalo, N. Y.

An Attractive "Landscape"

SIR:

The Literary Landscape of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has proved so useful at our Cleveland Public Library that we are anxious to know if it is issued as a separate publication. If so we wonder if you could find it possible to send us two copies regularly as issued. If this courtesy can be extended we shall be most grateful to you.

R. E. ADAMS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Evermore—Nevermore

SIR:

Criticising *Prototype of "The Raven,"* Mr. Howard T. Dimick writes in your February issue: "Your contributor makes one fatal error, i.e. he fails to say from what source the author of his *Evermore* took his main inspiration . . . I fail to see why Poe could not also have 'created' his poem . . . much the same say . . . In fact, I do believe he did so 'create' . . . The two lines cited from Poe and his so-called source author are very neat; but upon careful examination of the remainder of the two poems I fail to find those other glaring similarities which ought to exist in order to prove the case of your contributor."

As to from what source the author of *Evermore* took his inspiration when building his unique stanzaic structure, I had this to say in my article (on account of lack of space left out by the Editor): "It matters not who the unknown poet was. Did he himself invent the stanza-form of *Evermore?* Probably not. That stanzaic structure undoubtedly originated in the domain of music, not in that of meter"—that is to say, the author probably wrote the words to some fugitive melody, or, perchance, he himself was composer of ballad airs, or he improved upon a prototype in poetry. All this is of minor importance. I have proved, however, that Poe's stanza is a very old one, and that he was mistaken in his statement: "Nothing even remotely approaching this combination was ever attempted." The question is, did Poe know of *Evermore?* Of that I haven't the slightest doubt. Of course, textual analysis will not reveal "other glaring similarities", for as to direct language there are none such to be found.

Mr. Dimick is mistaken: I have not sought to "prove plagiarism on the part of Poe"; my sole object has been to show that *Evermore* probably is the long hunted for prototype of *The Raven*, and furthermore what a genuine poetic genius can do when inspired by a unique poem to excel in an altogether different way.

GEORGE NORDSTEDT.

New York City.

After Many Years

SIR:

I wonder if you would be interested in an old bill from "The Friendly Book Society" of Hingham, Massachusetts, which was formed on October 27, 1827. The document reads in part as follows:

Old Stand of A. Williams & Co.,
100 Washington Street, Boston,
December 16, 1870.

Item: No. Amer. Rev. for year 1871—$6.00.

MRS. OSCAR H. STRINGER.

Hingham, Mass.

Milton Makes Good

SIR:

An editorial appearing in *The New York Times* of February 20, commenting upon my article, "*Al" Smith and the Solid South*, has been called to my attention. In particular, the editorial quotes the statement appearing in my article quoting Governor Smith as having said at a Democratic dinner at the Vanderbilt Hotel on April 24, 1922, when party policy was being discussed: "I don't believe the Democratic party should camouflage on this subject. The Democratic party is a saloon party, and everybody knows it is a saloon party, and it ought to come out and say so." *The Times's* editorial then demands support for this statement, and says that the author's "proofs are lacking and awaited".

There is not the least purpose on my part to enter into any controversy with the ponderous Brahmins of *The Times;* but for your information, and in view of the fact that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW printed the article assailed, and may wish to support its having done so, I write this letter. On page three of *The Reform Bulletin* (May 23, 1924) appears the statement quoted in my article. Note the fact that publication date is 1924, at Albany, N. Y., by the New York Civic League, that it is accepted as an established periodical by the post-office, and that the issue containing the quotation of the remarks was No. 21 of Vol. 15, so apparently *The Reform Bulletin* is no sporadic publication, but rather one of long standing and continued existence.

The *Bulletin* in question, at the bottom of its third page, reads as follows: "Governor Smith Wants the Saloons Back", and goes on to say, "At a conference of newspaper correspondents in the Executive Chamber at Albany, March 8, 1923, as reported in *The New York Times*, March 9, 1923, when, speaking about the effort of Senator Edge of New Jersey to get a three per cent. beer bill passed by Congress, Governor 'Al' Smit said to the newspaper reporters: 'I will b glad to go down and help him put over hi bill if that will get us somewhere where w can put a foot on the rail again, and blo off the froth.'

"At a Democratic dinner held in th Vanderbilt Hotel, New York City, April 24 1922, to discuss ways and means for raisin campaign money, there was a general dis cussion of the issues for the coming Demo cratic State campaign. Some present advo cated that the Democratic party shoul declare itself in opposition to the Volstea act; others opposed doing so. Finally 'Al Smith arose and spoke, among other thing saying: 'I don't believe the Democrati party should camouflage on the subject The Democratic party is a saloon part and everybody knows it is a saloon party and it ought to come out and say so. This shows the real sentiment of 'Al' Smith At heart he would like to have the old time saloons come back, and if he has hi way he will bring them back in the futur if possible."

This ends *The Reform Bulletin's* discussion of this particular topic. I am informed by an official of the League that although this *Bulletin*, containing this statement which I quoted, "has been published and sent out widely over the country, Governor Smith has never denied it. It was sent out to all our (New York Civic League's) subscribers in this state, 25,000 or 30,000 of them, and also sent to various church leaders all over the United States, just before the Democratic National Convention of 1924, and yet so far as I can learn, he has never denied saying what he said. He evidently is getting very touchy on the Prohibition question if it takes him four years to deny a speech he made in which he apparently spoke his real sentiments."

GEORGE FORT MILTON.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

JAMES J. DAVIS (*"Old Age" at Fifty*) has behind the honor of being Secretary of Labor a valiant record in the school of hard knocks. Brought to this country as an immigrant boy from Wales, he worked his way up through the steel trade, came into prominence through his reorganization of the Loyal Order of Moose, and now aids over one thousand orphan children to gain a foothold on the ladder of success through the vocational school run by that Order at Mooseheart, Illinois.

¶ *The Hon. Arthur Capper* (*Curtis and Norris*), Senator from Kansas, was born in a Quaker family of that State. By his own efforts he completed his education, entered the newspaper world, and now owns a half-dozen publications. He is a great friend of boys and girls, to whom he has loaned more than two hundred thousand dollars in the last ten years. Because of his help hundreds of children have been able to pay their way through school with their earnings from live stock.

¶ *Lewis H. Haney* (*The Hen and the Egg*) is not a man who takes himself lightly. Immersed in practical business research, his occasional respites are still further studies into economic problems. His first book treated such matters, and it has been followed by others under various titles. Connected with New York University's Bureau of Business Research, Mr. Haney can be found not far from the center of Wall Street activity.

¶ *Sigmund Spaeth* (*Jazzmania*), with a Princeton Ph.D. and a Haverford ΦBK key, is a scholar who has remained human up to his present age of forty-two. He has lectured and written extensively on the subject of music, with a journalistic background, but he has steadily refused to take himself or his public too seriously. Lawrence Gilman has called him "The Playboy of the Musical World". At present Mr. Spaeth is Managing Director of the Community Concerts Corporation, which aims to bring good music into heretofore barren territory. In this issue he contributes a vivacious analysis of the origin and significance of jazz, in music and some other things.

¶ *Pierre Crabitès* (*Rum Runners and Blockade Runners*) is a Southerner who has found his sphere of greatest usefulness in distant climes. Seated upon the Mixed Tribunals in Cairo, Egypt, he is interested in all the international alliances which involve that country. Having recently visited the United States he writes entertainingly of the relative position of Great Britain and ourselves with regard to the illicit liquor trade which springs up along our coast.

¶ *J. Brooks Atkinson* (*Smoke from a Valley Cabin*) combines two widely differing activities within the sphere of his enthusiasms. Critic of the theatre and daily work on a newspaper concerning the drama are no deterrents to a contemplation of nature as an open book. One would expect him to have a rough woodsman's sort of appearance or that of a dashing man of the world, but Mr. Atkinson bears neither characteristic, resembling rather the ultimate conception of a studious bookworm.

¶ *Constance Lindsay Skinner* (*More Honey for Bears*) knows human nature almost too well. She does not stop with investigating types near at hand and accessible, but reaches out toward the American Indian, and the Eskimo. Aztec poetry and Polar exploration are matters of more than passing interest to her, who because of recent articles and reviews on these subjects has been made a Fellow of the American Geographical Society. In our present study Miss Skinner offers a whimsical satire of the decline and fall of masculine humanity.

¶ *Ignatius Phayre* (*The Man of Peru*) has journeyed in five continents, and has lived in strange cities from Toledo to Damascus, from Tyre and Sidon to Jerusalem and Fez, from Dallas, Texas, to Santiago de Chile. He loathes a crowd, as Chopin did; he loves the principles of beauty, as John Keats did. He is quite sure he ought to have lived his life centuries ago, when Leonardo da Vinci dealt in magic dreams of airplanes and tanks—which today are realized, for very ugly purposes! In this issue our author presents a graphic personal sketch of President

~ BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION ~

Leguia and his supreme significance in the Land of the Incas.

¶ *Sally Bruce Kinsolving* (*Spring*) is a Virginian living in Baltimore. Married at an early age into this noted Protestant Episcopal family, she is now the mother of seven talented children who carry on some of her intellectual and emotional gifts. Of the two arts, painting and poetry, she has mainly developed the latter, searching in nature—the hills, the stars, the sea—those age-long emotions which have shaken the hearts of men.

¶ *Robert P. Tristram Coffin* (*District Thirteen*) acknowledges that the matter which looms largest at the moment for him is his coming Sabbatical leave from Wells College. He plans to spend next year at Oxford University and points south, also traveling about England and the Continent gathering new material for creative work in literature, prose and poetry. "One of the most exhilarating aspects of my year abroad will be the presence of my three energetic youngsters turned loose upon Europe for the first time." In this issue Mr. Coffin commemorates, with incomparable humor, the Little Red Schoolhouse, "Where boys sat on patches and read so hard that they broke the backs of their books".

¶ *C. H. Bretherton* (*Oxford and Asquith*) comes easily to the subject of the statesman whose passing has been recently commemorated. As a writer on *The Evening News* of London Mr. Bretherton has often celebrated this prominent man as many another whom he knows intimately. Journalism at one time brought this author to our own country where he engaged in newspaper work in California.

¶ *Edward C. Stokes* (*Individualism in Banking*) is a Jerseyman by ancestry and life association. He has been identified with State politics, as Assemblyman, Senator, and Governor. Now at the head of one of Trenton's leading banks, he is also president of the New Jersey Banker's Association, and a speaker who is often heard on religious, educational, civic and political subjects.

¶ *Grace H. Brosseau* (*D. A. R.: Home and Country*) is the President General of the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. Originally a resident of Illinois, this author, who in public life is Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, has just returned to the capital after a winter in the West attending various state conferences of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her greatest interest, following that of historical attachment to the past through this organization, is the collection of antiques, especially early American ones.

¶ *Harry Hibschman* (*Chautauqua* Pro *and* Contra) is of Pennsylvania German descent, forty-nine years of age, and has practised law on the Pacific Coast for a number of years. Since the war he has devoted his time entirely to lecturing and writing, and his main interest is in the juridical-social field. The fact that Dr. Hibschman is debating prohibition on a chautauqua circuit this season demonstrates the recognition that only through the return to the discussion of controversial topics can this type of lecturing survive.

¶ *Mary Ellen Chase* ("*Not in Cadiz*") is a scion of sea captain ancestry. Born and reared in Blue Hill, one of the most beautiful of the Maine coast villages, she has recreated her childhood in a book which recounts tales of an old peddler of those parts. After having been a member of the faculty of the University of Minnesota for eight years she is now Associate Professor of English at Smith College.

¶ *Donald Frank Rose* (*A Three-Reel Comedy*) was born an Englishman, but is now a naturalized American citizen. Oxford and teaching were followed by free-lancing; at present Mr. Rose is editing *Stuff and Nonsense* of Bryn Athyn, Penn., and contributing to various publications. He has nine children and is, therefore, married. His hobbies are photography, flying, tramping, and discourse over a dark bottle. He has published a book, and yearns toward a second as soon as the first is sold out.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

WHAT shall we do when the biographies of all the great and near-great men and women have been written or rewritten? This is a question some troubled publishers are asking themselves, and perhaps an occasional earnest reader whose preference runs to biographical literature gives it a few moments of serious thought also.

There is, however, less cause for alarm than might appear at a glance. The recent craze for biography is undoubtedly attributable to the application of modern methods of treatment to old material and the outstanding successes in the field are studies of men whose lives have been gone over many times before by expert hands.

One need do no more than to point out the huge popularity of a book like Ludwig's *Napoleon*, which offers nothing in the least new as to facts, to prove the contention that even if all the biographies of all the famous people should be rewritten in this generation—and in spite of the diligence of enterprising publishers and hack-biographers this is but little likely to occur—the opportunity to do them over again in another ten or twenty years will inevitably present itself.

Maurois and Ludwig

Doubtless there were few serious-minded readers of the times who did not feel that Monypenny definitely closed the matter of Disraeli with his monumental work, and yet Dizzy is today a best-seller, although there are still some left who scoff at André Maurois's biographies and suggest that a great man cannot be fairly removed from the midst of the events which shaped him and which he shaped, and studied *sans* background.

Just as there are those who think Herr Ludwig's *Bismarck* is a readable, but an unbalanced, biography, designed to please only those who know little or nothing of German history. This is a quarrel, however, that involves the whole question of the value of the so-called modern biography, and the argument ramifies beyond the powers of this department to follow at present.

The point is that a good many biographies are yet to be written and that we shall in all probability buy and read a good many that cover ground already well covered. One is privileged to speculate, for example, upon what Ludwig can add to the world's knowledge with his projected study of Lincoln, or, for that matter, with his forthcoming biography of Jesus.

But There Will be More

One stands aghast at the amount of scholarly labor involved in the preparation

The Bed's Head Bookshelf

(In this place will appear each month the mention of one or more books that deserve space at the "beddes' hed" of bibliophiles, books published within the last few years that merit more than passing attention.)

It is probable that no Occidental country has had so many bad books written about it as Spain. The Iberian Peninsula does not yield its secrets easily and never to the casual passer-by. This is one of the reasons Havelock Ellis's *The Soul of Spain* is hereby nominated for a place on THE BED'S HEAD BOOKSHELF. It is a good book on Spain, one of the best ever written by a foreigner, and it may be had from Houghton Mifflin in a new edition for $2.25. Perhaps this is a good place to suggest that an older classic on the same subject has been reprinted recently. The reference is to Theophile Gautier's *Un Voyage en Espagne*, available since 1926 in the admirable Blue Jade Series of Knopf at $3 under the title of *A Romantic in Spain*.

The North American Review

announces

for its forthcoming (June) number the following features of timely interest:

HOUSTON, 1928

CLARK HOWELL, the eminent Southern journalist, writes on the significant holding of a Democratic National Convention in the South for the first time since the historic meeting at Charleston in 1860.

MORE WORKERS THAN WORK?

WILLIAM GREEN, President of the American Federation of Labor, most authoritatively and sympathetically analyzes the problem of unemployment in America.

VODKA, CHIANTI AND ICEWATER

A TRENCHANT discussion by IRVING T. BUSH of the governmental idiosyncrasies of the three nations which imbibe those suggestive beverages.

THE SPHINX BROTHERS

LELAND STOWE, authoritative Franco-American journalist, draws a vivid and engaging personal likeness between CALVIN COOLIDGE and RAYMOND POINCARÉ.

COMBING ASSES' TAILS

SOME of the intellectual and philosophical vagaries of the times caustically considered by T. SWANN HARDING.

NEW YORK PORT AUTHORITY

AN account of a Metropolitan enterprise of National importance by its late President, ex-Governor GEORGE S. SILZER, of New Jersey.

EUROPE'S VIEWS OF PAN-AMERICA

A LUMINOUS statement of intelligent European opinion concerning the relations of the United States with Latin America, by J. B. ATKINS.

SAILORS AND SHOPKEEPERS

CLIFFORD BAX presents a brilliant and racy critique of the conflicting rivalries of Romanticism and Realism in literature.

A CHINESE IDYLL

A FASCINATING sketch, by CHANG CHAO-LIN, of a Chinese boy's experiences and sensations in his quest for Occidental culture.

There will also be presented the inimitable CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER, the editorial review of AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD, THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE, THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK, and many other articles of varied interest, all vital and up-to-date.

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of such a recent biography as Walter S. Peck's *Shelley*, which goes so far as to list the checks the poet used in payment for the ordinary things of life, but is there any reason to believe that this will stop people from writing lives of Shelley? The ashes of his funeral pyre were hardly cool before the first biography appeared, and that people will go on trying to bring him—and scores of others—back to life with words is as certain as that people will go on reading his poetry.

One inevitable result of the present enthusiasm for biography is that some neglected figures will be brought down from history's attic and given a fresh treatment. If there has been some hacking at pedestals in recent years, we shall also have new pedestals built, and so perhaps the net result will be a squaring of many accounts of long standing.

The Demand Continues

A glance at current offerings in this field shows clearly that there is no slackening of supply or demand. Among the outstanding biographies of recent weeks is the first volume of the Earl of Ronaldshay's three-volume *Life of Lord Curzon*, which will cost $15 complete and which is being published by Boni and Liveright. The second volume is down for June publication and the third will be along in September.

This is a comprehensive study of the life of a great Englishman who overcame early infirmities, and in addition to his splendid record as an administrator, left behind notable achievements in the field of science and as a writer. The Earl of Ronaldshay was his close personal friend, and in full sympathy with his political aims. He had access to material of the most personal nature and the finished work will unquestionably deserve the somewhat overworked adjective monumental.

The volume at hand covers the first forty years of Lord Curzon's life, when he was laying the foundations for a distinguished career. Volume Two will cover the momentous period between 1898 and 1905 when Curzon was Viceroy of India, and Volume Three the last twenty years, ending in 1925 with Lord Curzon's death.

One of the best stories of Curzon may b found in Harold Nicholson's *Some Peopl* under the title of "Arketall." This de lightfully clever book of a diplomat's recol lections was published a few months ago b Houghton Mifflin and is worth re-reading Mr. Nicholson described Lord Curzon' entrance into Victoria Station on one occa sion thus: "Majestically, and as if he were carrying his own *howdah*, Lord Curzon proceeded up the platform."

Vittorio de Fiore's *Mussolini, the Man o Destiny* (Dutton, $3) is one hundred percent Fascismo; in short, a glorification of the Italian Dictator which will delight his admirers in the United States and displease those who do not see him as a flawless savior of his own people, who may at any moment hold the fate of all Europe in his hands. There can be little doubt that Benito would enjoy this position, but it is probable that there is sufficient liberal thought left in Europe to keep him from it. De Fiore follows his career adoringly from infancy to his rise to power.

A fine biography that is an addition of first importance to the number that have recently been done upon American frontier characters is Stanley Vestal's *Kit Carson, The Happy Warrior* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). Mr. Vestal's book meets the two most important requirements for a work of this sort in that it is rich in new material and in that it is admirably written. Kit's career is depicted against a fully detailed background of the old West, and there is romance in every page without any loss of fidelity to character and incident. Mr. Vestal sat down to write with a whole-hearted admiration for the distinguished Indian fighter, and his zest for his subject is one of the most attractive features of the book.

An Educator Satirized

Nelson Antrim Crawford's *A Man of Learning*, which bears the subtitle "A half-century of educational service as exemplified by Arthur Patrick Redfield, Ph.D., LL.D. (Little, Brown $2.50), is a satirical portrait of a go-getter American college president, which is well done and highly entertaining. Mr. Crawford has not limited his satire to the

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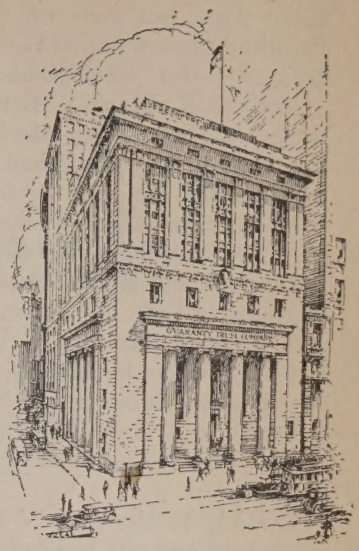

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colleges, either. By implication, a good many American gods are knocked about, including the worship of Success, somewhere designated the "bitch-goddess."

Herbert R. Mayes's *Alger: A Biography without a Hero* (Macy-Masius, $3.50), tells the story of the gentleman who wrote one hundred and nineteen books depicting the rise of various lads from humble stations in life to outstanding achievement. The ironical thing about Horatio Alger's life was that he failed where his heroes all succeeded. But he died worshipped by hundreds of newsboys whom he had befriended, and Mr. Mayes's book is interesting for the amount of material in it upon the times in America when Alger was writing his countless books.

Directly to the class of biographies that set out deliberately to rehabilitate misunderstood figures in history belongs Honoré Willsie Morrow's *Mary Todd Lincoln* (William Morrow, $2.50), which Mrs. Morrow calls "An Appreciation", and which is a biographical narrative concerning one whom the author considers "The most defamed woman in American history". Mrs. Morrow is, of course, the author of *Forever Free* and knows her Lincolniana to the last document.

A Life of Barrie

Other important biographies of recent weeks are Thomas Moult's *Barrie* ($2), a critical appreciation combined with the life story of Sir James, which relates the rise of the Scotch author from Kirriemuir to a title, and which also furnishes a careful analysis of his works; Grant Overton's new edition of *The Women Who Make Our Novels* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), an invaluable reference work; Llewelyn Powys's *Henry Hudson* which is in Harper's Golden Hind series and priced at $4, and which tells the story of Hudson's sentence to death by a mutinous career in most dramatic fashion; and *Sawdust and Solitude* by Lucia Zora, with the assistance of Courtney Ryley Cooper, (Little, Brown: Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.50), the story of a woman animal trainer with a great deal in it about elephants, for which this reviewer has an incurable weakness.

To this field belongs also Don Seitz's *The Also-Rans* (Crowell, $3.50), a series of readable and informative pieces about such worthies as Burr, Calhoun, Greeley, Webster, Douglas, Tilden, and so on, all of whom were defeated for the presidency. Mr. Seitz is not always so careful of his details as he might be, but these slight inaccuracies do little to mar the interest of a good book, which makes an especial appeal in the midst of a Presidential year.

Ample Fiction for All

When one leaves this fascinating section of the landscape to turn the spy glasses upon what the novelists have been doing, there is the customary embarrassment of riches at this particular season. There is fiction for every conceivable taste, from the new S. S. Van Dine thriller, *The Greene House Mystery* (Scribner, $2), which is that rarest of all things, a really good mystery story, to so romantic a piece of work as Donn Byrne's *Crusade* (Little, Brown, $2.50), which is a full-length novel from the pen of a grand story-teller that brings to mind his early masterpiece, *The Wind Bloweth*, to so delicately beautiful and so highly individual a novel as Elinor Wylie's *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard* (Knopf, $2.50), and so on and so on.

Crusade tells the story of a love affair between a Christian Knight and a Moslem maiden. It has swing and color and many moments of stirring writing, and I do not believe many readers who read for excitement and release can fail to enjoy it. Mrs. Wylie's work is, of course, more limited in its appeal, but those who are moved by exquisite prose, as brittle as the finest Venetian glass and as lovely, will find it in *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard*. Perhaps Mrs. Wylie is still writing about Shelley and his group in this new book, although she enters a denial at the very outset; at any rate, hers is a story of poets in Italy and England.

The Mississippi Again

Another novel that may be recommended to lovers of good stories is Allen LeMay's *Old Father of Waters* (Doubleday, Doran,

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$2), which is a rousing tale of the Mississippi River in 1858 in the hey-day of steamboat traffic, one of the most colorful periods in this country's history. A good deal of the romance of the river is in Mr. LeMay's novel, which is only his second, and which is a finished piece of work that argues very well for what he will do in the future. This book is first-rate entertainment.

Another good new novel is John W. Vandercook's *Black Majesty* (Harper, $2.50), which tells the story of Henry Christophe, the Haytian who rose from slavery to a throne, and which gives us glimpses also of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines. Mr. Vandercook's studiedly concise style heightens the essential drama of his narrative, which follows in all important details the true account of the rise and eventual ruin of Christophe. Mahlon Blaine has done some fine illustrations for this book, which is quite short, but which makes up in the attractiveness of its format for its brevity.

A Different "Preacher-Novel"

Novels dealing with various aspects of religion and with preachers as principal characters have become common since *Elmer Gantry*, but among the current offerings is one of this variety that is *sui generis* in spite of its subject matter. I refer to *The Withered Root* by Rhys Davies (Holt, $2.50), which tells the story of the rise to power of a Welsh revivalist, who is sincere to the core in his revivalistic work, but who comes in time to have doubts about its value, and who meets tragedy without ever, as the common phrase has it, knowing what it was all about. Mr. Davies calls his preacher an elemental poet whose pagan spirit is broken by contact with the fiery Christianity of the Welsh miners. There is power in the book and passages of thrilling prose, charged with emotion.

Another of the newer novels that deserves attention is *Hanging Johnny* (Appleton, $2), by Myrtle Johnson, an Irish girl who is only eighteen years old. Starkly and movingly, Miss Johnson has told the story of a hangman who inherited his profession, and who goes to smash mentally after hanging his friend, whom he knew to be innocent, and the woman who has given her life for him after he has murdered her husband. This bare outline sounds like an evening at the Grand Guignol, but it should not deter readers who do not mind strong stuff handled with skill. The young novelist exhibits a surprising grasp of her medium, and tells her sordid tale with deftness and a rare precision.

A World in Ruins

One of the literary discoveries of the current spring is S. Fowler Wright, whose *The Deluge* (Cosmopolitan, $2.50) is a best-seller. It has also been crowned by the critics. Mr. Wright's enthralling story concerns itself with a flood which has wiped out the population of the earth except for one small group. What happens to these survivors makes the narrative, together with a good many philosophical comments by the author. This is a book with all the thrill of a first-rate melodrama. Its author is fifty-three years old and this is his first novel.

Other important recent novels not hitherto noticed here are: Sarah G. Millin's *An Artist in the Family* (Boni and Liveright, $2.50), which is not, it must be said, up to Mrs. Millin's *God's Stepchildren* or *Mary Glenn; A Girl Adoring* by Viola Meynell, a quiet, well-bred English story without any particular distinction beyond that implied in the two adjectives; Paul Morand's *The Living Buddha* (Holt, $2.50), the account of an Oriental Prince's visit to the Western World and his disappointment therein, a cleverly written, if not very profound, book; *Bad Girl* by Viña Delmar (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which concerns the fortunes of a New York stenographer who "goes wrong", and so does the novel about the same time, although the first part of it is good; and *Home to Harlem* by Claude Mackay (Harper's, $2.50), a jazz symphony of life among the yellows, browns and blacks in New York's colored section which is quite frank about the folk-ways of the males and females of the species.

Other Good Novels

And a little farther back was Ruth Suckow's *The Bonney Family* (Knopf, $2.50), which is

Miss Suckow's best novel to date, a story of a Middle Western family done with all the care as to detail of an old Dutch painting. If one likes the *genre*, the book is not to be overlooked. Also Horace Walpole's *Winsmoon* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a return to the manner of the Duchess of Wrexe; *The Gypsy* by W. B. Trites (Stokes, $2), a remarkable short novel about an American artist in Spain and his mad love affair with an Andalusian beauty, which brought him great tragedy; and *Iron and Smoke* by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton, $2.50), which is a best-seller, although it does not seem to me to be up to the top mark for this fine novelist.

Lovers of detective novels, which inevitably means those who do not mind reading about murders, will find interest in *Great Detectives and Their Methods* by George Dilnot (Houghton Mifflin, $4), a true account of the way real detectives "do their stuff", and *Some Famous Medical Trials* by Leonard A. Parry (Scribner, $2.50), with an introduction by Willard Huntington Wright, who is none other than S. S. Van Dine,— a book of murders, poisonings, and plots involving members of the medical profession. Another important contribution to this field is a new and handsome edition of *Celebrated Trials, and Remarkable Cases of Criminal Jurisprudence from the Earliest Times to the Year 1825*, which Payson and Clarke have published in two volumes at $15, revised and annotated by Edward Hale Bierstadt. The compilation of these books was the first work undertaken by George Borrow when he arrived in London, and Richard Phillips paid him the disgracefully small sum of fifty pounds for a tremendous editorial task. For long, this classical work has been out of print and the few copies extant have attained high value. A few of the more important trials included are those of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Countess of Somerset, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild and Abraham Thornton. There is reading for a life-time of winter evenings in these two large volumes.

"Strange Interlude" Published

Few events of recent months have attracted so much attention as the Theatre Guild's production of Eugene O'Neill's curious play, *Strange Interlude*, with its complete defiance of dramatic tradition, and its German-opera duration. The play is now available as a book (Boni and Liveright, $2.50), and will inevitably be widely read. This reviewer has not spent an afternoon and evening witnessing the play on the stage, but it makes fascinating reading, and one has the word of virtually every dramatic critic in New York that it is Mr. O'Neill's *magnum opus*, if not the most important contribution to native drama made in our times.

Another book of plays that should interest more readers than the relatively small group who care for contemporary Spanish literature is *Four Plays* by Serafin and Joaquin Quintero (Little, Brown, $2.50). The Quinteros, whose home is in Seville, are a good deal less well known in this country than they deserve to be, and these plays are really excellent reading. They are: "The Women Have Their Way", "A Hundred Years Old", "Fortunato", and "The Lady from Alfaqueque". The translation is by Helen and Harley Granville Barker.

An Awakened Asia

A number of books dealing with the problem of an awakened Asia have been reviewed here in recent months, and two more need to be added to the list, both of them vital contributions to what is beyond question the most important international matter of the times. One of these is Margaret Harrison's *Asia Reborn* (Harper, $4), which tells what went on in Asia prior to the World War, sketches the events that followed that cataclysm, and sets forth their results. The other is Nicholas Roosevelt's *The Restless Pacific* (Scribner, $3), which gives a clear picture of the drama that is rapidly developing with the United States as one of its principal actors, and China, Great Britain, Russia, Holland, and Japan as the rest of the cast. It is Mr. Roosevelt's conclusion that our destiny has inevitably involved us in this great play and that we can serve ourselves and the world best by keeping aloof from any entanglements with the interests of the other countries involved.

This is a book by a journalist who has gathered his facts carefully and written for the understanding of the everyday person who wishes to have a sane outlook on foreign affairs which vitally concern his own country.

Two Aviators' Stories

Two of the heroes of last year's feats in aviation have told their stories for us, and Commander Richard E. Byrd's *Skyward* (Putnam, $3.50) is easily one of the most fascinating of recent books. The modest young Virginian who has flown the Atlantic and sailed merrily over the North Pole, and who expects to visit the South Pole before many months have passed, relates the innumerable adventures that have befallen him since he has taken up flying and has a great deal to say about the future of aviation that is of prime importance. *Record Flights* by Clarence Chamberlain (Dorrance, $2.50), is a smaller book, but also pleasing for its author's extreme modesty and for what he has to say about the future of flying, as well as for his account of the famous flight with Charles Levine to Germany.

It is a good long cry from such exciting volumes as these to such peaceful, quietly beautiful books as Henry Williamson's *Tarka the Otter* (Dutton, $2.50), but we all need variety in our reading matter, and Mr. Williamson has fairly won his spurs as the leading writing naturalist in England since the death of W. H. Hudson. When one finds a careful, faithful observer of wild life coupled with a master of English prose, the combination is likely to be something for a favorite shelf, and Mr. Williamson's works made their way to one of mine some time ago. His book has a place on my list of special recommendations for this month.

Mr. Hoffenstein's Poetry

Also on this especial list is a volume of poems in ironical vein, *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing* by Samuel Hoffenstein, whose work is familiar to readers of F. P. A.'s column in *The World*. Mr. Hoffenstein is a master of his own peculiarly delightful kind of poetry, and a sale may be expected for this volume to match Dorothy Parker's *Enough Rope*. Incidentally, Miss Parke is to have another collection in a few weeks

The birth of a new architecture in Ameri can cities has aroused a keen interest in thi subject. A book that treats of the whol history of architecture in this country and which is beautifully illustrated, is G. H Edgell's *The American Architecture of Toda* (Scribner, $6). Mr. Edgell taught for a num ber of years at Harvard University, and wa the joint author with Fiske Kimball in 191 of a history of architecture. What he ha to say may therefore be taken as authorita tive, but the book is designed for the laymar and is written in clear, non-technical lan guage. The many illustrations make it o unusual value.

A few years ago, a nine-year-old girl wrote a quite remarkable book. I am thinking o Barbara Newhall Follett's *The House With out Windows*, as charming a piece of fantasy as I have read in a life-time. Miss Follett is a little older now, thirteen, I believe, and has just published her second book, *The Cruise of the Norman D.* (Knopf, $2.50), which is her account of a voyage on a sailing vessel from New Haven, Connecticut, to Nova Scotia. It is not in the least like the earlier book, but it is in every respect as remarkable. The young lady fell in love with sail, and one would have to search far in all the extensive literature of the sea for any more moving appreciation of the beauties of a winged vessel than may be found here. We are all a little uneasy in the presence of prodigies, I think, but there is nothing to be uneasy about with Miss Follett. She is an excellent writer regardless of age, and she has proved that, unlike so many of her elders, she can do two entirely different types of book equally well.

The Variorium "Coriolanus"

An event of the current season that must be noted is the publication of the *Coriolanus* volume of the New Variorium Shakespeare by Lippincott, the twentieth in this magnifi cent series. It completes the series of Ro man plays. The first volume of the edition appeared fifty years ago under the editorship of the elder Horace Howard Furness, who was succeeded at his death by his son, Horace

ward Furness, Jr. Five years were spent iting the "Coriolanus" alone.

For a closing paragraph, I shall set down e fact that my recent report upon James ephens's volume of short stories, *Etched Moonlight*, published by Macmillan, ap- ars to be decidedly a minority one. This llection has won high praise from many itics. I remain unconvinced that the ithor of *Here Are Ladies* has done as od work in the realistic story as he did in e field of fantasy and subtle humor, but rhaps there is no way to compare two tally different manners. It comes down this: I prefer the earlier Stephens, who as virtually alone in his peculiar field.

Other Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

he Portrait of a Man as Governor. By *Thomas H. Dickinson.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Vith a foreword by George Foster Peabody, this brief ketch shows the desirable qualities of Alfred E. Smith s Governor.

utobiography of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Introduction by *Edmund Blunden.* New York: The Oxford University Press. $.80.

nteresting touches in the personal account of happenngs in the life of an English artist, born in 1786.

urgenev: The Man, His Art and His Age. By *Avraham Yarmolinsky.* New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

An eagerly awaited volume welcomed by all who reerve hero-worship for this great Russian writer.

DRAMA

A Catalogue of Shakespeareana. By *Falconer Madan.* London: G. Michelmore.

The works which are here tabulated form, as a whole, an astonishing series of valuable and desirable books and papers which help one to fresh realization of the conditions, influences and atmosphere in which Shakespeare wrote.

Nine Plays. By *Charles Reznikoff.* New York: Charles Reznikoff. $3.00.

Various are the titles of these plays—Genesis, Coral, The Black Death, *et cetera.*

ECONOMICS

The Distribution of Power to Regulate Interstate Carriers between the Nation and the States. By *George G. Reynolds.* New York: Columbia University Press. $6.50.

The author shows the growing predominance of federal power and the restraints thereby imposed upon state autonomy.

Economic Institutions. By *Willard L. Thorp.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

This book belongs to "The World Today Bookshelf" which is a group of short, stimulating books on man and his world, written by distinguished writers.

Adventures in Citizenship. By *Grace Hull Stewart* and *C. C. Hanna.* Boston: Ginn and Company.

Although prepared for school use, this book offers in itself a sure sense of stimulation to youth in the growing stages.

The Economic World. By *Arthur R. Burns.* New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00

The development and regulation of the material resources of the world are here explained.

Federal Aid. By *Austrin F. MacDonald, Ph.D.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.75.

A study of the American subsidy system, including such subjects as forest fire prevention, hygiene of maternity and infancy, etc.

ESSAYS AND PAPERS

The Essay. By *R. D. O'Leary.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $1.75.

The book discusses aspects of the essay, its substance, structure and other matters connected with the art of teaching this literary form.

The Petty Papers. Edited by the *Marquis of Lansdowne.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two Vols. $12.00.

These are some unpublished writings taken from the Bowood Papers and containing reflections on religion, trade, government, and other matters.

The Vital Interpretation of English Literature. By *John S. Harrison.* Indianapolis: John S. Harrison.

Penetrating analysis of universal, psychological and traditional elements of literature.

The American and the German University. By *Charles Franklin Thwing.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Comparison of American students in Germany and German professors in America during the last one hundred years.

Pomona, or The Future of English. By *Basil de Selincourt.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

A charming presentation of the English language from the art of speaking it.

Gallio, or The Tyranny of Science. By *J. W. N. Sullivan.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

The big question of human progress is compressed in this small book.

Hymen, or The Future of Marriage. By *Norman Haire*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

A very advanced view of the marriage question and all that it entails.

Archimedes, or The Future of Physics. By *L. L. Whyte*. New York: E. P. Dutton Company. $1.00.

This book shows how physics has reached the border land of metaphysics.

An Essay on Conversation. By *Henry W. Taft*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

In this slim volume the art of conversation is upheld and reasons given why it has not languished in America.

Columbus—Undergraduate. By *John A. Benn*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. $2.00

Reflections of a young Englishman who came to Princeton University for his education.

FICTION

There and Back Again. By *Mary Crosbie*. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. $2.00.

The story of a family and what the mother suffered and endured in conflicting aims.

Moving Waters. By *Edward Noble*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Concerns sinking of German ships and other items of adventure.

His Elizabeth. By *Elswyth Thane*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $2.00.

Love in the south of France and consequent happenings in the lives of two people.

The Murder at Fleet. By *Eric Brett Young*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

A murder story in which mystery centers around a certain professor of psychology who met with a mishap.

Seven Foot Prints to Satan. By *A. Merritt*. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

Demoniac power and strange ways go to make up the plot of this mystery story of modern New York life.

She Walks in Beauty. By *Dawn Powell*. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.

The aspirations of a girl in a small town under the reproach of society were realized in the happy outcome of an appropriate marriage.

Berry & Co. By *Dornford Yates*. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.00.

A charming narrative of the Pleydell family and their manifold actions.

The 13th Lover. By *Maurice Dekobra*. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $2.50.

A sophisticated cosmopolitan novel full of swiftly moving thrills.

That Bright Heat. By *George O'Neil*. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Living through the eighties, a period of enterprise in St. Louis, the hero struggles to effect a compromise between his own impassioned nature and the confused elements about him.

Old Swords. By *Val Gielgud*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

A tale of the River Niemen and Poland, with all its stress and strain, interwoven in the love story of the girl Barbara and her cousins.

The Coward. By *Neal Wainwright*. New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $2.00.

Whether the woman or the man of this novel is intended as the coward will be a source of speculation for many readers.

The Half-Hearted. By *John Buchan*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The story of a young Scotchman of good family who has talent, honesty and courage, but the fatal weakness of indecision.

We Sing Diana. By *Wanda Fraiken Neff*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A college woman professor finds life not entirely to her liking within academic circles but discovers romance when she changes her environment.

FOREIGN LANDS

See India with Me. By *Jane A. Tracy*. Boston: The Stratford Company. $3.00.

A travel book with illustrations which shows India seen by a party of four.

Present Day Russia. By *Ivy Lee*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

An appraisal of the conditions as the author found them on a recent visit to U. S. S. R.

China. By *Thomas F. Millard*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

This book covers the years 1925, 1926 and 1927, and gives a clear outline of events which took place during that time.

A Wayfarer in the West Indies. By *Algernon Aspinall*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00.

A fascinating account of the historic and traditional associations of the islands.

This London. By *R. Thurston Hopkins*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $4.00

The author sees London's ways as roads of never-fading glamor, delight and poetry.

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SECRETARY JAMES J. DAVIS

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MAY, 1928

"OLD AGE" AT FIFTY

BY JAMES J. DAVIS

Secretary of Labor of the United States

Not long ago I was asked to address the Veteran Employees' Association of the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburgh. This is an organization composed of no fewer than 3,400 men and women who have served that enterprise for periods ranging from twenty to forty years. So large a group of workers so long attached to a single place of employment is rare in a country as subject as ours to rapid movement and change. As I said in substance at the time, restless America is inclined to overlook the fact that sometimes the lesson of the tree is not to be despised. After all, the surest and most rapid rise may come of taking root in a single spot and growing upon its advantages.

The sight of so many workers who had followed this plan, and the policy of a company glad to encourage them in it, naturally brought to mind the type of employer who has the opposite inclination. It is true that many an American employer can testify to the worker whom he has trained and fitted into his organization, often at considerable cost of patience, materials, and time, only to find that worker ready to leave him for any, or no, apparent reason. This other side of our restless ambition has long given industry one of its problems. Now we hear more and more of another problem; that of the worker whose employer is willing

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to release him, whatever his skill and value, for no other cause than that he has reached an age beyond which it is thought he is, or will be, useless.

Often enough, in my own early days in the mill, I had seen this senseless practice, and often enough have seen it ever since. More than once, before the occasion in Pittsburgh, I had touched upon it. I knew it could be no novelty to many others. Sooner or later, it seemed to me, this habit of early discharge might become an issue in our industrial life. The time might arrive when it would have to be called to general attention. Already it had been referred to by several recent writers; with what effect I did not know. But the talk I gave to the Westinghouse veterans happened to be put on the air, and the response that has come from those who heard it by radio, or read quotations in the press, has been astonishing. Evidently the topic is alive and burning. Employers as well as workers have written, some to express relief, and all approval, that the topic had been raised. This habit of arbitrary discharge at an arbitrary age has affected or aroused, it seems, more people than I had supposed could be concerned.

In my own early days at hand labor, and in industries such as the one in which I was employed—iron and steel—there may have been reason for discharge of the occasional man of fifty. The handling of heavy masses of metal demanded bone and brawn, the heat of the furnace called for endurance, and the always ponderous and sometimes dangerous machines were admittedly safer in the hands of men who were younger and more alert. For some men of fifty these tasks and strains were too much. If only to prolong their usefulness in some other industry, it was wise and humane to release them from steel.

In the case of the hardier specimens it was simply absurd to lose their hard-earned, valuable knowledge and skill, merely because they had lived a certain number of years. Often the very labor which had taught them so much in mind had only toughened them physically. None knew this so well as such men themselves, and they cheerfully, and invariably, lied about their years. Where men were afraid of the fifty year rule, there was never a man in the mill who would admit that he was more than forty-eight. Many a good and stout worker, grown gray at the tem-

ples, was known to darken his hair with soot from the furnace. And many a man have I seen work on for years beyond the limit, without detection. If only to conceal his years he always strove to rival or outdo the younger men about him, and he often succeeded—to his own immense satisfaction, and to the amusement of others who were in the secret. Our very bosses, themselves risen from the ranks, knowing the worth of their men, and eager to keep them, gladly helped them along in this innocent deception of their employers.

If in other industries, where the toil was lighter, this practice of arbitrary discharge was frequent, we heard little of it then. In these industries, also, there might have been then some excuse for the habit. In those times the man of fifty was more apt to be fifty indeed. Not only did others regard him as old; he thought so himself. Every man who could afford it, the employer himself, looked forward to fifty, or thereabouts, as the age when he planned to "retire". The worker was expected to do the same, although the fact that he could hardly so well afford it was not altogether ignored. A sort of anæsthetic ceremony would be thrown about his passing. A gold watch would be given him, a set of resolutions, and even a purse of money. Regrets were spoken, and by at least one person they were apt to be sincerely felt. The man who felt them was he who, along with the watch, had received his discharge.

Now, it appears, this arbitrary discharge of the worker, regardless of his fitness, at an age arbitrarily fixed, is becoming a general policy. The policy is spreading through the executive offices of business, as it spreads through factory and shop. The tendency is to fix the age of retirement at a limit ever progressively lower. By some employers it is placed as low as forty years. It begins to be serious and alarming. And observance of the practice reaches its peak in the very day when the reasons for it have virtually disappeared. Not only have the reasons for arbitrary discharge for age disappeared, but their place has been taken by every gravest reason why employment should be made continuous and safe for the maximum number of workers, regardless of age.

Let me first go over the case against automatic discharge. The

hastiest glance at the facts will disclose how needless it is. In the last thirty years, which is shorter than the period of my own working life, science has greatly extended the span of human existence. It has given to every individual the chance not only of a longer life but of one more vigorous and free from disabling disease. To the benefits of a better personal hygiene we have added a better philosophy of life. More active in body, we are also more active in mind, and the world we now live in obligingly supplies us with endless pursuits and interests to keep us physically and mentally young. Our whole attitude toward life has changed to keep us youthful in spirit. No one today feels old, or is old, at any age.

Indeed it is just this youthful spirit of the times that partly accounts, I believe, for the current prejudice against the man of fifty. In our zeal to keep business and industry as youthful and vigorous as the spirit of the age, we have come to shy at the very suspicion of years. The younger industrial or business executive of today will smile if you remind him that Henry Dandolo, a Venetian accounted the greatest sailor of his time, stormed Constantinople, an almost impossible feat, at the age of ninety-five. You may point him to Gladstone, in his eighties a dominant figure in the world's affairs. The lists of achievements by men advanced in life extends to a day as late as the recent war. The younger man of our time will answer that these belonged to another day; that the rigors of this one belong in the hands of those who alone can endure them. Cite the great and important work still being done by men in their eighties, or even beyond them, in the field of finance, in education, invention, the law, even in the Supreme Court of the United States. You will be told that these are exceptional men.

Well, exceptional also is the worker of today who, at fifty or forty, is useless. The truth is that, exceptional instances apart, the employer who fires a worker at such an age for being mentally or bodily "old" is contradicted by every mental and moral trend of the times.

The facts against him are even stronger. The science, invention, and general progress that have given us new and more stimulating interests to quicken our lives and spirits, have also lightened our physical tasks. Far from growing greater, the

physical stresses and burdens of life are growing less, and our productive period is growing longer. Within thirty years we have written a wholly new page in history, with our lavish use of mechanical power, in the development of automatic and labor-saving machinery. One by one we have taken the age-old perils from the hands of men, the age-old burdens from their backs, and many of the petty strains from their minds. At the same time that we have lightened men's labor and lengthened their period of production, we have vastly increased their productive capacity, with the consequence that they are correspondingly more valuable to society and to themselves.

The progress made in steel alone, the industry I learned as a youth, staggers me now as a man. Not long ago I was shown through a modern steel-making plant, the final word of its kind. During my day in the mills a neighbor of mine was one of those caught when a ladle filled with whitehot metal spilled its contents over a group of men about it. There followed one of the strangest of burials. A huge hole was dug in the ground to receive that hideous octopus of metal, and a clergyman spoke his parting words to the ashes of half a dozen men invisibly caught within its folds. In my time it was no uncommon thing for living men, as well as red-hot iron, to be drawn through the rolls. To this day my own arms and legs bear the scars of the burns that I received. Now, thank God, these things are rare. In the plant that I inspected, great cranes, rolls, conveyors, and many other mechanical marvels for the making and handling of steel do almost humanly skilful things, lift more than humanly possible weights, and all at the touch of a lever, an electric button. They gave me the vision of a day when the bulk of men's work may well be done at the touch of a button. Danger, discomfort, back-breaking, heart-breaking labor, all are going in steel. Machinery does it, does more of it, and does it in the main with greater precision.

What is true of steel has happened in nearly every other industry. One after the other, automatic machinery has invaded them; even those, like the blowing of glass, where human skill had been thought, for ages, irreplaceable.

In fact, I believe this zeal for machinery of ever new and more productive power, this quest of mass production in ever greater

mass and at ever greater speed, is another cause for the growing prejudice against the older worker. The typical American manufacturer is proud of his courage in scrapping expensive equipment today, if tomorrow hands him machines of still more speed and productive power; and from pride in his courage to scrap his machines he has passed to a mistaken pride in his courage in scrapping men. He shuts his eyes to a rather important difference between a machine and a man. All machines wear out, and so do some men and women; the rest grow better, in skill and experience. They make this gain, moreover, at a time when bodily strength, and skill itself, are less required. Indeed, alarming as is this growing prejudice against the older worker, I grow to be more concerned for all workers for another reason. Automatic machinery tends to place before the average employer a wholly new temptation. With machinery performing ever more work, and exacting ever less from the human hand, my fear is that wages may be slashed accordingly. This, however, is the subject of another discussion. Here is the point immediately pertinent to this one.

With the infinite number of our industrial operations coming to be done by machinery ever more automatic and easier for human hands to run, the reasons for firing the older workers fade to almost nothing. Where machines do so much and the worker so little, the worker of sixty becomes as able as the one of twenty, with the added value of a tendency to stick to the job. In comment on my speech to the Westinghouse veterans, "F. P. A." remarked, in his column in *The World*, that faithfulness in a worker of sixty might have its explanation; he stuck to his job for having nowhere else to go. Whatever the reason, the older worker sticks. One by one, it seems to me, the economic props can be knocked from under this practice of scrapping workers at any such age as forty or fifty. And minus the props, the practice stands forth for what it is, hardly more than a habit of thought, a fashion.

On the other hand facts of the gravest importance are behind the case for safe and continuous employment, especially of those whom it now is the fashion to discharge. The case can be argued without the strongest plea of all, the plea of humanitarianism.

Nothing but simple business principle is needed to give overwhelming force to the argument for undisturbed employment. And the facts and the principle can be stated briefly enough.

As this is written the country has on its hands an unemployment problem that disquiets those who know its proportions, and baffles those who seek its source. With the pace of our business life only a little slackened from what it was a year ago, we nevertheless have unemployment, and I should rather draw any other conclusion than the one which this contrast forces upon me. No one can be certain, but I fear that a considerable number of the people at present out of work represent a part of the labor "saved" by some of this modern labor-saving machinery. I referred above to the glass industry as recently having come under machine production at last. In that industry 700 men were formerly employed in blowing the number of five-gallon glass carboys needed to supply the nation's demand. Now all the carboys the country can use are supplied by a single machine which requires the attention of a handful of men. This may be an extreme instance of what occurs when machines step into the work of men, but it serves to indicate a process that is going on in industry as a whole.

Are labor-saving mechanisms displacing workers more rapidly than we can absorb them in other pursuits? A year ago the danger in this high-speed production on which our prosperity rests was that it might turn and create, also, a certain amount of poverty, in a class of the permanently unemployed. Today I fear we find that danger a little nearer at hand, and a remedy only advisable a year ago may soon become imperative. One remedy is, of course, the development of new popular demands, and the creation of new industries to meet them. This, too, is the subject of another discussion, but again it supplies an immediate point to this one.

The point is simple. During the best of times we always have a certain amount of unemployment. Naturally, it is aggravated in periods of depression. At the present time we have the phenomenon of comparatively good times, and disquieting unemployment, in combination. If, now, to an unemployment situation brought about by economic forces beyond control, the

American employer, through whim alone, is to add a further unemployment by senseless discharge of his older workers, we shortly must have on our hands a state of affairs that may cost us much and give us the gravest concern.

The truth is, it is impossible to exaggerate the business risk in wide-spread unemployment. Discharge of a single worker is not the simple matter it appears to be. To the man discharged it may mean to be deprived of his means of subsistence. That is serious enough, but we forget what it costs the rest of us. Not a man can lose his job but we all lose something. The man discharged ceases to produce, and he also ceases to consume. He adds nothing to the wealth of us all, he takes from the business of all when he ceases to be a buyer. The loss of a single producer and buyer might never be noticed. Multiply by several millions, and the effect will be felt by the whole of business.

The same thing happens on any serious and widespread reduction in wages. Those who complain at the scale of wages, or who discharge their workers without a thought, forget that our prosperity derives from this home market of ours, and that in that market the millions of wage-earners are by far the richest and freest buyers. Good wages for the worker are thus good business for us all; whereas we all suffer if any considerable number of workers suffer the loss of their jobs. It is hardly a paradox to say that the employer who fires his men for age is taxing himself for his youth, and in terms of hard financial losses.

There is the simple business principle, and these are the facts that need to be pondered by all employers who object to age in their workers, in a day when physical strength no longer counts.

I believe the humane employer needs only to think of these things to abandon the practice. I have said this practice of discharging workers for age is not a novelty; this popular resentment toward it is. I believe that if ever this public resentment reaches any volume, and acquires a voice, the custom is doomed to the extinction that it deserves. In the face of a public sufficiently aroused against it, the enlightened employer will abandon the practice of his own accord. The other kind will be driven from it.

CURTIS AND NORRIS

BY THE HON. ARTHUR CAPPER

United States Senator from Kansas

AMONG the potential Presidential candidates in the Senate are two who occupy desks on the Republican side of the chamber, in close proximity physically and geographically, but who are as far apart as the North and South Poles in temperament and political thought and action.

One of them, Charles Curtis, is the officially elected Republican leader of the Senate. The other, George W. Norris, is the unofficial but nevertheless real and acknowledged leader of what has come to be generally designated as "the Progressive *bloc*".

In years the two men are not far apart, and they have two traits in common which are, however, extremely uncommon among men engaged in the political arena. Both Curtis and Norris say what they mean, without equivocation or evasion, and they do what they agree to do. I have never heard either charged with insincerity or double-dealing. Their word is, in fact, better than their bond—for both are poor, or comparatively so, financially, but rich in the respect, esteem, and trust of their colleagues and constituents.

Both men are from the West, which has not been represented in the White House since the days of Abraham Lincoln. Both represent large bodies of public opinion; the political views of many millions of their fellow-countrymen. The now unlooked for but nevertheless possible circumstances of another war in Europe, of financial depression at home, of political scandal involving other candidates, of long and hopeless deadlock in the convention between the leading candidates—any of these things that might eventuate—could perhaps make Curtis or Norris the Republican nominee for President of the United States. In the parlance of politics, Curtis and Norris may be regarded as "dark horses," but the nomination of either is not an impossibility.

Both are known throughout the country; either would make a strong candidate. No two men in public life offer more contrasts. Let us examine separately the circumstances which have brought two such utterly different men to places of leadership in the political affairs of the nation, and assay their respective qualifications for the Presidency.

Let it be noted in the beginning, however, that while I have high admiration and respect for George Norris, my own support is very naturally and entirely voluntarily pledged to my fellow Kansan, Charles Curtis. I have known him over a period of forty years; our political fortunes have been intermingled; our homes in Topeka are almost adjacent; and we are more than colleagues: we are friends. This is said without any derogation whatever of my friendship with and for George Norris.

I

No pen sketch of Charles Curtis would be complete without reference to the fact that he is a descendant of the only real Americans: the Indians. The circumstance is worth recording because it explains his tremendous physical vitality and endurance. Those qualities are the heritage from ancestors who lived their lives outdoors on the Western plains. That heritage has enabled Curtis to undertake tasks and bear responsibilities such as would have brought most men to grief from a physical standpoint. Yet at sixty-eight Curtis has the buoyancy and energy of men a score of years younger.

It is the Indian heritage, too, which gave Curtis his most striking physical feature: his dark, flashing eyes that pierce and glow and radiate personal magnetism so helpful in political life.

Curtis's boyhood, as a matter of fact, was spent in the tepees of his mother's kindred, on the Kaw Indian Reservation near Topeka, Kansas. As a boy, he lived the life of the tribe, but a grandmother's influence sent him to school in Topeka after he had spent some years of his youth as a race-horse jockey. The same influence—a heritage from the Puritan stock of his father—set him at the study of the law while he earned his living as a night hack driver.

At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar. At twenty-four he became County Attorney. He was a successful prosecutor; he put men in jail who belonged there. He became widely acquainted. He forgot neither the faces, the names, nor the circumstances of those whom he met. He greeted by name men whom he had not seen for months or years; he knew their interests and their views. He made friends readily; kept them long. So he was elected to Congress at the age of thirty-three after practising law privately and successfully several years.

He was reëlected for seven successive terms, because he served his constituents well and faithfully. In the House of Representatives he followed party leadership; he was a Republican first, last, and all the time. He secured the things his constituents and District needed. He attended to business, which was that of serving the people who elected him. He was a "regular", conservative Republican. Yet he was one of the first of his contemporaries to support woman suffrage.

After nearly fifteen years in the House of Representatives, Curtis was elected to the Senate in 1907. He has been there ever since, with the exception of two years.

Curtis has been in Congress thirty-three years; practically forty years in public office, including the time spent as County Attorney. In all that time, there has been no charge of dishonesty against him; no betrayal of public trust. He has stood the test of time as a public servant. He has made no apology for his votes on legislative matters, even though quite often he has been more conservative than his constituency. Neither has he dodged votes or issues. The people of Kansas know what he does and what he will do on legislative issues. They may not agree always with his views and votes. But they know and they appreciate the fact that Charles Curtis has but two masters: Loyalty to what he conceives to be the best interests of his country, and loyalty to the party which he believes to be the best instrument for preserving the general welfare.

He believes unqualifiedly in party government, in party regularity, in party responsibility and accountability. Yet he has no condemnation, no ill will for those who are "irregular", independent. And so he has retained the friendship and trust of men

who differ with him on every important political issue. They understand and appreciate that he is just as genuine in his faith in the supreme virtue of party regularity as they are in their belief that independence of thought and action are more important than partisan loyalty.

Curtis was not in the Senate long before he became Republican whip, then assistant leader. When Senator Lodge died, Curtis was elected Republican leader, in 1924. His work for the party had earned the honor and responsibility for him; but, more than that, he had earned the respect and real friendship of his colleagues. They all know and address him as Charlie, though none would have dared to address his predecessor as Henry. The difference in personal relations explains in part at least the success Curtis has had as leader of his party.

Yet, though Curtis is genial, unassuming, unpretentious, and entirely fair, he is not a mere "Yes man" in party councils. It is often his voice and his influence that either bring complete harmony out of party discord or prevent disastrous and permanent dissension. His is not a leadership of arrogant dictation, but one of friendly counsel, conciliation, and compromise when compromise is necessary.

His contribution to the official proceedings of the Senate day after day, so far as *The Congressional Record* shows, may be nothing more than "Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum," or "Mr. President, I move that we adjourn to meet at 12 tomorrow." He makes no formal speeches, but on the rare occasions when he does speak he states his position with a vigor, frankness, and clarity that carry conviction.

Day in and day out, while the air is filled with the voices of other Senators, Charlie Curtis is quietly engaged on the floor of the Senate in dozens of conferences, advising, consulting, and cooperating with his colleagues, with House leaders and members, Cabinet officers, the emissaries of the President, and the Democratic leader of the Senate. His is the guiding hand that does most to arrange the legislative programme so that out of endless words will come deeds in the form of sound legislation.

Curtis possesses the first essential of a leader: the ability to make decisions quickly, rightly, and finally, and to make the new

decision when circumstances arise to warrant it. He has the ability to judge men and their qualifications correctly. He has courage; he has integrity; he has friends, but they do not sway his judgment. He can and does say "No", an emphatic "NO", to his friends when need be. There would be no genial and venal band of roisterers stealing the public domain with Curtis in the White House. Charles Curtis, himself, would be President. He would be no mere rubber stamp for the use of those with selfish interests to serve. His would be an Administration of honesty and efficiency, of conservatism, of steady effort to maintain business and economic equilibrium, without experiments or innovations in the conduct of the Government.

Curtis rose from the ranks of the common people. He knows and understands them. He would approve no act that would put their interests in jeopardy. On the other hand, he would approve no proposal to tear down the present business and social structure in order to build something new and experimental. He is conservative, safe, sane, sensible, honest, and capable. For thirty-three years he has served well and faithfully in the Congress of the United States the people of Kansas and of the country generally. He would serve equally well in the White House.

II

Just as Charles Curtis is a symbol, personification, and embodiment of party loyalty, George Norris is a living, perambulating Declaration of Independence in human form. Norris's whole philosophy of political service is summarized in his own words:

> In every official act I have been guided by my conscientious convictions as to what was right in the light of the information which I possessed. . . . No man owes a duty to his party that in any way conflicts with the duty he owes to his country, and no party ought under any circumstances or conditions undertake to control the conscience of the individual.

Yet, diametrically opposed as are the political philosophies of Curtis and Norris, their lives in external circumstances are curiously alike.

Norris, like Curtis, started life in most humble circumstances. His early life was spent on an Ohio farm. His father died when the future Senator was but a small boy. His brother was killed

in the Civil War; the mother was left in straitened circumstances. As a boy, Norris worked out among neighboring farmers in summer, attended district school in winter, taught school, studied law in his spare time, worked his way through college, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two.

He traveled to Washington Territory, and there, failing to establish himself in the practice of law, he searched out a job as school teacher in a remote district. To get to the place of employment, a journey by train was necessary—and Norris possessed no funds. So he made the trip—not without some physical interference by zealous brakemen, however—on the blind end and bottom of a freight train.

He could find no living accommodations in the homes of the parents of his pupils, so he constructed in a shed a bed of boards, which he covered with straw. In 1885, he journeyed east to Nebraska, engaged in the practice of law, was three times elected Prosecuting Attorney, became District Judge, and arrived in the House of Representatives in Washington in 1903. He remained there until he came to the Senate in 1913.

He has known hardship and poverty; he confesses to having worn one suit, with some patches and alterations, for six years. He is a man of the people, if ever there was one.

If George Norris ever was anything but an independent, an insurgent, or a Progressive—using all three terms to denote a Republican who places his individual judgment above party regularity—there is no record of that fact, in Washington at least.

When Norris arrived in Congress, the House of Representatives was under the absolute domination and autocratic rule of the Speaker and one or two of his political lieutenants. Party obedience was the first, paramount, and only duty of members of the majority: to vote as the leaders said, without inquiry or reason. Such a system made absolutely no appeal whatever to George Norris. In his very first term as member of the House, therefore, he made embarrassing inquiry and parliamentary attack upon a long-established practice of appropriating several hundred thousand dollars annually to a railroad for "special service". He could find no reason for the appropriation. He suspected that part of the amount, at least, went to the national

party committees, because his inquiries brought the censure and protests of the chairmen of those committees. He was defeated in his effort to strike out the appropriation; but the item did not appear in appropriation bills thereafter. Indirectly he had won the first of many victories.

He exercised the same independence in speaking and voting on other legislation. Naturally, he was "disciplined" by his party, by being deprived of patronage: the privilege of building up a personal political machine in his district through appointment of postmasters, marshals and other Federal officeholders. He received no aid from Congressional campaign committees. The newspapers throughout his District and State supported his opponents. But George Norris continued and still continues the uneven and independent tenor of his way. He goes out and speaks to and talks with the people of his State—and for some reason best known to themselves they continue to elect him to office on the Republican ticket. They have been doing that same thing for twenty-five years without a break.

The way in which Norris expresses his views may have something to do with his success. Here is a bit of phraseology from one of his campaign talks:

> I would rather go down to my political grave with a clear conscience than ride in the chariot of victory, a Congressional stool pigeon, the slave, the servant, and the vassal of any man, whether he be the owner and manager of a legislative menagerie, or the ruler of a great nation.

And here is another example that gives a better picture of Norris's trend of mind than anything I could put in my own words:

> When the President within the limits of his constitutional authority is acting as commander in chief of the army and navy, I will follow him and support him to the very limit. When, as President, he is acting as a part of the constitutional law-making power of our Federal government, I will be with him whenever I believe he is right, and I will be against him whenever I think he is wrong. This rule applies to peace times as well as to war. It applies to every President regardless of his politics and it applies to me whether I am acting as a public official or as a private citizen.

In plain words, Norris throughout his Congressional career has maintained the right to vote as conscience and judgment dictate, regardless of the judgment of party caucuses. He has made

scores of fights against legislation which he believed to be wrong, regardless of party indorsement. He has lost more often than he has won. But year in, year out, he keeps on fighting for what he believes to be right.

His was the courage, the parliamentary skill, and brilliant leadership which resulted in the organization that overthrew the powerful and autocratic régime of Speaker Cannon in the House of Representatives. He led in the struggle to abolish secret, binding caucus action, and secret committee meetings. He was the author of the resolution which disclosed the looting by financiers of the New Haven Railroad, resulting in the impoverishment of hundreds of widows and orphans. He led the battle which brought a real investigation instead of a legislative whitewash of the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy, and exposed the plundering of the national domain.

He was one of six Senators who voted against our entry into the World War. He denounced the treaty of Versailles, which ended the war, as "one of the most wicked pieces of statecraft that ever issued from the hand of man". He worked for years for direct election of United States Senators, and for Presidential primaries. He stood for free speech and free press even in war times. He blocked Henry Ford's plan for the acquirement of Muscle Shoals and he is now working for Government control of waterpower resources there and elsewhere. He secured a tariff reduction on petroleum and its products from twenty-five per cent to one per cent. He is the author of a proposed Amendment to the Constitution to abolish the "lame duck" session of Congress, so often productive of legislation not in the public interest by men who have been defeated at the November elections. These are only a few of the many things George Norris has attempted or accomplished. A full record of his activities would fill many, many pages.

Norris keeps himself poor by campaigning for other members of his party with similar views, who lack the support of the party Congressional Committee. He went into Pennsylvania not long ago and actively campaigned against the Republican Senatorial nominee, Vare, with the result that William B. Wilson, Democrat, carried the State outside Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

It would be natural to assume that a man with such a record would have the disposition of a grizzly bear. Nothing could be farther from the fact. There is no one more calm, more self-controlled, more amiable in debate, than George Norris, of McCook, Nebraska. He makes his fights with perfect good nature, takes his defeats without rancor, and begins fighting all over again. No one is more skilled in debate. No one is more interesting. No one can make a complicated issue more clear and simple. No one has a better stock and command of facts when engaging in debate on any controverted subject. No one is more respected and feared by his opponents than George Norris, because he knows what he is talking about and has the ability to make ordinary, every-day people understand what the issue is and how it affects their interests. He speaks the language of the people and he puts into his argument a wit that is both interesting and effective.

Norris is the acknowledged leader of the Progressive group simply because during twenty-five years' service in Congress he has made a record for courageous, independent, progressive thinking and action unsurpassed by any man now living. On Norris fell the mantle of the elder La Follette. Norris has worn it fittingly. Unlike Curtis, he would not be content as the occupant of the White House merely to keep the Ship of State on an even keel. Norris would want to spread all sail to speed for the port of vastly better conditions for Mr. Average Citizen.

He is honest, capable, conscientious, and, above all, he has the courage of his convictions. He is not afraid of departing from the beaten path of government activity, if he believes the people will benefit by innovation. He may never be President, but he will always be true to his conscientious convictions. And that is no small achievement.

THE HEN OF PRODUCTION AND THE EGG OF CONSUMPTION

BY LEWIS H. HANEY

TOWARD the end of the last century, and following a world-wide period of business depression, the well known English economist, J. A. Hobson, wrote (*Evolution of Modern Capital*): "Depressions are due to an attempt to devote too large a proportion of the productive power of a community to forms of saving." That is, too much capital is saved and invested in plants and machinery of all kinds, with the result that more things are produced than can be consumed. Thus the fundamental trouble is "oversaving", which, of course, means "under-consumption", for saving means withholding from consumption. Hobson is a Socialist of the more conservative kind, seeing no complete remedy of business depressions and attendant evils without a large measure of government participation in industry.

Now, a generation after Hobson's book, the same general ideas are being expressed in America; *e.g.*, by Messrs. Foster and Catchings in *The Road to Plenty* and elsewhere. Those participating in this recrudescence bring an indictment against the present business order. They point out that under present conditions we are subject to recurrent booms and depressions, though they are most concerned with deploring the depressions and say next to nothing of the booms. The people want to buy, we are told, but can not. Our industrial ills are laid to under-consumption. Consumer buying lags behind producer output of commodities and then the trouble begins.

But why this unbalanced condition? In answer we are told that the consumers do not have enough money; insufficient money is paid by producers to consumers to enable them to buy the output of current production. But more than this, not only is too little money paid to the "people", but they are not able

to spend even what they do get because they must save something. Saving, it is argued, reduces spending and consumption.

In the background we see the idea that it is chiefly wages which are insufficient. The reason "workers" do not consume the surplus production is that they get inadequate income. Business men are said to expect more for their products than they pay out to consumers, the suggestion being that what is needed is more wages and less profits. Briefly summarized the suggestions made for remedying the situation are as follows:

(1) See to it that the people receive enough money income to allow them to save and at the same time to buy all the products put out by producers as rapidly as produced. Measures should be taken to enable our people to buy all the goods produced at home and imported.

(2) To accomplish this, expand the volume of money. This may be done, (a) by establishing a Federal Board with power to expand and control bank credit and to initiate the construction of public works; (b) by expanding the capital equipment of the community faster than present consumption requires; and, (c) by making some change, not specified, in our practices as to saving. Thus we may call these critics "consumptionists", "more-moneyites", or inflationists.

In all this, the importance and place of consumption constitute the heart of the problem. Our chief industrial ills are attributed to a lagging in consumer buying. Consumption is thought of as coming before production, in importance if not in order.

Now economists have been over this ground. The older economists emphasized production and its problems; then the pendulum swung toward an emphasis of consumption and human wants. More recently both extremes have come to be regarded as one-sided. Is it not fruitless to inquire which came first, the hen of production or the egg of consumption? Neither can exist without the other, and the two are equally important. Producers are the consumers; consumers are the producers. Thus *it is just as logical and feasible to increase consumption by increasing production, as vice versa.* As a practical fact, production and consumption must, in the long run, be equal. And it follows that

there is as much danger in having the Government tinker with one as with the other.

That the one-sided suggestion that economic maladjustments can be remedied by stimulating consumption is unsound, is shown by the following considerations:

(1) Aside from the long-run impossibility of expanding consumption without expanding production, there is the danger of checking savings by encouraging spending; the part in production played by investors and capital is to be remembered. (Of course, if people were not to spend their incomes, the scheme of the more-money advocates would be defeated.)

(2) Again, it is not always desirable to stimulate, and it is impossible by putting out more money to select the particular industries that are to be stimulated or retarded. (How, in the name of reason, are we to make the consumer spend the money given to him, for only those things which a Federal Board thinks he should buy?) In cases of under-production, or over-consumption, and high scarcity prices, it is unnecessary to stimulate buying, and increased consumption might add to the trouble. In cases in which we already have over-production with an uneconomic, wasteful use of capital and labor (as in the cotton textile, coal, shipping, and oil industries), a general stimulation of buying would serve to perpetuate or ultimately to intensify the uneconomic, wasteful production. Should money be supplied by the government to support such industries at capacity?

(3) The foregoing point suggests the fact that no broad general stimulus, such as increasing the money supply and inflation, can serve the purpose. Any practical remedy must be adjustable to the different conditions in different industries and as between the several factors of production—labor, capital and enterprise. Production needs to be stimulated in one case and retarded in another. Now labor needs more; again capital. The general principle is that each industry and each factor of production should be rewarded according to its productivity. *General* inflation or contraction allows no discrimination.

(4) More than this, merely increasing the money in circulation would inevitably tend to bring inflation, and all experience proves that *inflation is easier to start than to stop.* Once con-

sumption catches up with production, what is to keep production from again running ahead faster than consumption, with the eternal necessity of painful readjustment? Either we must assume ever increasing inflation, or we must admit that periods of contraction, curtailment, and depression would occur much as at present.

Under present conditions, the one way may exceed the other for a time, but changes in costs and prices sooner or later restore approximate equality. If supply falls behind demand, prices rise and operate both to stimulate production and curtail consumption. This is what happened in the case of cotton last Fall. The opposite is being illustrated by the petroleum industry. (Both these cases, too, illustrate the impossibility of eliminating periods of trouble by government supervision, for the supply of both commodities is largely influenced by "natural" conditions not subject to human control or prevision.) The notion adopted by the consumptionists is that such temporary maladjustments as arise may be eliminated by always stimulating consumption to make it always equal production. (They have little to say about contracting money supplies and reducing demand,—a process that would not be popular!)

(5) Here, too, the economist would point out the difference between demand and consumption. To increase the money in circulation may increase demand and prices, but may not result in any final gain in consumption. Consumption depends on the quantity of things that consumers can get with their money. But increasing the money supply would probably increase prices and the larger incomes of consumers would buy no more than before.

Nowadays we produce things for sale and pay money for what we consume. Accordingly, the new crop of reformers, instead of saying "See to it that people get all the food, clothes, and automobiles that are available," say "See to it that people get money to allow them to buy all products as produced." The money factor has been a stumbling block to many, both before and after Bryan.

The more-moneyites continually mention the volume of money. In order that business may grow, it is said, there must be an

expansion of money in circulation. Prosperity in recent years is alleged to have been generated by increases in the volume of money, resulting from the growth of the automobile industry. One great trouble is supposed to be that producers do not borrow enough money to pay consumers what they (the producers) expect to get back for their products. Clearly, the money spent by consumers is considered as the force that drives all industry.

Now the part played by money is very complex, but this at least can be said: Within wide limits, it makes little difference whether we have much or little money, if only the supply be fairly constant in relation to the volume of business that requires its use. Other things being equal, if we have a large volume of money, each dollar is worth less and we have to give more dollars in exchange for what we buy. If the supply is small the opposite is true.

It is the changes or fluctuations in money that cause no small part of our industrial troubles. Suddenly increasing the supply often brings inflation, with "booms" and ensuing depression.

Thus it seems that the more-moneyites not only over-emphasize the importance of money, but also, in proposing to expand the volume of money for the purpose of giving more of it to consumers, that they open the door for inflation and the troubles that usually attend it. Certainly they appear to know of no way to control the amount, as they indicate that the Federal Reserve Board has no power over prices. The only test given for the desirable amount of money is "to see to it" that "the people" get enough to allow them to acquire all the automobiles, food and other consumables that can be produced.

Not only do these recent inflationists over-emphasize consumption and exaggerate the part played by money, but their errors easily lead them into the old fallacy of arguing that almost any way of spending money makes trade good. Saving is painted as an unfortunate necessity that menaces prosperity by keeping down the volume of money in circulation. The automobile is glorified as the generator of recent prosperity by leading to the expenditure of billions of dollars.

On such a theory it has often been argued that wasteful extravagance of any sort can be justified. The idea has been dis-

credited by almost despairing economists hundreds of times. One way of showing its weakness is to point out that some methods of spending money are not good for the consumer himself—as debauchery, and living beyond one's means so as to cause or intensify poverty. Another way is to point out that by spending today I may unduly reduce my power to spend tomorrow. This is often the result of installment selling. The rainy day comes and I find that the payments on my car, fur coat, radio, and dining room "set" prevent me from spending for my health (a needed vacation), for the education of my child, or even for clothing. Still another way is to point out that the production of a community is curtailed by some kinds of spending. To say nothing of spending for things that reduce the mental or bodily efficiency of workers themselves (as consumers), there is the evil of wasteful luxury. For the rich man to spend money for private golf links, racing stables, and palatial establishments; for the poor man to spend money for a $2,500 motor car or a $200 radio—these most emphatically do not cause prosperity, but do tend to diminish the income of society.

Generally, when I put a dollar into a luxury instead of into a bank or a bond, I am taking a step toward making the nation poorer, and a poor nation means poor consumers. This is true because such luxurious spending, by limiting the supply of capital equipment, lessens our power to produce. Labor saving machinery has, under skilful direction, done more than any other factor to make us prosperous. When I spend, I may possibly help to maintain the existing supply of machinery by buying something produced with the aid of machinery, but when I save I am helping to make more machinery and to give employment to more laborers and their children after them. This means increased future production, and at the same time increased future income to me, with which I can participate in the increased volume of products.

Apparently, however, the consumptionists believe that the only way to get money into circulation effectively is to have consumers spend it; and, as saving is opposed to consumer spending in the present, they are more or less opposed to saving, including corporate saving, for such savings represent profits that

are not distributed. We find such statements as this: "Every dollar which is saved and invested, instead of spent, causes one dollar of deficiency in consumer buying".

But common observation shows that those who have the most money to spend today are those who saved yesterday. Another fact: one of the best ways to put money into circulation is to put it in the bank. Saving and investment do not prevent the spending of money; for, when a bank gets funds, it lends them to merchants and manufacturers, who use them to buy materials and employ labor. If invested funds were idle, there could be no interest paid on them.

More than this, saving is the generator of capital equipment, without which even the all-important automobile would be impossible. It is alleged that the automobile industry has generated prosperity. But capital equipment has been a large factor in generating automobiles, and saving has generated the capital equipment. Machinery, tools, and factories represent the savings of millions of people who have made these things, and the industries that depend upon them, possible by *not spending* money, but investing it.

We are told that saving our dollars causes trouble by reducing consumer buying, unless the saving is offset by expanding capital equipment and increasing payments to those employed in making such equipment. The consumptionists say: "The country prospers only while it is building more industrial equipment than it can use." It is the *expansion* of the automobile industry, they say, that has generated our prosperity. Stable business is not desired, apparently because it does not make large additions to the nation's payrolls in connection with expansion of plant, nor increase the volume of money in circulation.

But is stability of business impossible? And is it undesirable? Can we not have prosperity without continued expansion? Certainly the negative answer to these questions has never been proved. It seems fair to say that the two years 1925–1926 came about as near to being prosperous as any in our history, and it seems equally true that the same years were also as nearly stable as any on record. Periods of expansion frequently develop into "booms", and booms generally mean a subsequent reaction

and depression. Most observers agree that alternate periods of boom and depression occasion great loss and suffering.

Any theory or programme of reform that has to assume constant expansion of capital equipment and volume of money cannot be fundamentally sound. It would resemble the perpetual motion idea. Surely something is wrong with a theory if it won't work in the equilibrium of a prolonged period of stability. Balance implies stability, and all agree that a balance between consumption and production is desirable.

Seventy-five years ago there was a burning question known as "the wages fund theory". Today, without being given a name, a related theory is cropping up and clear signs of it appear in the ideas under discussion. Briefly, the old theory was that wages are paid out of a pretty rigidly fixed "fund" which is independent of what the laborers produce currently, and that if a particular labor organization succeeds in boosting wages it merely gets an undue share of the wages fund, to the injury of other laborers. Nowadays, on the contrary, the idea is rather widely held that by paying increased wages we can add to the laborers' buying power, increase the demand for commodities, and thus "generate" prosperity.

The immediate similarity between this idea and the wages theory is seen in their neglect of relation between *wages paid* and *productivity of labor*. Both notions imply that laborers can be paid something different from the value that laborers produce; the one, that wages cannot exceed a fixed fund, the other that wages may be paid without regard to any fund. The old doctrine involved a limited fund; the new doctrines an unlimited fund.

When people go to extremes in thinking, one usually finds that the opposite extremes are both wrong and that both involve the same fallacy. For example, extreme anarchy and extreme autocracy are both wrong, as both lead to a sort of tyranny over the individual, in that he is not safe and his property is likely to be seized by others. Extremes of wealth and extremes of poverty are equally undesirable. Just so, the notion that wages are limited by the amount of a fixed fund, and the notion that wages are unlimited and can be paid in any amount considered desirable for the purpose of stimulating consumption, are two extremes and

are equally fallacious. Both are related to the truth, which is that laborers can be and should be paid all that they contribute to production, but they err in assuming that either more or less than this can be done.

What labor produces, is (1) certain physical adjustments in materials which change their shape, as when wool is turned into cloth, or cloth into suits, and (2) certain values, as when the cloth sells for more than the wool used, or the suit for more than the cloth. Unless both of these results are attained, the labor is not truly productive. If so many yards of cloth are turned out that the market is oversupplied, and cloth is worth no more than wool, the change in physical shape is of no avail, productivity declines, and wages must be reduced. Or if, in foreign countries, laborers work for less, so that a yard of cloth costs less in wages, our imports of the cheaper goods tend to increase, our cloth manufacturers lose their foreign markets, and they cannot long continue to pay the previous rate of wages.

What the consumptionists appear to forget is that wages must be paid out of product; that eggs presuppose hens. We cannot simply manufacture more money and turn it over to laborers (or other consumers), for that would mean inflation and would soon do more harm than good. Witness conditions in Germany after the war. The only alternative is to assume that too much of the joint product of labor, capital, and enterprise is kept by the last two factors in the shape of interests and profits.

Let us face the issue squarely. If any class in society is getting less income—less money, if you please—than it deserves on account of its contribution to production, we must recognize both an economic miscarriage and an ethical injustice. Such a maladjustment, however, remains to be proved. And even if proved, the remedy certainly does not lie in doling out to the people in this class certain sums of money, but in ascertaining the causes of the trouble and removing them. Doles would be but a palliative at best. By increasing prices their purpose would be defeated. There would be no way to insure that they would be expended wisely. Abuse and misuse would be a practical certainty. The underlying source of maladjustment would remain.

JAZZMANIA

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

"JAZZMANIA" has become practically a geographical term covering the whole territory of modern extravagance, absurdity, exaggeration and distortion of values. While based upon a species of musical technique, the application of the slang coinage, "jazz," has become general, fitting almost every abnormality of the age. Our murders, our trials, our welcomes to Channel swimmers and transatlantic flyers, our sports, our conventions, our best sellers of literature and their authors, our drama, our concert and operatic stage, our elections, our social gatherings, our charities, our painting, sculpture and architecture, even our ethics and religion, have all fallen into the idiom of jazz. Along normal, conservative lines they could not possibly succeed.

Whether this condition is deplorable or admirable is a matter for argument. It is at least interesting; and an analysis of its musical basis may serve to clarify its fundamental and most significant properties.

The origin of the term itself need not cause any sleepless hours. No one knows exactly where it came from, although its Negro parentage is fairly obvious. No matter what the explanation of the slang phrase, its meaning is clear enough. Jazz is not a musical form; it is a method of treatment. It is possible to take any conventional piece of music and "jazz it up". The actual process is one of distortion, of rebellion against normalcy.

Jazz, therefore, may be practically defined as the distortion of the normal or conventional in music; or in anything else, for that matter. A caricature is a jazz portrait, and a burlesque is jazz drama. "Jazzmania" is simply the habit of thinking and acting in distorted terms; a manner of life consistently at war with conservative tradition.

The reasons for this state of affairs are not hard to find. It is a part of human nature to rebel against anything orthodox after

it has been so long established or so strongly emphasized as to seem burdensome. The whole history of art, and of civilization in general, shows merely a series of revolutions. There has always been a reason for form or technique of any kind, but once that reason was forgotten, and formality became an end in itself, the rebellion of the Liberals was inevitable.

In the field of music, the blame for jazz (if it is indeed culpable) may be placed squarely upon the shoulders of the Conservatives, the hidebound, intolerant scholars, artists, critics, highbrows, self-appointed guardians of taste and standards, who have insisted that music is a matter of rules, regulations and formulas, and refused to admit the significance of any opinions, responses and reactions but their own. These reactionary formalists of music have had their parallels in all other lines of art and life, and the immediate effect of their activities today is Jazzmania.

The self-sufficient "expert" of music is a familiar figure, and always has been. Most of the "artists" belong in this class. They surround their trade with an ectoplasm of mystery and crown it with a halo of transcendental hokum. They are afraid to admit that they make their living through perfectly intelligible abilities, shrewdly developed to a point of commercial value, and maintain the pose of ineffability chiefly to avoid embarrassing investigations. Within their own fraternity, their methods are well known and discussed, but not for the benefit of the public.

There is some excuse for this, but far less for the attitude of the mere parasites of music, those who have not the creative or interpretive ability to rank as artists, but nevertheless, with the help of second-hand information and an often hypocritical enthusiasm, constitute themselves a stern judiciary of what the average listener shall like or not like. Too often their dicta are treated with awe through mere lack of information or experience, and even when they are unquestionably right, and in accord with the sympathetic understanding of all qualified judges, their intolerance is a menace and a deterrent to æsthetic progress.

When the average man or woman, the potential music lover, ventures occasionally to express an honest opinion or a sincere enthusiasm, he or she is almost sure to meet the rebuff of one of these contemptuous traditionalists in the stock formula of disap-

proval: "Your taste is terrible." Driven back into his shell, the business man decides that it is "all over his head" and that "Jazz is good enough for him," while the housekeeping woman reiterates her own formula, "I don't know anything about music, but I know what I like."

Jazz has found millions of such disciples because it offered not only an escape from the conventional but actually represented also the line of least resistance. Jazz rhythms are based upon the universal human instinct to keep time, an instinct which actually seeks to lighten physical effort by a rhythmic accompaniment, and has succeeded in doing so, from the folk song of the reapers and the strain of the Volga boatmen to the modern daily dozen, assisted by phonograph or radio.

Even the complications of syncopation or "rag time" cannot obscure the regularity of the fundamental beat, and to the jazz lover "keeping time", mentally or physically, becomes a game in which the reward is the personal satisfaction of overcoming an invisible enemy. "You can't fool me," says the jazz hound on the trail of rhythm, coming down on the beat with the same feeling of triumph that was the psychological secret of cross word puzzles and "Ask Me Another".

Jazz melodies have been mostly simple and obvious, easily remembered after one or two hearings. "Popular music is familiar music," and when recognition is made easy, it is a tremendous asset. Again the distortion of melody serves as an incentive, an encouragement to individual attention and a stimulator of personal pride in its mastery.

The distortions of jazz, however, are not merely rhythmic and melodic. They also deal with harmony and tone color.

Jazz harmonies are quite in line with the freedom of modern harmonizing in general, and actually fall short of the liberties constantly taken by the "serious" composers of music. Tonal coloring also has been revolutionized by the development of muted brass, of virtuosity in the wood wind, and of a never-ending variety and versatility of percussion. Here again the jazz band is merely presenting in an obvious and insistent form the whimsical individuality which is characteristic of all ultra-modern music.

Jazz effects are, in truth, nothing new in the musical art. Distortions of some sort have figured in composition of all kinds for several centuries. Every revolutionary composer has started with apparent distortions which to a later generation seemed entirely logical and necessary. (From this, however, it by no means follows that *all* distortion is logical and necessary.)

Monteverde, putting a deliberate dissonance into Ariadne's lament to express its tragedy, becomes perhaps the first of all jazz composers. Beethoven definitely jazzes the choral melody in the Finale of his *Ninth Symphony* when he orchestrates it for a combination of brass, bassoons, cymbals and triangle, and at the same time breaks up the tune into a sprightly skipping rhythm. Schumann's love of syncopation is continually apparent, and this is accentuated in his greatest follower, Brahms. Chopin uses jazz rhythms, jazz melodies (many of which have been stolen by modern popular composers) and jazz harmonies, actually finishing one of his Preludes on a "blue" chord (containing the interval of the minor seventh). Liszt was a jazz composer *par excellence*, and a good showman to boot. Along conventional lines he would hardly have been noticed. Neither would his son-in-law, Wagner. Tschaikowsky and Dvorak both introduced jazz effects into their most popular symphonies. Debussy's harmonies are the very essence of modern jazz, and in such a piece as the familiar *Golliwog's Cake Walk* he distorts melody and rhythm as well. Stravinsky and all the ultra-modernists revel in jazz instrumentation. Most of them have tried to write jazz in the American style, but without much success. Stravinsky's *Rag Time* and the jazz movement of his piano concerto cannot compare with the work of Gershwin, Souvaine or Grofé; on the other hand, the jazz effects in *Petrouschka* are thoroughly delightful. (One of the best bits of modern jazz, incidentally, is in the Scherzo section of Schoenberg's *String Quartet in D minor.*) Schubert was jazzed to create the operetta of *Blossom Time*, and *The Miracle* represents a jazzing of all kinds of material, musical, pictorial, literary and religious.

Jazz painting and sculpture have become so common that their distortions are almost accepted as normal. The artist who wishes to emphasize color generally does so at the expense of

form. If there is some detail of outline that he considers particularly important, he does not hesitate to exaggerate, quite in the jazz spirit of the cartoonist. Ultra-modern statuary is full of the same kind of distortion. Sometimes it is all head, sometimes all legs, sometimes merely a combination of curves or angles to give the effect of motion or rest.

The jazz architecture of New York is a practical one, rising literally out of the necessity to build for height alone, since upward is the only direction in which any space is left. The results, however, have a distinctive beauty quite aside from their utility.

Nature also expresses herself occasionally in the jazz manner. In most cases a landscape or a mountain or a sea view is assumed to be normal merely because it is obviously natural. But the bizarre coloring of a sunset generally partakes of distortion, with a consequent shock of pleasant surprise, while the stratified rock formations of America's western canyons are assuredly an overwhelming jazz of geological traditions.

It cannot be argued therefore that distortion is fundamentally unnatural and illogical. Its spirit enters in some degree into every art and beauty to which the elements of selection and composition contribute at all. Even the photographer consciously applies the principles of emphasis and accent in selecting his subjects, his lights and his angles.

Basically, the new jazzmania need not be considered a menace to civilization. The powers of truth and universality are not to be denied for long. Ancient Greece delivered her drama through absurd masks and in stilted, artificial phrases, but they have given way to natural, human expressions of face and language. The honest, normal painting of Rembrandt, Raphael and other great masters of the brush survives today, as do the music of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms and the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Goethe and Schiller.

"The good, the beautiful, the true," they are all essentially the same, and no distortion of real values can continue indefinitely unless it has a permanent significance in emphasizing such values. This has been the case with every radical change in the conventions of all art, and particularly of music. The mere fact that

such changes have met with contemporary opposition does not prove that distortion as such is an admirable thing, or that the opposition to change is always wrong. Time alone can show what contains the elements of permanence and hence of truth and beauty.

Jazz seems to be the modern folk-music of America, a unique phenomenon in that it has sprung from a fully established and, on the whole, a highly civilized nation. It exhibits all the characteristics of primitive folk-music, but in a complex and distorted form. It has essentially a monotony of rhythm, a simplicity of melody, a neutrality of mode (neither major nor minor), a distinctive tonal coloring, and, most important of all, the spirit of improvisation; and all these traits are to be found in naïve folk-music the world over.

If the normal processes of the past are to repeat themselves, as has always been the case, then the best elements of this new folk-music will survive in the art music of the future, and the worst will be eliminated, by the simple law of evolution. To be afraid of jazzmania in any form is to deny the very principles of human life. "Whatsoever is good, whatsoever is honest" must somehow endure, and if it does not, then it was not true to begin with.

It would not be fair to dismiss jazzmania as a passing fad, for it is far more than that. But it would be equally unfair to classify it as merely destructive and to group its various distortions under the general head of aimless irresponsibility. The weakness of jazz is that it has been embraced by so many who have not taken the trouble to find out what is behind it, in music or any other art. Lazy minds are inclined to ask merely "What's the latest?" and let it go at that. The whole ultra-modern movement actually receives its chief support from those who have not the slightest conception of the traditions of any of the arts.

But this again is a fundamentally untrue state of affairs and therefore cannot survive. Those who have supreme faith in the great masters of beauty are not troubling themselves unduly over the jazz menace. They are even interested in it as a distinctly entertaining phenomenon of human nature. It is only childlike ignorance that interprets a grimace as a permanent disfiguration.

RUM RUNNERS AND BLOCKADE RUNNERS

BY PIERRE CRABITÈS

It was blockade running even more than the incomparable generalship of Lee and the splendid seamanship of Semmes that prolonged our Civil War. By specializing in contraband the Bermudas and the Bahamas stiffened the resistance of the South. Had those specks in the sea not come to the surface just off the Confederate coast, Richmond would not have received from London that aid that meant so much to the Stars and Bars. Lincoln could not stop these predatory practices of Hamilton and Nassau. England had a strong navy and jurists who knew how to avail themselves of technicalities. The North was, therefore, constrained to bow to the inevitable and to admit that though it was but "forty-eight hours from Snow to Flowers," these tiny British isles had a legal right to fatten upon forbidden fruit. But every Union man bitterly resented Britain's conduct. It was the mental attitude engendered by these quibbles that almost brought the two English speaking nations to war when Westminster refused to pay for the Alabama depredations. The conflict was waged around the Liverpool-equipped vessel. It was, however, the Bermudas and the Bahamas that filled America's heart with rancor.

The years passed. America became of age. Industry, sobriety and the blessings of heaven brought wealth to the United States. The rich man is temperamentally conservative. He believes in law and order. He will not countenance turmoil. When, therefore, the American of the 'nineties saw that Spain could not keep peace in Cuba he became, if not alarmed, at all events greatly concerned. He insisted that Madrid should properly police the boisterous neighbors who caroused, fought and burned property within a stone's throw of Florida. The Queen Mother was powerless. The conflagration went on and increased in intensity. It affected our insurance premiums.

We were forced to go to war in order to eliminate the fire hazard that threatened us. Here is the very language that Charles E. Hughes has used in expressing this selfsame idea:

> In 1898 the United States intervened in Cuba because of a condition of affairs at our very door so injurious to our interests that it had become intolerable . . . Our action, as John Bassett Moore has said, was analogous to what is known in private law as the abatement of a nuisance.

The principle of public international law thus defined by one of the most eminent of our diplomatists is now unequivocally accepted by the American people. But when the Bermudas and the Bahamas were making a mockery of the blockade proclaimed by Washington this doctrine had not been formulated. The juridical relationship of Hamilton and Nassau to the United States is, therefore, not today what it was in 1861–1865. Present conditions must, accordingly, be viewed in the light of the Hughes declaration rather than with reference to the legal situation that confronted Seward. This is but another way of saying that if the blockade runners of sixty-odd years ago have become the rum runners of today—and they have—the law which formerly smiled so benignly upon London has now transferred its favor to the great nation of the West.

It will be recalled that Mr. Hughes has declared that our intervention in Cuba was brought about by "distress, miseries and barbarities" at our very threshold. No such indictment may validly be drawn against Hamilton and Nassau. Those capitals are at present too generously blessed with bootlegging gold to know aught of "distress, miseries and barbarities". But the derelictions properly charged up against Spain did not affect our internal economy anything like as much as does that invasion of alcohol which is now constantly launched from British islands adjacent to our shores. I am convinced that if this condition be allowed to go on indefinitely, our relations with England will sooner or later become seriously impaired. Those fearless adversaries of the demon "Scotch" who carried the Eighteenth Amendment are not going to allow the Scotch to make a mockery of the expanded version of the Monroe Doctrine. I can almost hear them saying to the British: "You quoted international law to us in 1861–1865. It is now our turn to cite precedents."

This inevitable drift fills me with concern. I do not believe in Leagues of Nations. Because I fear loaded dice I have a holy horror of arbitration treaties. I am convinced that universal peace depends upon a red-blooded, unwritten and flexible understanding between the two English speaking peoples. Together we are invincible. Our cause is righteous. It spells tranquillity. Without ostentatious force it can police the world. To my way of thinking it is monstrous that abiding good will between Britain and America should be menaced by a worthless bit of territory that has not for decades been able to make two ends meet without turning over its ports to men who brazenly defy American laws. The emancipation of the blacks and the introduction of beet sugar culture in Europe made of the Bermudas and the Bahamas two poverty stricken colonies. The blockade running of our Civil War days replaced the red flag of bankruptcy with the standard of the war profiteer. But this contraband money had been spent long before Prohibition created a new code of morals. Another receivership would have been on the cards if the servant problem in America had not called to the United States thousands of the narrow-chested blacks of these islands. But this palliative served merely to delay the fatal hour. Again was the day saved by contrabandists, but who, this time, traffic in whiskey and not in dry explosives.

It has thus come to pass that in permitting this defiance of American sentiment, Britain is jeopardizing the great sheet anchor of world peace—and all, not for a mess of porridge, but for what the French call *les beaux yeux* of two insular groups which are moral and financial liabilities. I am not advocating that America should purchase these trouble making economic dead weights. I am not suggesting that any pressure should be put to bear on England to give up these drains upon her Treasury. All that I am seeking to do is to point out that English speaking good will is menaced by the existence at our very gates of a moral nuisance which, under the Hughes evolution of the Monroe Doctrine, should not be tolerated and which should be abated. When both Washington and London understand this problem they should be able to find a happy solution to it.

SMOKE FROM A VALLEY CABIN

BY J. BROOKS ATKINSON

I

ALTHOUGH I had rented the cabin as a place merely to visit occasionally in the winter I was astonished to find how soon it began to assert authority of its own. Within a month it reduced me from free agent to servant, from master to student. Each time I visited it I found myself busier than before in accounting for all the changes in the landscape. At last I could feel Nature in my bones as a living force.

Nature, no doubt, was pretty; but I revelled most in its relentless progress through the seasons—its complete mastery over the landscape and its infectious vitality. Autumn foliage and morning frosts, Winter snows and ice storms, the deep life of the early Spring, put Summer in its true perspective as a pleasant interlude in the rugged cycle of the year. In a sense I had to unlearn everything I had learned during the preceding week before I could hear the elemental vibrations of the earth, like the huge bass pipes—the "roarers"—of an organ. Nature commanded everything that I was. In fact, it was not sufficiently related to my civil life to be even an expedient contrast; and the most lucid phrases of civil writing could not begin to express it. Yes, my week-ends, designed for recreation, became quite as serious as that.

Four miles from the railroad and the main thoroughfare, the cabin appeared to be as remote from New York as the Catskills or the Adirondacks. As a matter of fact, it was about two hours journey from my apartment—fifty miles up the west bank of the Hudson River by railroad to Bear Mountain Station, in the Interstate Palisades Park, and then four miles by taxi to the backlands of the river hills. In the summer a vast horde of city vacationists swarmed through these woods, picnicked everywhere and

bumped rowboats excitedly in Queensboro Lake. In the winter visitors were less common than the birds. No one ever climbed the hills or patrolled the thick woods north of the water.

The cabin was set in a cleared field beside the brook, a one-room, peak-roofed, shingled building with a tiny kitchen ell, plain and rather squalid. On all four sides rose modest hills, mountainous in contour and proportion. To the northeast a rambling lake in the rough shape of a cross lapped at the edge of rolling woods. A patch of hemlocks a few rods up the brook made grateful contrast with the prevailing hardwood trees and attracted a special group of the winter birds. Rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, woodchucks, muskrats, phlegmatic skunks and an occasional deer wandered through the valley, sometimes timidly up to the kitchen door in search of scraps. Two colonies of beaver, introduced several years before, lived in houses in the lake. And only a reluctance to believe the improbable keeps me from publishing one series of broad, flat, heavy footprints in the snow as the tracks of Bruin. According to a newspaper item dated several days later, three bears had recently escaped from a neighboring park. Did one of them lumber through the woods near camp? I still like to think that he did.

I shall not pretend that I did not have moments when I doubted the wisdom of my enterprise. As I came up to it on Saturday afternoons, the cabin was far from inviting with its cold chimney and firmly-bolted shutters, particularly in the dead of winter. When I unlocked the door and entered the dark, silent, stone-cold living room, dropping my pack in the corner, I felt more like an intruder than a guest. I felt lonely. The prospect of a week-end there became suddenly forbidding. But there was no time to squander on drooping spirits. After flinging back the shutters to let in the sunshine I kindled fires on the hearth and in the kitchen stove, chopped a hole in the brook ice for drinking water, set out the provisions and busily divided the next hour between cooking luncheon and piling dry logs on the fire. Gradually I retrieved the cabin from a sort of bleak indifference. During luncheon the roaring fire steadily drove the cold across the room and fairly scorched me with hospitality; and I expanded like the field-stone chimney. Demoralized by the heat, a mug of tea, a pipe and a

comfortable chair, I became as pleasantly torpid as a woodchuck in his hole. My phlegmatic mind could no longer retain the frenzied image of Times Square where I had been two hours before. As much as it was lost to me, I was lost to it; and we both went about our immediate affairs independently.

II

As a city-dweller I had hoped to surprise Nature in her fleeting glories by living close to them on week-ends. Being a part of Nature, the cabin set all those beauties before me, and I soon became sentimentally attached to it. Like the elms in the valley, it humbly bore the rain and the snow, it reflected the daylight and it cast a moving shadow as the sun moved across the sky.

I knew every caprice of the out-of-doors the instant it happened, for my winter retreat caught the natural impulse at once. Sometimes I knew without stirring from the fireside: the patter of rain, the gentle brush of the snow, the uncanny howl of the north wind, the cracking of shingles on a cold night, needed no investigation. Sometimes I heard the muffled boom of the frozen lake as it wrestled with the warmth or cold—a deep-toned gong in the moonlight. When the fox sparrows began to sing in March I had only to open the door cautiously and listen to the Pan pipe of the spring.

I also kept tabs on the season by regular expeditions to the lake across certain fields, through variegated woods, along the brook, over Round Hill, through an apple orchard. On each visit I relished what I saw, not only for its own beauty, but for its comparison with my last visit. These weekly changes in the fabric of Nature were the imponderable mysteries. Thus by May I had stolen time to see the leaves drop and the new ones expand, the ice form, thicken and disappear; and nearly all the birds I had seen migrating South in the autumn I greeted upon their return in the spring. I saw a November frost before sunrise, a magnificent spectacle; I was treated to a long snowstorm in February, white and untrammeled to the horizon; and I was outdoors in April to hear the new birds salute the dawn. In December I saw icy ledges on Bear Mountain gleaming like precious jewels in the

moonlight. I was always newly surprised by the brilliance of the universe at night. I felt the warmth of the day and the chill of the night as quickly as any part of the valley. Thus for eight months I felt every turn of the season in my bones or sniffed it in the air. Indeed, it seemed to me that my capacity for feeling increased perceptibly with each visit, and that nothing could happen outdoors without leaving, however faintly, its impress on me.

III

To write of my winter trips appreciatively, however, is to celebrate the supernatural wonders of the hearth. The humble fires in the cabin fairly dominated that corner of the world with their beneficence inside and their curls of smoke outside, beseeching the gods "to pardon my clear flame". Of the two fires the open hearth was the more spectacular with its brave show of color and coals; but the ugly barrel stove supplied the heat I needed and performed the major business of civilization. Who loves the ugly duckling?

I, too, was fickle enough to condemn the stove to the base labors of cooking and to reserve my affection for the fireplace. What magic that open fire performed! When it was new it crackled, smoked and blazed enthusiastically without softening the temperature of the cabin. But within an hour red embers began to glow in sober, businesslike fashion, and it settled the entire day like the morning cup of coffee. It adorned everything. It transmuted this squalid cabin into a poet's haven. It radiated cheer further than heat. I could scarcely keep my eyes from it long enough to read or to write at the table. I rushed to it as soon as I was up in the morning; I put off going to bed at night so that I might sit beside it longer, and I fed it once during the night, for it held vigil over me like a faithful dog. Part of the sensuous joy of night walking was the return to the fireside and the loosening of cold muscles warmed by the flames. But perhaps my most contented hours were in the early evening when I could sit in the firechair, writing notes of the day out of doors, and hear the kettles bubbling on the stove in the kitchen. All that was sufficient for companionship, for a general sense of well being. When

a stray puff of wind came down the chimney and scattered the ashes I felt like one whom the gods had signally honored. All the world seemed designed for me.

IV

In stressing the importance of the seasons in this chronicle I mean to suggest what came to be the chief attraction of my cabin experience. The seasons! If we could understand them, not scientifically but spiritually, if we knew why they came so silently and why they were so forceful, might we not analyze the essence of immortal life? Although we hastily regard them as a thing apart from ourselves, we are really united to them closely. Not merely because they bring the harvest upon which we depend, nor because they fertilize the soil with falling leaves and store the mountains with the water we need in the spring and summer; but because as natural beings we are drawn into their movement, emotionally and physically. Winter, spring, summer and autumn regulate our lives; willy-nilly, they govern our daily and yearly progress. We have not yet come so far from primeval Nature that we can remain indifferent to them. After one or two preliminary visits to the cabin I became oriented in Nature and was chiefly absorbed in the rhythms of the season and my response to their modulation. And when I was happiest, I was feeling the touch of the season most keenly.

By good fortune I happened to be at the cabin on one perfect day in each season—one day so characteristic as to be the apotheosis. Of course, many days were indifferent to the season's splendor; they were too warm and sluggish in the autumn, or too crisp in the spring. But on the three ideal days of autumn, winter and spring I fancied that I reflected within myself the colored mood of the landscape and felt in my blood the throb of the universe.

Each season was vibrant with beauty. I felt none of the poetaster's melancholy about the autumn. After the leaves had fallen, clean and crackling under foot, the woods were full of light, the views widened through bare branches, the evergreens bathed the eye more soothingly than ever, and the structural design of

the deciduous trees was revealed as perfect symmetry. Shorn of its summer verdure, the shagbark cut against the sky like an etching; its sharp network of branches and twigs seemed almost acid-bitten. I felt that the season was not merely dying, but preparing its rebirth with submission and composure. The tree sparrows had come down from the North for their winter sojourn, apparently in the best of spirits. Fox sparrows and white-throated sparrows were scratching contentedly in the leaves. Two flights of rusty blackbirds winged south in such numbers that they seemed to cut off the light like a fleeting cloud. Pushing through the fields and woods and watching the birds everywhere I found myself looking forward to the next seasons—anticipating the crystalline beauties of the winter landscape and regarding the swamps in terms of the spring migration. As the old year faded the new year lay waiting the summons. Everywhere the beech tips were rolled tightly, ready for the encouragement of warm sunshine. The same wind that whirled the dead leaves through the woods distributed the seeds in the fields. The roots of spring were thus deep in the autumn. For November was the courier of May. After this perfect autumn day I found myself instinctively facing forward, toward the new, not only confident but eager.

V

My emotions had not led me astray. For the perfect week-end of the winter redeemed every promise. During the preceding night the thermometer had dropped below zero, where it hung without much variation for two days. The morning was clear, crisp and invigorating. Conscious of the tingling cold I felt kinship with everything—with the crusted snow, the sparkling ledges on Bear Mountain, the restless, hidden lake, the muffled brook flowing under huge covers of glittering ice. Every bird sounded the universal theme. The hairy and downy woodpeckers, the bluejays, seemed vividly alive. Chickadees scampered through the bare branches and followed me, *deeing* with curiosity and excitement, as I made the usual rounds. But the perfect expression of this dynamic season was the activity of a flock of rosy and gray birds in a hemlock tree beyond. I had

heard their sweet call note some distance away. All at once I saw them clinging to the cones, tearing out the seeds, swirling off for no accountable reason, round and round and back again—a whirligig of animation. Wanderers from the far North, they were white-winged crossbills which I had seen once or twice in the mountains. What dashing and accomplished birds they were! How spontaneous! Like true vagabonds they were enjoying themselves completely and I could never anticipate their next movement. One of them would drop to the brook and fly timidly over the black, turbulent water. Then others would come down, one by one, splashes of warm color against the snow; and after a time the brookside would become a carnival of chattering crossbills perching on the snow and ice and hovering over the water. Only two or three of them, it seemed to me, mustered up courage enough to dip. But they all took a fling at the sport. I stood in the snow, watching them, until my fingertips began to tingle. Then I raced back to the fireplace.

The moon was full that night. After supper I visited the lake and woods again, occasionally disturbing a rabbit in the thicket. The light was softer than by day and the woods were full of mysterious shadows lying gently on the snow. In general the winter season was self-sufficient—a complete state, an entity. I could hardly remember when the lake was open. Winter dominated every sense; I could not add to it, take away or withhold myself. I could not play truant by dreaming of balmier days. Every sensation seemed complete and final, and beyond human equivocation.

VI

When spring came I was there to extend the official greeting of Queensboro Valley. For several days even the city had been softening unaccountably. When I reached the cabin at noontime the temperature was 50, the air warm, the haze gentle and pastel-colored; and the sun was gradually working out of the clouds and creating, single-handed, a fine spring afternoon. The brook, now almost free of ice, roared vigorously. Pussy willows enlivened the swampy woods. Everywhere there was the sweet content of natural release.

While I was indoors, impatiently cooking lunch, I knew that the early birds would be back; and in my mind I checked off the most likely ones—song sparrows, red-winged blackbirds, robins, bluebirds and meadowlarks. After lunch I found chickadees, goldfinches and one song sparrow in the hemlock woods, but they were all wearing their winter manners. On the way to the lake I found song sparrows in every thicket. Finally I heard one singing—*olit, olit, olit, chip, chip, chee, char, chewiss, wiss, wiss*—the first spring serenade. Although at the same time I heard the red-winged blackbirds stuttering a few rods ahead, I was satisfied with the song sparrow completely, as though the season had kept its vows to the letter and need offer no further proof of divine guidance.

Suddenly the warm warble of a bluebird melted the air in the south. As I turned to look for him the air everywhere began to flow with the strains of bluebird melody, and presently fifteen or twenty birds fluttered into the north. They were gone before I could focus my glasses. If there had been anything tentative about the song sparrow, the bluebirds now clinched the season definitively. With their dancing, buoyant passage, Spring flushed and expanded, as though they had sprinkled the air with magic compound while they hurried along, fertilizing the country over which they flew. They were the appointed deliverers.

I still needed the assurance of their brilliant color. Lo! when I turned back to the road I saw bluebirds everywhere. Ten minutes before there had not been one; they had just arrived. Like returned vacationists they were examining every nook of the land—flying from twig to ground to telegraph pole to fence post in numbers hard to estimate. At last I saw a male spread his wings to reveal their loveliest color. At least for that moment he was the center of the universe. All along the road for a mile the soft air danced with these flecks of summer sky, bursting on my arid vision like a sign from God in a barren land. They were not pagan birds; they were the distilled foam of heaven dripping from twig to grass, and as they sang the air quivered with mellifluous sound. Thus, before my eyes, the miracle of spring was accomplished. Again I felt like one whom the gods had signally honored.

By Sunday morning, of course, the intensest excitement was over. Other migrants had come in during the night. On the way to the lake I saw the robins and the meadowlarks. In an open bay, between margins of thin ice, six male American mergansers were courting two of their ladies. But the bluebirds had released the floods of Spring with their slant blue beams down the aisles of the woods. And I was thoroughly content in their company.

VII

During the remaining week-ends of my tenancy, life streamed through my little valley in a mighty flood of rejoicing and expectation—of hopes born in the warm South and blown northward on the blossoms of the season. Although I had sworn to play no favorites, to study the texture of each season impartially and to transcribe its symbols without prejudice, I found myself dissolved by the spring—saturated until nothing of myself remained untouched by "the first fine careless rapture" of Nature's awakening. Now the green began to edge the woods with color; the violets, bloodroot, arbutus and wild geranium sweetened the ground, and the birds went by in a mysterious wave of motion until every thicket, field and glade rang with song. Lounging on a hill behind the cabin one March evening I heard bluebirds, song sparrows, juncos, red-winged blackbirds, bluejays, crows, meadowlarks, and the fragile, luminous aria of the fox sparrows—all these songs simultaneously so that it was difficult to distinguish them as individual voices. Individually they were bird music, "splendors pouring through the air". Collectively they were the divine summons to spring like the ringing of many vesper bells in a mountain village. Long before our ancestors travelled this country, these birds made their way north each spring through this tiny valley in response to the mighty forces that govern them; and long after we are dead they will make the same journey each year and serenade the valley in the same pure tones. How do they know when to come or where to go? Why do they follow the same courses? None of us knows. But to quiet every worldly alarm it is sufficient to know that they do come. When the bluebird fails to leap out of the sky, when the bloodroot no

longer pushes through the dead leaves, then we should stitch up our ascension robes for immediate and serious action.

Many of the birds were transients on their way to the mountains where I see them in the summer. It was exhilarating to recognize these forest minstrels in a valley so close to the city. For a week or two in April the woods were alive with white-throated sparrows which I hear every summer in the high mountain amphitheatres. During my walks around the cabin they were nearly silent. I heard only a faint rustle in the leaves or a thin *seest* uttered spasmodically. Occasionally they sang the first tranquil note of their mountain madrigal; but it was only a reminder of how beautifully they sing in the lonely uplands of north country. Their summer neighbors were no less welcome. While I was cooking dinner one Sunday afternoon late in April I heard a loud, full waxy song outside. I had forgotten that any bird could sing so brightly. It was a solitary vireo dancing ecstatically through the birches over the brook. Sometimes I have spent a half hour searching the lofty beeches and maples in the wild mountains to locate the organ of that diapasonic melody.

Yet without uttering a note the thrushes spoke of the mountains more eloquently than any of the other birds. Graceful, trim and alert, they darted up from the woodland paths as I strolled along. So secretive were they that I seldom saw them until I flushed them. They were animation and beauty personified, buoyant, swift and wild. Except for the veery, however, they remained silent in my valley. For they love the mountains with heart-breaking passion. More than any other group of birds they flourish only in their native woods, in the damp, hushed shade of the spruces. In Queensboro Valley, amid unfamiliar and uncongenial scenes, they seemed pitifully uneasy and disarmingly shy about being seen. Although the yellow palm and myrtle warblers liked to be watched and spread their colors to the best advantage, the thrushes withdrew nervously whenever I walked by. I reserved my curiosity about them for the summer. After the northern thrushes had passed through the valley I returned the cabin to its rightful owner and began to lay plans for my own migration into their vast, deep country. In the autumn and spring they came to me. In the summer I went to them.

MORE HONEY FOR BEARS

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

APIARIANA: THE NEW ERA DAWNS. By Professor Ellie June Kock.
OUR CHANGING MATHEMATICS; OR, THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE TRIANGLE. By Dr. Walt Ryan.

WE are "too busy to think!" Such is the push and drive of our modern life that this deploring cry is like a refrain following every stanza of the hours. But it does not well express the real difficulty. Our trouble is that we are trying to reassemble, in this age of speed and change, the thought-content of a decade ago; when only a fairly general war nibbled at our sociological foundations and nothing worse than the passing novelties of mustard gas and Big Berthas jetted upon our intellectual towers. A decade ago ideas were born, they developed, they matured through time by orderly thought processes. In likening an Imperial Annoyance to a Pharaoh or Cæsar, for instance, we proved that we remembered as well as thought. We had time even to remember the catchwords and nicknames of B.C. Schedules of time and of the mind were as yet undisturbed.

But what a difference now! How can we think the old thoughts? or any in the old manner of development? Time to think? Time itself, as we knew it, has ceased to be. Once a changeless procession of days and months, the same everywhere, it is now daylight saving in one zone and eastern standard in another. What poet today could sing the spacious mind of man? The myth of space shatters nightly in the blare of the radio, while the myth of mind steps out with the Charleston.

The demand made upon the Kants and Platos of even date is to think thoughts which shall be instantaneous flashes of complete and final reality, fit to be expressed in the new speech, or code, where a word, any word, followed by a period or three dots, may mean anything or even less. Works, sometimes called Outlines, sometimes merely Stories, which give all pertinent information

about history, philosophy, science and mankind, already exist to quicken the intelligence of the modern thinker by removing the old-time burden of grubbing for facts. Yet these works, valuable though they are, fall short in certain very vital respects. Rich in the facile argot of the man-of-science-in-the-street, they nevertheless fail to note either the fundamental change in our grammar, due to bee culture, and its inevitable *biological* consequences, or how recent mathematical discoveries are affecting our *sociological* structure. Therefore we welcome the two valuable treatises listed above which—each supplementing the other—depict society as it is today and predict what shall become of it. Truth and a vision! Books serve us well that supply these.

Professor Kock, as a bee culturist, and Dr. Walt Ryan as a mathematician who has made an especial and exhaustive study of the triangle, arrive through their very different researches and experiments at the same conclusion; namely, that the long prevalent male sex is fast disappearing. Now, Natural History has familiarized us with the spectacle of lost, or disappearing, species. When Lewis and Clark ascended the Missouri they saw (in Clark's spelling) "parrot queets". There are no parakeets on the Missouri today. A recent trip over the Gobi desert halted pleasantly beside a nestful of dinosaur eggs, for the most part inedible, from which the last dinosaur (possibly a hen, though in the light of our own modern society we cannot be sure) rolled over and bit, or pecked, the dust a million years ago. Where today are the comets of the Renaissance and the cooties of the World War? Therefore, to the casually minded, the information that the male is on the wane will seem unimportant. For, in America particularly, we have accustomed ourselves to a social life in which manhood scarcely functions; and this American condition, or development, is both a fact for us and a universal prophecy since, to quote very exalted authority, America has assumed the "spiritual leadership of the world". Yet, as Dr. Ryan reminds us, the male sex, throughout the ages until our own time, has been an essential part of all social structure; and one side, sometimes two, of every triangle in the age-long problems of euclidian emotion. To Dr. Ryan the Einstein theory is a law in *perceptible* operation. The early American male, he tells us—

"strong of body, keen of mind, unmistakably if oft crudely He" —locally tabulated as the "Big Man of the Great Open Spaces" —was doomed when the old concept of limitless Space passed and the new concept of Space as merely a Relativity term took its place. He became homeless. He who had dwelt in Space had also moved in Time.

But the Scripture is already fulfilled: "Time shall be no more." Instead the very clocks chime confusion. The American male leaves the office at a quarter to five so that he may catch the four o'clock train. He commutes, not over free spaces, but "among Relatively placed masses of matter" to the house of which, "in earlier repute, he was master but where he is now Relatively a stranger." He slips into a lean chair at the foot of "the round table", watches his wife carve the roast "in semi-circle slices", and timidly addresses her as Momma. Regarding him, humped over "in slack curves, and answering questions circuitously" lest some lingering trace, or racial memory, of individuality seem to intrude a personal *angle* or viewpoint, we realize that the old geometry (naughty perhaps, but of a gay abandon) is indeed scrapped with the Spaces. Elliptical and self-depreciatory, this figure cannot be conceived of as even the poet's Shadowy Third in the well-wrought antique triangle which "was basic with Nature as well as with man until our times".

After touching briefly upon the triangular outline of certain peaks tossed up by violent volcanic action, and drawing our attention to the same shape in miniature as that decided upon by the eolith makers as the most serviceable for man's first weapons of defence and for the chase, Dr. Ryan describes a few of its other uses to show us the ubiquity of the triangle in that long eon which has just closed with the coming of Einstein. For instance, nautically, the triangle was the device whereby sailors lifted weights and became again light-hearted; it was a musical instrument; it was essential to the map-maker; it was in the surveyor's kit, so that "the triangle has preceded the home-maker into all new territories opened to him by a benign government;" "the heavens have imitated it with stars and set the Triangle, as a fiery constellation, to warm our northern sky;" and, surgically speaking, "the triangles of the neck have ever enabled that

man, who liked whate'er he looked on, to look where'er he would."

Then Dr. Ryan goes on to deal with its special adaptations in the upbuilding of American democracy. Reminding us of the outstanding part played by the first American "West" in holding that territory against the British and the Indians and, after the Revolution, in dictating the more democratic provisions of the Constitution, he quotes early authorities to corroborate his statement that certain historically famous forts were laid out in the shape of a triangle. "Its base was against the everlasting hills; its apex pointed ever westward, across the leagues of untracked wilderness, toward still undiscovered Reno." The triangle was predominantly masculine, it symbolized the freemasonry of the unqualifiedly male sex which could exist, labor, create, war, love and freelove only within the now exploded concepts of Time and Space. The extinction of a species does not, of course, predicate the extinction of society. "Though the dinosaur passed, egg-laying continued; wrens and bantams carry on the good work." The triangle lost its purpose and went into limbo when Einstein discovered that "parallel lines may meet". Architecturally, it was always in opposition to the square box-like home which, "from coast to coast, but especially midway, encases the moral backbone of the nation;" and where the Homeric oaths of the frontier centaur first diminuendoed to the small business man's plaintive "Momma". But the author queries:

> Does the new mathematics promise happiness? For, after all, joys, not facts, are the mind's primal search; since we are capable of turning our joys into facts but quite incapable of turning mere facts into joys. The Hero-Man (or, briefly, He-Man) of the triangle had charm. An angle is a peppy thing; sometimes too sharp for comfort like the flint dart, sometimes too active and wanton for serenity like the neck sections which support the roving eye, but always peppy. Will the meeting of parallel lines dower life with a charm as exhilarating? Will it satisfy? Or is it to be, itself, the end of our long search for joy?

The question which Dr. Ryan asks as a mathematician, Professor Kock answers as a bee culturist. Her earlier works *Excursions of a Bee Culturist into Ethnology*, and the more popularly written *Queen Bee Explores the Sciences*, have led naturally to her

major opus. This is a two-thousand page tome dealing with the new era on which America now enters, the era of Apiarian Culture; or "Apiariana", as Professor Kock prefers to name it; thus giving the word the feminine termination. To make an intelligent digest of so monumental a work is impossible in the space allowed to the reviewer. One may however reflect the high lights of its thesis. And, incidentally, after the rather pedestrian prose of Dr. Ryan's book, one may also fittingly comment on the air of sprightliness which hovers over the serious subject matter, reminding one happily of a powder puff in a deft and graceful hand.

As far back as our records of mankind go, we learn of bees and honey-gathering. "Ever since there was any form of human living which could be called a *society*, the bees have been offering their *perfect* sociological pattern to blind eyes and gross minds *that looked only for honey!*" Honey was one of the table delicacies of the Greeks; it lured the Israelites to Canaan; Sumerians traded for it with fierce men from the desert; even the Cro-Magnons gathered wild honey for their cave larders. "Men, *never women*, were the gatherers of the sweet!" Professor Kock then devotes thirty stirring poetic pages to the habits of the bee in its wild state. With a wealth of imagery she pictures the swarm, details the functions of the drones, the workers and the Queen (capitalized throughout her text), and presents, with fervor, with rhapsody, her own interpretation of the nuptial flight. We are then shown the nest in the wilderness, in some hollow tree, and the honey. Most of the wild honey, of course, goes to sweeten the maw of the black bear, which is avid for it. The bear has a coarse-fibred palate, which would seem to make the animal incapable of really distinguishing between one sweet and another; he does not know what he is eating, and Professor Kock naturally decries this waste of a good thing. Pursuing her historical sketch, the author declares that the crude Cro-Magnon caveman was thoroughly conversant with all the principles underlying Apiarian Society, and that he deliberately withheld that knowledge from the women of his tribe. "From *no other* motive did he, did the Greek warrior, did the Hebrew herder, did the Turkish nougat-maker, subject his *masculine arrogance* to the base work of

gathering honey! Not in eras when his bowed subject, Woman, performed *every other* menial task!! *Oh, he had his reasons!!!*" Briefly, the "sinister fellow" feared his own overthrow if woman should ever learn the lore of the hive.

In the hive the Queen Bee rules. A few male bees are tolerated until the nuptial flight; when the successful aspirant dies aloft, and the defeated gallants return to the hive to be immediately pounced on and killed by the female workers, who are not reproductive of their kind but whose sole "work" consists in sucking the essence from a flowery world and making honey while the sun shines. In time men began to keep bees; but, while they forced women "to pull onions and chase the slugs from the lettuce, they *menaced* them away from the apiary with the *terror* of the sting. In Asia, in Modern Europe, Woman trod the wine press, or hoed turnips, within ten yards of her Freedom, and *knew it not!*"

It was in America that bee culture came into its own through the American invention of the perfect hive; and, in America, women became bee farmers and prospered economically "while their lively imaginations played about the new, yet old, theory of a *perfect society* which they saw demonstrated in their apiaries." It causes us no surprise to learn that the Queen Bees of America are superior and are being widely exported; "America produces *thousands of Queens annually!*" "In the *well-ordered* hive the males have now been reduced to a *minimum!*" Professor Kock waves her hand gaily to the departing masculine—the sex which the new sociology, as well as the higher mathematics, has discarded. "The Queen Bee has *always* symbolized Woman. The nuptial flight, misinterpreted until now, has fore-imaged her *moral and civic altitude* from which—reached in a winged *half hour*—she spawns a *million* educational ideas (the eggs, later the workers) to honeycomb the wilderness!" Man has been only the vagrant charmer, the useless drone. Charm may have been necessary while woman was in subjection, but "it has no *logical* place in Apiariana, our new culture." Entomologically, then, as well as mathematically, charm is banished from our world. "What compensation?" Dr. Ryan asks. Deducing from Professor Kock's treatise, the answer would be, More Honey for Bears!

THE MAN OF PERU

BY IGNATIUS PHAYRE

With four thousand million dollars invested in the "Empty Continent"—apart from the moral hegemony implied in the Monroe Doctrine—we have a right to scan the Southern Horizons for new signs of political stability. The story of these nations, since they shook off the yoke of Spain, is merely tedious. A little of the prancing "General" is well enough—as a change from the prosaic routine of tamer lands. But a hundred years of him is preposterous. Long ago his latest *Golpe de estado* dwindled to a two-line paragraph in our papers; long ago we dismissed him as a childlike savage, careering anyhow after the sweets of power, with himself first, his country nowhere and his flamboyant "patriotism" a sounding term of unholy mockery.

It was recently my task to visit many courts and camps in Latin-America, from Havana to Buenos Aires, with diplomatic introductions to all their Presidents and Governments, and with a very exceptional opportunity of seeing things "from the inside". I am now convinced that the old order has passed, and that the Hispanic genius is vindicating itself, at long last, along the lines of sanity and progress. These twenty Republics differ widely in race texture and spiritual and material development. Thus Argentina is a great and powerful nation, its ruling classes among the most brilliant in the world. At the other end of the scale is Paraguay, long lost in the wilderness, but now full of new life and turning shrewdly toward the Land of Promise and Performances.

But today's most astonishing symbol in a continent of stupendous riches—where a single State is larger than all Europe, another as big as the Indian Empire—is undoubtedly Peru. Strange to say, the most romantic of all the old Spanish Colonies has become the most practical. Peace and prosperity prevail. Foreign capital is pouring into the Land of the Incas. And this new Peru is the creation of one man.

Don Augusto B. Leguia is now for the third time President of Peru, and is absurdly miscalled a "Dictator", because he insists upon public order as the condition precedent to any confidence or progress. He it is who is irrigating the dry lands on a vast scale. Public health and education, roads and railways, national defense, the embellishment of cities, the status of the Indians, agriculture and stock breeding, the fostering of industries—nothing has escaped the quenchless energy of this man, whose chosen motto is *Hechos-nó Palabras!*—"Let us put Deeds before any Words!"

There you have the Man, whose genius at all points runs counter to the accepted Hispanic psyche. A business man, forced into the "Mother Hubbard" Treasury of Lima five and twenty years ago, Leguia today—at the age of sixty-three—spends fifteen hours at his desk, and can make appointments with me only "*A las doce de la noche*"—which is to say, that he and I converse in the small hours of the morning in that cosy sanctum of Pizarro's Palace—at the foot of whose broad marble stairway the ruthless Discoverer of Peru was struck down by vengeful assassins nearly four hundred years ago.

And down those same stairs Leguia himself was dragged by desperate gunmen under Isaiás de Piérola, during his first term of office. What living ruler has looked death in the eyes as this man has, again and again! Lynched for three terrible hours in 1909, —mobbed in 1912,—besieged in his home in 1913,—then cast into jail, only to be hurried at night down to the Pacific, and pitched out in a crazy little tug that tossed and toiled up that weird and lifeless coast, putting in at desert isles when storms threatened to engulf the frail little craft. After all that, five years' exile in London. Then a recall by the Peruvian people. A reëntry into the Casa Pizarro. And one last attempt by the old gang to roast him alive in his palace with incendiary bombs in 1921, just when the Special Embassies of thirty nations were due to land at Callao for the Centennial celebrations.

Who was the enemy? What was the motive for episodes too extravagant for any Western film ever designed for an unsophisticated audience? Leguia's enemies were the hereditary "Owners" of Peru. Fantastic as it may seem to us, a few rich Creole families had in the course of years acquired such power

that this vast empire "belonged" to them. Its Presidents and Ministers were no more than pawns and tools in the running of a colossal "estate".

Into this monstrous order of things crashed a little insurance agent in 1903—a man of tough old Basque stock, whose people have lived in Peru for over two hundred years. He was nearly forty then, and loathed South American politics. But he loved Peru, and as a small boy had fought for her in the War of Invasion which Chile waged against her weaker neighbors.

Little did Leguia dream what was ahead of him when he allowed President Cándamo to send cables to London, breaking business contracts "for the nation's sake". Leguia has never had any illusions about "our turbulent people of defective political education, all too prone to spasms of passion that nullify even the most selfless efforts for their well-being".

He knew how bitterly the Fathers of Independence had been requited. San Martin, who crossed the Andes with more than Napoleon's daring, to free Peru, left the scene at last and died forgotten in France. Sucre, Bolivar's ablest soldier, was treacherously ambushed and murdered. Bolivar himself—the Liberator of five of these nations—was assailed with daggers in his bedroom, and like his great Argentino colleague he also left the ungrateful scene, to die in broken-hearted poverty by the sea, thousands of miles from Peru.

Does Peru deserve the superb devotion, the life-strength and rare gifts of Leguia? Only a foreigner may ask this. Leguia adores and venerates Peru, who owes to his steely genius and quiet force her complete redemption, and the confidence of foreign capital, which she enjoys today.

Small and slight in appearance, Don Augusto dresses beautifully, and has grace and fine manners, as well as a winning smile and a keen sense of humor. He is terribly plain-spoken; a marvellous judge of character, and an apostle of efficiency, such as delights the heart of every American business man who comes into contact with him.

Leguia hates heroics and pose. "Our four Universities are all wrong," he declares bluntly. "They turn out poets and babblers, whereas the Peru of today cries aloud for *trained men of*

action!" It is a stern realist who speaks here, with the wise voice of old Montaigne: *Nous sommes les gens de Maintenant!*—"We are the People of *Now!*"

Take the matter of roads—a Herculean task indeed amid the stupendous uplift of the Andes to 22,000 feet or more. Peru was hopeless without roads. Leguia would put a road before even a school as a potent factor in breaking up the isolation and stagnation of the Sierra world, which has already begun to amaze us all with its ultra-Inca treasures. All previous rulers of Peru have shirked road-building in these wilds, where the beast of burden is the llama. There was no money, and what money there was—well, it went the traditional way, in old, evil days.

I avoid the word "Patriot" in speaking of Augusto Leguia; the plain story of South America has covered it with contempt and shame. Leguia *loves his country*, and puts its interests so far above his own that he has again and again offered life itself for it in a manner worthy of the Victoria Cross, or other award for supreme personal courage on a battlefield. "Let bygones be bygones," he says in his serene way. "I—who can see only the shining Future of Peru—am more than content to cover with a generous mantle the story of her Past!"

"If we must conscript people for War," this strong man of sense argues, "let us do it mildly for Peace and Progress." The result was *la Conscripción Vial*—calling out citizens for six or twelve days a year according to age to drive new roads in their district, with subsequent tolls for the upkeep: one *centavo* for a llama, two for a burro, and so on by mules and cows, up to fifty *centavos* for a motor and eighty for a laden camion.

Local pride in these "social gatherings" of the Indians are transforming Peru. "The hour of common sense has struck," President Leguia remarked to me one night in the Palace of Pizarro, "when the urgent needs of the country must prevail over any personal interests or the call of selfish cliques."

This gallant gentleman, who has redeemed Peru single-handed, is a sign or portent of a new Continent in a new and brighter day. I find something like veneration tingeing my admiration and personal affection for this man. Look at that murderous gang about this Chief of State on the outrageous 29th of May! Curses and

jeers, blows and kicks. Wherever the tortured ruler looks it i into the faces of hate, and the short barrels of cocked revolvers And on the plinth of Bolivar's statue, high over his head, sways a drunken negro with a paving-stone poised: "Shall I kill him now?"

"No," cried the chief conspirator. "If he signs this resigna tion, we may let him live."

"I shall *not* sign," Leguia said with almost superhuman calm handing the four-line scrawl back to them. "*You've made a mis take in the date*, I see! Moreover, I am the Constitutional Chief of State and owe my duty to Peru. So you may take a dead *President* away from here, but an *ex*-President will never walk away alive!"

Such is the Man of Peru. You may or may not agree that he is a Hero—that much-abused term. But as the wise and tireless Administrator of a vast virgin land, his race and continent have never yet produced his equal, since broken-hearted Bolivar chanted his *Nunc Dimittis* of defeat and death.

SPRING

BY SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING

SPRING is a lovely greyness
Here and there—
Veiling white and green
In the chill air;

Violets, a queen's robe
Laid over a bank,
Flung out of dark mould
Cold and dank;

Dandelions laughing
Back at the sun,
Warm as desire
That glows and is gone;

Hope half-fledged—
A bird in the nest—
Sorrow as old
As the child at the breast.

DISTRICT THIRTEEN

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE plains of Troy may lie hidden under a very dull name. Hissarlik and District Thirteen. I suppose there must be some tens of thousands of buildings as like the country schoolhouse where I first met the Muses as peas in a pod. With the rows of sculptured children for Elizabethan tombs, they were turned out all alike. Red, square, two windows to a side, one room, with an airtight so placed that no single radiation of heat should be wasted in the smoke as it traversed the length of the room through the pipe to the back, a single door, a dark corridor across the front with cordwood and pegs for hats and coats. The first principles of architecture and the last—lintel, walls, and a roof as innocent of flourishes as New England charity. Yet I and others, in this schoolhouse and its companion pieces, found it a place like a temple, a house of awe; and years afterward we knew that Beauty had sat there knee to our knees and had bent over a desk so carved and notched that the pen stumbled in the epigraphy of forgotten grandsires.

Our forbears, who made it their hearty life work to raise boys by the baker's dozen so that there should be hands enough to fence in all their acres with stonewalls, ran against the Gospel teaching and the Sermon on the Mount. For they scattered the seedlings of their loins on hard places among the stones. They cut off a scant acre of ledges and junipers and said in their saving hearts, "There's the place for the schoolhouse." Their potatoes had to have dark soil to grow in; but their sons and their daughters could do with rocks that the crows used to crack their cockle shells and clams upon. And the miracle was that the boys with the skim-milk eyes and the girls with the thin and wistful hair sent their roots down into these waste places and brought forth yields a thousand fold. This crop turned out the bumper one. New England's chief export became, not ice, not hay, not pota-

toes, but men. Most of the younger States of the Union can testify to the fact that the New England seed is the seed that loves rock best. It thrives on adversity. It is a good thing to have granite bred into the backbone.

The granite around my own schoolhouse was as fine a place for glory as any walls of Troy. It heaved itself aloft into galleons of the Caribbees with a scrub pine or two for masts to rig and man. It was convenient to crack boiled eggs on in the luncheon hour. The taste of boiled eggs to this day makes me taste granite. I should like a physicist to explain to me why eggs that had awaited one through a long forenoon of Spencerian flourishes and incipient fractions should get to resemble nuggets of granite when one came to open and eat. We climbed our ledges with Montcalm in white silk breeches and all the grenadiers of great France drawn up to expect us. It didn't matter to us that Montcalm had freckles so thick that you couldn't put a pin down, and knickers that were stayed at the seat with twine. I doubt if Wolfe's heart ever came so up into his throat as ours when we scaled the cliff to win another continent for the race of the blue-eyed.

The ledge taught us, too, to keep our feet in wrestling. It was no easy mat for the falling. I have seen my yellow hair—worn in hateful ringlets which my mother was loath to see go—scattered about the fissures of rock like the armor of the Achæans when Hector was in flower. But my adversary learned to his regret, after the handholds on my head had given way at their roots, that ears are a more stable grip than hair. His ears were longer than mine, and they served well as handles to a head that saw stars before I was through. Homer can sing of fighters who longed to eat out the hearts of foemen, and Cooper can cry of Redskins who bit the dust; but no man of letters ancient or new has ever put into words the venom we had rankling in our muscles and the hate that glowed like pine coals in us when we stood up big toes to big toes with boys whom we liked and walked home with and fought over again some battle resurrected from the pages of books. War is in us from the cradle. And there are worse things than war. The Feudal System, Chivalric Love, Thermopylæ, and the race called Marathon, have come out of battle and the taste of blood. It is not all widows weeping!

Nor did we subsist entirely upon the rocks that humped their spines through the world around our schoolhouse. We held all the country for miles around in fee. It was mostly run-out farms with houses that had grown back into nature, through whose paneless sashes the blue-brown swallows wheeled. The swallows reared their young on mantels which had the classic grace of Adam and the spaciousness of Anne's day three thousand miles from England. Lilacs bivouacked by green cellars where houses had gone the way of last year's leaves. Elder hedges ran through fields full of Queen Anne's lace and black-eyed Susans. In the tangles of birch and maple, stonewalls everywhere. The arbutus, the flower that brings back Christ among the lingering northern snows, trailed the land with miles of fragrance. Lady-slippers and bird-on-the-wing. Nature had taken back this old cradle of men; she rocked her shyer children here. In the heat of our games we came upon fawns whose wide round eyes mooned upon us, and bucks with many points on their antlers marched across our meadows with their heads held high and their does behind them.

Our games were cut to the country. They led us afar through swamps and over and under walls. "Wolf" was the king of games. Two hunters bore brooms for guns, and the rest of us scattered into all manner of woods before them. When a wolf was touched by the broom, he must stand dead until a comrade freed him with another touch. I have stood thus with many a long sunny afternoon washing around me and the knowledge that history, which I loved best of all books, was on the dock back at the schoolhouse. Partridges grew bold and eyed me, and squirrels worked themselves into a lather of curiosity above me; but I kept my honor bright and moved not. It took a deal of time to school new teachers in the tenets of honor. Often they used the rod upon boys who were patterns of loyalty and sportsmen extraordinary. "Hare and hounds" is a fine game, I know, but it lacks the charm of our "wolf". We travelled with our hearts in our temples, each for himself and all of us to the twenty-four corners of the sky. It took a Daniel Boone in knee breeches to run us all down separately. I am glad to say that there was no coddling of the weaker sex among us. Our sisters were Amazons

that outfooted the best that warmed breeches with flying legs. They climbed as tall trees and barked their shins on walls as high. And our best teachers, even though they went in skirts, ran their way home to our hearts and carried cards of safety pins for binding up our wounds and theirs.

Some of our games we made up for ourselves out of whole cloth. "Tolly over the schoolhouse" was such a one. We chose sides and distributed ourselves along the two sides of the building. Back and forth between us over the ridgepole went an erratic ball that one had to catch before it hit the ground. Such ballistic madness as lay in that ball's flight is hard to conceive. You were on your bruised knees, and the ball was elsewhere. Parents miles away could hear the school when the sphere put in an appearance on the rim of the Andes. The best players knew how to score surely with a volley so high that the ball did not touch the roof on its downward swoop until it was a foot from the eaves. As you can well imagine, the most important player in this game was the umpire. He stood at the schoolhouse's end so that he could see both sides and give his decisions. He needed to be a cross between a Solomon and a John L. Sullivan, for quite the hardest bruises often came his way when his judgment slipped. The teachers, once they were trained, were the wisest choice here.

Then there was "plunder", another game of sides in which each tried to capture a handkerchief behind the line of combat without being seized and "frozen" until freed by his own men. This was, next to "wolf", the hardest on our mothers. One sometimes got the handkerchief at the loss of his corduroy breeches. All the ninety and nine vintages of "tag" we had, and "blind man's buff", in which we once brought down the whole length of the overhead stovepipe, for rainy days. Another favorite was again an invention of our own. Some of us had seen in town a game of baseball played without catching on any too well to the basic principles. Baseball was not a game for widely separated farmers' children with uncertain fields to disport themselves upon. So our sport of bat-and-ball was a queer combination of cricket and baseball, with mayhem thrown in as a spice. We had a pitcher and bases; but the bat was a paddle, and the striker who tipped the ball even slightly was greeted with the cry, "Tick, two

more!" Any sort of pitch, grounded or overhead, was legal tender, provided one could reach it by three steps to either side or a moderately high jump into the air. An expert at leaping and plunging could stay at bat for the afternoon. If he ever did hit the ball any distance whatever, backwards or forwards, he had to run out to a base and back and take his chances of mortality by acting as a target for the lucky boy who retrieved the ball and did his level best to "bore" him in transit. A "boring" meant an out, and often it was more literal than that; water might have to be applied to a spouting nose. The crippled cared for, each man in the field moved up one place. There was only one batter at a time. I was an expert at the game, in all modesty I say it; for my father made me a bat that was light as goose down and wide enough to comb everything out of the earth or air. It was my pride until the dismal day when Albert, the school featherbrain, got hold of it to assault an innocent toad that we had put into his jaws when he was silly enough to open his mouth and close his eyes to get something—which he so sorely needed—to make him wise.

Games, though, were not the making of our school. The scholars were that. I do not believe there has ever been brought together under one roof more boys with the Devil in them all bigger than a woodchuck, as our parents would say. Albert comes first easily. In intellect he was "small potatoes and few in a hill". That New England adage hits the nail exactly. But Albert was the prince of our school. Shakespeare knew him. He called him now Falstaff, now Touchstone, now Feste. Shakespeare knew that clownishness is one of the necessary things that make the world wag on its merry way between rather dubious and forbidding stars. Fools may be cruel jests of nature; but life, with its hawks and boys, has a splendor in its cruelty. And Albert had a royal good time with his light head. He was proud of his distinction of being the one who would be forced to try the skim ice of the roadside pool first. He would rather pluck out his heart than take a dare. So he immersed himself up to the elbows in the evil morass of a barnyard when we dared him to trust himself upon the crust of chaff that coated it. No windows that the teacher could open that afternoon could purge away the memory of his folly. He was such a one as could make even a Monday

morning rosy. He it was who must ride to the top of the flagpole in a bottomless basket; and it took the visiting school superintendent, whom I met years after man to man in the dewy *Odyssey*, to shin up, Jovian beard and all, and unlash the rope we had secured on high, and let our school clown down.

Indoors everybody egged Albert on till the daily patience of the teacher was broken and the command rang out, "Albert, pass into the corridor!" The rest was rawhide. The darkness of the antechamber was a fit usher for retribution. Albert would clench his fists, but he got only welted knuckles for his pains. Once, though, he turned the tables on us. Alone in the hall he gorged himself upon all the sweeter tidbits in our lunchboxes there, and, sated, ran off home. At whipping times he could command great gushes of tears. It was a physical charm he had along with an ability to make his ears move independently and in unison, like those of a donkey, until the room shook with mirth. A licking over, the sun came out again behind his homely face, and he looked about for new folly to kick his heels at. Such brains as he had ran down into his heels mostly, and it took a smart horse to outstrip him when, lunchbox in hand, he flew each morning schoolwards to the inevitable whippings that awaited him. The Lord has given few of His children such capacity for running thus cheerfully to the daily disasters that life turns out to be. And in these darkly enlightened days society has taken to segregating such children as Albert from their more regular and drabber brethren; and so some of the ancient sunshine has gone from the world.

The school had its villain, too. He was the son, as it so often runs, of a pillar and deacon of the country church and the warden of the school. He felt his father's position so heavily that he cut the birch rods for our corduroys. He stood in strongly with those teachers who came to the school with the preconception that they were lion tamers. He it was who told the wielder of authority how we had come two hours early and thrown stones with painstaking labor into the chimney top until we had clogged the flue above the stovepipe vent. He it was who proposed the plan for a half hour "nooning" in place of our hour recess, which was all too short as it was for the games we had to play. But it turned out

that his own tail wore out the rods he had cut for ours. There were such things as after hours when teachers were gone home to their week's boarding place, and justice came into her own. His father could not always be coming to fetch him safe home behind his team of bays. Some days it rained.

One boy, who stood at the opposite pole of the universe from our tattletale, was all whipcord and blue steel. He could whip any two of us together, and he did so. And he could stand by one and keep the faith in the hour when the arch of heaven tottered. For all his strength, strange shynesses and reticences were in him when he stood apart from us on the windy skylines of our days, like the king that he was. So Hector must have walked on the Trojan walls. His nature was as square and as full of possibilities of comfort as a Maine farmhouse. No meanness of bullying ever went unpunished by him. Perhaps he was the finest teacher we were ever to have.

There were girls as well as boys to build up our glory. One had a nose that made me, for some unknown reason, think of morning-glories. But I kept that thought carefully to myself. She once put her arm across my shoulders as we walked the ruts to school. I liked it at the time; but some prying eyes were open, and it took me a year to live down that blunder of hers. Another girl was plump and fresh as a pan of new biscuits. Her lunchbox showed the reason. It must have snowed meat and drink in her home as it did in the house of Chaucer's Franklin. Another girl was as wild as a thistle and as hard to handle; she led the boys into building a fire in May that, transported by the teacher into our Gargantuan stove, we had to sit close over until our very souls perspired.

All of us were full of a wiry clannishness that has stood the older stock of America in good stead, a temper old as Anglo-Saxon England and alive in the town meetings of New England to this day. Independence and democracy were in us, too, I think. It was dangerous for one of us to come to school too conscious of new clothes or special possessions. I was unwise enough once to strut like a young rooster in the striped sweater which my father, like Joseph's, had put upon me in his love. My garment came to great grief. Full of exuberance, we were full of a grim reserve and

silent loyalties. Barring Albert, the boys could take the bitterest punishment without flinching and with the mask of a smile.

We could act like young Vandals; yet when it came right down to the business of books, I think we loved them as most of us have not loved them since. We had to work hard at home, most of us; we had to walk miles for our learning; we worked at the desks as we worked at the sawhorse. And in that little house on the hungry half acre we met Jason and Arthur, Hercules and Thor, the granite-faced men of Hawthorne's tales and the hard-headed builders of our own country; and the narrow fields we lived in stretched out to meet a bigger world that some of us were going to walk some day, and a world that only poets and dreamers have ever set foot upon. The two miles of pinewoods and the bay I had to cross each night were peopled for me with folk long dust on the other side of the earth, with folk who had never lived in these fields where men are so quick to grow old and roses to fall. Demigods and men who have made the history books seemed close enough then to come upon in the next thicket. I know that the teaching we had was homespun. Our morning's music might often be only a camp-meeting hymn of redemption and bare grace. But we sang it like the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel.

Looking back, I can see as clear as if set in crystal the gentians that came out with blue lace in the September fields to call us back to the cracked doorstep and the battered pail of water for our refreshment and the one long-handled dipper for us all. And I know now that the dogeared books that smelled like learning to us *were* learning. It has been my good fortune to read in famous houses of learning since; but I have never known, even in Duke Humfrey's room in the Bodleian, such an edge on my appetite for books as in that one-room schoolhouse where boys sat on patches and read so hard that they broke the backs of their books. The last flowers of the year, the wistful, faded asters, half buried the door. Hungry flowers. . . . Perhaps we were like them. Hunger can be a thing precious beyond all other things.

OXFORD AND ASQUITH

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

So strongly, in these days, does the white light of publicity beat on the lives of public men, so swiftly are their actions examined and appraised by a high speed world, that when they come to die their obituary notices leave little for the historian to add or to revise. It was so with Lord Oxford. The eloquent tributes paid to his memory, alike in Parliament and in the press, told the whole story of his public life. Every furrow of the political field that he ploughed in his day had yielded its harvest. Even in Ireland, where his legislative zeal proved a veritable sowing of dragon's teeth, the scars are healing and the bitter story is all told. If posterity fails to endorse all that has been said since his death about this great Liberal statesman, it will be because distance, which lends enchantments to views, is apt to inspire disenchantment in biographers. The contemporary portraits are painted by men who knew Lord Oxford and formed their opinions at first hand. Posterity will merely measure Lord Oxford's achievements and draw its picture accordingly.

And that picture will lose much, for few men in English public life have combined so great a personal influence with so small an output of constructive achievement. We cannot look about us and see on the face of our political or economic or spiritual life any monument more enduring than brass that the nation or the world owes to this eminent Liberal leader. Even the Home Rule Bill—his most famous legislative accomplishment—was no more than the redemption of old Liberal pledges, undertaken, it must be said, less in the consciousness that a pledge must be honored than because he found himself compelled, if he wished to remain in office, to purchase the support of the Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons.

It is a little curious—unless indeed we concede that the age of great men is definitely past—that none of the three very dis-

tinguished men that Britain has mourned in the last few weeks, Hardy the novelist, Haig the soldier, and Asquith the statesman, quite crossed that indefinable but none the less definite line that just differentiates eminence from greatness. And of the three, Herbert Henry Asquith was by far the most gifted and, in the matter of actual tangible results, accomplished the least. That is not as strange as it might seem. He was a really great orator, but words are ephemeral and their results intangible. He was a very able lawyer, but advocacy is not a constructive thing. He was a great Liberal leader, the greatest since Gladstone, but greatness in statecraft must have opportunity if it is to gain recognition.

The war brought Mr. Asquith (as he was then) the opportunity to play the part of the great man of action. But he was not a man of action, and he had to give way in due course to the more energetic and resourceful Mr. Lloyd George. It was not a question of age but of temperament. He was a scholar, a philosopher and a gentleman. There is room for such in the British political arena. Indeed, these qualities have always exercised and still exercise an influence in English public affairs that Americans—whose experience with scholar-politicians has not always been happy—cannot easily appreciate. But when the arena is extended from the decorous sham warfare of Westminster to the limitless horizons of a world war, it is men of a different calibre who play the leading rôles. Devouring energy, ruthlessness, cunning, fanaticism, the power to inspire loyalty and cause others to get the most out of themselves—these are the qualities that a great man of action must have. Lord Oxford never had them.

He was, first and foremost, a scholar. The qualities that go to make a scholar, in the true sense of the word, the deep insight, the tolerance, the observant detachment, the love of knowledge for its own sake, and above all that gift, most precious because most rare, of treating life as something to be stood away from and examined, with nothing in it devoid of purpose and no man or woman in it devoid of interest—these qualities may be in part inherited, but they are also to be acquired. If Mr. Asquith inherited them, it was by some unexplained freak of atavism, for his parents were middle class people in a small way of business at

Huddersfield in Yorkshire, where his father had a woollen mill. Quiet, narrow, straight living Congregationalists, they came of a stock that had its own good qualities, and some of these went to the making of their son.

How he would otherwise have shaped it is impossible to guess, but when Herbert Henry was only eight the hand of circumstance transferred him to the custody of two uncles in London. Followed a step which profoundly influenced the life of the future Prime Minister. He was sent to the City of London School. This old and rather famous day school, democratic in its traditions and somewhat rough, had then for its headmaster the famous Dr. Edwin Abbott, a great pedagogue and a distinguished English, and particularly Shakespearean, scholar. From him young Asquith received the assistance and encouragement that his scholarly instincts and industry required for their full development. Abbott, on the other hand, recognized in Asquith the possessor of unusual talents, and especially of a remarkable gift of eloquence. Even as a schoolboy his words, as Milton says, like nimble and airy servitors, tripped about him at his command. Viscount Grey of Fallodon, speaking of Lord Oxford in the House of Lords, said that he entered Parliament as finished and eloquent a speaker as he left it. On the day following his death *The Times* reproduced verbatim a "declamation" that young Asquith, then eighteen, was called upon to make at the breaking-up exercises of the school. The speech shows only the slightest traces of intellectual immaturity and it is clear that then, as always afterward, words came to the young man's tongue naturally and in their proper order, marshalled without effort in response to the stimulus of his thought.

Of Asquith the boy, and whether he ever got licked and for what, if he played truant sometimes, or disliked games, or had a penchant for pies, or who was his chum, and if he ever got a black eye, we somehow seem never to have heard. It is the same at Oxford, whither he went with a scholarship to Balliol and where he won all kinds of academic distinctions. We know that he spoke regularly at the Union, that he was immune from the various enthusiasms and illicit intellectual entanglements that sometimes serve the purpose of keeping brilliant young Oxford

men with political careers before them from becoming young prigs. Just as he was even then a finished speaker, so he was already a perfect Whig. (It is perhaps necessary to explain that the Whigs and Radicals form the right and left wings of the Liberal party, whose unity, always more imaginary than real, is one of expediency and not of temperament. Professor Tyrrell, the famous classical scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, used to say of Dr. Traill, the then Provost, that he could never make out whether he was a man degenerating into a bison or a bison just emerging into a man. So a modern Liberal can be considered either as a Whig degenerating into a Radical or a Radical just emerging into a Whig.)

Of Asquith the young man, and whether he flirted with tobacconists' daughters or got "progged" for frequenting the Mitre after hours, if he walked on Boar's Hill and read Matthew Arnold or strolled in the High and devoured Ruskin, we really know nothing. One thing is certain: He was a terrific worker, and if he had a political career before him it was certainly not waiting to be handed to him on a silver plate, for he had neither money nor influence, nor even a family tradition of political success. It is pretty sure that he was no prig and that he enjoyed life at Oxford as much and in as many ways as circumstances permitted.

Oxford was followed by ten years of hard slogging at the Bar. Brieflessness was eked out by contributions to the Reviews—those intellectual equivalents of the roast beef and beer that made the Victorians the wonderful but dyspeptic people they were—and rendered more acute by matrimony. Eighteen eighty-six saw Asquith, then thirty-four years of age, take his seat in Parliament. He had gone to East Fife as a last minute candidate to fight what the party leaders thought to be a hopeless election, and had won the seat by a slender majority. Thus he entered the House of Commons in an aura of distinction. His maiden speech, as easy of delivery and mature in thought as that of the most practised Parliamentary hand, made it clear that here was a young man to be reckoned with. Shortly after the Parnell Commission, in which he appeared as junior counsel for Parnell, brought him that fame at the bar that comes slowly but when it comes brings affluence with it.

Office—as Gladstone's Home Secretary—followed, only six years after his first appearance in Parliament. The Liberal party went out on Home Rule and returned to power on Free Trade. Asquith married a second time (his first wife had died of typhoid) and how that came about and a deal more besides can be read in the lively memoirs of Lady Oxford, Margot Tennant. The South African War found Asquith an Imperialist, as a good Whig should be, but still out of office. His party, however, got back in 1906, after Joseph Chamberlain had unsuccessfully stumped the country for Protection with Asquith, eloquently upholding the cause of Free Trade, dogging his heels. For that service he got the Chancellorship of the Exchequer under Campbell-Bannerman, an uninspiring Liberal mediocrity whom he succeeded as Prime Minister in 1908.

Then things began to happen, but whether as the result of Mr. Asquith becoming Prime Minister or through the inclusion in his Cabinet of a rather rabid young politician named David Lloyd George, or both, is not easy to say. In 1910 he introduced the Parliament Act, which changed the power of the House of Lords to veto any measure but a money bill into the mere power to delay its passage, if the Commons insists upon it, for about two years. Amid howls of execration from Conservatives throughout the country, he forced this measure through the Lords by threatening the creation of enough new Liberal Peers to swamp that august assembly. The Peers gave way exactly as they had done in the case of the Reform Bill. It is one thing to be a die-hard and another to commit suicide.

With the Lords' veto out of the way, Mr. Asquith set about passing the Home Rule Bill. It was twice passed and twice rejected by the Lords. Its final passage was prevented by the outbreak of war. All the excitement and pother it caused in Ireland, the volunteering and counter-volunteering, the conventions and conferences and what not, form an interesting and deeply intricate chapter in the history of the Irish Free State. Lord Oxford himself, in his *Fifty Years of Parliament*, carries the legislative end of the story down only to the beginning of 1914. Probably he never understood the rest of it. He neither felt attracted to the Irish nor had a high opinion of their ability to manage their own affairs.

He saw the Home Rule Bill solely as a move on the chess board of English politics.

The outbreak of war found Mr. Asquith in a difficult position. He had delayed taking a firm stand with Germany until it was too late to prevent war, if indeed war could thus have been prevented. He had more Radicals than Whigs in his Cabinet, and they favored neutrality while he himself, with Viscount (then Sir Edward) Grey, believed that Britain must enter the war. Radical feeling throughout the country was wavering with an inclination toward neutrality. The written promise of Conservative support which he received from Mr. Bonar Law strengthened the Prime Minister's hand, and the invasion of Belgium turned the scale. Mr. Asquith lost two Radical colleagues, however, Mr. John Burns and Lord Morley, and in the course of the ensuing period of his Premiership a good many more dropped out. As the war proceeded, for the most part with disappointing results, it became more and more evident that Mr. Asquith was not the man of energy that was required to oust incompetence, inspire energy and supply vision. He had, by his magnificent speeches, heartened the people to their task and made clear Britain's position in the eyes of the world. He lacked the constructive energy, the toughness and opportunism, that get results without regard to anybody's feelings.

Lloyd George succeeded Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister, and while some Liberals then and since have not hesitated to charge the former with biting the hand that had fed him, Mr. Asquith himself accepted the change with perfect loyalty and good humor. When the war ended, however, it was plain that there was no room in the Liberal party for men so antagonistic in temperament and methods. Lord Oxford, as he now became, remained the titular head of the party and vainly wrestled with Lloyd George for its soul. Lloyd George had the war chest and the more modern technique, and won handsomely. But it looked now as if there would soon be no Liberal party with a soul to save. Coming back to the House with a greatly reduced membership in 1923, it put the Socialists in power and when, less than a year later, the Socialists were swept out of office, the Liberal party was almost swept out of existence. Today it shows some signs of

reviving. But now it has no leaders and no particular *raison d'être.*

Lord Oxford, having retired from active politics, took to writing and produced *Fifty Years of Parliament*, an astonishingly pedestrian work that revealed nothing not already known and many times written. At the time of his death he was engaged on a more intimate and personal record, gleaned from diaries and letters (he indulged voluminously in both), which is to be published in the autumn. Possibly it will reveal Lord Oxford to the world as his friends knew him, and give detail to what is now little more than the outline of a man. He was a great gentleman, urbane, scholarly, with a sort of Roman robustness of thought that was not exactly cordiality but took the place of it. He had no egotism, intellectual or otherwise, and was democratic and approachable, not because he believed in being so but because he really enjoyed contact with men and women of all sorts and kinds, and seldom failed to find in them some food for his inquisitive and philosophic mind.

He was shrewd and could be crafty—as all lawyers must be—but upright and honorable in all his dealings, in the spirit as well as the letter. He seldom said and probably seldom thought an unkind thing about anybody, a virtue which did not always stand him in good stead since it caused him to suffer fools, not merely in his own company but in the service of the State. He loved all the good things of life, pictures and books and music, good wine and good food, and he was fond of ladies, provided they had intelligence enough to be charming in their persons or interesting in their minds. He detested domineering people of either sex, and he himself, tactful, tolerant, easy going, mellow, was the least domineering of men. That was his life in epitome, the man of action submerged in the thinker, the lawyer and statesman, who was never quite wrapped up in statecraft or the law, but moved through life in a sort of protecting aura to which the scholar, the *bon vivant* and the intellectual adventurer all contributed their share.

INDIVIDUALISM IN BANKING

BY EDWARD C. STOKES

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THE chief characteristic of American civilization is individualism. It is this feature that distinguishes America from paternalistic Europe where, to a certain extent, the old mediæval idea still lingers that the individual belongs to the government instead of the government belonging to the individual. It is the encouragement of individualism in our country that has enabled us to lead the procession of nations religiously, educationally, scientifically and in civil liberty. We sometimes forget this in our Fourth of July personification of our country and think of government as a personality that can do things—operate railroads, manage business, run steamships and engage in other enterprises usually termed private. The once popular phrase "To make the world safe for democracy" is but a collateral product of this mistaken philosophy. Our forefathers had no such illusions. They understood that the problem was not to make the world safe for democracy but to make democracy safe for the world. Democracy never made anything safe. It was the Washingtons, Hamiltons, Jeffersons, Madisons, Marshalls, Masons, Monroes, Penns and Adamses that made democracy and free government possible. The government did not make these men. It was these men and their kind who made our government what it is, and it is only as we continue this element of progress and live up to the standards of our forefathers that we shall develop a civilization of the highest type and sanest advancement. Civilization must develop individuals, to survive. Art, science, literature, education and business are all the outcome of individual freedom and the exercise of individual initiative.

It is the individual who does things and not the government. You may have looked upon some beautiful painting, like that of the Sistine Madonna. An individual painted that picture; the

government never painted a picture. You may have seen a magnificent statue, harmonious in all its proportions. An individual carved that statue; the government never carved a statue. The government never made an oration, penned a poem, shaped a cathedral, invented a machine, nor discovered a law of gravitation. It is individuals who take these steps of progress alone, and in so far as we curb individual effort and individual initiative, we retard progress. The reason why America has given us the sewing machine and the electric light, the harvester and reaper, telephone and telegraph, flying machine and radio and the electrical marvels of the world, is because our individuals have been the captains of their own souls and have not become mere routine machines of gigantic enterprises. The man who is head of a small institution develops better than the man who is a mere tool in a gigantic enterprise. Not that these great enterprises are not necessary. They are profoundly necessary in America today as the leading nation of the world and the hope of civilization. I, for one, most strongly advocate them. But I call attention to the fact that the big corporations, especially the large banks of our great cities, are drawing on the country banks of the Middle States and the South and the West for their presidents and their vice-presidents, men who have developed in smaller independent banking institutions. Numerous instances could be cited, but they might make odious comparisons.

The distinguishing feature of America's financial system has been its numerous independent, individual banks. This fact has stood out in marked contrast to the European system. America has over thirty thousand practically independent banks, each locally owned and managed by a local Board of Directors and officers who use the funds of the bank legitimately for the development of the community. Contrast this with Great Britain, that has twenty-three main banks and 9,476 branches, and with France with nineteen main banks and 1,351 branches. Up to within a reasonably short period England had over five hundred banks, but the spirit of centralization has wiped them out.

This local banking system of ours has been one of our greatest resources and has contributed to American development and

prosperity. The credit of these institutions has been extended to the needs of worthy and enterprising individuals whom the officers and directors of the various localities personally knew and in whom they had confidence. Many a poor boy through credit extended by his local bank has become a successful merchant, manufacturer or professional man. On the contrary, in the countries across the sea where the bank has become a more cold-blooded proposition, individuals do not find it so easy to receive accommodations as they do here, where personal character, ability and ambition are regarded as assets. There is scarcely a community in the country where an illustration cannot be found of some worthy individual with ability and without capital who has been able through the help extended him by his local country bank to make a success in life and to add to the development of his country. The personal, humane feature of America's banking system has made it a motive power for progress such as the world never before saw.

It is a somewhat antiquated political economy that imputes value to anything *per se*. Aside from a few of the fundamental metals and minerals, like gold and silver, diamonds and coal, there is no value in any material thing. As an illustration, there is no value in the lands, homes, public buildings, docks and wharves and street car lines of New York City. They are not worth a farthing. Their value and their wealth lie solely in the brains of New York's citizens, and if all the people in New York should leave that city and none ever return to take their place, New York as a deserted village would not be worth the attention of the tax gatherer. Its wealth would depart with the brains of its departing citizens. It is the brains of the individual, therefore, that are the asset of any nation, and just as you develop the individual you add to wealth and prosperity.

The independent banking system of our country has fitted in admirably and practically with this philosophy. It has worked with the individual and helped him to grow industrially, educationally, inventively and commercially. It has worked with him because he was a neighbor and an acquaintance and the bankers knew and trusted him and he in turn coöperated therewith. He rose to success through the help of his local independent bank, and

he never would have had that opportunity had he depended upon a bank in some large centre, because he would not have known the bank and the bank would not have known him, and credit extension would have been well nigh impossible. In the little town of Roebling, on the Delaware, Carl Roebling, then the head of the great John A. Roebling Sons enterprise, organized a little bank that has deposits today of a million dollars and a capital of $50,000. It admirably serves that community. It helps to build its homes, and to finance its merchants and its public improvements. The bank takes a pride in this work, a work of service because it is a part of the life of the community, and it touches elbows with its needs and its wants, with its aspirations and its prosperity. If that bank was owned by a Chicago corporation and was one of a great chain system, this personal touch with the little village of Roebling would be lost and its entire relation to the community would be changed. The Roebling Bank would be the possession of a foreign landlord, and its interest in individual local enterprises and development would diminish and the plants of purely local and community pride and development would deal with foreign instead of local credit. The chain stores—I do not criticise them nor claim they do not serve a useful purpose—have almost entirely eliminated the local merchant who dealt in the same commodities that they do, and they are like exotics among the native flowers of the garden.

The prosperity of America has grown with the system of independent, locally owned banks. To change this credit and financial system of ours is a most dangerous experiment, and does not accord with the genius of our institutions. The sentiment of our country upon this question is unmistakable. It has been expressed through the American Bankers' Association and the various State bankers' organizations. All of them favor the retention of the independent bank, and all of them are almost unanimously against branch banks or a chain system of banks. The only exception to this is the acceptance of branch banks confined to the limits of municipalities.

A new feature has now entered the banking situation. Whether it is wise or unwise, and I think it is most unwise, it is entirely revolutionary, and if allowed to develop will entirely change the

whole character of American banking as heretofore conducted. Corporations, holding companies and investment trusts are buying up the control of local banks. In some cases their ownership may be confined to States, in other cases it is nation-wide. One of these holding companies through its ownership of bank stock controls one of the largest banks in the world. This bank has 289 branches in one State alone. This holding corporation has investments in bank stock the world over, owning shares in the Bank of England, Bank of France and the Reichsbank, and is now opening offices in London, Paris and Berlin. Such an enterprise is dazzling and fascinating and daring, but it blots out the independence of the American bank; it delocalizes our credit system, it internationalizes our finances and makes them English, French and German instead of exclusively American. It is not difficult to foresee when this institution will have an interest in the business development of other countries that will compete with American business and American industry, and result perhaps in the employment of foreign workmen abroad instead of American workmen at home. The American protective tariff and the international bank that owns banks abroad as well as in America are in necessary conflict, just as were the free labor of the North and the slave labor of the South before the Civil War.

The owning of bank stocks by holding corporations changes the whole character of our banking policy. It creates a foreign landlord in the form of a corporation that is impersonal, that lives in a metropolitan center and dominates the officers of the local bank and deprives them—I do not care how liberal its policy—of their freedom of action and their credit humanity, and restricts their ability to serve their community. The bank ceases to be owned by the people among whom it is located and it is no longer their possession. In a sense it is a stranger, and that great psychological asset called confidence that binds the bank and the community is destroyed. *The Financial Chronicle* of October, 1927, well said:

> Credit is a commodity more important to the people than ordinary commercial products. Tying strings to thirty thousand banks and putting them in the control of a half dozen companies certainly would not be in the public interest. The independent bank is of immense value to the country and should be

preserved at all hazards. Every local merchant and manufacturer is entitled to credit according to his deposits. The creation and maintenance of locally owned and operated banks should be held sacred. The organization of local credit being free business outside the bank will contract or expand in accordance with the average profits that business can earn. Thus the community and local banks go up or down together. To sacrifice this freedom to initiate new business not only by so called controlled credit but by means of retaining at home the earnings of its own organized credit, must prove a detriment to a natural progress and prosperity. . . . Ownership by a holding corporation . . . pumps the profits from the (local) reservoir and adds nothing in return. Depositors in these local banks now about to be corralled by holding companies are not asking for this change and are loath to see the stock of their local banks go into foreign and unknown and impersonal hands. Local bank stock should be kept at home.

A bank is a personal institution; it is not materialistic; it does not sell goods or manufacture material products; it deals exclusively with persons and with their possessions. Such institutions should only be owned by individual persons and should never be owned either in the minority or by impersonal holding corporations.

America should Stop, Look and Listen before this movement is allowed to continue. In the New Jersey Legislature a bill has been introduced, framed by and with the entire sanction of the State Bankers' Association, following my protest of last year, that will limit corporate ownership to a minimum in New Jersey banking institutions. It provides that such ownership of stock of any bank or trust company shall be limited to ten per cent. of the capital stock.

I have pointed out some of the revolutionary characteristics of this new idea of the ownership of bank stock by corporations. The almost unanimous public sentiment against branch banking in this country has been demonstrated beyond question. The whole nation is against it. Here in New Jersey our law prohibits branch banks except within the confines of municipalities, but if a corporation buys up a number of banks throughout the State and controls them, they automatically become branch or chain banks and the Branch Bank law is immediately nullified. To carry this principle throughout the country, these holding corporations can own banks or control them through their stock ownership from

New York to California, and these banks so owned not only cease to be independent but they become branch or chain banks and the national law forbidding branch banks is at once nullified. The Federal Reserve Act provides that "No State bank may retain or acquire stock in any Federal Reserve Bank except upon relinquishment of any branch or branches established after the date of the approval of this act beyond the limits of the city, town or village in which the parent bank is situated." The spirit of this Act of Congress is manifest: It does not propose to admit into this Federal system any bank that has branches beyond the city line. That very provision of the law is at once nullified wherever banks of the Federal Reserve system are bought up by corporate holding companies and thus become branches of centralized parents.

I am not an enthusiast over the Federal Reserve system; I think it tends too much toward paternalism and centralization of power. The Federal Reserve Board has more power than an Act of Congress; an Act of Congress can be vetoed by the President, but a decree of the Federal Reserve Board cannot. Senator Glass of West Virginia has often boasted that in order to prevent too much centralization he opposed the idea of one central bank and provided that the Federal Reserve System should consist of a number of banks situated in different districts throughout the country so that credit facilities could be decentralized and be somewhat localized instead of centrally controlled. In this respect I think his philosophy is sound. The Federal Reserve Act went further and, in order to prevent a number of banks from controlling the Federal Reserve bank even in their own district, allows certain banks to vote for only one class of directors and other banks to vote for another class of directors, so that the directors of a Federal Reserve bank are always free and purposely beyond the control of even the majority or combination of the banks of the district. Perhaps this red tape provision was wise, certainly in its policy of decentralization of power. But the holding company idea demolishes this provision at once. A holding company can, within the range of possibility if not within the range of probability, secure control of a sufficient number of the member banks of the various Federal Reserve districts to

avail itself not only of the credit facilities of one of the Federal Reserve banks, but perhaps of all of them. It can go further. The member banks which it owns have a vote in the election of directors in the various Federal Reserve districts, and these banks will vote as directed by the central holding company, and thus it will control to a large extent, if it does not dominate, the directorships in the Federal Reserve banks, just as the political boss controls the primary through orders given to his workers throughout the various districts of the State. The control of the rediscount rate could in this way be exercised by these holding corporations or investment companies, whose chief interest is profit through an increase in the value of their investment—a most dangerous power.

The possibilities of this holding company octopus are gigantic and far-reaching. Any one of the objections to it justifies stopping it by legislation; but all of the objections put together are terrifying.

The independent banking system of America should be preserved. The stocks should be owned by individual persons, and corporate holding companies should keep their hands off of this greatest source of America's prosperity, this great asset to individual development and success. This country has legislated, in some cases unwisely, against what it is pleased to call the Trusts, but no Trust has ever threatened this country as does this gigantic money trust now forming through the agency of the corporate ownership of bank stocks through holding companies.

Again I repeat, Stop, Look and Listen, before we take this new creature to our bosoms.

D. A. R.: HOME AND COUNTRY

BY GRACE H. BROSSEAU

President-General, Daughters of The American Revolution

THE men really began it.

The Sons of the American Revolution in conference assembled in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1890, voted down a motion to admit women to that organization. This refusal was the torch which fired to active rebellion those women who wore the same badge of courage inherited from heroic ancestors. The fiat of exclusion was so resented that when a sympathetic man came to their rescue, with the suggestion that a society of Daughters of the American Revolution be formed, it was adopted forthwith. Thus was blazed anew the hard worn trail between the mothers of the Colonies and the daughters of the Republic. This feminine *bloc* proceeded without delay to organize its own patriotic society, on lines similar to that of the men. By a stroke of good fortune, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, wife of the then President of the United States, was secured as the first President-General.

That it should become the greatest deliberative body of patriotic women in the world, was the distinct aim of those responsible for the formation of the society.

With consummate wisdom these founders laid a broad and secure foundation that will permit with the passing of time a constantly widening structure. Today, thirty-eight years later, it may be said that the dream of the founders has been realized. From a membership of 818 in 1891, the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution has reached the proud eminence of 165,000 members, with 2,275 active Chapters on its rolls. These Chapters exist not only in every State of the Union, but in our territorial possessions and in China, London and Paris.

The first labors of the Society included the pioneering task of acquiring and compiling historical and genealogical records. That initial effort was most opportune, the members of the older

generation being then still alive. They could tell of the early days of the Republic and accurately recall those dates and events in local and family annals which comprise the texture of American history.

Thus was preserved through the unceasing efforts of those early leaders of the Daughters of the American Revolution—with the further aid of State and county records—vital and important facts connected with that heroic struggle for independence. The real value of the service will not become apparent, however, until another generation is well on its way.

As a memorial, in a sense, to those early toilers in the rich mines of this type of information, the Society expects soon to possess the finest genealogical library in the world. Its collection already is far-famed for its valuable and distinctive material.

With tender reverence the Daughters of the American Revolution assumed the great self-appointed task of reclaiming Revolutionary soldiers' graves; marking historic spots, and rehabilitating significant and rapidly disappearing structures of the Colonial era. That phase of the work still claims an important and distinctive place on the broad programme of activity.

During the last two years, two hundred thousand dollars have been expended in the marking of historic spots and graves, not only an act of respect to the past, but an inspiration to the youth of the land.

A splendid bit of memorial work accomplished by the Society was the promotion several years ago of the first great transcontinental highway over the historic and scenic old wagon trails traversed by our pioneer forefathers as they pushed westward to the Pacific. This highway, known as the National Old Trails Road, extends from the Colonial East to the Spanish Southwest, beginning in Maryland and ending in California.

In conjunction with the National Old Trails Road Association, the Daughters of the American Revolution are about to place in each of the eleven States through which the road passes a marker in the form of a symbolic stone statue of heroic size. This figure, of the Daughters' own design and creation, is that of a pioneer mother, standing erect and unafraid with the vision of a great future in her eyes. In her arms is a sleeping baby, and a small

boy clings to the ample folds of her homespun dress. It is a truly notable group and will stand for all time, guarding the ways of civilization on that historic trail.

Living links between 1776 and the present are the Real Daughters of the men who served in the struggle for independence. Fifteen are yet with us, and are tenderly cherished by the Society, which gives them monthly pensions in recognition of the mighty deeds of their sires.

A constructive educational and welfare programme is maintained by the Daughters of the American Revolution, beginning with the child and extending to the knowledge-seeking adult. Twenty Southern Mountain Schools are partially maintained by the organization, preserving for their deserved destiny as worthwhile citizens the American children of pure Anglo-Saxon strain tucked away in the remote hills of the Southland. Nor are the foreign-born boys and girls neglected. Through the Americanization Schools in both the North and the South they receive an opportunity not only for a good education but for a wider knowledge of the arts and trades.

A revolving Student Loan Fund of $250,000 is aiding young men and women of all races to obtain the benefits of college education. With the exception of $20,000, devoted to Philippine scholarships, this fund is handled by the States, and it is being augmented each year by generous contributions from the Chapters.

In the brief space of this narrative it is not possible to disclose all the ramifications of the Society's broad educational plan. It must suffice to say that the great endeavor is to impress upon the plastic minds of the young the responsibilities of citizenship through the medium of day and night schools and clubs of various kinds. This means, in the final analysis, a thorough knowledge of the theory of government; recognition of the need for a good government, and an abounding respect for its institutions. And it means, in addition, the inculcation of a reverence for religion and a love for home and country as a basis for right living.

Fully as comprehensive in its scope is the Americanization work among adult foreigners. It begins at our port of entry—the portals of hope—at the moment of the bewildered immigrant's

first timid knock upon our doors for admittance. With feminine intuition, the Daughters of the American Revolution have found a medium to reach the hearts of immigrant women at these ports of entry by supplying them—and the men as well—with materials for hand work with which to while away the weary, anxious hours of detention. On Ellis Island, from a heavily stocked storeroom maintained by the Society and in charge of two highly specialized social service workers, is drawn the wherewithal to make whatever the restless immigrants desire. As a rule the women fashion garments for themselves and their children, and the men display remarkable skill in the weaving of fancy wool scarfs and rugs and in tailoring and sewing. Busy hands mean less time for riotous discontent, formerly apparent in ceaseless fighting. No matter what the confusion of tongues may be, the language of the fist is universal. Fighting used to be the great indoor sport on Ellis Island, but in the five years of service in the several detention rooms the Daughters of the American Revolution have wrought a marvellous change. Now the occupants work contentedly, order prevails, and the furniture is no longer forced into service as impromptu and sometimes dangerous weapons of warfare. The same remedial situation obtains on Angel Island, the Pacific port of entry. The realm of action is more restricted there than on Ellis Island, but excellent results are being achieved.

Another great service to the foreigners is in the *Manual for Immigrants* published by the Society, in seventeen languages. In 1927, 246,847 copies of these *Manuals* were distributed, at a cost of $35,998.50, at the two ports of entry and at all points throughout the country wherever the sons and daughters of the Old World are foregathered.

Space forbids more than passing mention of other well developed and highly functioning committees, such as those on Better Films, Conservation and Thrift, Foreign Relations, and Legislation. The Society publishes a monthly magazine with many interesting and informative departments. A feature of it is to be found in its charmingly illustrated historical articles and exquisite half-tone reproductions in color of American art and architecture, which have won for it a place on the shelves of libraries and art institutes throughout the country.

The Daughters of the American Revolution now own unencumbered buildings and land valued at $1,110,000. Memorial Continental Hall, the first to be built, of classic Colonial architecture in marble, is dedicated to the courageous men and women of the American Revolution. The Administration Building was constructed in 1922; and Constitution Hall, the third of the group, is now planned as an auditorium seating four thousand and costing about two million dollars. Bonds have been floated for half the amount, and the rest is rapidly being raised by popular subscription. The demands of a constantly increasing membership, with a consequently larger delegated body comprising the annual Continental Congresses, have made the building of the auditorium imperative.

In accordance with the ideals of its founders, the Society has preserved a true spirit of democracy. The initiation fee and annual dues are sufficiently moderate to bring membership within the reach of all who can prove eligibility.

The Society has steered clear of the shoals of religious creeds and politics. In legislative measures, however, it has a deep interest, particularly where those measures affect the home and the right of the individual as exemplified in the spirit of '76. It has gone on record as opposed to the substitution of internationalism for nationalism, and of paternalism and bureaucracy for representative government. It stands firmly for adequate National Defense. While sharing the hope of all reasonable citizens for ultimate world peace, it desires for this country, which its ancestors helped to establish, the same security demanded and maintained by the other nations of the world.

Three short words easily define the aims and the activities of the Daughters of the American Revolution: Home and Country.

CHAUTAUQUA *PRO* AND *CONTRA*

BY HARRY HIBSCHMAN

I

In certain quarters Chautauqua ranks with Prohibition, Babbittry, and Puritanism as a standing mark for caricature, wit, and jest. There are numerous rather smart folks who, without having come in personal contact with the institution and without having taken the trouble to study it at close range, sit in judgment upon it and pronounce it either a hypocritical commercial scheme masquerading as an uplift movement, or else a combination of cheap vaudeville and "mother, home and Heaven" lectures meticulously censored and vacuum-cleaned for infantile minds.

Unfortunately, there is truth with those who hold these conceptions. Like the judge who was always sustained as long as he gave no reasons for his decrees, they aim at a proper target. But their criticisms are generally beside the mark for the reason that their conclusions are based on misinformation or on total lack of knowledge of the facts. They speak frequently out of prejudice and in ignorance, and convict themselves of foolishness.

However, there is another class often no less ridiculous. Those who belong to it profess to believe the dictum of Roosevelt, that Chautauqua is the fourth greatest American institution, standing with that glorious trinity—the Home, the Church and the School. And they are given to exaggeration from this point of view to a degree that does lay them open to many of the charges that supercilious critics bring against them. But they are not insincere in their professions.

To men and women with their convictions, Chautauqua is a crusade and their part in it a mission. They see it as an instrument of service, bringing happiness, beauty and melody into drab lives, stimulating thought in hungry minds, and implanting hope,

courage, and aspiration in weary souls. And particularly do they have faith that Chautauqua is a positive, constructive influence so far as the children of the communities it serves are concerned.

The outstanding fact about Chautauqua, of which its critics seem unaware but which those connected with it can never for a moment forget, is that like Congress, according to an assertion accredited to the late Tom Marshall, it is too representative. In other words, it reflects the tastes and standards, not necessarily of those who conduct the bureaus, but of those who locally support it in the various communities to which it goes, as those tastes and standards are interpreted by the managers. For Chautauqua is not something that the bureaus take into a town or city with a "take or leave it" air. It is brought into the community because it has been possible to get a group of local people to enter into a contract guaranteeing the payment of a certain fixed sum regardless of whether or not enough season tickets are sold in advance to realize that amount. Hence as a very general rule these local guarantors not merely do a large amount of preliminary work in making arrangements for the ground, putting up advertising material, and selling season tickets, but in addition they personally pay a deficit varying from a few cents to a number of dollars per person.

Note this important and, for the Chautauqua workers, nightmarish fact, and it becomes obvious that the Chautauqua managers, regardless of their personal desires and ideals, must provide a programme that will win support and result in a renewal contract for the following year. If they guess wrong or for any other reason adopt a policy that fails to gain or hold supporters, the towns are lost and Chautauqua is headed for failure and extinction. Such being the case, the difficulties and shortcomings of Chautauqua as a movement or institution can be understood and properly appraised only as one understands the people of the communities to which Chautauqua goes. And they vary. Jackson Center at the crossroads, five miles away from a railroad, and Jackson City with its hundred thousand or more self-satisfied city folks, may both have Chautauquas. In fact there are cities much larger than that which have their annual Chautauqua sessions.

Considering the differences of location, size, industrial develop-

ment, social conditions and cultural standards, what are the common characteristics of these varied and scattered hamlets, towns, and cities to which Chautauqua can and must adapt itself, and what the common needs that Chautauqua can meet?

Chautauqua replies, first, that there is need practically everywhere for more and closer coöperative effort. Especially, it is contended, should there be more coöperation that disregards class, business, denominational and other lines. And Chautauqua is an agency that stimulates such coöperation for it enlists the support of a group of people who represent all classes and all interests. Here under ideal conditions members of different churches, competitors in business, and individuals from unrelated social groups meet and work together as they do for few other enterprises. Chautauqua is a coöperative community affair when at its best, and cultivates a better community spirit and understanding. Instances where as a result of such coöperative experience towns have built new schoolhouses, paved streets, established libraries, opened public playgrounds, or federated churches, could be cited by the score.

Chautauqua contends, second, that in the turmoil of modern life people everywhere need relaxation and clean and wholesome entertainment. It claims to supply this need at a minimum of expense; and it says flatly and without apology that nothing is ever permitted on its platform that could offend the most fastidious or implant an impure thought in the mind of a child.

Chautauqua claims, third, that it brings to its towns entertainment of the better sort, music and drama of the highest type. Not merely to provide something enjoyable but to elevate taste is one of its declared aims. And, speaking practically, there is ample evidence that thousands of young people have been inspired to emulation by hearing some great artist on a Chautauqua programme.

But Chautauqua has always professed to believe that its main function was educational and its main instructor, the lecturer. It has, therefore, declared in and out of season that the lecture was the back-bone of the movement and that the entertainment, the music and the drama were but the sugar-coating for this most important feature. One bureau still has an undeviating rule

that there must be a lecture on every programme, both afternoon and evening. Chautauqua's appeal for support continues to be based on the claim that it is a travelling university, disseminating information, challenging thought, and inspiring men and women to better living.

Here again ample evidence justifies its contentions that it has been a constructive movement. Many of its lecturers have brought to their audiences the latest word from the special scientific fields—physicists, biologists, psychologists, and others. Explorers and travellers with words and pictures have carried their audiences to strange lands. Astronomers have projected them into the far spaces of the cosmos. Electrical engineers have answered the questions of the radio fans and explained how modern contrivances may revolutionize life even on the farm. Style experts have told the women how to dress well on a moderate income. Philosophers have expounded their philosophy and preachers, theirs. Congressmen and others have talked about government and politics. And eloquent orators have moved their hearers to believe, to hope, and to dare. Every cause has had its advocate and every alleged curse its uncompromising foe.

Chautauqua contends, fifth, that children everywhere need the offerings thus far described but more particularly the benefit of play under trained leaders and of the introduction to citizenship that can be given in connection with the Chautauqua programmes. There has been developed, therefore, the junior town, in which children are elected officers and all function not merely while the Chautauqua is in town but later under the direction of local committees. Organized play, pageants, and civic training under the leadership and supervision of competent teachers are Chautauqua's contributions to the child life of the community.

II

But Chautauqua is going backward. The number of towns supporting the movement is decreasing in most parts of the country. It is becoming harder to enlist support. And many gloomy prophets are predicting the institution's imminent demise.

Wherein lies the fault?

Of course the tremendous social and mechanical changes of the last decade have had their effect. Good roads and the automobile now invite people to a spin in the country where once they would have repaired to the Chautauqua tent in the cool of the evening. Or the movies are preferred, or the easy chair at home and the music and words that come on the wings of the night. All these factors must be recognized. But they alone are not responsible for the decline of Chautauqua, for the same road that for the townsman leads into the country, leads likewise for the farmer into the town. The problem would seem to be either one of arousing desire or preference or else of supplying what the public seems to want.

Many managers accepted the second alternative. It appeared that people wanted amusement in jazz tempo, that there was no demand for lectures or the better kind of music and entertainment, so they put more entertainment on their programmes, especially more light plays, and eliminated a number of lectures. Thus last summer one five-day programme had reduced the number of lectures to two and one seven-day provided but three.

But the effort to popularize did not solve the difficulty. The receipts fell just the same, and the number of renewals fell likewise. Even Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* drew but a moderate number of single admissions; and though the play and eleven other programmes could be seen and enjoyed on a season ticket for two and a half or three dollars, the tent was frequently but partly filled for this distinguished production that had once filled the big city theatres at a higher price per person than the cost of the whole week's Chautauqua programme.

The fact would seem to be that, by and large, people do not want legitimate drama, that they prefer the story on the screen. And is not that the conclusion of theatre people throughout the country?

The salvation of Chautauqua, then, lies not in the drama.

But what about music?

Well, when one is present again and again while a pianist plays Chopin, Tschaikowsky, and Beethoven on an old piano that is moved every seven days in a baggage-car, and watches people

sit enthralled, and then observes them give the artist three, four and five encores, one somehow comes to believe that after all good music is appreciated by a substantial number of people everywhere in America today, jazz exponents to the contrary notwithstanding. The phonograph and the radio have familiarized them with the finer things, and they welcome the performer who can render these masterpieces in person. There is, then, a place on the Chautauqua programme for the finest and best in music; but it will not sustain the movement any more than the drama. For it will not attract the crowd. The popular, crowd-getting musical feature is a band, preferably of the jazz type. But with present salaries and cost of transportation, Chautauqua cannot afford bands large enough to deserve the name.

There remains the lecture. But "people do not care for lectures". That is the most common remark of guarantors and ticket-sellers everywhere. In the Chautauqua towns it is contended that lectures are wanted least of all. In fact the local people are usually certain that "the play's the thing"; and while the particular person so contending usually expresses an appreciation of lectures so far as he is personally concerned, he is quite confident that for his neighbors the lecture is most decidedly "not the thing". Thus sayeth the local supporter of Chautauqua! But the critic in the distant metropolitan studio—he levels his shafts of criticism and condemnation at the lecture and the lecturer!

Is it possible that they are both right?

Certainly it is not a fact that public speaking has fallen into a state of desuetude, for never on land or sea was there such a flood of words as flows in these United States of America in the current Year of the Lord. Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in any name or cause, there the orator orates. Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions, Civitans, Legionnaires—how many each day have their minor and their major speakers! And where there are speakers to speak there must be listeners to listen—thousands and tens of thousands of them every day. It cannot be that the day of the lecturer is gone. People may "not care for lectures", but, even without considering the radio fans, they are listening to men talk to an extent never equaled in the world before. If, then, they

"do not care", may one not begin to suspect dimly that, as the critics contend, the trouble is with the lecturer and his lecture?

The truth is, however, as every Chautauqua manager and every superintendent knows, that people "do care"—afterwards; and that it is the lecture that makes the impression and inspires the spirit that makes the return of Chautauqua possible in most instances. People may not come primarily to hear the lecture. They might not come at all if it were not for the attraction of a musical prelude. But they admit in the end that it is the lecture that makes Chautauqua. It must be Chautauqua's main justification.

But Chautauqua is dependent on local support, and it must offer what the local supporters want or approve. Wherefore it becomes pertinent to inquire, What sort of lecture appeals to them? There's the rub. In this day of movie-mindedness and tabloid taste, who is the popular speaker before a representative crowd of metropolitan Rotarians? Or before a gathering of Legionnaires?

Exactly! The man who can say nothing in the most grandiloquent fashion, who is master of the stock phrases that express the popular prejudices of the day, who unembarrassed repeats the jokes of yesteryear, who cleverly plays on the heart-strings by huskily speaking of the dear old mother somewhere far away, or of the friendship of real he-men such as those before him, and who never, never, says a startling thing or shies a rock at an idol.

It is a sad condition. But such is the price we pay for living in a world safe for democracy. For it is our conception of democracy that has bred the crowd-making sort of oratory with which we are cursed. The appeal must be to the moron, for there are so many of him—and he votes! And politicians and others, wooing him, have catered to his taste until others want no more.

Standards among city Babbitts being what they are, is it any wonder that standards are no higher as a rule among those who in smaller places constitute the audiences that sit under the big brown tents? The popular speaker with the latter as with the former is the egotistic, mouthy, flattering, story-telling, emotion-stirring, "inspirational" peddler of "apple-sauce". He gets the applause, the return date, and the fat salary. And the more of

him there are, the better it is for the publishers of the tabloid scandal-sheets.

But the cold facts being what they are, and economic demands requiring hard coin of the realm at regular intervals, Chautauqua managers have quite naturally given their towns what they seemed to want. "Lectures must be non-controversial, inoffensive, deductive, humorous, and inspirational;" such was the word that went forth from the anointed apostles of Service and Uplift.

Evolution? Prohibition? The Mexican situation?

There are hundreds of American communities to which Chautauqua goes where a discussion of any of these would mean no more Chautauqua. For there is abroad in the land a spirit of intolerance all too little understood by wise thinkers far removed —an appalling spirit. And men are not merely shutting their own minds to truth. They are flatly decreeing that what they taboo must be and remain untold and undiscussed in their communities. Their neighbors' minds must remain safe and clean and pure according to their standards.

Human-wise, those in charge of the management of Chautauqua bow to this condition and choose or charge their lecturers accordingly.

And here we come at last to the Chautauqua's main sin: It has compromised.

Once it was an open forum. It dared to discuss controversial questions. It had a passion for what was believed to be a great and a righteous cause—for instance Prohibition and the World War.

But it had its ear to the ground. It wanted to be all things to all men—giving offense to none. And therein lay the seed of its decline. For it helped to develop the very condition of intolerance, narrowness, conformity, and intellectual obliquity from which it suffers today. Instead of courageously leading in the defense of emancipated thinking and elevating intellectual taste, it sold its proud birthright for a mess of single admissions to popular Broadway comedies and expected renewal contracts.

Its lot is the lot of those who compromise with principle. It is losing as such always lose. And its only chance of redemption—

if it still has a chance—is to retrace its steps, to become once more in verity an educational institution where truth may be defended and error exposed, where tradition may be scorned and progress advocated, where issues may be drawn and sane conclusions reached, and where intelligence may without heresy or treason be respected.

And it may not be too late. For in every group of Babbitts that shouts for the purveyor of moronic bunk, and in every Chautauqua audience that applauds the unctuous sob-artist, there are some who are not taken in by the hokum ladled out, some who have not mortgaged their brains, who can look at a new idea without having heart-failure, who can surrender an accepted opinion without a serious wrenching of conscience, and who do not resent being made to think. They must be the leaders wherever they are found if we are to have more intelligence, more freedom, more culture, more progress, more rational control. To find them, to encourage them, to coöperate with them, to lead them, even, is not merely Chautauqua's opportunity and duty. It is Chautauqua's only hope of survival.

"NOT IN CADIZ"

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

I

My sister Cynthia shares with Charles Lamb his distaste for newspapers. But whereas he complains of an unsatisfied curiosity, she suffers from no curiosity whatever. Her mind as she takes her morning dose of a metropolitan daily is in precisely the same state as it was twenty-five years ago when she submitted to her tablespoonful of sulphur and molasses before breakfast on chill March and April days. So is her face. It registers the same grim determination to get through with a bad business, the same innate conviction that nothing is to be gained from such a procedure, the same exasperated patience at being forced to yield, then to family faith and custom, now to her own stern sense of duty as a citizen. And to add to these collective emotions contempt and scorn, one has but to remind her of Horace Greeley's gilded metaphor, which hailed the Press as the "bright sunbeam of truth".

Imagine then my surprise when but yesterday over our toast and coffee I watched these usual sentiments put to rout by an unmistakable eagerness, which in turn gave way to that quick excitement occasioned by the sudden touching of an old memory, long unawakened. I knew her eyes were shining, though she did not look at me as she passed the paper folded so that I could not fail to see what she had seen. It was between an old divorce in Hollywood and a new revolution in Mexico, and it had to do only with an old Spanish town. A special correspondent with an eye to good business had written it for the Consolidated Press.

Cadiz was the old town. It, he informed us in his breezy, slang-shot style, was in reality the step-mother of America. Had it only held on to South American silver and escaped Sir Francis Drake, who in the sixteenth century sank its fleet for England,

garlic instead of corn would have been planted around Plymouth Rock, we should at this moment beyond the shadow of a doubt be eating *chile con carne* instead of baked beans and clam chowder, and the Spanish royal children would be summering at Bar Harbor instead of on the Bay of Biscay! Not for one minute, he said, would he have us forget what we owed to Cadiz. Our debts, in point of fact, were too numerous to mention, but he wished to list especially for our grateful consideration such valued possessions as California and Hollywood, Florida, the Mexican situation, and the Spanish omelet!

But that which had lighted Cynthia's eyes was not in the paper. That I knew full well. The careless, clap-trap words of that bumptious young reporter, sitting, much to our discomfiture, on the white wall of the old Spanish town, were lost to her and to me in a train of images reaching back to our seacoast village in the 'nineties when Cadiz was our word of words, the leaven making lighter our stern and daily fare of precept and example, the key, unlocking forbidden doors; reaching, too, to one now dead who had given to us our knowledge and our love of that joyous city.

II

We were all children of seafaring families. Our grandparents had rounded the Horn, had, like Columbus, put in at the Azores for repairs and supplies, had, waiting a cargo, summered in Shanghai. They, in Sarah Orne Jewett's fine phrase, had never mistaken their native parishes for the whole of the world instead of a part thereof. Thus we had early become familiar with the Sargasso Sea where strange and colorful creatures of the ocean leaped from a watery, feathery jungle; with Mozambique on its coral reefs; with the dirt and heat and confusion of Calcutta and Bombay; and thus, too, there had early crept into the minds of most of us, through oft-repeated and glorified recitals, the effulgent idea that somewhere within the confines of this earth there existed a place all-sufficient in beauty, or in strangeness, or in breath-taking, consuming excitement. These Meccas, goals of our mental pilgrimages, were, of course, relative, depending upon the routes which our ancestors' ships had taken. The dream

place of one was Singapore; of another, Genoa; of a third, Martinique.

Cynthia and I had early taken Cadiz for our own. When in later years we tried to discover the exact time of its birth in our consciousness, we failed. It seemed to have been born with us, like the accepted and familiar objects of our childhood, to be a part of us like our hands and our feet. We could no more catch the swift passing into us of its glistening whiteness than we could recall the first time we had become aware of our blossoming orchard or the dripping panicles of our lilacs in a soft June rain. It belonged with all those inseparable things which made up our lives, with those influences and possessions which had not *come*, but *were*, just as light at God's command did not come, but *was*.

And yet, although our baffled memories refused to register the connection, our Grandmother had been the source of Cadiz. In this instance she had been like God, for seeing our need of that white and shining city, she had in some dim, unsubstantial time commanded it to be part of us, and lo! it was. In those imperceptible days, far beyond the reach of memory, she told us how blue was the sea that lounged against the high walls of Cadiz, how white its tall, balconied houses, the domes and spires of its great cathedral, even the shadowy lines that marked its narrow streets.

When concrete images began at last to extricate themselves from the quiet formlessness of our earliest impressions, there was Cadiz, and there, above all else, was its whiteness. That high wall which kept out the sea was white; and white were its turrets and its five gates; white were the roofs and the chimneys of Cadiz, the high balconies overlooking its wide harbor where came the square-rigged ships with their white, billowing sails. In the hot, dazzling light of a southern sun, the whiteness of its highest spires was lost in fine lines of silver reaching heavenward. In the cool blue darkness of a summer night, Cadiz from the deck of our grandfather's ship was like some great, crumpled white flower floating on the sea.

Cadiz, though rich in chroniclers, can never through its long ages have enjoyed a better one than Grandmother. Even the

scribes of King Solomon, listing on their rolls the gold, and silver, the ivory, and apes, and peacocks, which, if we can believe the author of the Books of the Kings, came once in three years from Tarshish, the ancient Cadiz, to Jerusalem, can hardly have spoken to one another in tones more awed than hers as she listed for Cynthia and me the glories of the Cadiz of seventy years ago. Artemidorus of Ephesus, and Polybius, the Greek historian, came in the second century B.C. to study the ebb and the flow of the tides of Cadiz, tides unparalleled in the Mediterranean. They wrote learned treatises on their discoveries, but were they in the end more fortunate than Grandmother, who again and again assured us that one still day she saw through the deep, transparent water a solid block of black masonry, a portion of the first foundation of that old, old city? Juvenal and Martial alike in their satires and epigrams write of "*jocosæ Gades*", Cadiz the Joyous. She was a city of Venus, they say, famed throughout the Roman world for her dancing girls and her cookery; and in this they agree substantially with Grandmother, who, with looks somewhat daring and significant, early confided to Cynthia and me the charming wickedness of her earthly paradise.

Perhaps, indeed, to our conscience-ridden little minds, so sadly beset by Puritanism, the lure of Cadiz lay in its easy gayety; perhaps the spell it cast over Grandmother originated in the same source. There was, we early noted, an inexplicable divorcement between the Sunday-school lesson on Temperance, which she taught us with zeal, and her memory of some clear, red wine in a tall fragile glass, which she had once drunk in a Spanish garden with palm trees and great, heavy-scented flowers; between the attitude of the "better people" of our village in regard to dancing and the picture she again and again gave to us of the flying feet of Spanish beauties weaving a fandango amid the sound of laughter and tambourines and the quick, staccato hum of guitars; between her frequent condemnations of the moth and rust of earthly treasure and a certain red-lacquered box in her bottom drawer, which contained a black lace mantilla, a silver ring with a ruby in the shape of a heart, and two turquoise earrings. The last, be it said quickly, were rarely lifted from their own case of carved ivory and then only with apologies and after

great pressure. But precept fell as always before example, and Cadiz remained to us the white and joyous city. Indeed, many years after, in reading *The Bible in Spain* we were seized with impatience mounting to disgust over George Borrow's chief concern as to Cadiz—that he could find no demand for the New Testament throughout that wayward place, whose "ideas respecting religion", he declares testily, "were anything but satisfactory"

III

Sunday afternoons were dedicated to Cadiz and to other "strands afar remote". Then, in spite of the alleged impossibility of serving two masters, we turned with a never-satisfied devotion from a morning spent in wandering with the Children of Israel or in missionarying with Paul and Silas, to those far-reaching journeys of our own ships and sailors. Then, secure in her two hours of early meditation, her hunger and thirst after righteousness decently filled by the morning sermon, Grandmother returned to Cadiz.

Weather and the season permitting, we sat in the orchard, and it is to this tree shaded spot that our memory more often returns than to the library fireplace reserved for rainy and winter Sundays. At two o'clock Grandmother crossed the lawn with dignity, her little figure in black taffeta surmounted by a black parasol. A few decent paces behind her one of us followed, bearing a low, red chair. The others, for we were frequently supplemented by neighboring children, brought up the rear.

The tone and manner of these processions were strongly ritualistic. We descended the long, low terrace with dignity, crossed the driveway, and passed through the white gate leading to the orchard, one of the rear participants having hurried silently forward to undo the hinge. Still silent, we trailed through the orchard grass and stood in a circle under the old russet tree, a group of attendant acolytes in gingham and blue serge, watching our leader place the red chair in position against the gnarled gray trunk. Nor did we sink cross-legged to our places on the ground until Grandmother, with a faint and perfumed swish of taffeta, had seated herself, one delicate hand, in which blue veins inter-

sected one another like miniature and meandering streams, holding the parasol, the other toying with a fan of ebony and lace.

She did not begin with Cadiz. Other tales invariably preceded it. But the surety of its beneficent sunshine irradiated their recital, the perfume of its flowers permeated their every detail. It was tutelar goddess of them all, waiting only for Grandmother's good time to receive meet reverence and adoration. Thus it was that the strong and wholesome fare of Grandfather's wreck off Ireland in the spring of '48, of the woful capsizing off Bermuda of *The Bride* in '52, and of the total loss with all on board of the *Judith Blair* in a North Sea catastrophe of '54, was flavored by the irresistible knowledge of more delicate viands to follow.

These tales did not vary perceptibly from week to week. There was always the eulogy of Grandfather, who, intrepid youth that he was, bore with gallantry the loss of his two brothers, endured the torture of tossing about for two days on a spar in the Irish Sea, underwent typhoid fever in the cow-crib of an Irish peasant, and, still undismayed, returned home to fall in love with Grandmother, who in a pink calico dress and a poke bonnet with pink roses under the brim sang from the church choir-loft "A mighty fortress is our God" at the funeral service held for his brothers! There was always in the tale of *The Bride*, which had borne Grandmother on her ill-fated honeymoon, the one high and tense moment of drama when, having recounted her sufferings during a three days' hurricane, herself bound to the mast of the capsized ship, she quickened her senses by sharply recalling to our minds the stupendous knowledge that she, our Grandmother, had been saved by a miracle! That strange and sudden light over sky and sea—who could account for it?—the hurried lowering of boats by the rescuing brig, heretofore unable to work in the darkness—the tardy saving of them all! And lo! our grandmother in taffeta, beneath her parasol, was clasping hands by the Grace of God with the daughter of Jairus and with Simon Peter's wife's mother! And in the loss of the *Judith Blair*, that most gracious of clippers built at Maine docks from Maine oak and pine, there was always left uppermost in our imaginations, like that sudden, incomprehensible pity which swept the mind of Pater's child

Florian in the great house, the ceaseless rolling of gray, cold waters, seen and heard by no living soul!

But Cadiz! How she grew from week to week! How from hidden dimnesses of Grandmother's mind there sprang into the light new and glittering persons, more señoritas in slow procession along the white promenades fringing the city between the ramparts and the sea, more señors in red cloaks carelessly twirling flowers in their white teeth! How her fancy-aided memory created for itself bright images to become endowed at once with truth! Flowering trees—multiply our orchard by one hundred and the result would be but a mere bouquet!—shadows dappling white marble—the hot fragrance of grapes ripening in sunswept vineyards—the cool falling of water in moonlit gardens—

Once in such a garden on a warm spring night a wonderful thing happened to Grandmother. It was on her second voyage to Cadiz. Her sailor husband had left her in the great house of a Spanish merchant while he sailed east through the Straits. The long, slow hours of her twenty-third birthday had passed that April day, the gay, chattering people in the strange house quite unaware of any meaning which they held for her, she herself swept by mounting loneliness for a Maine hill-farm, probably at that moment dimmed by the racing mists of an April rain. Yet the Fates had decreed that the day should not pass without event! Late that night, unable to sleep, she stood by her high window and gazed beyond the silent court and over the tops of the still houses to the wide, moonlit harbor, black-etched with the masts and spars of tarrying ships. And as she watched, sadly conscious that at last the strange and unfamiliar had failed to minister unto her, she heard in the courtyard below the quick, shy tread of muffled footsteps, the swift, whispering brush of shrubbery, smelt the fragrance of crushed flowers rising toward her like an invisible mist through the warm, palpable air.

Then her startled ears caught the first thin notes of the guitar below her window; her incredulous eyes saw the red cloak, the plumed hat of a young man who had dined the night before in this house of her sojourn; her abashed, reproving consciousness warned her to draw her curtains from such a presumptuous intruder.

"But you didn't, Grandmother!" we cried, in the pause she always made to insure her reckless daring its full and requisite measure of admiration.

"Not at once," she said, toying with her fan. "Here at home I must have, but not in Cadiz. Things are different there. I waited until he had sung the first song and thrown the rose from his hat far, far up to my balcony, and then—for just a moment, children—I leaned from the railing to thank him before I—withdrew!"

"Not in Cadiz!" Magic phrase, breaking for delicious, venturesome moments the shackles from our imaginations, freeing us for the nonce from all the grievous weight of the armor of righteousness with which we were early charged to clothe our heads and feet and to gird about our loins! "Not in Cadiz!" In that white and shining city one's obvious concern was, first of all, not goodness but pleasure. There, with no need of apology or fear of puzzled reproof, one delighted in beauty; there, one's eager, hungry senses could be satisfied with the delicacies of sound, the pulsating exuberance of color; there, one could safely and with complete freedom of conscience give oneself up to delightful, sleepless hours of excited remembrance, which, our growing adolescence soon told us, must have followed close upon the retreating heels of the Spanish cavalier.

"But dancing is wrong, Grandmother. You tell us so yourself."

"It is wrong, children. There is no question about that. It is *very* wrong here—but not in Cadiz."

"And drinking wine. Remember the Golden Text you made us say, 'Look thou not upon the wine when it is red.'"

At our words and those of the maker of Proverbs a puzzled zeal crept into her eyes, and, tightening the soft curves of her face, reigned at length triumphant.

"It is wrong, *very* wrong. Not for a moment, children, would I have you believe differently. But not in Cadiz. Things are different there."

Beneficent, careless city, *jocosæ Gades!* How manifold and gracious were its gifts to our imaginations! How bountiful those perceptions, swift and delicate, which set aside for occasional bright moments the stern, high principles of Truth, and Right,

and Duty! Who can be sure that Juvenal himself, though he scorned and berated its dancing girls and its tunnies in oil, did not on chill days above the Tiber think with desire of its sunny streets, did not, even while he invited his friend Persius in that most delightful of satires to partake with him of eggs "from nests of twisted straw", feel a twitching of his nostrils at the thought of its savory fish and sauces? In the long succession of his abstemious, high-thinking days, certain hours must have escaped his grasp and teased him to quick pursuit—hours given over like Grandmother's and our own to satisfying images of warmth and plenty, the riot of blossoms, the swift feet of dancing-girls, the low laughter, the falling water of gardens white with moonlight, the perfumed winds from vineyards. Images such as these perchance lured Martial to accept the purse of Pliny the Younger and return after thirty-four years of Roman life with its "smart insincerities" to his Spanish village of Bilbilis, to his friends in Gades, and to Marcella, his patroness, who gave him an estate, and whose manners, he assures us, equalled those of any Roman matron! And such in very truth must have been the images which my eyes and Cynthia's quicker ones more than once detected passing in swift and colorful procession across the pages of Grandmother's open Bible as she meditated on Sunday mornings upon the sins of the world, the flesh, and the devil, indescribably abhorrent in all places—except Cadiz!

IV

It was surely meet and right as the years, past and present, dimmed for Grandmother, as images and experiences became shadowy forms only now and again emerging from the quiet harmony of succeeding hours, Cadiz alone should survive. There it stayed, far down in the very bottom of her mind, as white and shining as it had ever been. Her great love of books faded until it was lost in that host of ministering thoughts, which, all uncomprehended, nurture and sustain our frail wisdom; no longer did she smile tearful smiles over hosts of Dickens's people; no longer did she laugh her perennial laugh over Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine and "black stockings for sharks". Her delightful

pride in prophesying the weather by swift and mysterious passages above her head of her left hand previously dipped in water was entirely forgotten. Even her stern and tenacious love of God was returned to Him to be softened and harmonized and made ready for her.

But Cadiz, symbol of her half guilty delight in the gay and the beautiful, which her rigorous childhood on a Maine upland farm had denied her—Cadiz remained. The red liquid in her medicine glass reminded her of its rosy wine, its gardens, its vineyards, terraced and fruit laden; the crowing laughter of her great-grand-daughter recalled tambourines and dainty, flying feet; the lilacs from her doorway brought quavering recitals of fields of roses and oleanders and magnolias; the chance sight from her window of an incoming fishing schooner unfolded again before her eyes and ours the panorama of blue sky and sea and of glistening whiteness which was Cadiz.

She lay at last, after ninety years of rich and varied life, in her coffin, beneath the picture of the *Judith Blair*, painted off Hatteras in a spanking breeze. She was in her taffeta, still faintly perfumed. Cynthia and I, then in our twenties, stole in to see her, the usual stupid tears in my eyes, a shining in Cynthia's. About Grandmother's still lips a smile lingered, dainty, delicate, unmistakable.

"She's not with God," whispered Cynthia to me. "She couldn't smile like that with Him! She's gone back to Cadiz for a bit before she goes to Heaven!"

V

Cynthia and I have never seen Cadiz. We shall never see it, never subject those quivering lines of silver reaching heavenward from the white spires of its cathedral to the hard, unyielding light of actuality. But though no eyes save our own read these words, we have at least stilled our uneasy consciences, which demanded that we record the national debt to that white and joyous city in other terms than those of the Mexican situation and the Spanish omelet!

A THREE-REEL COMEDY

BY DON ROSE

THIS thing had to happen. It was decreed by the stars in their courses, the sundry laws of heredity and environment, and the singular way in which one thing leads to another. I have, in other words, finally arrived at trout fishing.

Fish have hitherto been to me matters of doubt and disinterest. A fish was an unexciting, impersonal and osseous compound that came out of a frying pan and was ultimately given, in large part, to the cat. It was something conceived in a huckster's wagon, fried in grease and breadcrumbs, and eaten in fear of ptomaine poisoning or a bone in the throat. It was something to be spread over a plate with a fork. It spoiled conversation and cramped style by demanding too much attention. It had to be dissected and taken apart, right at the table, with a shameless revelation of anatomy, and a disheartening distribution of wreckage. One emerged from a fish with a sigh of relief and looked around for food.

This does not refer, of course, to steak fish, halibut, and other large slabs, nor to the pink stuffs that crumble out of a salmon can. By fish I prefer to mean entities that are recognizable as fish, having head and tail or an obvious place for their attachment. Such, for instance, are sardines, though these must be either blindly inhaled or eaten through a microscope. Perhaps we had better exclude even sardines. Since they may be spread on a sandwich, they clearly have little personality or individual integrity. Let us have fish that need no explanation or apology; that have reasonable girth and well defined terminals; that are unmistakably fish. In a word, let us have trout.

At the time of this experience, I had never contributed a fish of my catching to the family larder, nor had any fishy family known the sorrow of bereavement through my hook and line. I once caught a fish. I trolled for it. Trolling is an innocent

pastime suited to mountain lakes and lazy people. A baited line is trailed behind a boat, which is then propelled easily and aimlessly through the waters. This continues for a time,—and it may be for years and it may be for ever,—until a fish grasps the situation and the bait, and is thus attached to the boat. There ensues a stern tug of war. If the fish is larger than the boat, the fisherman is pulled overboard and gets his name in the papers; if their fighting weight is the same, the line breaks; if the fish be young and small, he is taken aboard. After I had rowed for hours and left my tracks all over a twelve-mile lake, a fish caught on to me. I pulled him into the boat, and removed the hook from his slavering jaws, and he immediately jumped out again. And that was the end of that.

Our trout fishing expedition was a three cornered affair. There was the Angular Angler, and Henry, and myself. Henry is by way of being a bloody and omniverous sportsman, having shot everything from the Grizzly Bear to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and fished for practically everything in the aquarium. But he had never fished for trout. Furthermore, Henry thirsts continually and particularly for new knowledge and experience, and he panted after the mysteries of trout-fishing.

Now the Angular Angler, like all trout fishermen, is not only an inveterate liar but a generous and communicative soul. Granted an audience, he will declaim blank verse over his ghastly fishy slaughters. He also speaks the appropriate language, prating of snecks and snells and reels and creels. He is a convincing optimist, and in the swirl of his eloquence fish become really important. For this reason I committed myself to the party.

There were other reasons. Two of them were a set of high-laced boots, suitable for wading through the rocky pools of a trout stream or for climbing Mount Everest, but singularly lacking in usefulness around the house or office. I bought them some time ago because they were cheap, and they have been getting in my wife's way ever since. The trout fishing expedition called aloud for boots, and from the bottom of their hobnailed soles they responded.

So we went out for trout. We drove a hundred miles into the wilderness and debouched from our car upon a secluded farm

hard by a babbling brook. Our license plates were fastened firmly over our hearts and we each had a rod, pole, or perch for the fish. Henry had a creel of approximately three quarts capacity, liquid measure; the rest of us had buckets, bags, and brief cases. I laced myself into a yard and a half of boots, and regarded myself as well as I could from the center of the picture. It was all right. I looked like death to fish.

So Henry and I sat down while the official guide and mentor went after worms. Experienced fishermen may snort at this point, considering that worms are vulgar food for trout, but I am not going to get into any argument. Our instructor was wedded to worms, and since he was prepared to dig them we offered no academic objections. Happily there was a plough at work in a neighboring field, and the Angler's work was simplified. He followed the plough in company with a number of chickens and blackbirds, and shortly accumulated no less than one hundred and forty-six worms, which Henry and I thought would do.

So with some difficulty we divided the worms into three equal parts, and went to work. Our piscatorial professor gave us brief instructions and departed upstream. Henry chose a soft rock and sat down. I untangled a worm and my line, and prepared to bait my hook.

There should be a word said about the architecture of worms. The Expert had told us that a worm must be threaded in reverse, beginning near the tail and heading north. I confess with shame that I am still unable to orient a worm. Head or tail is all the same to me, and apparently also to the worm. His fuselage is stream-lined both ways; he seems to be made entirely of interchangeable units; and he wiggles in either or any direction. His features are indistinguishable and he does not respond to whistling or kind words. So in spite of the importance of this detail, I had to take a chance and thread him at random.

So I stood on a rock, posed as much like the pictures as possible, and cast my worm upon the waters. Henry was doing something of the same sort above me. The Angular Angler was dimly visible upstream, busy as a semaphore, flailing the stream regardless.

At the end of an hour nothing had happened, except a muskrat that wandered around a bit and a black snake that almost scared my boots off. So I gathered up my machinery and went up to hold conference with Henry. We compared worms. Henry opined that his worm had anæmia, and it certainly did look pale and distraught. My worm was worn out, frayed to a remnant. After discussion and refreshments we gritted our teeth and attached new and sporting worms. Henry, who is something of an inventor and mechanic as well as business man and bartender, contrived to rig his line in an operating position and lay down on a rock to sleep. The Angler had disappeared. I was left alone with nature.

So I decided to work up and down stream, casting my line hither and yon into pools that looked like the sort of pool I should prefer if I were a trout, not to mention an occasional cast into the bushes and trees. Nothing happened, except that I learned a fundamental weakness of trout fishing. The worms are never where you want them. When your worm wears out or is bitten in two by a hungry shark or something, the can is discovered to be half a mile down stream, in an almost inaccessible location. The next time I fish for trout, small boys will be stationed with fresh worms at intervals of fifty feet along both banks.

I finally worked my way back to Henry, who stirred in his sleep and rolled over into the water. This suggested that it was dinner time, so we set up a united shout for the Fishmaster. Somehow he heard us above the hungry roar of the trout, and came leaping down stream. "Where's the fish?" he panted. But there was no fish, so we went back to a light farmhouse lunch of soup and fried ham and four vegetables and hot rolls and apple pie and accessories, and felt much better.

We fished the stream all afternoon and until the shadows gathered and the worms could no longer see their way about. Natives occasionally stopped to console us with legends of mighty fish caught in this very stream within the memory of man, firing the Angler to new enthusiasm and palliating the doubts of Henry and myself. Henry, I may say, has a substratum of doggedness in his amiable nature, and it came to the light as the afternoon wore on. He not only whipped the stream; he

lashed it unmercifully. He wore out dozens of worms. He got his feet wet. If there is a trout in that stream it should offer thanks for the broken leg or touch of the "flu" that kept it in bed that afternoon, for had it not been for some such circumstance, Henry would have worried it to death. As the Angular Angler said to Henry, "Well, anyway, you *look* as if you know what you are doing."

Finally we packed up and drove home, happy to think we had escaped the rivalries, recriminations, and disputed divisions of spoil that attend success, and happier in the thought that Henry could and would mix us a rum swizzle when we reached civilization. The Angular Angler had his explanation ready, for the fisherman is always plausible. "The trouble is," said he, "you let the fish see you." This, it seems, is adding a touch of gratuitous insult to the trouts' silent contempt for our efforts.

The Angular Angler is going back; he is going to haunt that stream until heaven sends him a fish. Henry is planning a trip to the Canadian lakes and rivers, where fish jostle the canoes out of the water. I have been reading fishing literature, and I am through with trout. The next time I go fishing in the Pennsylvania creeks I shall fish for muskallonge, tarpon, and barracuda, and an occasional whale or two. For while I am failing to catch fish I may as well fail to catch big ones.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

THE RESULT AT HAVANA

Mr. Hughes has had no thought of repeating Cæsar's epigrammatic message of victory; though not often has an American diplomat been better entitled to do so. He went to Havana as the leader of the American delegation to the Pan-American Congress. He quickly saw, if indeed he had not in advance foreseen, the existence of a peculiarly formidable and potentially mischievous combination of forces and purposes—conspiracy would be an unpleasant word—unfavorable—hostile is a word we should not like to employ—to the policies and interests of the United States. And with an admirable union of shrewdness, frankness and resolution he overcame it and secured both a moral and a practical victory. It was, we should say, the most important achievement of American diplomacy at any of the Pan-American congresses. There is no need for us here to assume the unwelcome task of specifying the sources, the animus or the purpose of the influences with which he successfully contended; but it would be ungracious and unjust to neglect to give high credit to those Latin American Powers which handsomely and efficiently aided Mr. Hughes. Brazil, Cuba and Peru might almost be described as having been America's diplomatic allies, while in several instances valuable aid was given also by Chili, a Power whose attitude toward the United States—largely through our own fault—has not for the last generation been always confident or cordial. It was of curious interest to observe that the most important demand made—ineffectually, of course—in opposition to this country was a revamping of one of President Wilson's famous Fourteen Points, for the abolition of international tariffs. It was not difficult, however, to convince the Congress that that utterance had no binding force, either legal or moral, upon this country and its policies.

The net result of the Congress was, we confidently believe, to ameliorate perceptibly the general relations between Latin America and the United States; a result the more gratifying and the more important because of the fact that this was the first of those gatherings in which political questions were made foremost and dominant.

TWO HEELS OF ACHILLES

America and Great Britain have each a veritable "heel of Achilles". That is the apt reflection which arises upon the really remarkable parallel between the policies of the two countries respectively in Nicaragua and in Egypt; a parallel which is to be commended to the consideration of impetuous and superficial critics—of whom there unfortunately are many—who approve the one and condemn the other, or *vice versa*. (There are, we observe, Americans who stoutly defend our course in Nicaragua and yet charge Great Britain with oppression and bad faith in Egypt; and there are those who can see no justification for the American policy, and no fault in the British.) Said *Ursa Major*, "Rid your mind of cant!" The crux in each of these two cases is a canal which constitutes a vital and indispensable nexus between the two halves of a great empire. It would be perilous to the point of madness for Great Britain to permit alienation of the control of the Suez Canal, and precisely the same may be said of the interest of America both in the existing canal at Panama and in the potential one at Nicaragua. And in respect to the duties and problems thus presented, both Powers are acting upon the principle which an American President enunciated and enforced more than a century ago. Years before he promulgated the Doctrine which bears his name, Monroe declared: "The right of self-defense never ceases. It is among the most sacred, and alike necessary to nations and to individuals." The parallel between the two countries is significantly extended by Great Britain's indifference to and ignoring of the League of Nations in a matter which she regards as concerning only herself and Egypt. Precisely so is the United States not disposed to admit any third Power or combination of Powers to a transaction which is in fact and by right between this country and Nicaragua alone.

We have commended observation of this parallel to Americans, though there is perhaps need of it among Britons as well. Possibly some remembrance of the Mosquito Coast controversy still lingers unpleasantly in the British mind. At any rate, we find, to our surprise and regret so informed and friendly a journal as *The Spectator* of London indulging in a strangely uncalled for fling at our Nicaragua engagements. "The United States," it says, "will now proceed to ensure fair elections in Nicaragua. Nicaragua has not announced her part in the United States elections." No; and neither, so far as our limited observation goes, has Egypt announced her part in any of the domestic affairs of Great Britain.

LAND LAWS FOR ALIENS

Mexico upholds the validity of her land laws, which forbid the ownership of real estate by unnaturalized aliens. That has to some ears an unpleasant sound, and will doubtless serve as the text of many a railing accusation against our neighbor republic for intolerance and injustice. Yet Mexico is doing nothing more than what we ourselves have done, in both States and nation. Thus by an Act of Congress in 1887, aliens and alien corporations were prohibited from acquiring or holding land in the Territories of the United States or the District of Columbia. In the various States the matter is regulated by State law, and in a number of them there are or have been similar prohibitions. Indeed, we have gone a little further than Mexico in forbidding alien ownership of land. For that republic merely requires that aliens who want to own land shall become naturalized Mexican citizens, and opens the door of naturalization freely to all men; but while some of our States permit purchase of land by any aliens who are eligible to naturalization, they—and the nation—exclude from such eligibility the people of several important countries. In Mexico any alien may become a landowner by virtue of naturalization; in some of the United States he cannot, because he is denied the privilege of naturalization. A comparative study of motes and beams is sometimes profitable in international affairs.

MORE "BLOODTHIRSTY PREPARATIONS"

The estimable members of the clergy who recently went to the President with protests and appeals against the naval policy of the Administration, as militaristic, unchristian and menacing to the peace of the world, might profitably have recalled a somewhat similar mission two-thirds of a century before. In April, 1861, just after the fall of Fort Sumter and the call for troops to defend the integrity of the Union, a most sincere and devout company of churchmen waited upon President Lincoln and tearfully and prayerfully besought him to "desist from his bloodthirsty preparations". They afterward reported to their constituents that they found him "genial and jovial" but, alas! "wholly inaccessible to Christian appeals". Perhaps that was the origin of the stupid story that Lincoln was an irreligious man! Seeing, however, that about one-third of the churches represented by this latest delegation to the White House failed last year to make a single new convert to their creeds, the serious question arises whether they could not engage in some more profitable and appropriate activity than meddling with the President's prime Constitutional duty, "to provide for the common defense".

THE FIRST AIRPLANE

It is not easy to regard with entire equanimity the controversy over priority in airplane construction and operation, especially since it has deprived this country of a priceless memento of American inventive genius. We are not inclined to take sides between the Wright brothers and Professor Langley, or in the least degree to estimate the respective merits of their achievements. Both reflected great credit upon this nation, and both contributed much to the development of the art, science and industry of aviation. What we do say, with all possible emphasis, is that it ought to be possible for the machines of both to be exhibited in an American museum, side by side, bearing inscriptions which would be abundantly informing and entirely truthful, without either in the slightest degree reflecting invidiously upon the other. And we have no hesitation in adding that if this is not done, Americans who hold the names of Langley and Wright

both in high honor, will lay upon somebody a heavy and most unpleasant responsibility.

POST BELLUM MORTALITY

The deaths of Diaz and Lichnowsky followed close upon those of Haig and Asquith, making four of the front rank figures of the World War to be removed in the course of as many weeks. Adding these to others who had previously gone, it may be questioned whether so many great leaders in any war were ever before removed in so short a time after the end of the fighting. Is it because the unprecedented magnitude and methods of that conflict subjected its responsible participants to an unprecedented strain? Diaz will be remembered as the man who roused united Italy to action as no other had done since Giuseppe Garibaldi. Lichnowsky has left testimony as to responsibility for the war which is of unsurpassed authority and of which no historian on either side, at any time, can afford not to take very serious account.

PORTIA AT FOURSCORE

"The greatest actress in the world", was Sarah Bernhardt's spontaneous tribute to Ellen Terry; an estimate not to be gainsaid by any less authority. Rather will it be most resolutely upheld by those, of whom there are happily still many, who can remember her Portia of thirty or forty years ago. Has there been another artist, we wonder, whose active stage life extended over a span of seventy years, and who at eighty was still intensely vital, and capable of enacting any of scores of varied rôles? All English speaking lands, at least, may well give honor to Dame Ellen, supreme in charm and genius, as now in years.

SAMURAI AND DEMOCRAT

The recent Parliamentary elections in Japan afforded a striking suggestion of the extent to which, within the memory of men still living and active, the whole social, political and governmental

system of that empire has been revolutionized. Sixty years ago, Nippon was scarcely advanced, at least in theory, beyond the standards of Jimmu Tenno. Today, under full manhood suffrage, so-called proletarian groups hold the balance of power in Parliament. There are no longer merely the Seiyukai and the Minseito parties. There have arisen the Japanese Farmers' party, the Japan Labor-Farmer party, the Labor-Farmer party, and the Social People's party, and these have learned the art of acting together both offensively and defensively. Not even in the French Chamber or the American Senate is the *bloc* system more efficiently organized than at Tokio. The land of the Samurai has become a land of social democracy.

FRANCE FIGHTING BLOCS

Half of the political history of the Third Republic is recalled by the announcement of the manner of holding this spring's elections, which marks another change in the repeated alternations between *scrutin de liste* and *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The former system was adopted in 1871, but was dropped for the latter in 1876. Gambetta passionately sought a return to *scrutin de liste*, in order to secure a higher grade of Deputies, but the Parliament feared that he would use it for his own advantage, and would not make the change until after his death, or in 1885. Panic over the Boulanger agitation caused a return to *scrutin d'arrondissement* in 1889, and that system was maintained for thirty years, though M. Briand began striving for another change in 1909. Finally in 1919 *scrutin de liste* was restored with a proportional representation annex which, however admirable in theory, was calculated to unsettle the reason of all save experts in the mysteries of logarithms and devotees of the enchantments of integral and differential calculus. Now there is another return to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, with which Americans may be inclined to sympathize, seeing that it corresponds with our usual method of electing Representatives in Congress by one-member Districts—though indeed we have *scrutin de liste* in our election of Presidential Electors, and of members of legislatures in some States. With the purpose of this last change we may heartily

sympathize, though it is not clear how it is to be effected. We are told that it is made in hope of thus abating the *bloc* nuisance and menace, and restoring the majority party system which Waldeck-Rousseau for a time secured. We have not suffered from *blocs* here as much as they have in France, but we have had enough experience with the pestiferous things to make us wish God speed to any and every attempt to abolish them and make them impossible.

LOSING MORE SLOWLY

The Department of Agriculture has cause to feel a sympathetic kinship with the gilded youth of whom the voluble *Ben Trovato* once told us. After a riotous career of extravagance on the Great White Way, he betook himself to practical farming in a remote rural region, and there expressed himself to some of his former boon companions who visited him in his exile as being prosperous beyond his rosiest anticipations.

"But you don't mean to say you're making money on this ranch!" they protested.

"No; but I'm losing it slower than I ever did before!"

There is no net increase in the agricultural population of the country; but the rate of decrease is diminishing, and the actual loss last year was less than half the average losses of the preceding five years. If this process continues, a few more years may see an equilibrium, and then there may be a swinging of the pendulum in the other direction. It would doubtless be too much to expect to see America again have a majority of rural inhabitants; nor is it desirable, Thomas Jefferson to the contrary notwithstanding. With improved methods and intensive cultivation, an agricultural minority should be able easily to supply all our own needs and to provide a copious export trade. But it is not well to have a great exodus from the farms, and the lessenning of such movements, noted last year, is to be gratefully regarded.

DOING WHAT OSLER DIDN'T SAY

The uneconomic and inhuman fad for reckoning men superannuated at fifty years, against which the Secretary of Labor

eloquently protests in the leading article of the present number of this REVIEW, seems to be carried still further by the Reds of Southern China. They are reported to have drawn a tragically literal "dead line" at not fifty but forty, and to have proposed—if indeed they have not by this time actually proceeded—to exterminate all persons above that age, as "old brains" and cumberers of the earth. The strangest part of the case is that this should occur in China where, more than in any other land, old age has hitherto been regarded with pride and reverence.

THE IRISH EXODUS

A noteworthy feature of this year's revision of the schedule of restrictive immigration quotas is the very large increase allowed to the Irish Free State. It is a much larger increase than that granted to any other country, and will permit more immigrants to enter America from the Free State than from any other country in the world with the exceptions of Great Britain and Germany. In proportion to the population of the country concerned, it is by far the largest of all quotas. This we cannot regard with satisfaction—from an objective, not a subjective, point of view. Immigrants from Ireland are welcome here, and are calculated to form a valuable element of our population, as they have hitherto. But considering the deplorable depopulation which Ireland has been suffering for many years, we must think that it would be better for the Free State for the flower of its sons and daughters to remain at home and to give their aid to the rehabilitation of that country which has now auspiciously begun and for which there is a far better opportunity now than there has been for centuries past. For that reason we should be glad to see the Free State quota fall short of being filled.

ARE MEDICINES BEVERAGES?

The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution prohibits the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation or exportation of intoxicating liquors "for beverage purposes", and gives Con-

gress and the States power to enforce that prohibition by "appropriate legislation". Is it to be regarded as "appropriate" to make laws going far beyond the scope of that Amendment, so as to extend the prohibition to liquors which are not for beverage purposes? Congress has already enacted measures regulating and drastically limiting the use of alcoholic liquors for medicinal and industrial purposes, and there was recently introduced a bill, generally supported by the advocates of Prohibition, entirely forbidding their medicinal use. The question therefore arises, Are medicines beverages? Whenever a man swallows a spoonful of castor oil, or three drops of Fowler's solution, is he taking a drink? Really, we cannot find it in our hearts to resent the report which a Scottish Bishop made to his people, after his visit to America, that Prohibition here was "the biggest attempt that has ever been made to expel human nature with a pitchfork".

GOOD WILL AND MAILBAGS

It was a fine thing to send Colonel Lindbergh on his good will flight to Central and South America, and finely did he execute his mission. That permanent international benefits will result from it, we have full confidence. But we cannot be blind to the significance of the fact that at the very time when our "Lone Eagle" was completing his tour, the French Government, on the basis of an appropriation of sixty million francs made for the purpose, was fitting out planes for the immediate establishment of a regular air mail service between Paris on the one hand and Brazil and Argentina on the other. It is well to cultivate relations of good will. But it would be vanity of vanities to do so without also cultivating the practical relationships of social and commercial intercourse. For a hundred years America has been striving to atone for the blunder which it made when it followed the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine with something painfully like a boycott of the Latin American Republics. It would be not merely a blunder but a crime to repeat that performance by failing to throng Lindbergh's good will trail with ministers of communication and commerce.

"TAY PAY"

Following hard upon the felicitous visit of President Cosgrave came another, no less welcome, from the inimitable veteran, "Tay Pay". Although probably most often thought of as one of the most entertaining journalists and *raconteurs* of his time, it must be remembered that Mr. O'Connor was for a generation a conspicuous member of the front rank of Home Rule and Nationalist leaders, than whom few contributed more to the advancement and ultimate triumph of the Irish cause. Yet there was probably not one in all that formidable company who incurred less political animosity or commanded more personal regard and even affection. He has been unique, too, in that he entered the British Parliament, as a vehement Home Ruler, at the height of the Gladstone-Parnell campaign, not from an Irish but from an English constituency, which he has continued unbrokenly to represent for forty-three years, until now he is the Dean of the House of Commons. To Americans not the least agreeable feature of his visit is that it is entirely void of political significance or ulterior motives of any kind, such as formerly so often marked the coming of other Irish leaders. It is a pleasing circumstance that Irish politicians and statesmen can now visit America for the sheer sake of the visit, precisely as Americans can visit the Emerald Isle.

THE "EMPIRE GROUP" IN THE LEAGUE

Mr. H. Duncan Hall, the eminent Australian publicist and part author of *The Commonwealth of Nations*,—the standard work on the reorganized British Empire,—offers a striking vindication of the American attitude toward the League of Nations, eight years ago. It will be recalled that one of the prime objections to American entrance into the League was the disproportionate representation of the British Empire in that body. By the admission of the various Dominions and other States as members, it was pointed out, the British Empire would in effect have seven votes, against only one for America or any other power. The attempted answer of the advocates of the

League was that those seven votes would not be cast as a unit but separately and independently and would as likely as not be divided on the two sides of any question. How vain that answer was is now shown by Mr. Hall, who frankly writes in *The Spectator*, of London (the italics are ours):

> Not infrequently in the last eight years, members of the British Commonwealth have voted against one another at Geneva. But these disagreements *have invariably been on minor questions. They have never extended to any important issues of foreign policy*, and there is no evidence that their number and importance are increasing. . . . *In all the major issues raised at Geneva*, especially those relating to disarmament and security, and the scope of the League as regards so-called "domestic issues", *the Dominions, India and Great Britain have taken what is becoming recognized at Geneva as a definite British Empire point of view.* The Dominions have on occasion been willing that *this common policy should be enunciated by the Foreign Secretary.* It is perhaps not generally realized that even as regards the conclusion of agreements with foreign States drawn up at League Conferences, the form of diplomatic unity has generally been observed: the signatures being appended as a group under the heading "British Empire".

That is to say, however much they may differ on immaterial things, whenever it comes to any matter of real importance, the seven members of the Empire vote together. With apologies to Rupertus Meldenius: In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things—loyalty to the British Empire! We do not censure the British nations for adopting this course. We should regard them as exceedingly foolish and unpatriotic if they did otherwise. We are glad that they do it, because they thus confirm and proclaim the solidarity of their Commonwealth, which we consider to be of supreme importance to the peaceful welfare of the world. But we cannot conceive a more complete fulfilment of the forecast which was made eight years ago by American critics of the League of Nations.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"I SEE by the paper that an American lady is goin' to marry a Maharajah or something, an' she's been converted to Hinduism," remarked the Deacon.

"I think it's a pity," said the Deacon's wife, earnestly.

"Mebbe she fell in love with him," murmured the Deacon.

"I don't mean the marriage, I mean the conversion." The little old lady seldom argued with her husband, but accepted his most extreme expressions of opinion with a gentle and affectionate tolerance; so I listened with interest.

"Mebbe she's gettin' something better'n she had already," suggested the Deacon, "or mebbe she's just callin' her own God by a different first name."

"Well, I think she ought to have stuck to her principles."

"But, Ma," protested the Deacon, "you always said you thought it would be nice for a husband and wife to belong to the same sect. That's why I got converted away from the Free Methodists when I was courtin' you."

"You haven't any more sectarian convictions than a rooster," retorted his wife, with most unwonted warmth.

The Deacon was obviously delighted. "A rooster belongs to the most sectarian denomination of the whole lot, Ma," he said, earnestly. "A rooster is a High Church Episcopalian. It's forever gettin' up an' gettin' down, an' it's always startin' off the service by chantin' the minutes of yesterday's meetin'."

The old lady sighed deeply. "It's never any use arguing with him," she said, turning to me, "so I most always don't. It just seems to me a pity," she added, getting back to the beginning, "that that American lady has lost a rare opportunity to carry the Truth into the very heart of India;" and she gave me one of her shy little smiles and resumed her knitting.

"Ma wanted her to be a militant proselyter," remarked the

Deacon. Then he suddenly chuckled. "Wouldn't there be hell-to-pay if the Mrs. Maharajah in a Hindu state was a militant missionary!"

"Ephraim!"

"I'm real sorry, Ma."

"You don't believe in foreign missions?" I asked hastily.

"You bet!" said the Deacon; "but I've seen some missionaries I didn't believe in."

"You see, it's like this," he continued, as he refilled his pipe. "I believe it's right an' natural for anyone who believes he has found a chunk of the real Truth to want to tell the world. I guess old Newton wanted to tell all the folks about that apple theory, if he could only get 'em interested; but he didn't want to beat it into 'em, or beat 'em up if they didn't believe him. He went an' talked to somebody else."

"Then you don't like reformers?"

"I don't like the word, the way folks use it. No man can reform another man. He can just tell him the Truth by word or deed, an' it's the other fellow all of a sudden seein' it that does the reformin'. There's always folks runnin' round without any truth in 'em, but with a *recipe* for reformin' other folks, an' they're generally militant. I don't take any stock in *them*.

"You'll always find both kinds of reformers," the Deacon ruminated, "an' we generally mean the worse kind. Those first Spaniards I've been readin' about in this New World all called themselves crusaders, but I guess the only real converts among the Indians weren't the ones that met up with a soldier carryin' an arquebus; they were the ones that listened to some gentle priest. From what I heard an' read, there were both kinds loose among our boys in France, an' the militant ones did almost more harm than the quiet ones could balance."

"Men have died fighting for the Truth, haven't they?" I suggested.

"Well," answered the Deacon, thoughtfully, "if they died because they had the courage to say what they honestly believed when someone asked 'em, or because they insisted on livin' up to their beliefs, then they ought to be sainted. But if they died

tryin' to cram their beliefs down another man's throat, they deserved what they got. The way I figger it," he added, "all a man ought to do is to tell the Truth as often as the occasion demands, an' I guess that generally requires courage an' tact; then the Truth 'll do its own fightin'."

"I wonder why it is," I remarked, "that the average man doesn't like a reformer. It does seem to be the case."

The Deacon puffed away for some time. "Yes, it's generally so," he admitted at last; "an' I figger it like this. Reform is caused by an idea. Now a man who has got a hold on a real piece of truth, an' knows for sure it's true, is generally sort of humble about himself. He feels that the truth is big an' he's little. But the sort of fellow you generally mean when you say 'reformer' has a notion that he's just as big as the idea; he thinks he and it are the same thing. Sometimes he gets to thinking that he's most of it. It's that sort of reformer who turns sour if the idea doesn't get across; while the humble fellow who knows the idea is the whole show, why he keeps comin' back with it just as cheerful as a grig; an' folks generally don't get sore at him. The professional reformer gets to believin' that if he is disabled the whole community 'll go plumb to hell. The other fellow knows that if he dies it won't make any difference; the Truth 'll march on somehow. Oh, I guess the first kind does some good in his way. He may give the Truth a little publicity; but nobody likes him, an' I don't blame 'em.

"I've got this notion in my head, too, if I can only get shet of it," and the Deacon glanced at me with unusual diffidence. "Virtue ain't a saleable commodity, any more than vice. Folks don't reason it out, but they've got a kind of instinctive dislike of a man that makes a livin' out of either of 'em."

"How about clergymen?" I questioned.

"They're a good proof of what I mean. They aren't engaged in selling their virtue. A minister believes in a certain organization, an' he's paid to run it, like any business man. If he believes also that he's got a-hold of some Truth, he keeps testifyin' to that, whether he's paid or not. Sometimes it makes him lose his job, but he bobs up cheerfully somewheres else. But now an' then you meet up with a preacher who thinks he an' the

Truth are pretty nigh the same thing, an' he goes around sellin' himself until folks get onto him an' stop buyin'."

"But if he fills a church, and if the church is a worthy institution," I persisted—

The Deacon actually yawned. "Oh, yes," he said, "the church generally manages to survive 'em. Mebbe it's got hold of some independent Truth of its own; same as some big important reforms have managed to survive any professional reformers that happened to climb on board.

"The difference between a professional reformer," said the Deacon, as he laid down his pipe and gathered up his paper, "an' the humble chap who carries a Truth around with him, is that the professional reformer is always a pessimist. He knows things are wrong an' won't turn out right without him, an' that sooner or later he must quit with no one able to fill his place. He has a way of lookin' down his own nose, an' all he sees is a world covered with freckles, that needs blowin'.

"Well, Ma, what do you say about bed? Our company may want to go home!"

* * * * *

The Deacon's strictures upon the legal profession have aroused a certain reproachful comment. He had said, if I remember correctly, that if the machinery of justice has sand in the bearings, or even a monkey wrench among the cogs, it is the lawyers themselves who threw it all there. He had even insisted that learned counsel (as they love to call each other), being responsible for most of the law's delays, ought to do most of the work of reform.

I suspect that the Deacon would not care to withdraw any of that opinion. Of course I am speaking for him now without authority, since I shall not see him again for more than a fortnight. But I know his views and I know how "sot" he is, despite an apparent reasonableness. But I have myself resorted to "eminent counsel". I caught one off duty the other day with his robe and wig well out of the way, and professional dignities forgotten. I asked him whether he believed that those delays which make common people sneer at the processes of law are the fault of ancient customs and traditions or present-day laxity.

"Of course, it's our own fault," he answered. "Adjournments

for utterly inadequate excuses, absurd exceptions, literalness opposed to common sense—we could get rid of them all if we really wanted to clean up. Why," he added, "I have known an attorney to waste two weeks in choosing a jury which he could have gotten in two hours, just because he liked the newspaper space he was getting. No, I am afraid your old Deacon is right."

* * * * *

Can it be that college students read the old N. A. R.? I thought that every little group of serious undergraduate thinkers turned to Mr. Mencken for their law and gospel. But here are frivolous words from *The Amherst Student:*

> The Cracker Box Pillospher has come out boldly in favor of whittling. He says, "A boy can think when he whittles." But can a boy whittle when he thinks? Serious minded whittlers say, No. If thinking were to be introduced into Amherst life they fear whittling would go. Professor Pompson has said "It must not go; and besides," he triumphantly added, "where can it go to?" . . . Professor Snootch paused long enough to be very gloomy over the matter. "Wal, whittlin' aint what it used to be. What with atheism, psychology, and modern writers, whittlin' is bein' pushed to the wall." . . . Our own opinion is that the Cracker Box Pillosopher meant Whiffling.

I think I can say this for the Deacon, that he would far rather see whittling die out as a practice than to have nonsense disappear from the undergraduate cosmos. It was a former President of that same small college who once announced that the purpose of a college education was the acquirement of a sense of humor. But probably neither will die in the near future. Wherever there is any sense there must be some nonsense; and wherever there is an average lot of college boys there is sure to be some excellent material for whittling.

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

War and peace were considered eleven decades ago much as they are today, as witness the words of the eminent statesman, ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for November, 1817:*

We place no great confidence in the league of kings and princes in Europe for the preservation of peace, sometimes called the *Holy Alliance* or *Christian Treaty.* If they really wish for the permanent tranquillity of the world, let them disband their standing armies, and give up their military and naval establishments. . . . The only real ground of dependence is the intelligence and good sense of the people. When the public voice is once clearly and fully lifted up against war, it will cease; and till then the solemn farce of Holy Alliances will probably aggravate rather than diminish the evil. . . . Writers have recommended the establishment of an international tribunal to settle differences between nations. This was the plan of St. Pierre. Kant, who wrote a pamphlet upon it, has also recommended a sort of confederation among states for this purpose. This scheme is considered objectionable by some, on the ground that either the sovereignty of independent states must be compromised by making this tribunal sovereign over them all, or that the tribunal having no power to enforce its decrees would be entirely inefficient. We are very doubtful about the force of this objection, and think it not improbable that it would be found in practice a matter of great ease and familiarity to settle by arbitration such differences as might *bona fide* occur between independent nations.

That most amiable but now too much forgotten poet, WASHINGTON ALLSTON, *was the subject of an appreciative critique in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1817, from the gifted pen of* RICHARD HENRY DANA:

His imagination is cheery and youthful, and each thing with him has a thousand fanciful qualities and uses, and an imaginative as well as a true birth. His mind is creative, and without being fantastical or extravagant, gives as many characters to objects about him as a child to his playthings. He views

all his scenes with a curious and exquisite eye, instilling some delicate beauty into the most common thing that springs up in them, imparting to it a gay and fairy spirit, and throwing over the whole a pure, floating, glow. He is always searching into what is excellent and fair in creation, and even in his satires, plays with the follies of mankind, with an undisturbed gentleness of heart, and turns away from their vices, and shuts out their loathsomeness from his mind. He seems to look upon the world in the spirit in which it was made—the spirit of love; and, though marred, to see the beauty in which it was ordained, and feel its purity through all its defilements. We cannot read any part of this book, without feeling ashamed of the angry and bitter passions which are so often rising up within us, nor without wishing that our own minds were as void of pride, suspicion, and hate, as is all we there find, and that as clear and happy an innocence were shed over our own hearts as shines out there.

FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY, *President of The Boston Athenæum, related in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1817, some Indian legends of Martha's Vineyard:*

On the edge of the cliff is the Devil's Den, a vast and deep basin, one side of which appears to have been washed away by the sea. Its form has induced some persons to consider it as the crater of an extinct volcano, but we saw no volcanick appearances near it. It was once the dwelling of Maushop. According to the tradition of the Indians, when their ancestors first came from the west to this island, they found it occupied by Maushop, a benevolent but capricious being, of gigantick frame and supernatural power. His daily food was broiled whales, and he threw many of them on the coast for the support of his Indian neighbours. At last, weary of the world, he sent his sons and daughter to play at ball, and while they were engaged in their sport, drew his toe across the beach, on which they were, and separated it from the island. The returning tide rising over it, the brothers crowded round their sister, careless of their own danger; and while sinking themselves, were only anxious to keep her head above the waves. Maushop commended their fraternal affection, bade them always love and protect their sister, and preserved their lives by converting them into whale killers, a sort of grampus, whose descendants still delight to sport about the ancient dwelling of their great progenitor. The giant then hurled his wife Saconet into the air, and plunging himself beneath the waves, disappeared forever. Saconet fell on the promontory of Rhode Island, which now bears her name, and long lived there, exacting tribute from all passengers. At length she was converted into stone, still however retaining her former shape, till the white men, mistaking her probably for an idol, lopped off both her arms; but her mutilated form remains to this day on the spot where she fell, and affords lasting and unimpeachable evidence of the truth of the tradition.

In discussing various theories concerning the antiquity of America, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for November, 1816,* WILLIAM TUDOR, *Jr., philosophically considered the place of tobacco-chewing in the scheme of evolution:*

That America was the oldest continent, and its inhabitants the most ancient people on the globe, is now fairly proved. . . . To those indeed, whose frivolity and credulity make them receive implicity, the common cant of this being, "an infant nation, a youthful nation," &c. and who rely upon the most fallible and confused of all sciences, chronology, for their belief, it will be in vain to display a philosophical argument; but to more sound and robust intellects, the conclusions will appear inevitable. The most embarrassing difficulty is, that there are some reasons for carrying back this antiquity to a period so remote, as to involve a considerable degree of contradiction with other known data. One only of these will be particularly alluded to, and that is, the practice of chewing the narcotick plant, nicotiana, or tobacco. The learned, Caledonian patrician, Lord Monboddo, first shewed satisfactorily that the human race is derived from a particular species of monkey, which once inhabited the shores of the Mediterranean; and who having by chance acquired the use of the muscle which moves the thumb, the paw of the animal was at once converted into the human hand, and the prodigious advantages arising from this source, enabled them gradually to improve their moral and physical faculties, obliterate their tails, and become men. It is certain, that in the course of this transformation, they passed through the state of ruminating animals; but it is almost impossible, that this should not have taken place previous to acquiring the use of speech. Now our ruminating animals have the faculty of speech, and yet it seems cruel, and discordant, when the general benevolence of nature is considered, that possessing the highest faculties of men, they should still be subjected to this, in them, hideous filthy, disgusting process of chewing the cud. This point may perhaps be elucidated hereafter by further researches.

JOHN G. PALFREY, *historian and critic, considered at length* SCOTT'S Tales of My Landlord *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1817. In the last sentence of the present quotation the printer and proof reader—or was it the Office Cat?—with scandalous perversity made the writer refer to "the tenure of his* immorality"; *a phrase which we have here corrected:*

His unequalled power of giving interest, by his manner of narrating it, to a story for the most part not skilfully contrived, is not more admirable than his fertility in illustration, the vivacity of his descriptions of scenery and manners, and his philosophical insight into the mysteries of character and motives as they are mutually modified. The state of society he describes is one of which

we not only know absolutely nothing, but so widely remote from our own, or any we have read of elsewhere, that it is no easy thing to form a conception of it as really existing, when ever so happily described. Yet we cannot but observe that it supposes no ingredients other than what actually belong to the human composition; and no room is left us to doubt of its reality.

If Mr. Scott be the author of these works,—and we scarcely doubt it,—he possesses a genius as prolifick and versatile as any on record. It is only about ten years since he first introduced himself to the publick. In this time he has published, besides smaller works, valuable editions of two standard authors, eight substantial volumes of poetry, of unequal but all of indisputable merit, and five of the best fictitious narrations of the age. And all this, while occupied in the duties of an active life, and in the midst of studies which have placed him,—in one department of learning, especially,—among the best scholars of his time. If we do not err widely, he holds the tenure of his immortality most firmly by his novels.

A letter to the Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *in July, 1816, from a friend in Germany, gave this account of the famous Baron* MUNCHAUSEN:

The Baron Munchhausen (pronounced nearly Minkhhowzen), so famous for his remarkable adventures, lived in the neighbourhood of Göttingen, and was of an ancient, noble family.—He was a great lover of the chase, and was famous for telling the stories which are at present under his name, whereby he acquired the very flattering appellation of Lying Munchhausen, by which he is now universally called. He has not long been dead. Though the work so extensively known as his Life and Adventures is written in the first person, it is not from the worthy Baron himself, but was given to the world under the following circumstances. A person of the name of Raspe, about fifty years since, was keeper of antiquities in the electoral collection at Cassel, the capital city of the late kingdom of Westphalia, and is about thirty miles from the residence of our Baron. Raspe was a person of very good education, and extremely well qualified for the place he held. He was however expensive in his mode of life, and fond of extravagance. Having incurred debts, which his salary did not enable him to pay, he applied his collection to the same purposes, which his worthy successors the French commissaries at a later period have much more extensively done, and plundered it of several gems. The fraud was discovered, but he succeeded in escaping to England. Here he sustained himself sometime, as a waiter in a Coffee-house in London, learning by degrees the English language, but not losing the remembrances of home.—For the credit of his native land, and to raise himself from the servant's hall of a coffee house, he committed to writing the marvellous adventures of his distinguished countryman the Baron, and the life of Munchhausen appeared from the English Press.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

Arabian Nights

THE cross-section of financial affairs which lies before the retrospective commentator this month is highly colored. The language of the reporters who chronicle stock market history has become of necessity faintly reminiscent of the Arabian Nights, for cut-and-dried figures of speech no longer serve to describe what has been going on. The market has become a fixture on the first page of the newspapers. Old-timers consider this prominence a sure portent of a turn, but old-timers are not playing a prominent part in stocks these days. They are uncomfortably on the defensive, though undoubtedly more certain than ever of their position; perhaps they are even licking wounds. The writer knows one such defeated conservative who has retired to the comfort of reading an ancient and fascinating volume entitled *Great Popular Delusions*, which tells such stories as that of the South Sea Bubble, the great wave of promotion and speculation which swept over England early in the eighteenth century, and of Holland's tulip mania, that queer distortion of values which set a whole nation to seeking riches by buying and selling tulip bulbs at prices often many times their weight in gold. This gentleman believes that a dip into this book now and then is a great help in keeping the perspective.

Outside of the Stock Exchange and the other securities markets the spirit of business is cautious and deliberative. Within them it is daring and impulsive to the point of recklessness. The contradiction between the state of business and the state of the stock market has been observed for a long time; now, greater than ever, it has been so unnaturally prolonged that the high priests of the advance feel called upon to account for it to hold the allegiance of their followers. Lately the interesting theory has been pronounced that the stock markets, both listed and unlisted, really make up an institution in themselves, and are not tied in at all, as people have thought all these years, with the country's business. They are, it is said, something like any commodity market, a unity, dealing in a single thing, with their own buyers and sellers, their own supply of credit, and their own mechanism, and it is argued that there is no reason why they should be expected either to forecast or to reflect the condition of general business very closely.

This of course is a preposterous argument. The commodity markets, even though they are very much more self-contained than the stock market, have no being except as originates in trading in the thing they actually represent and they rise and fall on the variations in production and consumption of that thing—and to a lesser extent on variations in the value of gold, the supply of credit, and other minor factors. The stock markets reflect everything that the commodity markets do, and vastly more. On them the trading is in evidence of ownership in corporations which are engaged in buying, making and selling goods and services,—in other words, the business of the country—and the ownership gains or loses real value as the corporations succeed or fail in their endeavors. Being simply the mirror in which this success or failure is registered, along with monetary and credit conditions, a thoroughly sound stock market must reflect the present or future state of business; it has nothing else to reflect, and it has not earned its reputation as a business barometer or index without cause. To say that it need not mirror business puts it on the same economic plane as Holland's tulip mania, or Florida's land boom, and when the mirror no longer reflects accurately there is ground for the suspicion that the same distortion of the sense of value that existed in both these

cases, and the abundance of credit which helped along the Florida inflation, have produced kindred conditions in stocks. That such a divorcement of the stock market and business should have been seriously claimed is in reality a window unwittingly opened to reveal the dangerous state of mind that exists.

Recent Events Summarized

Recent events, in retrospect, may be summarized simply. The conservatives have been routed, though in number and importance their forces gain with each defeat. The market has, as a commentator with an inerrant feeling for the right phrase put it, thumbed its nose at the Federal Reserve Banks, which had delivered themselves of a warning implicit in a higher rediscount rate and in curtailment of Reserve Bank credit. Since the beginning of the year the number of 3,000,000 share days on the Stock Exchange has been greater than in all the previous history of the institution, though the first one can be found as far back as 1901. A new day's record only a few thousand shares short of 5,000,000, which is close to the capacity of the present Exchange machinery, has been reached, and in a two-hour Saturday session more than 2,000,000 shares have changed hands. As the market advanced the buying broadened, until the testimony of the great "wire houses" is that the abstraction known as "the public" is in the market, and of course on the buying side, to an unprecedented degree. The value of memberships on the New York Stock Exchange has started advancing again, and reached a figure at which a member must earn more than $20,000 a year clear profit to equal the ordinary interest return on his capital thus invested. There are forty or fifty member firms of the New York Stock Exchange which operate private telegraphic systems linking them with branch offices or correspondent business-agents all over the country, and they have spread stock trading throughout the United States. Nor must it be imagined that the New York Exchange has a monopoly of the business. In New York itself there are other markets of vast activity and importance; the Curb, on which less seasoned shares are listed, and the over-the-counter market, unorganized, on whic such important securities as bank and insu ance company shares are bought and sold o an enormous scale. Outside of New Yor many exchanges in which ten years ago the was little interest and less life have becom vastly more active, and the San Francisc Exchange memberships are worth conside ably over $100,000, as much as those of Ne York commanded when the "Coolidge ma ket" began to boil.

So much for the surface indices to wha has been going on. As for the trend o prices, some insist that the most popular ti that has gone the rounds is to buy A. O. T which in Wall Street parlance means "an old thing." That is eloquent of the state o mind but it is far from accurate. Ther have been many declines and much hesitanc under cover of the conspicuous strength o the leaders, and in such a broad marke hesitancy can only suggest "distribution, the profit-taking of the strong holder. Unt the spectacular advance of General Motor began in late February it seemed likely tha the next major movement would be down ward, but that advance inflamed imaginatio and the money that is so plentiful was agai poured into the market. Issue after issu was taken up and boomed until its strengt was exhausted, and in the process shor covering produced such pyrotechnics a the spectacular advance in the shares of th Radio Corporation of America. On th average perhaps ten leaders a day wer "trotted out" when the boom was firs clearly marked, and later the numbe broadened as the desire to get aboard ap proached its climax. This is recited merel to show that what is euphemistically know as "organized leadership" was present; an intimate knowledge of market conditions i doubtless responsible for some of the notabl additions which have been made to th ranks of the conservatives distrustful of th future.

It goes without saying that the purchase o stocks for a speculative turnover at thi market stage is too hazardous to indulge i as a hobby, as recreation, or even as a emotional debauch. With the probability of an early decline so great, the purchase o even sound and seasoned stocks for invest-

ent purposes may well be postponed, ex-
ot by those who can ignore the possibility
at they may have to be resold in the near
ture. In previous articles we have sug-
sted that an unusually large percentage of
e resources should be held in liquid se-
rities, in which safety and marketability
ke precedence over yield, and that the
ocks held should be only those—acquired
considerably lower prices—of corporations
th a large surplus and abundant cash.
he fact that this advice has been given pre-
aturely by many observers of the markets
ids it additional point now.

Business Indications

Meanwhile what has been going on in
siness? In two of the basic industries,
eel and automobiles, there has been expan-
on as compared with the level of the second
lf of 1927. Building is well maintained,
anks to the constant reconstruction of our
ies, the gigantic programmes of road work,
ojects of local governments, and public
ility undertakings. Yet somewhere a lag
ists. Railway car loadings, the most
cessible measure of business, are smaller
an in previous years. Complaints of un-
nployment abound, despite the undoubted
ct that both the steel mills and automobile
ctories are giving more work than they did
x months ago. Unemployment, in fact,
is been made a political issue, and the usual
storted statements are being made by
ose of opposing political faith. Ignoring
ellbinding on the subject, it is difficult to
fute the testimony of the largest "white
llar" agency in the country, an agency
hich conducts 50,000 interviews with ap-
icants a month, that the number of seekers
r each open position has risen from 337 in
nuary, 1926, 579 in January, 1927, and
20 in January, 1928, to 977 in February,
928. Obviously, however much it may be
inimized on the one hand and exaggerated
the other, there is an unemployment
oblem, a slack that cannot be taken up
cept by expansion of business. In passing
may be noted that even under these cir-
mstances the head of a credit organization
ys that the volume of installment sales is as
rge as ever!

From the time of Moses until recently the economic fear of mankind was famine. Now our chief difficulties seem, superficially at least, to be caused by surfeits, by overproduction. Our factories are geared so high that even with big wages, extraordinary buying power, and consumption stimulated to the *n*th degree by advertising and salesmanship, the piling up of goods after a period of full speed operation occurs just as inevitably as it did when the productive machinery was geared lower. This has been a subject of increasing economic inquiry. A pair of diligent searchers in the field, Messrs. Foster and Catchings, have revamped the suggestion that governments should control their expenditures to smooth out some of the hills and valleys thus created—spending when industry is slowing down, and curtailing public work when industry speeds up again, thus taking up the slack of labor and credit. Progress already is being made along this line, but present conditions show that stability is far from achieved, despite claims of stock market enthusiasts who for some time have seen the United States in an economic "new day."

From a broader standpoint, also, there is slack to be taken up. Our technical progress has been so astounding that workers are constantly being released from old industries to found new ones. To illustrate by an over simplification of the matter, if each one of us consumed only as much as we did fifty years ago, if we spent nothing on automobiles, radios, electrical conveniences and the other innumerable products that have been introduced during that time, and yet if we nevertheless had the present mechanical means of producing the things we did buy, the shoes, clothing, furniture, buggies and other staples —if such a condition can be imagined, with it we should have an unemployment problem affecting at least half of our population. But new industries have arisen to keep us all—or our money—busy; the most conspicuous has been the automobile industry. What we need now is another automobile industry; for while the automobile has not reached the saturation point most of its virgin soil has been cultivated, and the enormous impetus that it gave to business during the years when it was selling in un-

exploited fields has commenced to die down. A surplus of labor and capital is again at hand, awaiting the genius who can turn it to new productive work and increase its buying power so that balance between productive and consumptive capacity is once more established.

Newer Trends

Possibly that new industry is already developing, unrecognized. It may be the electrical industry. But from no direction can the early approach of any fresh stimulus of consequence to business be discerned. The automobile industry is highly optimistic, but one of its greatest optimists has recently reduced his estimate of the number of vehicles to be produced this year from 5,000,000 to 4,500,000, and it should not be overlooked that not all of the automobile companies have shared the strength of General Motors in the stock market. Even the advance in the shares of that company has been caused principally by a belated realization that for various reasons Ford will not be as vigorous a competitor this spring as he was expected to be; he is slow getting into full production and his dealers must be suffering. Looking further, the textile mills are slowing down, and one hesitates to predict when the coal industry will again become a business leader.

With unemployment of labor there is also unemployment of capital, and to that, basically, the continued strength of stocks must be ascribed. The Federal Reserve Banks have diminished the supply of credit to some extent by becoming at times sellers instead of buyers of Government securities and bills, and they have raised the price of money by advancing their rediscount rates. Furthermore, they have lost gold during the past month, as France has withdrawn supplies preparatory to *de jure* stabilization of the franc. But these have been merely brakes on the money market. Credit continues plentiful and cheap, and speculation has disregarded, for the time being at least, the warnings that these developments convey. Perhaps the reckoning will come late it can be pointed out that at other times su warnings have been ignored at first only t be followed by drastic deflation. On th other hand a good deal of confidence in co tinuance of easy money is expressed,—son based on the belief that the Treasury wi keep it easy for a long time ahead to facilita refunding of the debt. For the immedia future the key seems to lie in the commerci demand; unless it expands more than seen likely money ought not to become muc firmer. And if money does not strengthe its abundance will tend to limit any stoc market decline; failure of the stock market t break drastically will hold up confidence; an business men will buy new automobiles in stead of making the old one do for anothe season and so on. The sentence unfortu nately cannot be ended with *ad infinitum*, fo the interlocking processes thus outlined ar all too finite, and the reasoning being circu lar, will work equally well in reverse.

But it is unnecessary for the man whos primary interest is the investment of surplu income or property to follow such intricacie of business relationships. It is sufficient fo him to note that the signs of the times a point to caution, for speculative excesses, o which the investor should beware, can b pointed out on almost every reading of th compass. In its annual report the Ne York Federal Reserve Bank referred to som of them and two sentences from it are wort reading:

"While in general the state of business ap pears to be sound and there do not appear for example, to be abnormal industrial in ventories, there have been a number of de velopments in the course of the year whic would appear to deserve careful scrutiny These developments include a very larg increase in bank loans to brokers and dealer in securities, an unusual amount of specula tion in bank stocks particularly, and wha appears to be excessive activity in the or ganization of companies to purchase bank stocks, and a disposition to establish many new banks."

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AS OTHERS SEE IT

The State of Wyoming

[*In an article in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March last, discussing constitutional relations between individual States and the National Government, there occurred some references to the State of Wyoming, the accuracy and justice of which were challenged by citizens of that Commonwealth. Immediately upon being informed of such dissent, in accordance with the life-long policy of this* REVIEW, *the Editors invited the Hon. Charles E. Winter, Wyoming's Representative in Congress, to make in these pages such contradiction or corrections of the article as he might think desirable; and his contribution is herewith presented.*—THE EDITORS.]

From Wyoming's Representative

SIR:

I write to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 3rd instant, being a response to my letter of the 2nd instant, calling your attention to an article printed in THE REVIEW entitled *Reducing States to Territories*, written by J. M. Scanland. Availing myself of your offer to make correction of what I regard as his "errors", and thanking you for the offer to give my statement fullest publicity, I submit the following:

There is no sounder, healthier or more promising State than Wyoming. Only an ignoramus or a libeler would use the word "decaying" in connection with Wyoming or any Western State. Wyoming not only does not want to "go out or be turned back into a territory to be mainly supported by the general Government", but on the contrary it is insisting upon its rightful place and full sovereignty as a sister state in the Union. It is crying out against dependency upon the general Government and demanding its full independence and jurisdiction over its soil. It objects to legislation which would forev keep sixty-two per cent of its area und Federal control and non-taxable.

Wyoming is not limited to a "stock a grazing industry". It has 1,500,000 acres irrigated farms and as much more susceptib of irrigation. It ships tremendous amoun of honey and turkeys and has five sugar be factories and more are planned. It pr duces fruits and highest class lettuce a celery for shipment. Incidentally, its shee industry numbers three million head pr ducing twenty-five million pounds of wo annually, ranking next to Texas which first and which has an area more than 2 times as large as Wyoming. Cattle last ye numbered 594,000 with a valuation of $14 540,000. Hogs last year produced $1,50 000. The total agricultural wealth produce in 1926 was $71,000,000 and the miner wealth produced in the same year w $78,000,000. The assessed valuation for t purposes in Wyoming in 1927 was approx mately $500,000,000.

In 1927 Wyoming produced approximate 21,000,000 barrels of oil, 6,400,000 tons coal, 603,000 tons of iron; private capit has just finished the building of a milli dollar cement plant near Laramie. O state is just beginning the development vast proven resources of asbestos, potas phosphate, sodium, aluminum and oth valuable deposits. It has 4,000 square mil of oil shale surface deposits from 500 to 25 feet thick, containing, according to Gover ment reports, twenty-four billion barrels oil. There are scores of great natural g fields supplying many cities with this gre fuel. It has 30,000 square miles of coal lan sufficient to supply the United States f hundreds of years. It has 8,500,000 acr of forests in Forest Reserves. It has prov mines of precious minerals. So much f the proposition that our resources a declining.

Far from being "shifting, unsteady and productive", the population of Wyoming unusually stable, steady and productive d has a per capita wealth of $4,663, rank- as the second state in the Union in that pect. We have had a uniform increase of pulation. From a population of 194,402 der the Census of 1920, the estimate given t by the Census Bureau for 1925 was 3,000.

The statement that our people have held etings for the purpose of petitioning ngress to "dissolve state government" is amazing and ridiculous as to cause doubt arise as to the sanity of the author. The t is that the Wyoming Legislature last ar filed a memorial with Congress to cede remaining public lands to the state.

As to the stability and ability of the people Wyoming it is only necessary to call atten- n to the fact that Wyoming has furnished the Nation Justice Van Devanter of the ited States Supreme Court; Justice Van del of the District of Columbia Court of peals; William C. Deming, President of U. S. Civil Service Commission; Frank Mondell, former Republican Floor Leader the House of Representatives, former mber of the U. S. Finance Corporation, manent Chairman of the last Republican tional Convention; Senator Joseph M. rey, deceased, author of the Carey Act and er national legislation; ex-senator Clar- e D. Clark, who was Chairman of the ate Judiciary Committee; John E. Os- ne, once Assistant Secretary of State; ator John B. Kendrick, mentioned as a sible candidate for Vice-Presidency on the nocratic ticket; and Senator Francis E. rren, Chairman of the Appropriations nmittee of the United States Senate, who 3 years of age is on active duty and who a longer continuous service in the Senate, ears, than any man in the history of the ted States from its formation.

The records of our schools, churches, pitals, literary, art and musical clubs, ote a people of highest character and ve aspirations. Its people furnished the test proportion of physically fit men out he number examined in the World War ny state in the Union. Two years ago Legislature of Wyoming was presented with the Collier National Trophy for having made the highest record in the Union in the increase of percentage of votes cast for President out of the total qualified number of electors.

The whole article, which is an absolute misrepresentation from beginning to end, is so supremely ridiculous that it causes laughter in my State, but is so libelous that I was compelled to call your attention to the same and to advise you as I did of what our Wyoming newspapers are saying.

CHARLES E. WINTER.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., March 8.

The Non-Belligerent Status

SIR:

Are not the rights, duties, privileges and status of non-belligerent nations assumed as fixed in customs and usage? Would not an equivocal position lead both combatants to assure resolution and declaration on their side? The prestige, weight and power of the League of Nations is pledged only as a police force in Article X, according to my concept. Sale and barter, partnership and consolidation, are in order between individuals, and no inhibition resides in the Covenant, as between States, nor is the *status quo* mentioned therein, having no entity. *Diplomatic Silence* appealed to me through its sincerity and led me to express my reactions, not in criticism but desire to achieve those aims and ends.

GEORGE A. STEVENS.

Nashville, Tenn.

Words of Praise

SIR:

The pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW carry great weight with just the people whose support and influence it is important to have.

JAMES J. DAVIS.

Washington, D. C.

Are Bishops Taken Seriously?

From The Christian Century

SIR:

Pen cannot record, nor mind frame in thought, the nauseating aversion with which

a young man, studying for the ministry of Christ, learns of the thirteen "joys" of that ministry which forty-two years of experience have brought to the Bishop of Harrisburg. "Verily, they have their reward!" But how about the people who are to be made "good" by this type of sacrificial unselfishness?

The only solace (aside from a sense of humor) lies in the reassuring comment of John Dystant that "it may be that what a bishop says or does is not taken as seriously by the church which has them as by a church which does not have them."

BUELL G. GALLAGHER.

New York City.

Dim Religious Light

SIR:

May I compliment you on the excellent March number? As part of my education going on to no great end these fifty years it would be an appreciable addition I am sure if I could have understood what led to or seemed to you to make appropriate to the tradition of the REVIEW the recent publication of the article by a Right Reverend Episcopal Bishop. Perhaps I have misunderstood the good Bishop, whereas I had been impresssed with the fact that the good Bishop was guilty of the misunderstanding. Would not some capable person, in a serene article in an early REVIEW, point out the extremely dim *religious* light seeming to effulge from the article in question?

E. B. DREYFUS.

San Mateo, Calif.

Another Voice Added

SIR:

The copy of your splendid magazine came today and I most gratefully acknowledge its receipt and offer my genuine thanks. The article by my beloved Diocesan I read but—being a good soldier—I reserve comment.

JOHN OLIPHANT.

Westtown, Pa.

Obstacles to Smith

SIR:

I disagree with Mr. Milton when he says in "*Al*" *Smith and the Solid South* that it i Rum, not Rome, that is the obstacle t Smith in that part of the country. Politic is the chief topic of conversation among th Southern people and they don't hesitate t tell you that it is "Al" Smith's Roman Ca tholicism that they object to. But the know they can't with propriety give this ou as the reason publicly, so the Democrati leaders are agreed to throw dust in the eye of the Northern Democrats with the cry o Rum. As for Tammany, you never hea about it in the South one way or the other at least I never do.

PHILIP G. KING.

San Francisco, Cal.

Fair and Broad-Minded

SIR:

Your "fetching" post card offering th really renowned NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was enough to start a whole brood of pleasan and stirring associations about Amhers (unconscious and unpremediated allitera tions), and the next thing will be that even s old, but by no means fossilized, an Alumnu as this one of the Class of 1874, will b dropping into worth-while poetry.

Your generous and altogether persuasiv offer, with its new and attractive allurement captured me at once, for in the days of con siderable salaries I used to indulge m literary and historical cravings, by being glad subscriber and diligent reader of th fairest of broad-minded magazines, TH NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Although m fairly fair salary has ceased, my preaching which is reputed to be enjoyable and up-to date, has by no means ceased, but is regularl keeping on, with little or no pay at all Many of the officials who are repeating thei most gracious invitations to preach, seem t be convinced that I must be a multimil lionaire (in which they are right, only in th spiritual sense of being rich in my friends)

Your apt reference to Burges Johnson, th Cracker Barrel Philosopher, leads me to tel you that he is a personal friend and of th same Greek letter fraternity.

J. W. BALLANTINE.

Milford, Conn.

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

CLARK HOWELL (*Houston—1928*), as editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, has a preëminent position in his field. Member of long standing in the Democratic National Committee he has a strong belief that although the best interests of the South could be served by having two political parties this will be difficult of attainment "as long as the Republican party enthrones the negro as their party spokesman and representative in the South".

¶ *Irving T. Bush* (*Vodka, Chianti and Icewater*), the head and founder of the Bush Terminal Company in New York, has done more perhaps than any other one man to develop the shipping and terminal facilities of New York harbor, concerning some aspects of which we hear in another article in this number of THE REVIEW. In realizing this boyhood dream, Mr. Bush came into contact with practically every kind of business and all nations and governments of the world. For this reason we welcome from his pen lively comments upon three types of rule which are here discussed.

¶ *Leland Stowe* (*The Sphinx Brothers*), as Paris correspondent of *The Herald Tribune* of New York, has had exceptional opportunities for observing the characteristics of manner, temperament and achievement which distinguish the former President and present Prime Minister of France, and thus has been enabled to draw a most engaging and suggestive parallel between him and President Coolidge—of special timeliness in view of M. Poincaré's recent victory in the French national elections, achieved, of course, since Mr. Stowe's article was written.

¶ *George S. Silzer* (*Making a Super-Port*) has served for some time as Chairman of The Port of New York Authority, and therefore speaks with weight upon the present subject which is of great interest particularly to the people of New York and New Jersey. As Governor of the latter State, Mr. Silzer carried forward the able record which he had made in various directions as a forceful figure in public life for a score of years. Perhaps his greatest recreation is European travel, which with the participation of Mrs. Silzer occupies his summers.

¶ *William Green* (*Why Men Are Out of Work*), President of the American Federation of Labor, believes in collective bargaining as a basis for constructive coöperation between employers and employed. His human touch on the labor problem is partly due to the fact that he himself went to work in the coal mines at the age of fifteen. By gradual degrees he rose to the point where in 1924 he succeeded the well-known labor leader, Samuel Gompers.

¶ *Clifford Bax* (*Sailors and Shopkeepers*) is principally a playwright, as he hopes New York will discover quite soon. He it was who was commissioned to reconstruct Gay's sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*. "Yet", says he, "I am not really a writer of light and frivolous comedies, rather, indeed a man whose chief interest is in religion of a mystical kind." He gave up Theosophy for Buddhism, has travelled around the world, plays cricket and uses astrology as a pastime.

¶ *J. B. Atkins* (*European Views of Pan-America*) is an English lawyer, educated at Cambridge, who at first knocked about the world writing for *The Manchester Guardian*, met Theodore Roosevelt with the Rough Riders in Cuba, and later became an editor of *The Spectator*. He has a predilection for yachting, concerning which he says: "It is exciting and fascinating, for one is always a humble learner. My respect for the sea continually increases—a grand opponent who never fails to take advantage of your mistakes."

¶ *Eudora Ramsay Richardson* (*Recognizing the Home Maker*) after college plunged into active life, teaching, news reporting, occupying the position of organizer and field director of The National American Woman Suffrage Association, besides aiding the Government in its war savings organization. "When I grow weary," she says, "of telling parents how to rear their children or inculcating into women the desire for emancipation, I have the solace of my garden and the joy

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

of scouring the countryside for antiques. Besides there is a husband who seems too permanent to be classed as a hobby—a banker who exercises not even normal curiosity concerning the fruit of my typewriter."

¶ *T. Swann Harding* (*The Genteel Art of Combing Asses' Tails*) is a research worker in the physiology of nutrition, and a regular contributor to *American Medicine*. Aside from that, his various writings are continuously appearing in the best magazines, which is due to the fact that although his days are devoted to research experiments, his spare time goes "to the nefarious work of hammering a Corona in order to irritate innocent editors". As hobbies we find an adorable Scottish wife, a Persian cat, and "spinach —for other people"!

¶ *Philip Whitwell Wilson* (*Miss Miller vs. Miss Mayo*) is a master craftsman with his pen. His recent edition of *The Greville Memoirs*, which included passages hitherto suppressed by The British Museum, aroused an astonishing sensation in Great Britain, even the placards of the evening papers substituting this topic for football and murders. Mr. Wilson has just completed the life of that great explorer-evangelist, William Edgar Geil, who was the first white man to trace the Great Wall of China.

¶ *G. H. Estabrooks* (*Whither Is the College Headed?*) is a Canadian by birth, who comes from St. John, New Brunswick, and hopes, with Mayor Thompson's approval, to become a naturalized American citizen! He was educated at Oxford and Harvard and is now teaching psychology at Colgate University, branching off into psychic research and telepathy as a diversion.

¶ *Chiang Chao-lin* (*A Chinese Idyll in the Making*) is a Chinese Government student who having been at work in the graduate schools of one of the American universities, has lately gone to Hawaii. Although his main interest is in history, he writes casual essays to interpret the spirit of his people.

¶ *David Charles Davies* (*Chicago's Field Museum*) is a native of Wales who came to the United States in 1888, married in Chicago, and joined the Marshall Field Company. He rose from a clerk to the Director of the great Field Museum concerning which he writes in this issue.

¶ *Hal Saunders White* (*These Things Shall Stay*) is teaching English in the Washington Square College of New York University. Born in Indiana, he went to Oxford after graduating with honors from Bowdoin College. Regarding the present poem he recently wrote us: "At the date of its acceptance I was still a youth. The years have passed; your ancient publication has, at least, reached its maturity; it has changed editors and owners; it has altered from a quarterly to a monthly; and I have grown old in waiting." To which we, not to be outdone, replied: "You see, *you* are really responsible for the long delay in the use of your poem, for you called it *These Things Shall Stay*, which actually meant that it would stay in one of our pigeon-holes a long, long time!"

¶ *Samuel Grafton* (*Palpitating Wood Pulp*) is a "hard-boiled" freelance writer who, born in New York, prefers to live in Philadelphia. Before he was twenty his work had appeared in national publications and he has continued ever since to write on life, manners and literature. His likings include good cooking, fine printing, Dutch painting and hiking. "In my love of nature I tramp miles to find a good place for myself and my portable; yet I find inspiration as easily in an elevated train as in the beautiful Wissahickon."

¶ *William H. Scheifley* (*A Predestined Dramatist*) is Professor of Romance Languages at his Alma Mater, Indiana University. His contributions have reached the reading public through the varied periodicals of standing. Being a devotee of the forest and the chase, the professor dreams of occupying at some time a castle romantically hidden in a thickly wooded region.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS month THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE introduces a new feature, which may be examined by glancing at the bottom of the page. From now on until Autumn, these lists will take the place of THE BED'S HEAD BOOKSHELF. An effort will be made to give them as much variety as possible, but this department is not in sympathy with the old notion that summer reading must be of the general consistency of charlotte russe, and so a good many serious books will appear from time to time.

There are four volumes of verse in the present selection and in all probability there will be more suggestions in the same field later. It will be noted, too, that the majority of the books in the first list have to do with the past or the present or the future of the United States. This is one of the richest divisions of contemporary writing and publishing, and I take it for granted that we are all sufficiently interested in our own country to wish to follow the current revelations of its past from old and rare documents, and the current comment upon its present culture and its future prospects as well.

An effort will be made to have the lists as wide in their range as possible, and while most of the selections will be made from books published in the past two or three years which are readily available at bookstores and libraries, older volumes will be suggested when they seem to fit into the general scheme. It is with the hope that the new department may be of help to readers of THE LANDSCAPE in enjoying important and significant books that it is instituted. Its selections are meant to be suggestive, not dogmatic, and letters for or against the lists will be welcomed.

The Current Fiction

One concession the department will make this month to the fact that summer has arrived. Fiction of the moment will be discussed ahead of more serious matters. If I were judging Sinclair Lewis's most recent book solely upon what appeared to me to be its intrinsic merits, I should leave it out of

A Variety of Good Books for Summer Reading

I

AMERICA COMES OF AGE, by André Siegfried (Harcourt, Brace).
THE THREE-CORNERED HAT, by Pedro de Alarcon, translated by Martin Armstrong (Simon and Schuster).
BOY IN THE WIND, by George Dillon (Viking).

II

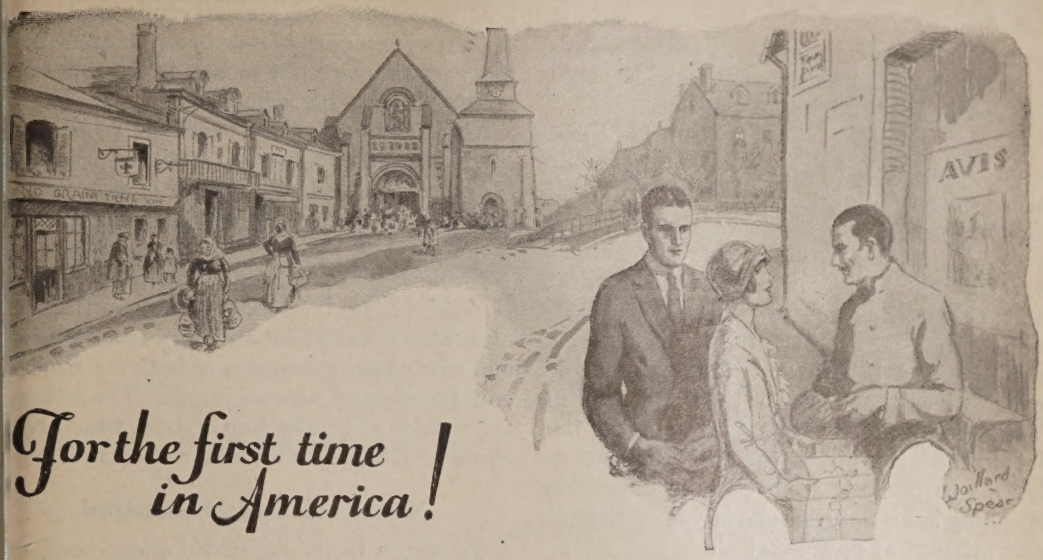
THE TRAVELS OF WILLIAM BARTRAM, edited by Mark Van Doren (Macy-Masius).
DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP, by Willa Cather (Knopf).
THE BRIGHT DOOM, by John Hall Wheelock (Scribner).

III

HAWKERS AND WALKERS IN EARLY AMERICA, by Richardson Wright (Lippincott).
RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER, by Howard W. Odum (Bobbs-Merrill).
TRISTRAM, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. (Macmillan).

IV

OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Samuel E. Morison (Oxford University Press).
MEET MR. MULLINER, by P. G. Wodehouse (Doubleday, Doran).
SEA-DRINKING CITIES, by Josephine Pinckney (Harpers).



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the picture and devote the space to something more worth while. But Mr. Lewis demands to be discussed because of the widespread interest in anything he says or does.

The new book is *The Man Who Knew Coolidge* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), and consists of a collection of monologues by Lowell Schmaltz, who out-Babbitts Babbitt, and succeeds in becoming a great bore after about ten pages. This is caricature of the broadest sort; Schmaltz as a character has two dimensions only, and even the outline is exaggerated beyond belief. The long monologue which gives the book its title appeared in *The American Mercury*, and is the best of the lot; in the latter pieces, the author is so careless as to make it seem that he himself is speaking in his natural tone of voice, without any attempt at disguise at all.

The most tiresome feature of Mr. Lewis's *Elmer Gantry* was its extreme repetitiousness —that, and its bad taste. *The Man Who Knew Coolidge* goes a good deal farther in both respects.

Some other famous names in fiction have done better by us of late. There is, for example, Rose Macaulay's *Daisy and Daphne* (Boni and Liveright, $2.50), which is Miss Macaulay in the mood of *Potterism* and *Told by an Idiot*. This means sharp satire, biting irony, deft craftsmanship and excellent character-drawing. This is as good a novel as the year has produced.

An English Gold-Digger

A certain amount of entertainment is to be derived from G. B. Stern's *Debonair* (Knopf, $2.50), which is the story of an English gold-digger, and which up to about half-way is a book worthy of its author. After that, the slump is rather sharp. The story, too, is a little too determinedly and consciously charming to please the hypercritical, and especially to please the ardent admirers of Miss Stern's best work.

Somewhat the same criticism may be made of Norman Douglas's *In the Beginning*, the first novel from the pen of the author of *South Wind* in a good many years. There was a great to-do about the publication of this book because of the dangers of censorship, but John Day has brought it out in a regular edition at $2.50. It is a slyly humorous story of ancient gods and goddesses, with plenty of satire, and a number of passages that are not meant to be collateral reading for Sunday schools.

Mr. Douglas writes excellent prose and there is much to be said that is favorable about the new work, but it is not within several long bow-shots of his classic, *South Wind*.

Francis Brett Young's *The Key of Life* (Knopf, $2.50), is a long novel by an Englishman whose American audience is increasing, and who writes admirably of both the English countryside and African jungle. The settings are combined in *The Key of Life*, which concerns itself largely with a love affair in Egypt.

New York and Mississippi

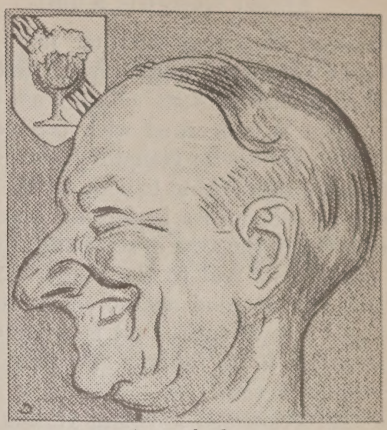
To return to the current domestic output, Stark Young has written a full, rounded and thoroughly interesting novel in *The Torches Flare* (Scribner, $2.50), after flying an experimental kite with his charming *Heaven Trees* of a season or so ago. This novel has for its setting the New York of Greenwich Village and Broadway and a little college town in North Mississippi. It offers all sorts of opportunity for shrewd and witty and understanding comment upon these two contrasting civilizations, which Mr. Young knows well.

The Torches Flare is an engaging book to read because of the brilliance of its writing, but it is a good deal more than entertaining. In fact, this department is inclined to think that American fiction has added a genuinely important name to its rolls since Mr. Young turned from teaching and criticism to the writing of novels.

A wide range of choice is offered elsewhere in the American list. Esther Forbes's second novel, *A Mirror for Witches* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), is an altogether different book from her popular *O Genteel Lady;* it tells the tale of a Breton child whose parents were burned as witches, and who, adopted by a ship's captain, was brought, of all places, to Salem, Massachusetts. There she had full opportunity to develop her Satanic inheritance, and found happiness eventually in the service of the Devil. There is some keen girding at the Puritanical beliefs about witchcraft in Miss Forbes's highly readable book

a debate

of keen political interest is taking place in the June FORUM Magazine



Cartoon by Cesare

Whether or not Al Smith is elected to the presidency at the coming election, it is predicted that an unusual political situation will develop that will deeply affect party politics in this country.

The point at issue is a three-sided one, — *Stanley Frost,* Washington journalist and political writer, opens the debate. *Michael Williams*, Editor of COMMONWEAL, and authoritative spokesman for the Catholics of America, follows him closely. The final word is spoken by *William Bennett Munro*, Professor of Government at Harvard University.

AL SMITH and a Catholic Party

Michael Williams *versus* William B. Munro
Stanley Frost

Buy the June Forum Magazine at the news stand — 40c

About Genghis Khan

Manfred Gottfried, another new comer, has gone rather far afield for his first book, which is *Prelude to Battle* (John Day, $2.50), and which is concerned with the years of Temugin—otherwise Genghis Khan—before the Tatar leader set out to conquer the world. Temugin's difficulties in finding peace in a country full of the woes of state and of women are made very real to the reader, and the novel is full of good characters, bright humor, and shrewd satire. It is a remarkable achievement in its fullness and richness for a novice at fiction.

Several years ago a young Italian immigrant, Louis Forgione, had a novel published called *Reamer Lou* which gave an unforgettably vivid picture of life among the newly-arrived laboring classes, and which disclosed genuine promise in a literary way as well, Mr. Forgione having at that time written a considerable amount of poetry. His second book is *The River Between* (Dutton, $2.50), and has the merit of an unusual situation, in addition to a great deal of excellent writing. *The River Between* is the Hudson, which is a symbol, as well, and the story is concerned with Italian laborers who live on the heights overlooking New York. I feel that Mr. Forgione is a young novelist very much worth knowing about.

Paul Green's Po' Whites

It is a little difficult to classify the first book of fiction by Paul Green, winner of last year's Pulitzer Prize in drama, but *Wide Fields* (McBride, $2.50), is an unusually interesting book whatever its pigeonhole. It is made up of stories, or sketches, of the "po' white trash" around Little Bethel, North Carolina, and in it Mr. Green has done for a neglected class the same sort of service some of his fellow-Southerners have been rendering the negro of late. This is human stuff, every word of it, and done with unfailing sympathy, and often with fine skill as well.

Two recent collections of short stories which I can recommend in all heartiness are Struthers Burt's *They Could Not Sleep* (Scribner, $2), and E. M. Forster's *The Eternal Moment* (Harcourt, Brace, $2). Mr. Burt's first fame was won as a short story writer, and he has not forgotten his cunning since he turned to novels. He has, however, continued writing short stories since he began to do long fiction. There is a sound, agreeable quality of mind in his work that gives it distinction, no matter what his medium. The Forster stories are some earlier ones, of *The Celestial Omnibus* period, and are fantasies. One might have seen in them, as some critics did see in some of Mr. Forster's early work, the genius that was to flower in *A Passage to India.*

Politics and Politicians

All the good Americans who are losing sleep over the existing political situation may have as many books to read on the subject as they think necessary. Several good lives of Governor Alfred E. Smith have appeared in the past year or so, the best, I believe, *Up from City Streets* by Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz (Harcourt, Brace), although the Henry F. Pringle biography (Macy-Masius) is more critical, and almost as comprehensive.

Will Irwin's new biography of Herbert Hoover entitled *Herbert Hoover: A Reminiscent Biography* (Century, $3), is a good deal more than a mere compaign document; it is the intimate story of a man who deserves a biography no matter what fate may await him in the political field.

Also to be read while the political pot is boiling is Meade Minnegerode's *Presidential Years: 1787–1860* (Putnam, $3.50), which gives in Mr. Minnegerode's own vivid style and in quotations from historical documents the picture of our country's politics during such eventful periods as "The New Roof, 1787–1789" to the defeat of Douglas by Lincoln. This book has not the solid historical importance of some of Mr. Minnegerode's other works, but it is thoroughly good reading.

From The Century Company also come William Starr Myer's *The Republican Party: A History*, and Frank R. Kent's *The Democratic Party: A History*, each $5, and each setting forth in full the story of the two parties in a manner that should be satisfactory to their followers. Another important book in this classification is Oscar W. Underwood's *Drifting Sands of Party Politics* (Cen-

STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
for APRIL 1st, 1928

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. Verne Lake, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Willis Fletcher Johnson, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, R. Verne Lake, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION,
By R. VERNE LAKE,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of March, 1928.

JOHN W. SANDSTEDT,
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[SEAL] (My commission expires Mar. 30, 1928.)

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tury, $3.50), in which the former Senator from Alabama discusses such pertinent questions as: Is current legislation representative of the will of the people or merely of active minorities? What was back of the passage of the Sedition Act during the World War? Of the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment? What actual forces control the Government of the United States at the present moment?

A Great Confederate Leader

A number of important and interesting American biographies are at present available, including Allen Tate's *Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier* (Minton, Balch, $3.50), which is an eminently fair and readable book about the life of a man who is generally considered the greatest military genius our country has yet produced. Mr. Tate, who is a Southerner, does not try to gloss over any of the mistakes of Jackson, which has been a fault in some previous biographies, but to show him whole. He found new material relating to the wounding of Jackson by his own men, which resulted in his death, and there is, besides, a definite historical value in a balanced study of Jackson's career. That the young Jackson gave few, if any, signs of his genius is one of the interesting features of the story. He was a shy young man, very tender-hearted, as his purchase of a slave who was being mistreated proved, and had difficulties with his courses at West Point. Mr. Tate has succeeded in making him altogether human, and has still left some of the knightly glamour that surrounds his figure.

Another Southern leader, General Pickett, is the important person in *Soldier of the South* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50), a collection of war letters written to General Pickett's bride, and prepared for publication by the poet, Arthur Crewe Inman. General Pickett married La Salle Corbell after the war had begun, and his letters are full of a romance so strong the hardest fighting could not overcome it.

The Century Company have published *John Stevens: An American Record* by Archibald Douglas Turnbull ($5), which is the life-story in full of the greatest American engineer of the Nineteenth Century. Three years before the *Clermont* made her epochal trip on the Hudson, Stevens had launched steamboats on the same river. He built the first successful steam-locomotive on this continent, invented the screw-propeller, conceived the idea of armored warships, and in addition to many other achievements of his own, fathered three sons who carried on the family tradition.

Lafayette in Two Books

It is remarkable that the present passion for biography has left the Marquis de Lafayette so long neglected, but this season has done what it could to repair the damage by offering two books concerning the life of a gallant gentleman, who has been called "The Father of Four Revolutions." One of these is Henry Dwight Sedgwick's *La Fayette* (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), which attempts to give a picture of the Frenchman from contemporary documents; the other, *Lafayette* by Joseph Delteil (Minton, Balch, $3.50) the author of *Joan of Arc* and *The Poilus* which is an impressionistic, somewhat lyrical study, wholly unconventional as biography, as any one who knows the work of Delteil might suspect. The Sedgwick has the advantage of being a solidly scholarly piece of work, the Delteil of being the more readable. There remains, if I am not mistaken, a place for a portrait-study of Lafayette in the modern manner, but not quite so *ultra* as Delteil's.

An Attack on Columbus

If neither of these two books may be classified as iconoclastic, those readers who like to see popular idols pulverized will find ample satisfaction in Marius André's *Columbus* (Knopf, $5), the jacket of which bears this legend: "Christopher Columbus, Unscrupulous Charlatan and Inspired Poetic Dreamer—A Lesser, a Greater and an Incomparably More Interesting Figure than the Sentimentalized Hero of the World's Schoolbooks." M. André is a Frenchman, and therefore might be expected to be more nearly neutral toward Columbus than a Spaniard or an Italian. He has done much research to back up his contentions. He has Columbus born in Aragon, while other historians make him out Italian, Portuguese, Galician and Catalonian. The next im-

portant book on Columbus, which is now attracting attention in Europe, is a study by Ulloa, the Peruvian historian, who is on the Catalan side of the question. When historians thus fall out, the rest of us have to be content with conventional beliefs, however much we may be interested in the rumpus.

Mrs. Sheridan's Memoirs

The unusual success—and the unexpected merit—of Isadora Duncan's autobiography gives interest to the publication of the story of Clare Sheridan under the title of *Naked Truth* (Harper, $5). I do not mean to compare the two women, for to me, Duncan was a great artist, while at best Mrs. Sheridan is no more than a good journalist, but their stories are parallel in their unconventionalities. Mrs. Sheridan gossips about many people in her book, from Lenin to Lloyd-George, and there is the same zest about her writing there has been about her life. If what she has done seems unimportant, it has at least entertained her in the doing, and it should entertain her readers.

Biographical studies of Thomas Hardy are being brought forth from publishers' stock-rooms and refurbished for current sale. There will be several more on the autumn lists, I believe, but for the present one may have Samuel C. Chew's *Thomas Hardy: Poet and Novelist* (Knopf, $3.50), which is an excellent book in a relatively small compass, and which has a good bibliography. Patrick Braybrooke's *Thomas Hardy and His Philosophy* (Lippincott, $2.50) is another worthwhile volume already available.

Other outstanding recent biographies are J. R. Stirling Tyler's *Cromwell* (Little, Brown, $4), *Nicolo Machiavelli, the Florentine* by Guiseppe Prezzolini, translated by Ralph Roeder (Brentano, $3.50); *Sir Walter Raleigh* by Milton Waldman (Harper, $4), which is in the admirable Golden Hind series; and *Vincent Van Gogh* by Julius Meier-Graefe (Payson and Clarke, $3). This last book is well illustrated and is by the noted biographer of Cézanne, who is also famous as the "discoverer" of El Greco.

Stripes on the Tiger

Among books of a more general nature is J. R. Werner's *Tammany Hall*, which Doubleday, Doran have just published, the price being $5. This is a monumental piece of work, and, naturally, of considerable timeliness at the moment. It purports to be a fair-minded examination of the record of Tammany from all the evidence, but Mr. Werner seems to this reviewer to have forgotten his palette contained anything except various shades of black. The book works out into a savage attack. But what appears to be its lack of balance does not mar its interest.

Another exceptionally interesting book about life in a great city is Herbert Asbury's *The Gangs of New York* (Knopf, $4), which tells the whole tale of gangs and gangsters from the very earliest days of Five Points down to the death of Kid the Dropper. This is a fine piece of historical writing, and as full of interest to any lover of the *picaresque* as any one has the right to ask. It should be read by all who sigh for the good old days—not that bestiality has died out among us at present, but at least we have no women bouncers in our night clubs who knock out obstreperous visitors and then drag them into the streets by the ears, using their teeth to assist the operation. This is what one of Mr. Asbury's heroines was famous for. We have become considerably more subtle, at least.

I think *Tammany Hall* and *The Gangs* belong closer together, and for those whose interest in the rougher aspects of life in New York survives these two doses, Denis Tilden Lynch's *Boss Tweed* might be added to them. Booksellers report that gangsters themselves are buying Mr. Asbury's book, from which they should certainly be able to get useful pointers.

An Arab at Home

It is some distance from Five Points to Arabia, but the reader has his magic carpet with him always, and so I introduce here another interesting book, *The Marsh Arab: Hajji Rikan* (Lippincott, $3), which is a document of Arab life full of fascinating material. None other than Gertrude Bell, now dead, suggested the writing of this book, which was dictated to an English civil officer and his wife, who sign it under the name of "Fulanain", which is Arabic for

"We Two". This book belongs somewhere close to Marmaduke Pickthall's *Oriental Encounters*, W. B. Seabrook's *Adventures in Arabia*, Gertrude Bell's *Letters*, and *Arabia Deserta*. It gives a splendid picture of life as it is lived from day to day in the Arabian lowland.

The New Crime Club

A number of books on crime, historical and imaginary, have appeared in recent weeks, and Doubleday, Doran have organized an editorial board to select the best mystery story of the month for members of the Crime Club, who subscribe to twelve such volumes a year. The first selection was Kay Cleaver Strahan's *The Desert Moon Mystery*, which contains three good murders and a suicide on a Nevada ranch, and which, I am told by experts in such matters, is a first-rate thriller.

The Crime Club also gives its endorsement to Edmund Lester Pearson's *Five Murders*, which sells for $2.50, and which tells the tales of the "Mystery of Tennants Harbor", and "The Man Who Was Too Clever", "The Firm of Patrick and Jones", and "The End of the Borden Case". The last chapter alone makes the book worth while to any one who has lain awake nights trying to solve the famous Borden mystery.

Meet Mr. Tony Beaver

To turn to less grewsome matters, there is a new humorous book out that offers entertainment and also a chance to extend one's knowledge of American folk lore. This is Margaret Prescott Montague's *Up Eel River* (Macmillan, $2.50), which introduces us to Tony Beaver, of the breed of Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, Left-Wing Gordon, John Henry, and other giants of the imagination. Tony Beaver was a lumberman in West Virginia, and he once met Paul Bunyan. There is the same delightful sort of lying in this book that is to be found in the Bunyan stories, and Tony Beaver deserves a place in the growing gallery of native demigods.

From folk-tales to trout fishing is not so long a jump as it might appear. Dutton has recently published a singularly handsome volume on the latter subject, which while it is a little bulky to slip into a creel if one expects to put any fish in there is a delightful fireside companion and offers plenty of wi dom to be used later. This is Charles Southard's *Evolution of Trout and Tro Fishing in America* ($10), and is illustrate with a number of plates in color. M Southard has fished for trout himself mo than half a century. This reviewer is not fly-fisherman, but Mr. Southard's boo afforded a pleasant evening anyway.

All About Dragons

Another unusual book has come from th presses of the enterprising young firm of Pa son and Clarke in *Dragons and Dragon Lo* by Ernest Ingersoll ($3.50). Knowing little of the part the dragon plays in chivalr and in the history of China, one might hav suspected the existence of a good deal material on the subject, but Mr. Ingers has found and used a surprising amount lore.

Admirers of Christopher Morley as an e sayist may now have in one volume mo than a thousand pages of his essays, inclu lng some not before published in book-for Doubleday, Doran offer this bargain, a bargain it is, for Mr. Morley is one of th modern masters of the agreeably discursi essay, and there are weeks of good reading i this fat book.

Other Books Received

ART

Architecture. By *A. L. N. Russell.* New York: E. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

A well illustrated book giving many ideas in form suf ciently simple to be understood by everyone.

Pictures and Painting. By *Margaret H. Bulley.* Ne York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

Another volume in the excellent Simple Guide series.

BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS

Julie de Lespinasse. By *Marquis de Ségur.* Ne York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

The intimate story of a remarkable woman of the Eigh eenth Century whose interests did not die with her ag

Life and I: An Autobiography of Humanity. *Gamaliel Bradford.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co pany. $3.50.

A distinguished biographer writes interestingly problems common to mankind and defends with sk the need for religion.

ıtullus and Horace: Two Poets in Their Environment. By *Professor Tenney Holt.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

charming and informative study of two great Roman ric poets.

Diary of Thomas de Quincey. New York: Payson and Clarke. $6.00.

ated 1803, this is a hitherto unpublished de Quincey anuscript reproduced here in facsimile, with an intro- ıction and notes by Horace A. Eaton, professor of ıglish in Syracuse University.

FICTION

ɔojum. By *Charles Wertenbaker.* New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

ıother novel about the Younger Generation's wild and mewhat tiresome ways, including drinking, swearing, ɔ. This time in and around the University of Virginia.

ight. By *Ann Rice.* New York: Payson and Clarke, Ltd. $2.00.

usual story about usual people in the war and on the ıge, written by a young writer.

ı Garde. By *Samuel Morse.* New York: Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

ɔod "cloak and sword" romance by a new novelist.

ɛggars of the Sea. By *Stephen Elmer Slocum.* New York: Minton, Balch. $2.50.

irring story of the piping times when little Holland ɛed herself from the stranglehold of the Spaniard.

ɛeds and Mud. By *Vicente Blasco Ibanez.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

ıe setting is a picturesque Spanish fishing village in e seaside marsh country near Valencia.

ıe Island Within. By *Ludwig Lewisohn.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

ıe history of a Jewish family from Vilna to America, th a wealth of intelligent comment upon the problem the Jews in contact with alien races and civilizations.

' Man Adam an' His Chillun: Being the Tales They Tell About the Time When the Lord Walked the Earth Like a Natural Man. By *Roark Bradford.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

d Testament stories amusingly retold in negro dialect d with ridiculous variations.

ıe Black Cap: New Stories of Murder and Mystery. Edited by *Cynthia Asquith.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

ı excellent anthology, with tales by fourteen distin- ished English authors.

HISTORY

eakers of the House of Representatives of the United States. By *William Henry Smith.* Baltimore: Simon J. Gaeng.

An instructive book giving much useful information and containing biographies of the Speakers of the House.

Hamiltonian Principles. Edited by *James Truslow Adams.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

The conception of democracy for which Hamilton fought is, after a century of material progress, still in question, still a live hypothesis for citizens of popular government.

Jeffersonian Principles. Edited by *James Truslow Adams.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

A selection from the writings of Thomas Jefferson of those passages which give expression to his more general thoughts on politics, government and the art of living.

American Economic History. By *Walter W. Jennings, Ph.D.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.00.

A scholarly presentation of the subject by the Professor of Economics in the University of Kentucky.

HUMOR

The Facetiæ of Poggio. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

Amusing stories from the Middle Ages of the smoking-car type, printed in the Dutton Broadway Translations.

France Is Full of Frenchmen. By *Lewis Galantiere.* New York: Payson and Clarke. $2.00.

A Frenchman now living in America pokes fun at provincial American business men in Paris on "a mission".

NATURE

Lords of the Wild. By *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.00.

Thrilling stories of a wide variety of wild animals in many strange parts of the world.

The Divine Origin of the Craft of the Herbalist. By *Sir E. A. Wallis Budge.* London: Culpeper House. 5 shillings.

A discussion of the art of healing as derived from growing plants.

My Dog Friends. By *John Burroughs.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

Description of the great naturalist's love for his dogs, in youth, maturity and old age.

POETRY

Songs of Infancy. By *Mary Britton Miller.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Not wholly for juvenile taste, yet occasional poems in this charming collection will appeal to imaginative small folk themselves.

Sedge Fire. By *Ernest G. Moll.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $1.50.

This poet is developing a technique which is worthy of respect, both the sonnet and the lyric taking on dignity and grace.

Without a Fig Leaf. By *Alice McGuigan.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $1.50.

Old themes are infused with freshness and vital force.

The Bells of Italy. By *Grace Gorges.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $1.50.

The poems have charm and artistry of color which make them subtly appealing.

Bluebottles. By *A. Hamilton Gibbs.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Verses out of a soldier's life with all its horror and shame, frustrate actions and unworthy sights.

Outcrop. By *Abbie Huston Evans.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

Edna St. Vincent Millay has written the foreword, pointing out that beauty is here found in very commonplace things.

The Last Enigma. By *Henry Frank.* Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.50.

This is a philosophical poem presenting in allegorical characters a discussion of the meaning of life, the mystery of death and the struggle between realism and idealism.

The Hell-God and Other Poems. By *Louise Morgan Sill.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $2.00.

Among these poems are some which have hitherto appeared in this REVIEW.

Come Forward. By *Robert D. Abrahams.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $1.50.

A follower of Walt Whitman who writes verse with a sting in it.

Sails That Sing. By *Edith Lombard Squires.* New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. $1.50.

The sonnets in this slim volume have a vivid power to hold the attention of the reader.

Fruited Blossoms. By *Alice Riggs Hunt.* New York: Harold Vinal. Ltd. $2.00.

Arranged in sections to correspond with the French revolutionary calendar, this narrative poem gives an entire philosophy of life and human society.

Poems of Giovanni Pascoli. Translated by *Arletta M. Abbott.* New York: $2.00.

Reading this collection of verse, one comprehends why Pascoli is so popular in his native land.

RELIGION

Religio Militis, the Religion of a Soldier. By *Austin Hopkinson.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A British soldier's conclusions about religion, patriotism and the future, including an alarming view of the world menaced by Communism.

The Problem of the Christian State. By *John A. W. Haas.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

To aid in the understanding of the Christian State t volume presents the view of the New Testament, a the ideas of outstanding thinkers in their own wor with a critical appreciation.

In Tune with the Finite. By *Thomas L. Masso* New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

A very helpful book which discusses subjects near to t heart of every one and in a way which appeals to earne seekers after truth in the ordinary affairs of life.

A New God for America. By *Herbert Parrish.* Ne York: The Century Company. $2.00.

A skeptical book which professes to tell of the new religion but does not reveal much to the reader.

Reason and Religion. By *H. Cerf Straus, D.D.* Bo ton: The Stratford Company. $1.00.

Bringing together religion and science is the purpose this treatise.

They Believe. *A Symposium.* New York: The Ce tury Company. $1.25.

Ten people prominent in various walks of life here t of the essence of their religious beliefs.

Justice and Judaism. By *Maxwell Silver.* New Yor The Bloch Publishing Company.

Written by a Jew, this book maintains that justi rather than love should be the controlling motive of t world's actions.

Man and the Supernatural. By *Evelyn Underh* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.0

Here is a beautiful book on religion. It is reverent without being sentimental, authoritative without bei narrowly theological—and well written.

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This popular author raises and answers questions, su as, what to believe about oneself, about the world live in, about the church, immortality, etc.

Adjustment of Law to Life in Rabbinic Literature. *Solomon Zucrow.* Boston: The Straford Compan $1.50.

Can the chasm be bridged which is widening betwe the demands of religion and the call of modern Ameri life?

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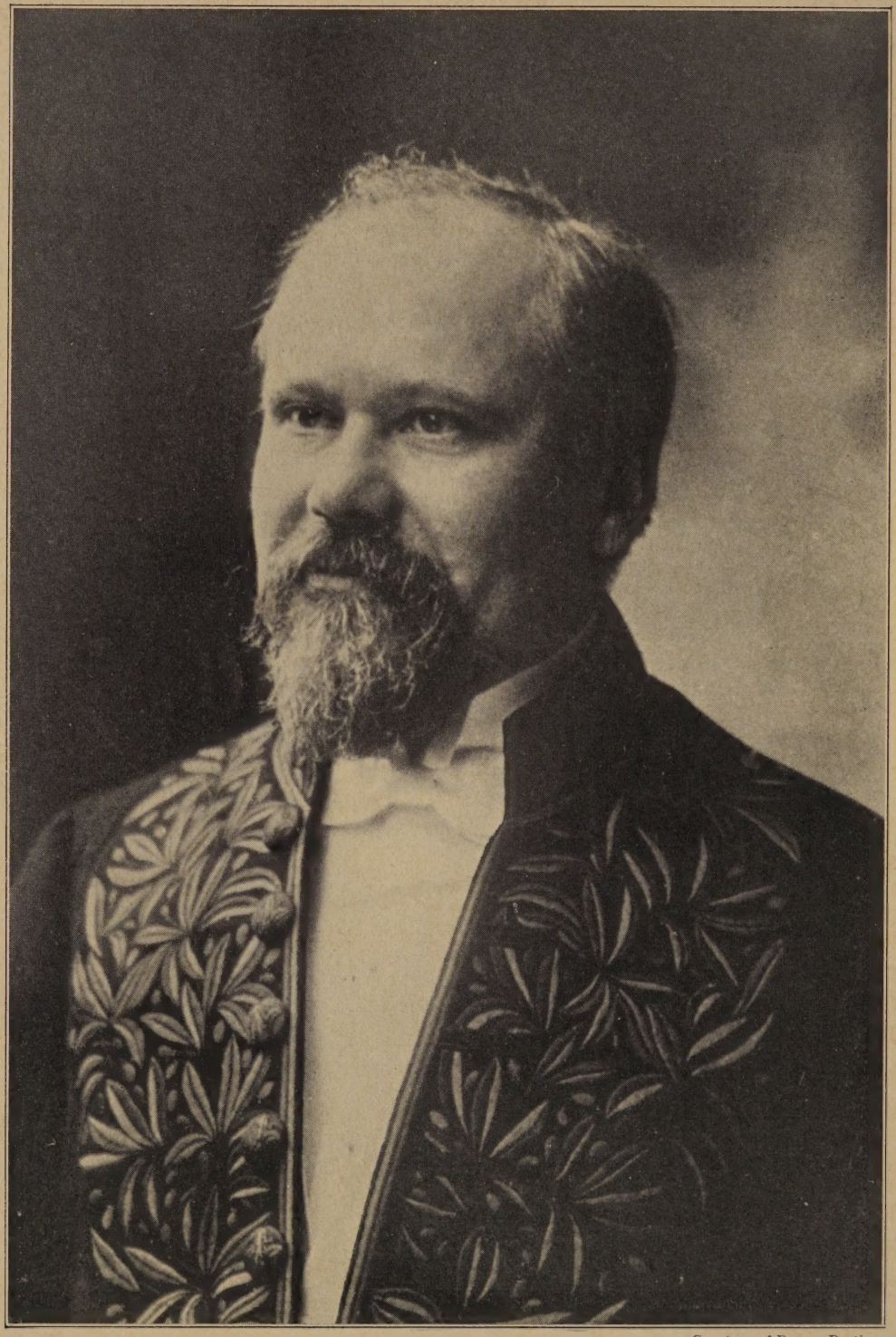

Courtesy of Brown Brothers

POINCARÉ

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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HOUSTON—1928

BY CLARK HOWELL

Editor, *The Atlanta Constitution*

WHAT will be the reaction of the South to the holding of the National Democratic Convention at Houston, in Texas, this year, and what will be the probable results in that convention, are more than academic speculations.

The political planetarium of 1928 is already presenting many novel appositions and oppositions. From a Democratic viewpoint, they are particularly interesting because of a striking recurrence of former and dimly-remembered conjunctions and occultations. A little history will recall them.

The only Democratic National Convention ever held in the South was an abortive one. It convened in the city of Charleston, S. C., on April 23, 1860. From 1832 to 1852, inclusive, all the party's conventions had been held in Baltimore, near to Washington, as an accommodation to the party leaders, most of whom were members of the Congresses sitting at the time of holding the nominating conventions. But in 1856, to please the multiplying Western Democrats, the convention was held in Cincinnati; yet there an Eastern man, Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was nominated for President and elected. Then, in 1860, the growing friction between the Abolitionists in the North and the adherents of the State Sovereignty doctrine—the right of a State

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to the uncontrolled regulation of its domestic institutions, which included slavery—in the South, made it seem highly politic to locate the convention of that year in a Southern State and city. Hence, Charleston, in South Carolina, was selected.

Every State of the thirty-three then in the Union was represented in the Charleston Convention by full delegations, giving to it 303 votes, with 202 necessary to nominate under the two-thirds rule. The permanent chairman was Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, famous jurist and publicist. The sessions continued for ten days and grew in excitements daily. On the seventh day, the platform resolutions were adopted. They were unsatisfactory to many of the Southern delegates and fifty-odd of them withdrew from the convention. These seceders met in another hall, organized a second convention under the chairmanship of Senator James A. Bayard, of Delaware, adopted a platform, and adjourned to meet in Richmond, Virginia, on June 11; but then a further adjournment was made to Baltimore for June 18.

The regular convention proceeded in the mean while at Charleston, with fifty-seven roll-calls for the nomination of a Presidential candidate. Stephen A. Douglas started with 145 votes, but never gained more than six thereafter, and upon the conclusion of the 57th ballot, with no nomination made, the convention adjourned to meet in Baltimore on June 18.

The two factional conventions met in Baltimore on the date named, when the "regulars" nominated Douglas and Johnson and the "seceders" named Breckinridge and Lane—and thus the divided Democracy went to the country and was defeated by the Republican party, whose candidate, Abraham Lincoln, received only 1,866,352 popular votes as against 2,222,671 for the two Democratic candidates. The Southern States voted for Breckinridge, except Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia, which voted for John Bell, Constitutional Unionist. Douglas carried only Missouri and three of the electoral votes of New Jersey.

The impulsive assumption that the location of this year's convention in a Southern State and city is accepted by the Southern Democrats as the final sinking of the sectional enmities which split the Charleston Convention and the party in 1860, is warranted, but is not all-inclusive. Southern Democrats welcome

the decision as a gesture of belated equity, but by no means as an inducement to or reward for their party fealty. In no circumstances, since their restoration to political rights, have the Democrats of the South failed in their allegiance to and support of the principles and fortunes of the party.

It would be the crudest solecism to question the honor and fidelity of the Southern Democrats who surrendered their sectional issues with the surrender of the arms they bore in support of them in the War between the States; who went with unfeigned devotion into the party ranks at the Tammany Hall Convention in 1868; who, at the demand of the Democrats of the North, endorsed Horace Greeley, a former arch-enemy of everything dear to Democrats and to the South, at Baltimore, in 1872; who voted without protest for party platforms declaring opposition to any future reopening of the issues settled by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution, when such platforms were adopted in 1872 and 1876; and who have patiently, for sixty years, gone North and West to accept the policies and candidates preferred by the Democrats of those sections!

Southern Democrats have never needed to be reconciled or placated. Their ostracism functioned from the other wings of the party, and it is they who, by the going to Houston, have accepted reconciliation and consented to justice. Out of that happy conclusion there springs the intense hope that the convention will increase the spirit of concord, and that in it there will occur no controversies so acrid and obstinate as to foment divisions and desertions such as wrecked the convention at Charleston and the party's fortunes in 1860.

Do present conditions within the party give substance to that fascinating hope? There are plentiful auguries against it. The more appealing bet to a sporting spirit would be that the Houston convention will split rather than solidify.

Just now there seems to be forming throughout the country a strong consensus of honorable men and women that will look to the Democrats at Houston to raise a banner promising rigid reforms of governmental wrongs and to present candidates of such stalwart honesty and abilities as will invite their election in November.

The Democratic party is neither moribund nor meaningless. It carries a perpetual mission. It was created to safeguard the landmarks of our American liberties; to preserve the purity of the Government and keep it within the consent and control of the people; and to exemplify to mankind the vigor and virtues of self-government upon democratic representative principles. At no time in our Republic's history have those objectives been more desirable than today.

At Houston, the directors of the party's programme in this electoral year will be confronted with urgent responsibllities. They will have the duty of declaring the political principles and administrative policies with which the party will challenge the confidence and support of the American electorate. It will not be easy for them to segregate from the political confusion of the era those few plain and paramount issues which will appeal most persuasively to honest and progressive minds the Nation over. It will not be easy, either, to reach an early and popular agreement upon the candidates best qualified by character, experience and political vision to champion the programme and insure its realization, if and when endorsed by the people.

Serious divisions of sentiment respecting public issues affect and threaten the harmony of the party. There are irritating factional demands for attitudes to be assumed by the party toward certain persons and certain policies. As in 1860, in the Charleston Convention, omens of irreconcilable oppositions will be present and presage desertions and defeat. Only a phenomenal pressure of wisdom and charity can carry the party through those perils to solidarity of sentiment and concert of action for a common victory. Whether such wisdom and charity are available is a question that can only be answered by the culmination of the convention.

One could not imagine a more bitter irony of fate than for the convention which will assemble at Houston to fall into the footprints of that at Charleston and end in an equally deplorable and defeasible division; but portents to that conclusion will flare in the heavens that arch it.

Cool tempered, conservative and experienced party veterans are heard expressing fears that the political stars in their courses

are fighting against the unity and harmony of the party. Despite the powerful advantages given to the Democrats by the blunders and corruptions of the Republicans, these wise men dread the reopening at Houston of the feuds and sores that defeated the party in 1924. But there are others, and more of them, who believe the party will be sane and strategic enough to embrace its great opportunity without falling into suicidal insanity.

Two issues, charged with acrimony and enmities, threaten the peace and concord of the convention. They arise out of the Prohibition situation, and the revival of a religio-political conflict within the party. Human experience is that the most implacable, unreasonable creature at large is the reformer, whether his *métier* be morals, religion, sociology, politics, or what not. He is "sot in his system" and that bars argument with him. He bulks big in the ranks of the Democratic Party and his consecration is to write a "dry platform" and to defeat the nomination of any person known or suspected to be unfriendly to a drastic Prohibition policy. It is sheer folly to blink the fact that the leading spirits of that faction are strongly disposed to incite their partisans to bolt the action of the Houston Convention should that action be contrary to their demands. In that event, and whether the bolters simply sulked in their tents on election day, or led away a Third Party aggregation of *insurrectos*, the net result could be the certain defeat of the party in the general election. What to do with the Prohibition problem will be a prime puzzle and give serious pause to the party directors assembled at Houston.

The presence of religious prejudice and intolerance in the party conditions is due to the candidacy of Governor Smith, of New York, for the Presidential nomination. His known Romanism in church faith and affiliation has aroused fierce personal antagonism to him in a formidable Protestant contingent of the Democratic party. The major millions of Democrats do not worry themselves over Governor Smith's religion. They rightly consider it as his personal affair and as wholly foreign to his qualifications and availability as a representative Democratic candidate for the Presidency. They adhere to the ancient Democratic principle of absolute religious freedom and tolerance.

But that liberality of the majority does not avoid or annul the menace of such a religionist revolt as the radical Protestant minority could excite and that would unquestionably imperil any chance of party victory in November.

So the most acute question at Houston will probably be, "What shall we do with the fanatics who threaten to bolt the convention unless they are permitted to have their way?" And if they do have their way and defeat the nomination of Smith on the ground of religious intolerance, what is to become of the Democratic vote in the New England and Middle States? Can it be held hereafter?

Unquestionably this vote, largely Roman Catholic, made possible the election of the only two Democratic Presidents we have had since the Civil War—Cleveland and Wilson. If that vote is to be told that it is to be ostracised in the matter of official preferment, and that hereafter "none such need apply", what is to be expected from the element that has for more than half a century been the backbone of Democratic strength in the North? Is it unreasonable to assume that, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, it will be gone—and gone for good? And in that case the party would cease to exist as a national organization.

Assuredly it would be academic, if not actually visionary, now to predicate a split convention coming away from Houston. The Republicans have as many reasons to fear such an outcome from their convention at Kansas City earlier in June. They look up from their strategy maps to see in the smoky air about them the ghosts of the rebels of 1896 and 1912.

The most interesting and important speculation arises from the possibility of formidable splits in both parties and their subsequent reorganizations, with new alignments of voters and with public issues more logically allotted between them.

Assuming that we have now a simulacrum of political conditions such as existed between 1848 and 1856, then the best and happiest things that could result from the election in November would be a recrystallization of the voters in a new Democratic and a new Republican party, neither of them inheriting the sins of their predecessors, neither of them retaining the poison of old sectional prejudices, and neither of them "solid" in the South or

in the North, in the East or in the West. The old "bloody chasm" is filled, the "bloody shirt" buried and rotted, and the bond of national peace and fraternity is enshrined for posterity in the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. Then why not parties that are both equally national?

Voicing with some warrant of authority a sentiment that has been growing in the South for several decades, the writer affirms that the new-born parties above sketched would be welcomed with great favor and warmth by the Southern people.

Politics in the South, monopolized and dominated by the leaders of a single docile and self-serving party, has been devoid for two generations of any acute sense or interest of national or international quality. We have inbred our home patriotism, because, for a long season following the War between the States we figured and felt as "the poor relation" of the richer and more powerful sections of the Union. Our isolation and enforced self-preservation encouraged local oligarchy and enfeebled our strains of statesmanship. The consequences of ring rule and prohibited competition in political matters have been impoverishing to the cultural, social, industrial and progressive interests of the Southern States.

The masses in the South need the awakening and stimulating influence of new and expansive political issues. They would be intellectually and patriotically improved by education in the larger problems of national welfare, and international relations between our country and the peoples of the world.

They need, for instance, to learn intimately their personal interest in issues of tariff, and transportation, and immigration, and power creation and distribution, and conservation of natural resources, and foreign trade as related to a merchant marine and wider markets for American products. General discussion and understanding of such issues for political treatment, both in State and Nation, would easily and soon create a half dozen "doubtful States" below Mason and Dixon's Line and rid the political atmosphere in the South of the war-aftermath slogans and brain-anæsthetics that have stupefied our people and stagnated our statesmanship, once so rich and regnant.

There will come a wonderful uplift of personal and political

independence in any Southern Commonwealth when two strong, reputable, progressive parties shall contend for control of its local governments and determine its part in the national legislation and administration. The wiser and more practical men in Southern enterprises are earnestly hoping to see that new era arrive.

If, then, both Kansas City and Houston should exhibit nose-dives and crashes of the old machines, there will be cheers, rather than tears, among many millions of citizens who will hasten to exchange their old tags of "Republican" and "Democrat". The couple of temporary *tremblors* may shake down a lot of old party shacks hither and yonder, jar loose a lot of political barnacles, and tear open many of the "refuges of lies" from which go forth periodically wild roorbacks to deceive the electorate. The healthful and far-reaching benefits, however, will rejoice sane patriots and rejuvenate the whole American system of popular rule and responsible representative government.

The current sneer that both parties are without cardinal distinctive principles, and that there is no real difference between a Republican and a Democrat, except, that one is "in" and the other is "out", accents a common feeling among the people that national politics is only a gamble for the spoils of power. The party leaders on both sides are responsible for that mordant consensus. They have treated the greater interests of the people with timidity or truculence, and overslaughed them with *ad captandum* appeals to party prejudices, class and racial discontents, and reform pledges that tickled the ear and tricked the hope. No wonder, then, that millions of the plain people look upon many of the party leaders as traders and tub-thumpers.

It demands great human or national issues, and strong men of convictions and vision, to marshal the emotions and consciences of a people so numerous and practical as ours. Newly framed parties with newly accoladed leaders might produce the needed popular revival and resumed marches upon the highway of noble service and national glory!

VODKA, CHIANTI, AND ICEWATER

BY IRVING T. BUSH

It may be a debatable question whether the national beverage is responsible for the characteristics of a people, or the characteristics of a people are responsible for the national beverage; but the fact remains that in the land of vodka, the fiery drink of the Russians, the firing squad still flourishes; in the land of chianti, laws are framed with the spice of what the friends of Italy call "a benevolent Dictatorship"; and in the land of icewater, old-fashioned Democracy pursues the even tenor of its uncertain way. We might even pursue the analogy a little further, and find some relation between the champagne of France and its Government, and the stolidity of the German character and its beer.

At the moment, I am interested only in the experiments of government in Russia, Italy and the United States. Certainly, the Governments of the first two are in an experimental stage, and our own, measured by the ages of history, is still in its incubation period, and is frequently termed "the great experiment in Democracy".

I shall say very little about the land of icewater, for my readers live here, and know all there is to know about it. It is called the "melting pot", which seems to imply a slow simmering down of all the ingredients of national life. When I read of the thousands of laws which are passed at Washington, and of the efforts of Congress through restricted immigration to get just the right mixture, I sometimes wonder if we are not more of a national cocktail with the melting ice of common sense its saving ingredient.

Be that as it may, we have undergone a pretty thorough shaking up from the Democracy which was conceived by the framers of the Constitution. It was their intent to have laws initiated by Congressmen elected by the direct vote of the people, but to place a check upon their sometimes over enthusiastic actions, by re-

quiring the approval of a Senate selected by the various State Legislatures, and a veto power resting in the hands of the Chief Executive presumably chosen by Electors who would meet in solemn and impartial conclave, to determine the best man for that high office.

It was undoubtedly the purpose to safeguard our institutions by providing a representative government with a little more balanced judgment than a Congress representing, as it does, the average of the people.

If a Democracy is a government by the law of averages, it follows that such a government can only be improved as the average intelligence of the people is raised. In a melting pot, or a cocktail, the average of the ingredients is likely to become overheated or too exciting. This the framers of the Constitution apparently recognized, and the checks which they planned were designed to insure a sober second thought by men of superior intelligence.

We have drifted from the course originally laid down for us, and through the adoption of direct primary laws our Senators are chosen in exactly the same manner as our Congressmen, and the Electoral College, instead of being a grave and impartial group of men, who decide after careful deliberation who is the best man to be President, has become a meeting of political dummies who never deliberate at all, but merely go through the form of casting their votes for party candidates.

I am not writing this in criticism of our institutions, but the best mariners sometimes look back just long enough to determine whether they are steering a straight course, and if we take a look at the starting point, it will show that the course which our Ship of State has sailed is not quite the one laid down by the original pilots. It does not follow that it is worse—it may be better, but it is at least different. Human nature is prone to accept promise for performance, and one result of having the Representatives in Congress, the Senators, and the Chief Executive all elected by the people, is that the candidate who pounds the table, and shouts that he stands for high wages and low taxes, is very likely to be elected, and the one who runs upon a platform of a sane recognition of economic laws, finds that his appeal to popular favor

produces the same chill as the national beverage. He is usually sent back home to think it over.

The crowned heads of the world are now wearing more ordinary headgear. A hundred years ago, the people of the world were kissing the hands of their sovereigns to save their heads. Today, the few remaining royalties spend much of their time kissing the boots of their people, to save their thrones. It is the day of Democracy—either real, or imitation—mostly camouflaged. Real government by the people is yet a little difficult to locate, and many so-called democracies are, when it comes down to brass tacks, governed by uncrowned kings who hide behind a stuffed figure dressed in the homespun of Democracy.

I am something of a realist, and believe that a spade is a good name for a spade. If a nation can have a successful Democracy, by all means let us have it, but if a king is necessary, why not take the royal robes out of camphor, and set him up on his throne, where his loving subjects can keep an eye upon him, and chop his head off, if he proves to be the wrong kind of king?

There are a number of forms of Democracy, nearly all good in theory. The trouble seems to be with the practice, and we might as well recognize at the very beginning that if a Democracy is a government by the people, you cannot practice a very intelligent government unless you have an intelligent people. Intelligence is usually the product of education, and it follows that the cornerstone of a successful Democracy must be an educated citizenship. If you will take a look over the world, you will be surprised to see how few of the nations which are ostensibly democracies have a standard of education capable of supporting such a form of government. This explains the recent crop of Dictators, and emphasizes the wisdom of the gentlemen in Congress, who remarked to President Wilson that the thing to do was to make Democracy safe for the world, before attempting to make the world safe for Democracy.

The only apparent way in which you can make the world safe for Democracy is by educating its inhabitants to a point where they can safely govern themselves. This takes time, a lot of it. It may be possible, on the other hand, to make Democracy safe for the world by providing a sufficient number of checks to safe-

guard the will even of educated people. This, in theory, is what they attempted to do in Russia, when they adopted the Soviet form of government, and, if we may believe his friends, it is what Mr. Mussolini is endeavoring to accomplish in Italy.

We will take Russia as the first example. The theory of a Soviet government is admirable—particularly for a people like the great mass of Russians, who have received little education. I am even inclined to think it is a theory which, if properly applied, has many advantages over our own system of government. It has nothing to do with Communism. The whole trouble in Russia is due to the fact that the Communist party has not permitted the Soviet form of government to function. Even a good theory is not of much use if it is not applied, and the trouble with the Soviet Government in Russia is that it has been twisted out of its democratic form, and has become an Autocracy of mass which is even more dangerous than an Autocracy of class. A properly organized Soviet government is merely a democracy built in the form of a pyramid. The man in a small community has only to vote for the members of his local Soviet or Town Council. Even with an uneducated people, the average man is quite capable of saying whether he wants John Smith or John Brown to be a member of the body which will preside over the destinies of his home town.

The next step is to have the local Soviets, which form the base of the pyramid, select a few of their members, to form the next higher Soviet, or the second tier in the pyramid, and by the same method a process of filtration is supposed to carry the best intelligence of all of the Soviets to the apex of the pyramid.

This form of Democracy apparently recognizes that the uneducated man at the bottom, whether he lives in a small town or a big city, is not capable of passing upon the qualifications necessary for the man at the apex, who must deal with economic and foreign problems beyond the understanding of the ordinary citizen. It is an attempt to create a government by the people, through representatives having a higher intelligence than the average of the people.

An illustration of the folly of submitting to the vote of the people questions beyond their comprehension can be found in the

frequent amendments to our State Constitutions, upon which all voters are asked to express their opinion. The average voter never reads the amendments, and would not understand them if he did. The result is a matter of common knowledge.

As I have said, the difficulty in Russia is not with the theory of Soviet government, but lies in the fact that it is not permitted to function. In the beginning, the pyramid was narrow at the base, because only the members of the Communist party were permitted to vote, and the apex consisted of a self-imposed group of Communist leaders who were trying to hang on to the point. Recently they have been endeavoring to shove each other off, and some of them have slipped so badly that the apex is crumbling. At the same time, the base of the pyramid has recently been broadened by permitting more of the Russians to vote, including some of the peasants. When the privilege of voting was first extended, those who were given the franchise were told they could express their will, but at the same time they were informed what their will must be. The result was the establishment of a party government with a vengeance. Only one party is in power, and vengeance is exercised against anyone who opposes it.

I am not endeavoring to point out any perfection in the Government of Russia, but merely to explain that in theory it is just another kind of Democracy, which has some advantages over our own. I do this, because we have been told so often that our own form of government is the most perfect in the world, that we are inclined to think any form of Democracy which differs from it, even in detail, cannot be good. We *have* the best Government in the world, with all its faults, but this does not alter the fact that other theories of Democracy may be as good as our own, and perhaps better, if they were directed as intelligently.

Our success in government has not been due entirely to the theory which underlies it, but has been partly due to the educated human material which has directed it. Without a good theory, we could not have made headway, but it is fair to recognize that those who formed our theory of government were dealing with relatively simple problems, and could not foresee the complications of the industrial civilization which has been created. We have also tampered with their work, by removing some of the

checks which they established as safeguards. Our progress has been the marvel of our century, and we may well be satisfied with it, but isn't it worth while to keep a weather eye on what others are trying to do, and not be too critical of their plans, because they differ a little from our own?

The next interesting experiment is being carried on in the land of chianti, under Mussolini.

Mussolini has done many things which the world criticizes, and it is popular just now to consign him to perdition as an enemy of Democracy. It is too early yet to say just what he is. Either he is the greatest man of his generation, or just another Dictator. Most of his critics claim he is the latter, but I am content to wait until time has demonstrated just what he will do, before I form judgment.

The world gives him credit for having brought his country back from the abyss of Socialism, to work and reality. This has been a real accomplishment and, measured by prosperity alone, Italy under Mussolini is better off than for several generations past. Mussolini has accomplished his result by unusual methods. There has been a little bit of the cocked hat and military pose about the way he has done things, and many do not like it. Perhaps it has been necessary, in order to stimulate the Italian character. I do not know, but I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, until time gives a more certain answer.

He has said that Italy is too poor to afford an old-fashioned Democratic Government, that it must have one of ordered efficiency, without the costly floundering which so frequently is the result of public will expressed through an average Congress.

I asked him in 1923, what I should tell the American people from him. He snapped back: "Tell them I am not a despot—that I will restore free government to Italy, and that Italy will pay its debt to America." The payment of the debt has begun, and Mussolini has announced that he intends the opening of an Italian Parliament in 1928.

The despot proposition is still on the fence, so far as an outsider can determine. A man must be judged by both his accomplishment and his purpose. There can be no question that Mussolini has accomplished much for Italy. His purpose is yet unknown,

and perhaps misunderstood. I will give it to you from the mouth of one of his intimate friends, with whom I talked in Italy, only a few months ago.

He said: "We know Mussolini has been criticized for the drastic remedies which he has applied to the ills of Italy, but in order to be just, you must see the situation as he saw it, when he came into power. You can then decide for yourself what you would have done under the same circumstances. At that time, the people of Italy were not working. There was discontent everywhere. Politicians were corrupt, and the Italian newspapers lived upon blackmail. Mussolini saw the tremendous change it was necessary to bring about, and knew that it must be accomplished within the span of his single life. He knew the danger of his assassination, and that his natural life might be much longer were it not for that danger. He therefore determined it was necessary to take steps which would seem harsh. He knew he could hope to accomplish his purpose only through the application of drastic time saving remedies. That is the reason, and that is the excuse for many of the things which he has done: things which he would not have done, if the situation had been less urgent."

It is not a nice story,—this tale of social unrest, corruption and blackmailing,—but I give it to you as it was told to me in Italy, by a man who knows Mussolini.

He then said that it is Mussolini's purpose to hand back the Government of Italy to a Parliament representing the people, but he knows that such a Parliament, if it is to give good government, must be composed of men having higher education and intelligence than an average of the Italian people. He is seeking a Parliament of superior men not responsible to mere voters moved by tricks of oratory and the passions of a political campaign. He seeks to base his Parliament upon the theory of Guild representation. He will have it composed of men representing the various vocations, trades and professions of his country. He thinks, so chosen, they will be outstanding men selected by the Guilds to represent their interests, because they have achieved position in the ranks of their fellow workers. He hopes that they will not be able to talk themselves into Parliament, but must work them-

selves in by climbing the ladder of success in their chosen vocation. Here again we see that Mussolini is endeavoring to safeguard the weakness of a Government by representatives chosen by the direct vote of the people. In a different way he is aiming for the goal sought by the framers of our Constitution.

If Mussolini's life is cut short, the world will never know what he might have accomplished. If he lives, and carries into being the programme which his friend has outlined, he will write upon the pages of history the record of one of the great men of all time.

Isn't it fair to suspend judgment, until we know whether he does the things which his friend says he will do, or whether he is tempted by the lure of power, and proves himself a despot?

In the mean time, it is interesting to note that these struggles towards different kinds of Democracy, in three countries, meet the same difficulty. It is how to get representatives of the people elected who will be so much above the average of the people that the laws which they enact will be safe for the people who elect them.

In Russia, the process of evolution goes on. The pyramid is broadening at the base, and it seems certain that Communism will in time be succeeded by Democracy. Evolution is a slow progress. A generation may pass before this is accomplished. A generation is a moment in the lifetime of a nation. There are three hundred years of despotism under the Czars to be lived down and forgotten.

In Italy, the result will be known much more quickly. In the United States, we have based our Democracy upon an educated citizenship, and the standard of mass education is steadily advanced. This is a safe foundation, and even though we may have weakened our Government, by departing from the principles of the framers of the Constitution, we have strengthened it in other ways, and are on the road to a prosperous future.

Let us be content with our own purpose, but understand others who seek the same end along a slightly different road.

THE SPHINX BROTHERS

BY LELAND STOWE

EVER since that August day in 1923, when his name flashed across the newspaper headlines of the world, Calvin Coolidge has been regarded as the political Sphinx of the United States. There have been actions and some words, particularly one phrase, to lend justification to this appellation.

France also has her political Sphinx. If anything he is more of a conundrum and more of an antithesis to the average Frenchman in public affairs, than even the President is in American politics. For Raymond Poincaré, in more than forty years of public office, has always been the man who defied precedent and strict party lines. At one and the same time he is the most un-French and yet the most super-French of all French statesmen of today. Un-French in characteristics; super-French where national security and honor are concerned. He is the great animated riddle whom no contemporary political mind has been swift enough or keen enough completely to unravel, even as Mr. Coolidge has been the much talked-of riddle in the present political life of the United States.

Unless one studies the two men carefully, however, their remarkable kinship in many important respects does not become fully evident. Perhaps for that reason it has seldom, if ever, been portrayed except in fleeting similes. And yet the parallel between M. Poincaré and President Coolidge is a great one—and one of diverse phases.

Mr. Coolidge is admittedly the strongest man, politically, in America today. M. Poincaré is the same man in France's much more complicated political scheme. By the nature of things it is only since the financier-lawyer from Lorraine again assumed the Premiership and national helm in July, 1926, that their common attributes have become increasingly significant and striking. Amid the din of post-war confusion appeared these two men who

might be called the Sphinx Brothers of the Sister Republics (if a Sphinx may presumably be masculine!).

They have been extremely like in their policies; closely related in their national methods; happily similar in results obtained. In the matter and manner of governmental direction their programmes have paralleled each other with more than chance frequency.

Mr. Coolidge has always insisted on economy; hewing to the thin line of Government necessities. So has M. Poincaré. Mr. Coolidge has descried the need of the Government's internal organization and efficiency. M. Poincaré has also. Mr. Coolidge has warned against the danger of heedlessly running up public expenditures. His French counterpart has been, in this respect, even more uncompromising.

From the first, Mr. Coolidge has demanded national budgets safely balanced. M. Poincaré has secured the adoption of two balanced budgets under the most adverse and discouraging financial conditions in the world. Incidentally, they are the only budgets the French Republic has been able to balance since the war. Mr. Coolidge has said reasonably little and "sawed wood". M. Poincaré has said considerably more—and sawed a great deal more wood; partly because national exigencies made it imperative, but partly because M. Poincaré's hardy outlook on life made him look at everything only in terms of results obtained.

Their political and administrative habits, then, reveal much in common. Yet these kindred traits are both emphasized and exceeded by the similarity of their personal habits. To list the most outstanding habits of one is to list those of the other.

M. Poincaré does not drink alcoholics, not even wine; which marks him, in all probability, as the only Premier France ever had who did not appreciate and patronize his native land's liquid glories. Nor does he smoke. It is hardly necessary to mention the President as a temperance man, while his sole indulgence in tobacco is an occasional cigar. Neither has any hobbies in sports. Mr. Coolidge once attended a world series baseball game, when the home town Washington club was competing, but it was more of an official duty than a pleasure. The Lorrainer never follows any kind of sports. They do not interest him.

His only recreation he finds in morning calisthenics and walking. Both he and Mr. Coolidge are formidable men to match strides with, while whatever sparse conversation they exchanged (if ever they should walk together) would be equally caustic.

The President is fifty-six, about an average age for the American Chief Executive. M. Poincaré is nearing sixty-nine, an age when most American statesmen have long since retired, or at least are serenely pensioned on the Supreme Court bench. There is nothing serene nor pensioned about the life of the French Premier. His is one of the most intensely active, relentlessly energetic careers in any nation's public life today. If Mussolini's is a one-man Government, it is at least certain that Il Duce cannot work harder nor longer than the financial dictator of France.

Although on the verge of three-score years and ten, M. Poincaré rises daily at six A.M. and rarely retires before midnight. Fifteen or more hours of work a day are his regular allotment, and he will not tolerate less. He is just as thrifty with minutes as he is with francs—and in both cases, always for the benefit of the Government. Here again he is the Frenchman who is not French for Poincarian efficiency is nothing less than one hundred per cent. He has system, order, tremendous application, almost no temperament and virtually no sentiment. Yet none of these characteristics is notably French. As for his unslackened vigor, that is purely his own.

Just as the President shuns society and social functions, M. Poincaré has an aversion to them. He is out of place; has no time for pleasantries or idle talk. They annoy him. He finds more enjoyment in a quiet evening at home—which he probably spends poring over reports and financial data. The theatre likewise has no lure for him, and he attends only when official niceties demand it. Like the Vermonter, he is an old-fashioned, rigidly conscientious man, content with modest pleasures and the simple things of life. However far and high their careers have carried them, Poincaré and Coolidge still belong much more to Lorraine and Vermont than to Paris and Washington.

This fact is easily explainable, for the two men have like foundations from which they could never entirely grow away. Both were born in farming countries. Both grew up, one in the

Vermont foothills, the other among the stubbornly fruitful Lorraine slopes, with the boyhood knowledge that even a fair livelihood can be gained only by hard, persistent effort. Both came of forbears to whom frugality and honesty were first principles. Both came of what we like to call the common people.

Seeing Raymond Poincaré in his boyhood home, doing his share of family chores before and after school hours, one would no more have pictured him as the future financial savior of France than the Plymouth, Vermont, farmers of forty-odd years ago saw in young "Cal" Coolidge the future President of the United States. Yet he who speaks today of American Government speaks first of Calvin Coolidge. He who speaks of French Government and France's recovery first mentions that curious anomaly of French politics, Raymond Poincaré. Each has come up from rude beginnings. Each has refused to bend his homely conceptions of life to political and social patterns. Each has let others court popularity while he courted the job at hand.

And that brings us to perhaps the most outstanding similarity of all between Coolidge of the United States and Poincaré of France. Mr. Coolidge could never be conceived as a popular figure. He has as much mass attraction in his appearance, his actions and voice as Deacon Harbury of Plymouth, Vt. He has as little "crowd personality" as any President of the United States probably ever had.

M. Poincaré is equally delinquent in popular glamor. He has no human touch. He is a practical, hard-headed, eternally conscientious man. His pulse beat has never bothered him any more than Mr. Coolidge's has. He lacks the qualities of an instinctive leader. Even today, when the French people realize that they owe him more than any other living Frenchman, with the possible exceptions of Foch and Clemenceau, the Premier is as bereft of popular appeal as a sapling is of leaves in January. His associates in the Cabinet respect him very highly. But few of them like him—save as liking is temporarily aroused by the results absolutely essential to France's welfare which he has accomplished.

At no time was M. Poincaré's spiritual incapacity to stir the emotions of other men more glaringly demonstrated than during

the most gloomy days of the war. As President of the Republic it was his duty to visit the trenches. The *poilus*, they thought, would gain new enthusiasm, be spurred to greater effort, if Monsieur le President greeted them in their mud-soaked dugouts. Prompted by his love of military discipline, the President had a special cap and uniform made for him, which resembled more than anything else a chauffeur's outfit. He toured the front, talked with men in the trenches, went to the bedside of wounded and dying men in the hospitals. He tried, very sincerely, to make these men who were giving most for France feel how much he realized what their battles meant. But he failed. Always after Poincaré departed the soldiers were disappointed and disillusioned. That is how they came to call him *une pelote d'épingles* (a pin-cushion). The matter-of-fact, unromantic Lorraine ancestry of Raymond Poincaré had bred into him hardly a spark of what Theodore Roosevelt and Georges Clemenceau had in such abundance.

Perhaps there is a degree or two more of the human touch in Calvin Coolidge. But if so, there are only a few friends who have been privileged to see that side of him. Would Coolidge, or Wilson, either, have been much more of a success had it been their lot to visit the American doughboys in the front lines?

There is also the similarity of point of view, in way of thinking. Like Mr. Coolidge, M. Poincaré began his career as a small town lawyer. Like Mr. Coolidge, also, he advanced in political power because of homely virtues—inherent honesty, constant application, conscientious fulfilment of every task.

M. Poincaré's honesty is impeccable. No one in France would even think of questioning it. When he left the Elysée Palace after the war, he was much poorer than when he became President. In addition, his country home in Sempigny had been destroyed by the Germans. Eventually rehabilitation funds enabled devastated villages to be rebuilt, but for a long time M. Poincaré refused to ask the State for funds to rebuild his home. His house was the last to be reconstructed. The ex-President waited until every peasant's cottage had been restored.

No French public official has served France longer, yet sought less recompense and received less recompense, than M. Poincaré.

While he was Premier and Foreign Minister after the war he would never touch the special expense drawing account of the Quai d'Orsay, even when he entertained foreign guests. Guests were numerous in those days, but M. Poincaré spent all his private funds, and sold several farms which he owned in Normandy. Then when he left the Foreign Office his successor, M. Herriot, benefited by a sum of 14,000,000 francs which M. Poincaré had saved.

On one occasion when M. Poincaré was Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, employees of the Quai d'Orsay passed about from one to the other an invoice which became renowned as an official curiosity. It was a bill presented by a plumber for some minor repairs, and amounted to forty-seven francs. It had already been approved by sub-officials. But the Premier is a man who insists upon passing judgment on every item in his department. He had examined the plumber's bill, crossed out the forty-seven francs as too high, and written in forty-two francs fifty centimes as the amount to be paid. Saving netted to the State—four francs fifty centimes!

These are examples of the unswerving integrity and straight-hewn legal frame of mind which are pronounced in the man from Lorraine. In France he is often spoken of as "Legal Poincaré"; and with abundant reason. He has always insisted upon the rigid interpretation of the Versailles Treaty—nothing short of "to the letter". During the financial crisis he battled fiercely against any experimental innovations or radical departures. Conservative economics, hard common sense, was his warcry. He rasped out his briefs so convincingly that the Deputies were forced to join the Poincarian parliamentary sheepfold. Frequently many of them wanted to jump fences, but no one has yet dared make the first leap. Beyond his demand for logical legislation, there is no sterner foe of Communism and Bolshevism in France than Poincaré, the born disciple of law and order.

To his legal mind is closely allied his spirit of cautious conservatism. Some critics have said that this quality actually approaches intellectual timidity. If he has not been timid, at least he has often been exceedingly prudent. For months he has been that very thing about stabilizing the franc. Some have said

it was because he believed the country's economic situation required that he should wait; others, that he was afraid to take the decisive step and fix, once and for all, the franc's value so far below its former standard. There is no question that the Premier has harbored the secret hope of finding some means of further revalorizing the franc. As a result he has been the most non-committal man in France regarding stabilization.

Throughout his nearly five years in the Presidency, Calvin Coolidge has been equally conservative. He has never taken a hasty decision. He has seldom, if ever, betrayed his own immediate opinion. He has always taken refuge in time to confer and opportunity to sound out the ground. Was it always that the President had his own solution but wished to bolster it with other peoples' ideas? Or was it sometimes that he, too, was stricken with intellectual timidity over which he drew the opportune cloak of New England conservatism?

Unquestionably, it is this native conservatism, native in New England and native equally in Lorraine, which has built up the tradition of "Silent Cal" for the one and of the Sphinx of Lorraine for the other. But the Yankee achieved this illusion because he would not speak unless he wanted to and because he had the natural instinct to hit upon epigrammatic phrases not quickly to be deciphered when he did speak; whereas the Lorrainer has moved in a Sphinxian mist because, whatever he might say, he could always make people wonder what he was thinking and planning.

There is this in common: Both have mastered the art of knowing how not to commit themselves; at least, not until it is convenient for them to do so. President Coolidge's "I do not choose to run" was a perfect example of the White House Sphinx breaking silence. M. Poincaré's recent speech in the French Chamber during the financial debate, when he warded off the Left's demands for immediate stabilization by failing to tell them how, when or at what figure he proposed to stabilize the franc, was another. The riddle is there in both cases. And in both countries people are still debating as to just what those statements did mean. It should be noted, likewise, that the net result in both cases is that Coolidge and Poincaré enjoy the advantage of having the Opposition in suspense before the elections.

It is one thing to call Mr. Coolidge a political Sphinx, another to apply the full term to M. Poincaré. There have been numerous occasions when newspapermen and Democrats—and probably a good percentage of Republicans—have asked themselves whether the President was simply naïve or whether, after all, his native Yankee shrewdness was not outmanœuvering the other politicians at their own game. Whatever the explanation, it is noteworthy that it was almost invariably the Opposition which was left holding the bag.

M. Poincaré has never attained this same political finesse. He came to power when he was the only man who could do the job at hand. He could not ingratiate himself with half a dozen different parties with conflicting programmes (a far more difficult task than under a two-party system) and at the same time maintain his own beliefs. Nor did he need to do so, since his opponents had no choice but to follow him. Therefore, when an issue was concerned, he has often been headstrong and careless of whom he hurt.

As for electioneering, he is as poor an electioneer as any public official in France. For this reason alone he went down before the *Cartel des Gauches* in 1924. The chief difference between the men in this respect seems to be that M. Poincaré bows to political expediency when it is necessary, but he does not betray the politician's way of thinking. If he makes a purely political speech, it lacks the Coolidgian subtlety. He out-works and out-drives the politicians, but he does not out-think them as Mr. Coolidge does.

What has been M. Poincaré's attitude concerning the foreign affairs of France? Almost invariably he has been definite, without generalities. He was definite about occupying the Ruhr, and did so. He is definite about France's need of security against Germany and about payment of reparations. He is even as definite as any French statesman can be about the war debts; France will stand by her obligations and pay every franc that she can. M. Poincaré has not the imagination nor the disposition to indulge in platitudes.

On domestic questions the Premier may not always commit himself. Certainly not, if he believes that the end he has in view will in any wise be jeopardized thereby. But when he takes the

rostrum to defend his Government, he hews to a conclusion and piles up the facts, figure upon figure, to support that conclusion. When he talks he inevitably says something—a fact which his enemies long ago learned to be too true.

M. Poincaré may therefore be called the talkative Sphinx, yet a Sphinx constitutionally wedded to logic and sound reasoning. As between Coolidge and Poincaré, here is the anomaly; the Sphinx who creates the illusion of silence, contrasted with the Sphinx who speaks so concisely and so well that few French Parliamentarians can hope to stand against him.

And this leads, inevitably, to one of the chief reasons for M. Poincaré's brilliant achievements—his amazing memory. There is not a man in France today, and very probably not a statesman in any European Chancellery, who is gifted with his uncanny retentive powers.

Only a few weeks ago Poincaré addressed the Chamber for three and one-half hours in defense of his financial policy, quoting figures and statistics with characteristic ease and surety but without once referring to notes. He has been known to address newspapermen for two hours regarding a book he was about to publish. Some of them had with them advance copies of several chapters which they followed as he spoke. The Lorrainer recited off in steady nasals chapter after chapter without changing a sentence or a word.

On another occasion, when a special copy of a next day's speech failed to reach the editor of *Le Matin*, M. Poincaré sat down and fiercely penned a new copy without notes or references of any kind. Later, the original copy turned up and *Le Matin's* editor, comparing them out of curiosity as to how accurate the author's memory might prove on this occasion, was astonished to find the two versions exact duplicates; even to corrected phrases which the Premier had substituted in the first.

M. Poincaré reads with terrific speed and writes so fast, his pen fairly racing from line to line, that he does not employ a shorthand stenographer and has no use for one. As he writes his speeches they are inscribed in his memory at the same time. Nor is there anything more dangerous than to test his memory by criticizing his facts, for his accuracy is beyond reproach.

A British correspondent gives this graphic illustration of M. Poincaré's mental assimilation:

> On the second day of his conference with Bonar Law in January, 1923, the conference which preceded the French entry into the Ruhr, M. Poincaré received his experts at 2.30 P.M. They read him their comment on the Bonar Law plan. When they left twenty minutes later M. Poincaré sat down and wrote several letters. At 3 o'clock he was in the conference room where he delivered a speech which contained practically the whole of the long report in the actual words and figures of the document.

Recently I had occasion to ask M. Poincaré for the explanation of his remarkable memory. His reply was: "It is only hard work. I am convinced that a very good memory is more a matter of continuous hard work than of mental gifts or original aptitude."

It would be useless to attempt a comparison in respect to M. Poincaré's well-nigh infallible memory with any American official. In fact, it is perfectly safe to say there is no American politician in the United States today who could hope to rival M. Poincaré's mastery of facts, figures and phrase. That is a large part of the unique power of Raymond Poincaré.

Perhaps it is here that the French Premier begins noticeably to outstrip the majority of European statesmen today. Even his enemies grudgingly admit his outstanding ability. As an orator, M. Poincaré is a master of the art. It has been said of him that "no man ever speaks with greater authority, none ever displays more tireless energy in preparing a case". After that, with superb logic, with a wealth of facts and with rare lucidity, M. Poincaré sweeps the Opposition's feet from under it.

But beyond that, in every phase of public life into which he has entered,—which includes official and intimate connection with the majority of the Government's departments,—M. Poincaré has demonstrated his unusual ability conclusively. Incessant work, constant application, mastery of details: these are factors which have placed him today, at sixty-eight, in the position of the most efficient and most valuable public servant in France.

Time and again he has proved himself; never more so than during the past twenty-odd months when he brought the French Treasury from the chaotic depths of but $1,000,000 in resources up to a reserve in foreign currencies alone of more than $1,000,-

000,000, and the franc up to twice its value at the moment he assumed office. It is sufficient to say that the Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury describes it as "one of the most astonishing chapters in the history of finance".

President Coolidge has never been confronted with any such terrific and apparently hopeless situations as those with which M. Poincaré has wrestled and won. It is exceedingly difficult to put one's finger on just how much he has done and how much someone else has done, but it is not necessary to attempt it here. Even as things are, the striking parallel between the two men goes much farther and is much more real than the casual citizen probably has ever dreamed. Each remains the official Sphinx of his native land.

Sprung from kindred soil; bred with kindred precepts of sobriety, unflinching labor and honesty; schooled in the same modest school of the small town lawyer; touched with the same cool, conservative outlook on life; adamant alike to popular acclaim, and constitutionally unfitted for wide popular appeal, Poincaré and Coolidge are the present-day glaring exceptions to all the rules of political success.

Ostensibly they are political misfits. By all the accepted deductions they should never have arrived where they are today. They are not men with whom party leaders are accustomed to traffic. As vote-getters they have no surface charms. Therein lies the mystery. The Sphinx Brothers of France and America get the votes. In the face of all political traditions, each is the strongest political force in his country today.

After that it is only necessary to say that the quality of the Sphinx remains. No one in America has yet satisfactorily explained Calvin Coolidge. No one in France has pierced the baffling exterior nor penetrated the unexpressed behind the bright steely glint in Raymond Poincaré's eyes.

It may be that homely virtues and a man's unalterable determination to be nothing but himself have, in 1928, more appeal to the man in the street than silvery-tongued oratory, pre-election promises and the antics of a demagogue.

MAKING A SUPER-PORT

BY GEORGE S. SILZER

Chairman, Port of New York Authority

TOPSY "just growed up". And that is what has happened to the City of New York and the two hundred municipalities constituting the Port of New York district. From the time when the Dutch settled Manhattan Island until the present, when the Island is filled to capacity and the City stretches out to Westchester County, Long Island and New Jersey, there has been growth and development. But it has merely "growed". Each movement has been a further step in the expansion of population and business, without definite plan or aim.

If our forefathers could have planned for the Port District of New York, no doubt they would have devised something in anticipation of the tremendous growth that has since taken place; but it is not in the nature of things for men to do this. The usual method is to wait until the demand is pressing; and nothing is done so long as sufficient territory remains to lay out additional cities and towns.

Public bodies do not look far into the future. They have present plans before them and are under pressure to keep the tax rate down. This is true not only of municipal agencies but also in most instances of individuals as well. There are comparatively few pioneers or men of vision. James J. Hill did, indeed, see the possibilities of a continent, but there are few James J. Hills. Only a handful of men saw the necessity for the creation of a Port District for New York. Fewer still were they who could impress their views upon the public.

The result of the failure to plan in advance is that in the more or less haphazard way in which cities grow, many things are still left unprovided. If New York City could do its planning now, it certainly is doubtful if it would use the original cow paths as layouts for streets. Another added factor of difficulty at

the Port of New York is the extraordinary and rapid growth of the district, which is quite unprecedented.

It is the unusual which dramatizes and forces our attention upon those things which we should have visualized. This was the case with conditions in the Port District. In 1916, the State of New Jersey, acting upon the impulse of the municipalities on the western bank of the Hudson River, started an action before the Interstate Commerce Commission. At that time the freight rates for shippers on the eastern side of the harbor were the same as those on the western bank. New Jersey claimed that since the rails ended in New Jersey, the railroad rate for New Jersey should be the rail rate to that territory.

Since freight to other points in the harbor had to be lightered over the river and bay, New Jersey maintained that those who received such additional service, should pay for it. This would at once have established one rate for the eastern side of the harbor and another for the western side.

However, the Interstate Commerce Commission, after a full and comprehensive hearing of the case, decided that the harbor must be treated as a whole and that the rates must remain uniform. It also suggested that New York and New Jersey should coöperate in full and comprehensive development of the Port, situated as it was in both States. The idea of "splitting the Port" was defeated.

As a sequel of this decision, the Port of New York Authority was born. Far-sighted men like Eugenius H. Outerbridge, then President of the State Chamber of Commerce, of New York; Governor Whitman, of the State of New York; Governor Smith, then in the Legislature; Governor Edge, of New Jersey, and others of broadness of vision, joined together to furnish the instrumentality of coöperation. First came a bi-state commission—the New York-New Jersey Port and Harbor Development Commission. This body, after an exhaustive study of the engineering, legal and economic problems involved, devised and recommended the Port Compact or Treaty, adopted by both States on April 30, 1921, and affirmed by Congress; and the Comprehensive Plan approved by the States and Congress in 1922.

The plan outlined the development of the port as a whole, particularly with reference to its freight, and provided in a general way not only for the protection of the Port against the efforts of rival ports to divert commerce from New York, but specifically for the upbuilding of the Port and the removal of all handicaps. The treaty or compact created the Port of New York Authority as a public corporation representing the two States.

By one stroke there was thus set up a body to do the work that it was impossible for two hundred separate municipalities to do. What was formerly no single responsibility of either State, or of any muncipality, now became the duty of the newly created Port Authority. What, because of local self interest, had formerly been a division of strength, was now welded into a single powerful agency having behind it the force of both States and all of these municipalities.

So it came about that the territory which heretofore had "just growed up" was provided with an agency organized to develop the Port in a more orderly way. It is a unique experiment in government. Things which could not have been done by separate municipalities, and which previously could not even have been attempted in a territory so divided by State and municipal lines, can now be undertaken and are being carried out. The problem was nothing more or less than a sectional problem complicated by State lines.

As it was experimental in a large sense, the Port Authority was given less power than had been and still is exercised by similar bodies in Montreal, New Orleans and elsewhere. The Port Authority, too, was limited by the provision in the treaty that it might not tax the district or any part of it, nor raise any funds for its work by assessments for benefits, but must operate through the use of such funds as might be appropriated by the two States. The States, since its organization in 1921, have annually appropriated $100,000 each for the effectuation of the Comprehensive Plan and the development of the Port.

With this small sum, the Port Authority set up a competent staff to study the problems and to make recommendations, many of which have already been carried out. Others require not only

additional development but, what is more important, the co-operation of the municipalities, the States, the railroads and other transportation agencies.

The effectuation of a comprehensive plan for development is necessarily a slow process; first, because of the conflicting interests of the numerous railroads entering the territory; second, by reason of the diverse interests of the municipalities; and third, because of the complexity of the problems involved.

With the changes brought about by the war, the development of the gasoline engine and motor truck transportation, the building of tunnels, bridges, etc., it would take a wise man to predict the final and complete solution. I feel sure that the railroad executives, who are as directly interested and as competent as any one can be, are themselves still uncertain of the course to be followed.

In the midst of the earlier studies by the Port Authority, with its limited means, the States were unexpectedly confronted with problems seemingly impossible of solution. There was a great demand for bridges connecting Staten Island and New Jersey, and New Jersey and Manhattan. Neither of the States desired to tax its citizens for enterprises likely to aggregate at least $100,000,000 in cost. The conflict of jurisdiction made the problem doubly difficult.

In this juncture, the Port Authority was found to be the ideal body for undertaking the work. The States provided a small "cushion" or equity, and left it to the Port Authority to secure the balance of the funds. After a careful survey the Port Authority was able to convince bankers that the bridges would be self-sustaining and were entirely practicable from an economic standpoint. It sold its bonds through the bankers to the public. As a result, three bridges are now being built between New Jersey and Staten Island, and the largest suspension span in the world is under construction over the Hudson River.

These crossings, while in one respect a departure from the original plans of the two States, are, nevertheless, a valuable and effective aid in the solution of transportation problems in the metropolitan district.

While the cost of the bridges runs into large figures, and while they will have great utility for both States, the larger work of the

Port of New York Authority still lies before it. At all times it must be on guard to preserve the supremacy of the Port of New York. Constantly it is fighting proceedings brought by other competitive ports of the United States—proceedings designed to take away or decrease commerce passing through New York harbor.

The other tasks outlined for the Port of New York Authority are contained in the statutory Comprehensive Plan. They include in part the establishment of union terminals; the coördinating of marine operations; the building of belt lines, and the coördinating of railroad freight and passenger facilities.

While progress necessarily must be slow, partly because of selfish interests and the difficulties inherent in the situation, much progress has already been made. If this body continues to be conducted as a business organization free from partisan or political influence, the Port Authority must be of increasing usefulness to the metropolitan district and it will play an increasingly important part in the ultimate solution of the Port's transportation problems.

It has been proved that we cannot always overcome our difficulties by orthodox or old fashioned methods. To apply the unique may be novel, but it may also be effective. Comparatively little use has been made of the Compact Clause of the United States Constitution, but I am sure its more frequent use might be greatly beneficial in the solving of sectional problems.

WHY MEN ARE OUT OF WORK

BY WILLIAM GREEN

President, American Federation of Labor

LAST summer the field representatives of the American Federation of Labor began sending in reports of increasing unemployment. These reports persisted, although industrial indexes indicated prosperity. We were disturbed, for dread of unemployment is the dark shadow that never wholly vanishes from the wage earner's thoughts. The Federation began gathering unemployment data for the unions in the main industrial centers in August, and found that unemployment was widespread. Each month has brought an increase in the number reported as unemployed.

General attention was not attracted to this rising tide of unemployment until the seasonal unemployment of the winter months increased the number making application for relief at public agencies. Then we began to think more critically over figures from the Census of Manufactures that showed increased output with fewer persons employed. It had seemed highly probable that the workers displaced through increased efficiency would find employment in new or expanding industries.

Between 1914 and 1919 production increased twenty-eight per cent. and the number of persons employed thirty per cent.; between 1919 and 1925 production increased twenty-nine per cent. and the number of persons employed decreased by five per cent. The number of employees had increased in a few industries only—the automobile industry, the paper and printing industry, and in the stone, clay and glass industry. The decrease did not occur suddenly but slowly over a period of years. Therefore until recently its importance had not become obvious.

Why has employment in manufacturing industries decreased? The quantity of commodities produced has increased. Production in the last six years has been on a high level, increasing orders

have poured in, and the volume of sales has grown from year to year. The reason for the decrease in the number of workers in a period in which production increased is the fact that the productivity of the worker per man hour increased more than production. What lies back of that the census statistics fail to tell us. It is clear that if productivity per man hour doubles and production per day increases by only fifty per cent., either fewer workers or fewer hours of work are necessary in order to produce the daily output.

In the iron and steel industry, for instance, production increased from 1919 to 1925 by about thirty per cent., while productivity per man hour increased by about sixty per cent. Since we learn now that the number of workers in the iron and steel industry has decreased since 1919, we know that the number of hours of work has not decreased correspondingly to the increase of productivity over that of production.

The situation in the iron and steel industry is representative of manufacturing industry as a whole. In recent years (1922 to 1927) it has been the policy of the manufacturer to dismiss workers rather than to shorten hours of work.

Of course, other industries, such as building trades or transportation, and trade as a whole, have absorbed quite a number of those who have been dismissed by manufacturing industries, but certainly not all. Many have not found work.

This is one phase of the present unemployment problem we have to face: how to avoid unemployment resulting from an increase of productivity over that of production.

There is still another side. As long as industry has existed the worker has suffered from seasonal unemployment. During the winter months there is less work on the farm, there are fewer houses built, production as a whole slows down. Most of the indoor industries also have their good and their dull seasons, depending upon customs and conditions controlling use, and according to these employment increases and decreases.

Present high unemployment represents the addition of those unemployed through seasonal contraction of industries to those who are no longer needed because of increased productivity. What we have is not one unemployment problem but two. It is

therefore important for us to remember that even if in the next few months unemployment decreases, because the amount of unemployment due to seasonal causes decreases, the other unemployment problem, that of unemployment because of productivity and production, remains to be solved.

Can we avoid unemployment? Let us consider first seasonal unemployment. Much can be done by educational work to break down habits and traditions that certain things are done only at fixed seasons. Definite impetus was given to efforts to stabilize production by the President's Unemployment Conference of 1922, which emphasized the possibilities of foresight and planning on the part of management. That conference marked recognition of industry's responsibility for meeting the unemployment problem. Study disclosed that much irregularity in employment is due to peak loads which may be leveled down and supplemented by side lines. Invention and new techniques help in the case of real seasonal difficulties, such as winter freezing which interrupted building operations. An outgrowth of the general Unemployment Conference was a committee to study the more specialized problems of the construction industry. This committee made recommendations and put a continuing interest back of its programme to give it effect. It found that the problem of seasonal production is in many cases that of seasonal demand. As far as it is a demand problem the remedy lies in most cases in educating the consumer.

Take the example of the paint industry. Once they did two-thirds of their business in the Spring. Everyone thought the time to paint was in the Spring. Consequently in that season there was plenty of work and full employment, while in the following seasons work slacked down and employment decreased. Then the employers and unions launched a "Paint in the Fall" campaign, and as a result of the campaign the Fall business is now just as great as that in the Spring. Or another case. Mr. Ford writes in his autobiography:

> We very shortly found that we could not do business on order. The factory could not be built large enough—even if it were desirable—to make, between March and August, all the cars that were ordered during these months. Therefore, years ago we began the campaign of education to demonstrate

that a Ford was not a summer luxury but a year-round necessity. . . . Thus we have no seasons in the plant. . . .

By "Shop Early" and "Mail Early" campaigns the Post Office and retail merchants have done much to level down one of the sharpest seasonal peaks.

These examples show clearly the way out of seasonal unemployment. The manufacturers and dealers should get together to work out and perfect plans of distributing demand and production more evenly over the year as a whole. However, when the Ford plant changed to a new model, a majority of their employees were without work for a period of six months. Mass production introduced a new problem in unemployment.

In addition to this constructive attack, which seeks to solve seasonal unemployment by eliminating it, there have been developed remedial helps, such as unemployment insurance. A fund for relief of the unemployed is provided by the individual plant, and maintained by contributions either from the employer amounting to a small percentage of the weekly payroll, or from employer and workers jointly, amounting to a small percentage from wages and payroll. This fund provides a reservoir from which a weekly payment may be made to unemployed workers to tide them over the dull season. In many cases this fund is provided by the union alone, subscriptions being collected from union members. A number of unions have such plans.

Much more complex is the problem how to deal with unemployment resulting from an increase of productivity greater than that of production. At first sight the problem seems to be a simple one: Increase production to such an extent that its increase equals that in productivity. And in fact there is no reason why production should not increase at this rate in industry as a whole. For there is at present no other limit to the demand for goods than the purchasing power of the consumer. Thus the unemployment problem reveals itself as a production and purchasing power problem. If production keeps pace with increasing productivity per man hour, and if the purchasing power of the consumer keeps pace with production, there will be no unemployment problem because of increasing productivity.

This holds true for industry as a whole, but not for all the single

industries. In many single industries we find other limits for increasing production beside the purchasing power of the consumer; we find that the demand for certain goods is limited because we do not need more of them. Everyone will be satisfied with one, two or three umbrellas. And if productivity per man hour in the manufacture of umbrellas doubles, no manufacturer will double the production of umbrellas, because he knows he can not sell them. But if he does not increase the production correspondingly with the increase of productivity, either fewer hours of work or fewer workers will be sufficient to produce the number of umbrellas required to satisfy the demand on the market. If the manufacturer of commodities for which demand can not expand indefinitely does not reduce the number of hours of work, a great number of workers will have to be dismissed, and it is practically sure, as the development in manufacturing industries in the last years has shown, that not all of the workers dismissed will find employment in other industries.

Another phase Labor has been watching with concern: The displacement of skilled workers by machines with relatively few operatives. Skilled hand crafts, like glass blowers, have been displaced by machines. Comparatively few glass blowers are necessary as operatives. Similar results follow from mechanization of the textile and other industries. Thus far expansion of those industries and the development of new industries have absorbed these workers. But we must be on guard to anticipate a saturation point or a decline in new developments.

Recognizing that increasing wages in proportion to productivity has a stabilizing effect through assuring buyers for the increased output, the American Federation of Labor at its 1925 convention declared:

> We hold that the best interests of wage earners as well as the whole social group are served by increasing production in quality as well as quantity and by high wage standards which assure sustained purchasing power to the workers and, therefore, higher national standards for the environment in which they live and the means to enjoy cultured opportunities. We declare that wage reductions produce industrial and social unrest and that low wages are not conducive to low production costs.
>
> We urge upon wage earners everywhere: that we oppose all wage reductions

and that we urge upon management the elimination of wastes in production in order that selling prices may be lower and wages higher. To this end we recommend coöperation in study of waste in production which the assay of the Federated American Engineering Societies, covering important industries, has shown to be 50 per cent. attributable to management and only 25 per cent. attributable to labor, with 25 per cent. attributable to other sources, principally managements in industries producing commodities for any single industry under consideration.

This statement was an amplified revision of Labor's consistent refusal to accept wage decreases on the ground that such decreases not only meant lower standards of living but were an additional factor in bringing business depression.

However, our wage programme alone is not enough to meet the whole problem. In addition, Labor recommends, in order to avoid unemployment, a decrease in the number of hours worked during the day and a decrease in the number of days worked during the week. In a period in which productivity in certain industries is increasing more rapidly than production, in a period in which general business is not expanding as rapidly as productivity is increasing,—that is, in a period in which the workers dismissed from one industry because of increasing productivity cannot find work in other industries,—the only solution of the unemployment problem is a decrease in the number of hours of work. Needless to say the total amount of wages received during the day or the week must not decrease, because otherwise the purchasing power of the worker would decrease, and chances to increase production and to sell the increasing output are gone if the purchasing power of the wage earner decreases.

This recommendation of decreasing the number of hours of work per day and the number of days worked per week as a remedy against unemployment, gives a new basis to the programme of the eight-hour day and the five-day week which has been an aim of the American Federation of Labor since 1926. The five-day week and the eight-hour day without overtime not only are a benefit to the worker, providing rest and recreation, but they will contribute greatly at the same time toward a stabilization of employment that will help immensely in the Nation's struggle against unemployment and the maintenance of the market demand.

Labor recognizes that there are other factors in this problem, but we believe definite progress can be made by putting into practice our recommendations:

Wage increases in proportion to increased productivity.

Decreases in hours when production does not keep pace with productivity.

A constructive programme of public works deferred to provide for seasonal unemployment.

Provision by the industry for unemployment relief.

Continuous efforts by union and management to regularize production.

The Unemployment Conference of 1922 recommended advance planning for relief measures by authorizing public works and deferring active work until periods of seasonal or cyclical unemployment, and then getting them under way when workers were released from other industries. This policy is based on good public economy in addition to serving a humanitarian purpose—public work would not be competing with industries operating on a full programme.

The American Federation of Labor has urged this policy upon Congress, and had it been followed it would have brought relief to many unemployed during the recent winter months. Even now Congress has before it proposals for Government construction work which, if adopted and begun, would go far in relieving the present situation. These proposals are: Flood control system; Army housing; and Naval construction programme.

In unemployment as in all economic conditions we are finding that the consequences cumulatively affect all other groups. Unemployment reduces the buying capacity of those concerned, and sooner or later exerts a depressing effect on production. It is of primary importance that unemployment should be prevented wherever possible, and the responsibility falls primarily upon management. Wage earners who invest their skill and labor power in industry raise the question as to why reservoirs should be created to assure stable incomes to investors of capital without similar provisions for the stabilization of the incomes of wage earners.

SAILORS AND SHOPKEEPERS

BY CLIFFORD BAX

It is said that when Sir Francis Drake set out on his voyage round the world, the shopkeepers of Plymouth were so contemptuous of the enterprise that, without staying to wish him God-speed, they returned to their shops and to a sensible mode of life. The story stuck in my memory because it is an ideal illustration of two temperaments, the Romantic and the Rationalistic.

In the literary world, for the time being, the Rationalist is triumphant. The very word "romantic" is now frequently used by authors and reviewers as though it were a synonym for "childish" or "muddle-headed". This frame of mind has, no doubt, many causes, and one of them, unquestionably, is the strong influence which Bernard Shaw has had upon many people who are now between twenty and forty-five. Just as the prestige of Queen Elizabeth made dark hair unfashionable at her court, so has the bias of Shaw's temperament made romance unfashionable among the *intelligentsia* today. An after-war Romantic, indeed, must feel like a canary among sparrows. All the books or plays that he or she will hear discussed or commended are the work of writers who assume that the romantic spirit has been finally pecked to death by ridicule. Shaw and his disciples, however, achieve their effect by means of a trick. They pretend that an attack upon Sentimentality is an exposure of Romance. A brief article does not give scope for precise definitions of the words "romantic", "rationalistic" and "sentimental", and accordingly I can only offer suggestions, honestly made, of what they mean, and hope that, from point to point, the reader concurs.

The Rationalist is a man whose intelligence is stronger than his emotions. The Sentimentalist is his true complement. The Romantic stands halfway between the two; for although he values life chiefly for its emotional yield, he disputes the claim of the Rationalist to a monopoly of intelligence. Now, when the

Rationalist says that a film producer is romantic, we see him performing his trick. He is implying that the Romantic persistently falsifies reality (of which more hereafter), presents life as though "love" were its only great interest and, with his instinct for concealing the dustbin behind a rosetree, insists upon a happy ending to every story. Those, however, who plume themselves upon their immunity from mental astigmatism, ought to see that Romance may be present as much in a voyage of discovery or a search for buried treasure as in a quest for the ideal companion; and ought to reflect that Prince Charlie, Mary Stuart, the Emperor Julian, and indeed most of the historical persons who are generally accepted as romantic figures, were persons who failed and whose lives had certainly no comfortable ending. If I say, then, that the film producer is sentimental and not romantic, I am suggesting that Sentimentality is a spilling of emotion—is emotion unconstrained by intelligence.

The Old Maid who treats her dog as though it had human sensibilities; the Old Man who resorts to a packet of faded love-letters, as another might to the bottle; and the Anti-Vivisectionist who talks as though a surgeon were actuated by a passion for giving pain—all these are Sentimentalists: for the Old Maid ought to know that her dog does not suffer if somebody calls him ugly; the Old Man that, in the sum of things, he is according too much value to his personal memories; and the humanitarian that the surgeon, perhaps mistakenly, believes himself to be about to prevent incalculable suffering. So, too, any person whose intelligence is not under-developed ought to know that art and science, the ruling of a country, the winning of wealth or renown, or a fight with injustice, are objects in life that are as interesting as "love" itself, and that a happy ending is, in reality, not more common than the triumph of virtue.

When the Rationalist claims that the Romantic falsifies the truth about life, he brings us to the core of the quarrel. What truth does the Romantic falsify? Truth as seen by the Rationalist. Suppose, though, that Romance is a flavor in life which only some people can detect? The man who should say that it is not there, would be twin to the man for whom nothing is comic. If you do not "see" a joke, you will say that it is not amusing: if you

do not feel Romance, you will say that Romance is nonsense. The Romantic regards "love", for example, as a major experience of life, and women as, at best, fit objects of idealization. The Rationalist is nothing if not "knowing". He sees clearly that the Romantic is being fooled, for he "knows" that women use the male idealization of themselves for the simple purposes of Nature and that, in consequence, a sex relationship is a plain and practical business. Manifestly, if he takes this view of women he precludes himself from discovering anything else in them. Dante's view was considerably different; and if Shaw were to say that Dante was deceiving himself, Dante might well rejoin that Shaw is no better qualified to pronounce upon the subject than were the shopkeepers of Plymouth to describe the South Seas.

II

If Romance, then, is not Sentimentality, what are the factors of which it is composed? Perhaps we may say that they are three and that all three must be present together. The Romantic aims at self-realization through his feelings. He considers that he will have misused life if he does not try to make it yield up the fullest and highest emotional experience of which he is capable. The first factor, then, is that, whether the emotion be adventurous, amorous or religious, there must be an emotional quest. Only the journalist, the nursemaid and the Rationalist assume that "love" is always romantic. There is nothing romantic in the decision of two people to live together, and the journalist reports every wedding as a romance because he assumes that it is the culmen of an emotional quest.

He is using the word, however, too glibly. Neither Paolo nor Drake would be romantic figures if the former could at once have married Francesca or the latter have bought a Cook's coupon for the South Seas: for where there is no difficulty to overcome, there is no romance. The Romantic wants a great happiness so intensely that he will dare any danger and endure any hardship in order to obtain it; and if no dangers or difficulties confront him, the romance in his nature remains potential. And here is a spirit not common at the present time, for the after-war genera-

tion either does not believe that a high emotional experience is possible or is unwilling to try for it at the cost of much suffering.

To these two factors—the emotional quest and the tackling of obstacles—we must add a third. We must say that in a life or a story that is romantic there will be something of the unusual—that which Pater called "an element of strangeness". Why is the life of a city clerk, whatever he may be potentially, not a romantic spectacle? Because it is repetitive and suggests no unexpected events. For the same reason we do not associate Romance with machinery. For the same reason, again, there is less romance, by suggestion, in a straight road than in one that winds, in the streets of New York than in those of Naples, in a modern liner than in a sailing-ship. Moreover, if a millionaire marries the daughter of a stevedore, the journalist uses the word "romance" with redoubled gusto because, in addition to the emotional quest on the part of the millionaire, he perceives the factor of unexpected change in the life of the stevedore's daughter. The jog trot of ordinary life has been varied. It is because of his liking for the gay unexpected that the Romantic, who more rejoices over the one Neapolitan barrel pusher who became a world famous tenor than he grieves over the ninety-and-nine who were left, ardently hopes that the Rationalist will never achieve a society of complete equality. And the Rationalist has usually a tendency toward Socialism because, being predominantly intellectual, he had rather that society should have the uniformity of a machine product than the variety of something produced by nature. He had rather that the world should be dull than that it should not be as neat as a mathematical demonstration.

Literature will support, I think, these indications of what it is that makes up Romance. Which are the high peaks of romantic fiction? Here, I submit, are some of them: *Sakuntala*, the *Odyssey*, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, *Le Morte d'Arthur*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Tempest*. What do we find in them? *Sakuntala* is the story of a king who hunts in a forest, finds a maiden whose personality is still fragrant after fifteen hundred years, falls in love with her and intends to marry her. After prolonged separation and distress, they reunite. The *Odyssey* tells of a king who, after long absence, experiences immense difficulty in coming to

his home, his wife and his son; who kills those that have usurped his place and finds the happiness which he sought. *Aucassin and Nicolette* are two very young lovers who, forbidden to marry, become separated, and only reunite after much wandering and distress. The *Morte d'Arthur* is the story of a king who inspires his knights with a longing to find the Holy Grail—the object which, of all objects in the world, has for them the greatest emotional value. Romeo and Juliet are lovers who risk everything for the hope of a great happiness, and who do not survive the difficulties which they encounter. *The Tempest* is a story of various people (not excluding Ariel and Caliban) who are seeking for various kinds of happiness and who, after persevering through many difficulties, achieve their desires. In all these stories we follow the fortunes of someone who goes all out for the sake of experiencing a great emotion, and who meets with difficulties and with unusual events.

If I omit the wild story of Sindbad the Sailor it is because the protagonist is not inspired by any emotional quest. Just as a king may be royal in everything except in his nature, so may a man be the centre of romantic events and yet not be himself romantic. The life of Bernard Shaw, so far as I know of it, provides an excellent illustration. It has, in fact, so many parallels to the story of Sindbad that, in due time, Bernard Shaw is likely to be regarded as a fabulous figure. Think of it: He sets out from a small green island to seek his fortune; he comes to another and larger island; he is frequently capsized into the sea of poverty; he is carried aloft, not by a great roc, but by a powerful editor; he knocks the serpent of hypocrisy on the head; he is plagued by the Old Man of the Sea, who is now known as Popular Prejudice, and gets rid of the Old Man by intoxicating him with sparkling jests; he meets a Strange Lady who conjures up the phantoms of his imagination in the dark cave of the Avenue Theatre; another Sorceress befriends him in like manner at a terrifying city which is perpetually overhung by smoke; he begins to consort with princes and viziers; he gains vast wealth, his renown becomes immense; and finally his life, in at least one respect, out-marvels the life of his prototype, for now "when Sindbad's beard was whitened by age" his lightest whisper travels immediately round the earth.

III

Every disputant knows that it is easier to attack a statement than to justify it. The Romantic asserts that life can be beautiful if we keep ourselves at high tension. He aims at a fine thing. Now, it is the fine thing that can most easily be ridiculed. Who can parody the mediocre? And the easy device by which the Rationalist ridicules the Romantic is the use of anti-climax. An anti-climax is produced by thwarting an expectation of beauty, and it amuses us because we all have an inclination to let ourselves "run down". The Rationalist enjoys a play in which Julius Cæsar is presented as a funny old gentleman and Cleopatra as a thimble headed schoolgirl. These persons, once fancied to be of more than common stature, have been reduced to his own size, and he need not stretch his personality in order to understand them. Again, he applauds the notion of using the early Christian martyrs as figures in a farcical comedy. *Androcles and the Lion* delighted its audience because they welcomed the invitation of an able writer to belittle the great. In reality, they were behaving like the oafs who, when they see a portrait of Nelson (let us say) on an advertisement hoarding, display their wit by adding to it a pipe and a monocle, or like those ladies-in-waiting who, when their old mistress would no longer look in a mirror, blackened the face of Queen Elizabeth (as Ben Jonson tells us) and rejoiced in their comic genius.

Or again, we might say that the Romantic is like a man who attempts the high dive and the Rationalist like one who remains on the brink of the bath, paddling his toes. The latter is not only safe from making himself absurd but can complacently deride the failure of the unlucky, and, even if the diver succeeds, can readily prove that it is more sensible to slip into the water than to imitate the swallow. So, too, when middle aged people refer to Romance as a mere illusion of youth, they are usually parading the fact that they have let themselves run down. It is easier to become paunchy than to keep athletic. And if they are dropping into the common error of identifying Romance with sex love, they are talking as foolishly as if they were to deride youth for being able to run faster than they themselves can any longer run.

IV

If we say that life has, for some people, a romantic flavor, we are not saying that it seems to them continuously or even predominantly happy. I sometimes think that the *Odyssey* is an immortal story because it is the typical story of human life. For we must remember that when Odysseus arrived at Ithaca, he arrived alone, and that many of his companions had perished on the way. Only the hero completely triumphs. Most of the voyagers neither triumph nor perish but meet with an intermediate fate.

Indeed, I should say that every man might recognize a large part of his own life when he reads the *Odyssey*. He has only to translate the events of the old story into modern terms. What though it be an abstract evil, instead of a physical monster, that we have to slay? The emotional experience will be no different, and that is the romantic element. Similarly, though we do not steer a ship in an unknown sea, we steer our consciousness through sixty or seventy uncharted years. Once we have started upon our voyage, we find about us a world of inexhaustible interest, a setting sufficiently beautiful and strange to befit the most romantic of journeys. And is it not, too, in the spirit of Romance that at last—perhaps in pain, perhaps in a dream—we should disembark on the boundary of the familiar world and go, as if across a range of blue hills, into the void or the new and unimaginable country that lies beyond them? All that is lacking to make life a romance is that the traveller should believe in the possibility of finding a great beauty; and if we have no such belief, we are not perhaps wiser than those who have, but are merely like the shopkeepers of Plymouth.

Love will not give to us anything finer than what we ask of it, nor will the ruler of a country direct it more nobly than we require of him. We are poor spirited if we wantonly allow life to run down, and vulgar if we deride those who strive to maintain it at a level of some beauty. No Romantic, looking back on experience, however far it had fallen short of his hope, would envy the temperament of a Rationalist.

EUROPEAN VIEWS OF PAN-AMERICA

BY J. B. ATKINS

THE United States is to be heartily congratulated on the management of the Pan-American Conference at Havana by Mr. Hughes. Having followed his career for many years, I cannot recall an instance in which he conducted his case with more skill and resourcefulness or with more of that moderation which smooths away rancor. He might well have trembled before his task. We Europeans thought that Mexico or Argentina or Nicaragua or perhaps Salvador might easily succeed in inflaming this Conference into denouncing American "intervention". The "trouble" in Nicaragua looked like a providential argument for any Republic which wanted to make corresponding trouble at Havana.

Mr. Hughes did not conquer by shirking the issue. He faced it with determination, and yet he persuaded a majority of the Conference to accept a Fabian policy which was characteristic of him. Nothing is so likely to be beneficial in the circumstances as delay, particularly delay that is patently constructive.

The condition of constructive delay is satisfied by the decision to postpone the intervention question, as such, to the next Pan-American Conference, five years hence, and meanwhile to discuss schemes of arbitration. If the arbitration discussions which are to take place within a year at Washington shall be fruitful, "intervention" will wear a very different aspect at Montevideo—or wherever the next Conference may be—five years from now.

It seems to my European mind that the United States has no better opportunity for easing her delicate relations with Central and South America than is provided by this arbitration plan. It should be worth her while to apply a large part of her attention to it. She has very able lawyers who could unquestionably give to the Republics all the satisfaction required by moderate-minded men, while retaining for herself enough freedom to exercise duties and rights which are implicit in the Monroe Doctrine. I cannot

think of any Englishman, except Lord Balfour, who could have matched Mr. Hughes's feat of dominating by reason and personal authority such a situation as was presented at Havana. And I cannot help feeling that if Mr. Hughes and Lord Balfour had been at the Geneva Naval Conference, there would not have been a breakdown.

I read recently in an English newspaper an article by an American who said that the whole of Europe was convinced that America was "out" for a policy of Imperialism, a policy of gradually putting the Old World in financial bonds and of dragooning the New World and probably annexing large portions of it. He said that no American would see in this interpretation of his country's policy a portrait that even resembled the truth. Neither do I see any resemblance to the truth in it. I think that he mistook for mistrust of America the customary frank discussion of America's difficulties with Mexico and Nicaragua. Let me try to give what I believe to be a true account of the feeling about America among those Englishmen who seriously study international affairs.

To begin with, we do not dream of disputing or deploring the Monroe Doctrine. On the contrary, we respect and honor it. There is every reason why we should do so. We are sufficiently worried by events near home without wanting to look upon the New World as an open field for fresh complications. In our view it is a vast convenience that America should have thrown a protecting arm across the whole of the American Continents, North and South, and have ruled out from it the passions and the acquisitive instincts of Europe. We are not unmindful that it was an Englishman who, in a white heat of indignation against the cruel hypocrisy of the Holy Alliance, "called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old".

The next point is that we recognize that the Monroe Doctrine has an interior aspect; it is directed not only to keep Europe at arm's length, but to preserve such conditions in the American Continents that the United States cannot be reproached with conniving at public offences while refusing to let anyone else interfere. It is this obligation, as I fully admit it to be, which lays upon America something like what Mr. Kipling calls "the White Man's Burden" of the British Empire.

It is true that the alleged American policy of finance penetrates far beyond the American Continents, and in such extensions has no relation to the Monroe Doctrine; but I cannot think that the American writer to whom I have referred understood that Englishmen are not at all averse to seeing American money invested all over the world. Anglo-American financial collaboration is a happy growth that may have more influence on our relations, and particularly upon the preservation of peace, than most people at present suspect.

The cardinal instance of financial collaboration is that between the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States and the Bank of England. Not a day passes without some new effort in concerted policy. It is largely due to this policy that we owe the steadiness of price levels. Few observers have yet imagined the degree to which war might be held in check if official or quasi-official banking policy withheld credits from aggressive countries. High rates of interest would be temporarily sacrificed, but the banks would be actually insuring the world against the final ruin of war.

Wherever finance has brought the United States into conflict with Central and South America, she can rely upon a kind of wistful sympathy from British "Imperialists" who feel that in her experiences they are living their own life over again. How often have we had exactly similar experiences, and how often have we been accused of bullying and greed! Englishmen ought to be the last to throw a stone at Americans when Nicaragua is being compared with the Boer Republics of South Africa. Rather, the story of Nicaragua gives us an indirect exculpation of which we are conscious and of which we hope that Americans, who may have said some hard things about us in the past, are also conscious.

The simple fact is that Englishmen, thinking that it is as right and natural for America to trade wherever she can as it is for themselves to do so, accept as inevitable the consequences that flow from such trading. Where Americans have planted themselves or their money with the free consent of the country in which their operations take place, they have a title to protection. If protection is not given by the country itself, it must be pro-

vided by America. If this were not so it would be hardly worth while to be an American citizen. It is not for a moment supposed by Englishmen that America will fall short of the practice of ancient Rome or modern Britain.

Our criticism is excited rather by the apparent unwillingness of Americans to admit the logic of their commitments. Take an illustration. When the foreigners in China were being threatened by the advancing hordes of Nationalists, inspired and organized by Bolshevists from Moscow, the British Government at once decided that ships of war and troops must be sent to Shanghai. These were sent exclusively to save life and under the strictest instructions to confine themselves to Treaty territory. There was no question of attacking the Chinese or of resisting Chinese Nationalism, as such, of which indeed Britain had declared her hearty approval. Yet there was some backwardness in America at first to coöperate with us and even to protect American nationals. We were made to feel that our action was frowned upon as a provocation in which a "non-Imperialist" country like America could not take part. In the end Anglo-American coöperation became complete and there is no doubt that the precautions taken prevented loss of life and destruction of property. Probably they prevented massacre.

We think, in fine, that America is slow to admit the pertinence of the truth enshrined in Bishop Butler's famous words, "Things are what they are and the consequences will be what they will be. Why then should we wish to be deceived?" In Nicaragua as in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, in Hayti, and in San Domingo, America intervened because circumstances compelled her to do so. She has acknowledged the duty as well as the right to keep her part of the world safe, but she has acknowledged it indirectly, not openly.

She says that her object in Nicaragua is merely to insure impartial elections, and that when she is satisfied that the Nicaraguans can manage their affairs decently without her aid she will withdraw. But when will that be? Has she not far greater responsibilities in Nicaragua than that? Britain means if not to withdraw from Egypt and India and China, at least to resign as many as possible of her functions in those countries; but every

attempt to do so has been frustrated by hard facts. The very people who are the contingent beneficiaries of our proposed restraint have made it impossible again and again for us to carry out our policy without being unjust and cruel to somebody.

In India the ending of the *Pax Britannica* would be equivalent to opening the cages in zoölogical gardens. The stronger would fall on the weaker and devour them. It would be mere cowardice in us to be guilty of this wickedness because some people exhort us to do it in the name of humanity. In Egypt the British occupation is the sole protection of large colonies of foreign residents. We cannot betray them. And as for the Suez Canal, the guarding of it is a service owed to the world quite apart from our own interests.

One great canal leads on to thoughts of others. The Panama Canal is so indispensable to the world, to its quick exchanges of food and commodities, and therefore to its general wellbeing, that it is inconceivable that the United States should ever allow the Canal Zone to be tampered with. Mr. Roosevelt may have acted too arrogantly and impatiently when he used the revolution in Panama to get all that he wanted; but in his thoughts he was keeping step with destiny. He saw that an Isthmian policy was essential, and being a man of directness and bluntness he could not see why he should not say so.

I suppose that no party in Nicaragua is actually hostile at present to the idea of a new canal through that country, but if ever hostility should arise, America would certainly be justified in saying that the greater interest must override the lesser and that the health and wealth of the world must not be made subservient to a Nicaraguan faction in the name of liberty. Liberty no doubt includes the liberty to do wrong—but not when the wrong affects the majority of mankind.

At the Havana conference Dr. Guerrero and Dr. Pueyrredon, basing themselves on the International Conference of Jurists at Rio de Janeiro, pressed their case to a logical absurdity when they declared that no State must intervene in the internal affairs of another. That means that no State has a right to protect its nationals living abroad. Does Argentina believe that? I hope not, and I should think not.

Mr. Hughes had behind him, as against the voice from Buenos Aires, the splendid common sense of the resolutions passed in 1916 at Philadelphia by the American Institute of International Law. One of these resolutions, which contains the substance of the others, says: "Every nation has the right to independence in the sense that it has the right to the pursuit of happiness, and is free to develop itself without interference or control from other States, provided that in doing so it does not interfere with or violate the rights of other States."

There is the heart of the matter. The United States cannot tolerate the violation of contracts, whether of business or humanity, voluntarily entered into, nor can she tolerate open and dangerous disorder at her gates. It is an utter mistake to suppose that Europe detects sinister intentions in any American policy which is really informed by the wisdom and liberality of the Philadelphia resolution. Europe knows that in outlawing the mosquito from the Panama Zone and cleansing Havana from yellow fever America has been a universal benefactor. She must preserve the conditions in which such benefactions can be continued and extended.

If there is any remedy for the jealousies and grievances within the Pan-American Union, it is not that of Argentina, whose proposals were out of all relation to her alleged sufferings from American tariffs and bans. The true remedy is that of Mr. Hughes, who in effect offers to put the Union on a Treaty basis. The cause of "no intervention" is apparently dead. The Havana Conference proved that a majority for it was unattainable, and so Pan-America passes to the more hopeful labor of substituting sense for nonsense.

RECOGNIZING THE HOMEMAKER

BY EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

EFFORTS are being made to get in the United States Census some recognition for the homemaker. If they succeed, millions of women who have toiled without titles will no longer be listed as persons of no occupation. Many, however, who have felt the pay envelopes in their pockets, will be little cheered by the chance every ten years to tell some phlegmatic census taker that they are homemakers.

Five years ago I was so low in my mind regarding the college woman's chance for happiness as to be not at all sure that my little girl should be given an education beyond the Three R's and domestic science. Today I have reverted to the tenets of my violent youth and again hold belief in the baccalaureate degree plus a sort of vocational training not yet generally available.

In my adolescence there was a great deal said about the preparation for wifehood to be derived from a period of wage earning. Such nonsense was in the air. I believed it; I preached it. The practical requirements of marriage were as vague to me as the average person's idea of the interior arrangement of a celestial abode. Then came the dreary demonstration. Obeying the undeniable urge, I married; true to my convictions, I continued my work. Three years later, the baby arrived. My work was the sort that could be carried on to the last moment. Then in a twinkling my earnings were cut off, and family expenses were greatly increased. A civilized man, accustomed to electrical appliances and the services of a valet, could not be more desperate, stranded on the over-advertised desert island, than was I. The enormity of my responsibility had been emphasized to the exclusion of the technique necessary for grappling with that responsibility. I had read the works of estimable authorities; I had added to my library whole shelves recommended by high-

pressure salesmen as possessing solutions for problems of a maternal nature; I knew by heart the pamphlets issued by the State Board of Health. Still it was all theory. Indeed my education seemed to be all theory. What on earth had calculus, Greek, astronomy, or even chemistry and biology to do with sterilizing bottles and preparing formulæ? How had swimming, basket ball, tennis, and hockey prepared for gymnastics involved in caring for midnight colic? The requirements of the swimming tests were no more familiar to aspirants for life-saving emblems than were to me the various holds that would soothe an infant. Yet against my shoulder the baby continued to writhe in pain, or over my trembling knees the head wobbled perilously upon the rubber-like connection that held it to the uncomfortable little body.

Here was I doing a piece of work for which I was wholly unprepared, when the world was full of tasks that I could turn off with one twist of that well-trained brain of mine. The nurses I might have intrusted with the baby came prohibitively high. I am not sure, moreover, that I would have been content with their services had I had the price to pay. No, untrained as I was, I had to stand by the ship, even though it took the form of a kiddie coop, baby carriage, or rocking chair.

Much that has been written of late on married women and careers resembles the work of those seven maids with seven brooms engaged in sweeping back the waves of the sea. The two million or more women in America who are combining motherhood with wage earning will not be taken out of industry by rhetorical periods and forensic oratory, nor will much talk help those of us who are temporarily laid aside and anxious to be in industrial harness again. Some women are working because of economic pressure, some to raise their families' standards of living; others because of an inner urge fully as compelling as financial considerations. Deplorable or not, the situation has to be met with a practical facing of the issues involved and with adjustments that will preserve the ancient institution of the home. The sentimentalist who would return all women to the hearthfire, and the biased feminist who disregards the sacred relationships of the family, are too prone to reason from preconceived con-

clusions. The problem is one for thoughtful women to work out calmly.

During the last ten years, moreover, beneath the froth there has been an undercurrent of sane thinking on the subject of marriage and careers for women. Women's colleges are putting into their curricula courses which, though experimental, are being planned to help that large proportion of their students who will want to effect a combination of marriage and a profession. Studies of various sorts, conducted by individuals and foundations, are throwing light upon phases of the problem.

The college courses in orientation are of great value. Before woman can achieve satisfactory adjustment of her economic, marital, maternal, and domestic duties, she must see herself in relation to race history and the processes of her own evolution. Fifteen years ago the women's colleges made no attempt to relate the courses they offered to the social conditions to which students must return after graduation. We prided ourselves upon the masculine flavor of our education and scorned the traditional accomplishments of our Victorian mothers. Our education was academic and entirely unsocial. We had not considered, nor were we able to meet, the problems imposed by the unchanged status of marriage. So the effort of the colleges to orientate woman to her environment is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. For both men and women marriage must be cleared of false glamor and dissociated from romantic unreality before its practical necessities can be handled in a manner satisfying to the two people whose happiness is involved. The colleges, therefore, in their somewhat groping and frankly experimental courses are helping girls to adjust themselves to conditions as they find them.

The gesture for recognition of the homemaker in the census is not to be minimized in importance. It vocalizes the vague feeling of unrest which has been swaying through woman ever since the factory, the bakery, the delicatessen, the laundry, and electrical appliances have eliminated domestic efficiency from the list of requirements for wifehood. The home woman has work, of course, varying degrees of it, according to her husband's income, but honesty would prompt an admission that a

term, even as beautiful as homemaker, when applicable to women in all social strata, from shanty to palace, to trained women and to women without training, cannot mean a great deal.

The early martyrs of feminism consciously chose between careers and marriage. We, however, of less altruism and a moral fiber not so tough, want our jobs and our homes. Because we have set ourselves the task of having both, we are going to find a way. The time is not far off, we hope, when we shall not have to reduce the number of our children to a disastrous minimum in order to serve our economic ends as well as our social.

Encouragement is to be found in the fact that girls of all classes, without apology or explanation, are now getting some sort of vocational training. Mothers are substituting "I want my daughter to be a useful woman" for the old "I should like her to know how to do something in case she has to". The evolution from work as a necessity—with its pitiable examples of middle aged widows who floundered into such genteel pursuits as conducting boarding houses, taking lodgers, or sewing for a children's shop—to work for the love of it, has come to pass. Having pushed back the walls of that sphere so exploited by the historic opponents of suffrage, women need be concerned no longer with forensic oratory but rather with demonstrating the truth of the orators' prophecies. There is always abnormality in the processes of reform. The woman whom change of status has left free to work out her own salvation, even though it be with fierce and sometimes unattractive concentration, is bringing feminism to normalcy. Precisely this the young woman of education and professional training is doing today. Her first step, moreover, is not an adjustment to domestic requirements but rather an adjustment of domestic requirements to her other uses. It is the height of absurdity to expect the advent of children to turn her suddenly into a person who can handle efficiently those duties which children bring with them—or have been thought to bring. The girl who has earned her salary as a what-not of industry is not going to be content even for a short period to lay aside the work for which she is trained for menial tasks which she does poorly. The sense of economic waste is a forerunner of her sense of spiritual waste.

The trouble with the home run along traditional lines is that its work is too diversified for efficient accomplishment by any one person. The unsocial woman who makes a fetish of neatness often restricts her children in their play on account of the disorder they create. A woman who adores cleaning may despise cooking. An inspired cook may dress her children like frumps. The mother who is a genius in handling babies is often wholly inadequate during her children's adolescence. One may shine at the birthday party and evince much dullness in matters caloric. Even though we are of the genus *Homo sapiens*, it is not fair to expect of us all-wisdom.

Because too much has been expected of us, we have accomplished too little. Certainly few women have been eminent in the arts or the professions, but how many have been free to develop to the extent of their capabilities? Supreme success requires supreme concentration. The majority of the women who have been able to put careers first have been poor, repressed creatures with emotions and affections so unsatisfied as to limit even full intellectual expression. Lives of great women all remind us how hard it has always been for women to be great. When we think of all the uncongenial tasks the world has placed on women, the wonder is not that we have done so little but that we have done so much. Cassandra's calling is too thankless for me to court. Therefore, prophesying nothing, I merely await the day when more women may live normally and yet be free to work wherever their inclinations lead them.

The last twenty to thirty years have seen housekeeping delightfully simplified. As a matter of fact, only the baby is necessarily left to us—and him for precious few years of his life. Fifteen years ago the minimum school age in most places was seven—lowered later to six—and now the public kindergarten has placed it at five and the private kindergarten much younger. The emphasis being laid at present upon pre-school education presages a time in the immediate future when every child that walks will be led somewhere to be taught, leaving Rachel bereft of all save the infants. There are now, therefore, only a few years that the average woman needs to stay out of gainful occupation, but these years are foolishly wasteful. Public opinion could quickly

eliminate them, and public opinion seems to be headed in the right direction.

The signs of imminent change, it is to be hoped, do not forecast, as certain pessimistic commentators fear, the junking of the family. There is no valid reason why evolution should mean the rubbish heap. The family came into being to meet social requirements, and its connotation has kept pace with changing conditions. Abraham's entourage was formidable enough to insure a degree of safety for travel through strange countries. Staying with papa made life simpler, in times of peace, war, or famine for the eleven sons of Jacob. The patriarchal family was brought about by necessity and not sentiment, and it was, of course, quite unlike the modern family with grandfather and grandmother spending their last years in a strenuous effort to see the entire world, with mother and father in Virginia perhaps, and offspring, if plural in number, scattered from Portland to San Francisco or from Galveston to Chicago, depending, it is to be hoped and expected, not upon family cohesion for their support.

Granting that the family is an institution worth keeping and believing that it cannot remain static in the midst of a changing world, we must set ourselves the task of adjusting it to present day necessities. The family never presupposed economic dependence of women. The wife of the patriarch, as described in the last chapter of Proverbs, was a person of so many duties that one is not surprised that her husband had nothing better to do than to sit at the gates among the elders of the land and be known, doubtless, through the accomplishments of his wife.

The day when the education of the child, in the South certainly and here and there all over the country, was carried on at home, is so recent as to be within the memory of our grandmothers. Yet some have advocated the child's being exposed in babyhood to expert care. The mother who is doing hurriedly—and inefficiently, most likely—the multifarious tasks the unorganized home involves, is too haphazard to give what the baby's awakening consciousness should have. Baby gardens, conducted by experts equipped by natural inclination, which all mothers do not have, and by special training, which mothers seldom secure, afford the best protection against inexperience, dandling grandmothers, and

well-meaning relatives—provided, of course, the mother's touch is not lost. We love our five year olds no less because of the hours they spend in kindergartens, and surely they appreciate us more because of the time they spend away from us. There is nothing revolutionary about lowering the age of separation during the morning and early afternoon.

The tragedy of our sacrifice lies not in its effect upon us but in the fact that it is not best for the child, who should be society's first consideration. Any honest mother will admit that she and her children are in better accord when they are not together all the hours of the day. During last vacation between my six year old and me there was frequent friction. Now that she is in school again, we have established an afternoon and evening relationship based on an interchange of experiences and wholesome recreation. We have our separate interests which we share in so far as sharing pleases us.

Instead of less coöperation within the home, the plan that provides for the mother's outside work implies more. The father must be not merely the provider. He must add to physical parenthood spiritual parenthood as well. With the exclusion of men from the faculties of our elementary schools and the absorption of fathers by business interests, education has laid itself open to the stricture of being over-feminized. Here is the chance for masculinization. No loss of manhood is sustained by those men who once in a while take their children to the circus or the fair, for a tooth pulling or a hair cutting, and the mother who is relieved now and then from those necessities is drawn closer to the co-operating mate. When there is the right sort of team work, emergencies can be met, and mutual effort is often the alchemy that transmutes romantic love into something infinitely more precious and lasting.

It is, after all, a simple thing I am urging—two parents, each doing work that is pleasant and remunerative; children occupied with school and supervised play; pre-school children cared for by experts; and a home where the family can be united after work. For seven or eight hours of the twenty-four—and in many instances for considerably less time—mothers will be away from their children. There will, moreover, be less reason to seek rec-

reation out of the home, for the home will no longer be wearied of before it is enjoyed. The race will be developing its women as well as its men—a condition that must aid the processes of evolution. Children will be given two parents—not a provider coupled with a drudge or a drone.

The trouble, of course, about the solution suggested is that it presupposes an evolution of society. In the meantime, what are we who are caught in the transition going to do about our problem? Precisely, I suppose, what many of us are doing: keeping our heads above water by making our jobs avocations during our children's infancy so that we may again turn them into vocations when more time is provided. What is good for the race, moreover, should have priority over what is good for the individual. Our lives must be organized about our children's needs. Work should not be the exacting taskmaster we have let ourselves consider it. A little ingenuity will go a long way toward effecting personal adjustments before society accepts extra home work for mothers as part of its programme.

There is arrogance in the assumption that woman is the homemaker. Home is man's sphere as well as hers. It is an institution builded by love and mutual needs, created to protect and comfort the family. Love of home is planted deep in the heart of the race. Home is a haven, a sanctuary, a place for renewal of life and love and all that is eternal in the heart of man; it is the soul of civilization, the essence of sweetness, of abiding faith. Whatever title there is must be conferred jointly upon husband and wife.

ON THE GENTEEL ART OF COMBING ASSES' TAILS

BY T. SWANN HARDING

SOME reformer or other ever and anon dons his most profound look, grows confidential and asks me to believe that religion is, for instance, an economic phenomenon, and that when all people get their economic rights it will vanish. Man, having satisfied his material wants, will cease to postulate supernatural powers, will cease to pray, will cease to worship. I incline to skepticism. The hypothesis is too delightfully naïve.

Primitives are usually much more intelligent than civilized people in the sense that they utilize their intellectual equipment far more efficiently to cope with their environmental problems. Thus, generally speaking, they see to it that all have enough to eat and to wear and are sheltered all of the time. Among many primitive peoples the economic problem has been solved quite Socialistically, often Communistically. Yet primitives are so decidedly religious that rites and superstitions and taboos fetter them in every trivial act of their lives.

Very rich people are often sincerely religious without ulterior motive. It just happens that most men usually have spells, perhaps due to inferior digestion, during which they poignantly feel their impotence, their unimportance and the futility of their greatest efforts. In such spells it often perks them up, fabricates a functional superiority for them and does them a vast deal of good to postulate a deity and to worship, thus feeling superior to other men and justifiably dependent upon a higher power at the same time. Other men, whom we shall discuss later, feel differently, but they are always numerically negligible.

Man has a natural gravitation toward the wonderful, the magical and the mystical. Emotionally I believe he vastly prefers them to the cold, prosaic operations of methodical science. Our race is afflicted with a congenital tendency to madness and

unreason. As Anatole France, Aldous Huxley and the minor prophets have stated, "wherever the choice has to be made between the man of reason and the madman, the world has unhesitatingly followed the madman."

Men like authority, too. They despise suspended judgment. They must be Methodists or Infidels or Atheists or Agnostics or Vegetarians or Socialists or Republicans. Skepticism horrifies the average man. Even philosophers of today have lost the valuable trait which Plato exhibited in the *Parmenides* when he made the experiment of demonstrating that his own fundamental principle was practically untenable. Yet even if that principle of ours be untenable, we may find it very useful. Since when has the validity of an idea placed limitations upon its utility?

Man is not a reasoning animal at all. He is, as Unamuno insists, a sensual or a feeling animal. A cat thinks and acts incisively. It never reflects, speculates nor philosophizes. It never exhibits remorse, feels impotence, hypothecates a feline deity. It is rationally sufficient unto itself and faces the great, indifferent universe gracefully unafraid, daringly bold, elegantly supercilious. The race of cats is therefore deliberately and habitually haughty to humans.

Solve man's economic problems and his chronic nostalgia, his yearning for the supernatural, his constant desire to justify himself to himself, will escape from material things only to long more fervently than ever for the gifts of godhood—omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence and infinite leisure. "Expel religion forcibly and it returns under strange disguises," said Huneker in *Unicorns*.

For, as I have said, I am skeptical. Some of us are, by nature. In saying this I have rendered myself liable of course to the charge of Skepticism with a large S. For in being a skeptic I do not seem to have advanced one step beyond the Deist, the Idealist, the Socialist or even the downtrodden Methodist. That is to say, I have announced a theory and have classified myself. I also am a gregarious mammalian of the *Genus Homo* and am therefore bound to classify myself with my own subherd, to enunciate some theory or other of the universe and to justify myself.

But I should like to refrain from developing my individualistic

skepticism into a system. I want it to remain a mere method or technique. I have no desire to justify skepticism nor should I care for anyone to believe as I do because I do. If I can stimulate thought, well and good. I have no desire to dominate or to mould it.

We are now getting down to psychological bed rock. For the strictly rationalist infidel or agnostic or atheist often fails to see that he is psychologically at one with the dogmatic religionist. Buddhism has actually demonstrated that a perfectly effective religion may be founded upon acute agnosticism, the concept of Deity being there superfluous. In *The World as Will and Idea* Schopenhauer advances the notion that the concept of immortality is so highly desirable that it alone sustains religious faith, and that if the infidel could successfully synthesize a belief in immortality with a denial of Deity, infidelity would at once become a vastly more popular religion than it now is or ever has been.

For Schopenhauer of course observed that it is a religion. It is a response to those yearnings which we all have but which we gratify so differently. The psychic discharge which one man accomplishes through religious ecstasy, a second accomplishes through semi-rational religious contemplation, a third through blatant secularity or infidelity, and a fourth perhaps through philanthropy, ethics, conscientiousness, scientific endeavor, officious meddling with the private life of others, filial devotion, social consciousness or intoxicating liquor. The discharge is precisely the same psychologically, and the accumulation of psychic energy demanding the discharge essays the same qualitatively.

Some exceedingly interesting people, essentially sciolistic in character, take refuge in intellectuality or in Radicalism for this discharge, and make a religion of higher learning or Bolshevism. My good neighbor attends church five days weekly and on the remaining two evenings sits at home and plays gospel hymns to himself on the phonograph, meanwhile praying desperately and rather vociferously at intervals. The advanced sciolist would denounce this as absurd, atavistic and revolting. His wife declares that he is much more supportable in this phase than he is

when he drinks to excess. I do not know. But I do know that the advanced intellectual Radical is usually a sciolist in that he assumes he has become freely nonconformist and exceedingly scientific merely by exchanging one dogma for another and retaining bigotry and fanaticism unaltered. The latter, you remember, is aptly defined by Santayana as a process of redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim.

The sciolist assumes that by translating problems into an incomprehensible and highly artificial nomenclature he has achieved inerrancy, and that by abusing perfectly good scientific terms he has attained mathematical exactitude, whatever that may mean in a day of rampant relativity in mathematics and of growing empiricism in physics. He dons the verbal integument of scientific method, without inner change of heart, quite as some unregenerate priest might don the robes of office. He would scorn the priest, and yet himself says Mass before the very same altar of emotion that the priest utilizes. Moreover while doing these things the impenitent sciolist assures us loudly that he is very advanced, very profound, very original, very iconoclastic, very synthetic and, God save us, *very* scientific!

What has just been said amounts to nothing more then a restatement of well established scientific fact. Much older than James is the idea that "He believes in no God and he worships Him". Paul caught the Athenians adoring an Unknown God. James added that "the more fervent opponents of Christian doctrines have often shown a temper which, psychologically considered, is indistinguishable from religious zeal".

But attempt at this late day to include such an idea, sound and commonplace though it be, in an article for publication in even the most radical free thought journal available, and it will surely be deleted. You will be lucky indeed if your article is not cleverly emasculated to make you say things quite different from those you intended to say. I learned this by experience. Articles are usually so mutilated by smug free thought editors because they can no more bear strictures against their religion than can Presbyterians against theirs. You must not even whisper that infidelity is psychologically at one with religious conviction, for that is slander against the faith.

Yet our more bigoted radicals are obvious religio-neurotics in search of some new protective gregariousness to sustain them, or some caustic individualism to render them sadistic martyrs. Their very faces betray them; their snarling speeches and writings with symptoms of repression are an open book. They clamor for freedom of thought and of speech when their real need is an intellectual grasp which would give them something definite and useful to say.

The skeptic who does not insist upon making a philosophic dogma out of his skepticism is in a better position. He doubts sanely like a scientist, because he wishes to learn. In certain segments of human activity he is aware that he may really know truth as a terminal experience, and he cites fact and utilizes it accordingly. But in realms of metaphysics and cosmic philosophy he knows that one guess is just about as good as another, and no better. He therefore reserves the right to dally with whichever speculation momentarily produces in him the warmest glow of satisfaction. But in season and out of season he insists that his speculation is only a matter of personal comfort and that it is a speculation, however enjoyable, lacking compelling authority. He will gladly laugh with you at his speculation, provided you are genteel enough to laugh with him now and then at your own.

For in these spheres we want comfort and satisfaction, not dogma, vindication and ill-temper. As Remy de Gourmont says in his *Dust for Sparrows*; "I have known very religious men in all professions, as I have known also convinced Deists and Spiritualists, who were *nevertheless* quite intelligent, very enlightened, very well-balanced in all manifestations of practical activity. Which may, all of it, serve to demonstrate that when one passes out of the realm of the knowable the knowledge of the atheist and believer are of perfectly equal equivalence." Both may be very serviceable indeed. Both gratify an urgent psychological whim which demands gratification on pain of making us very uncomfortable. But the individual who practises scientific skepticism is demonstrably less likely to emulate Dr. Kunastrokius than is the dogmatist of whatever brand.

For Laurence Sterne tells us that the good doctor took "the

greatest delight imaginable in combing asses' tails, and plucking the hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket".

The religious or other dogmatists can undoubtedly have a diverting time sinking their teeth into an opponent's dialectic. That is perfectly all right if they really prefer such primitive technique. The skeptic simply insists upon using his tweezers and any other legitimate implements which science offers as aids to understanding the universe better. He also desires to be imposed upon as little as possible, and he gains nothing by practising self-deception and invoking as external an omniscient authority he himself invented. He is all for tweezers as opposed to teeth, and this slight difference of opinion should not lead to ill feeling.

MISS MILLER *vs.* MISS MAYO

BY PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON

EACH in her own way as determined as the other, two daughters of the West have completed a début in the East. Miss Mayo has published a book. Miss Miller has become a bride.

As bombshells, both the book and the bridal have broken all records. Miss Mayo, the woman who wrote, is as famous as Miss Miller, the woman who did. The one mentioned the unmentionable. The other perpetrated the unpardonable. Both the word and the act were brought under the ban of Indian opinion.

The situation is important. It is true that neither Miss Mayo nor Miss Miller has been the first woman of her country to stir the attention of India. There was Miss Leiter, of Chicago, who, as Lady Curzon, presided over the Vice-Regal Court. But Miss Leiter arrived in India, already British. Miss Mayo and Miss Miller disembarked with American passports. They cannot be dismissed, therefore, as mere individuals. It is on individuals that the limelight is concentrated and it is in persons that we see our problems. To scores of millions, Miss Mayo and Miss Miller suggest the first intimate and electric contact between Southern Asia and the United States. They are the pioneers.

When men discuss a country, it is usually in terms of secondary factors like armies, navies, politics and finance. If the sisterhood of the race is advanced far beyond the brotherhood, it is because women are concerned with essentials. Miss Mayo mothers India. Miss Miller is there married.

On both these ladies, there has been showered a cloudburst of criticism. If, however, the criticisms be compared, there arises the question whether they are not mutually destructive. A mixed marriage between an Eastern and a Western may be suitable or it may be unsuitable. If it is suitable, why blame Miss Miller? If it is unsuitable, surely Miss Mayo is to be praised for stating the reasons why.

It is a dilemma that cannot be evaded. As princes, as students and as pundits, swamis and mahatmas, Indians and especially Indian men are entering Western society and meeting Western women. These guests, detached from their hereditary environment, reveal a charm of manner and claim a superiority of wisdom, which, associated with the appearance and, in this instance, the reality of wealth, are well calculated to mesmerize a girl whose sophistication exceeds her judgment. Hitherto experienced Anglo Indians, including an Anglo Indian novelist like Mrs. F. E. Penny, have set their faces against the mixed marriage. In view of a test case, so widely advertised as to be an example to others, is the traditional rule to be upheld or is it to be superseded? As chaperon, Miss Mayo says, No. As fiancée, Miss Miller says, Yes.

What inspired Miss Mayo was the courage of her convictions. She belongs to that masterful type which includes Lady Hester Stanhope, niece of Pitt, who settled in Palestine, and Miss Gertrude Bell, the uncrowned Queen of Mesopotamia. These were great ladies who ruled by right of aristocracy. It is to such a dynasty that Miss Mayo belongs.

Miss Miller has displayed courage, but it is the courage of emotion. The fascinations of Asia from which the wholesome instincts of Miss Mayo recoiled with disgust, appealed to Miss Miller as a romance of the unknown into which it was life itself to plunge. Her sisters in audacity dare death by airplane. Miss Miller's airplane was an alien altar. With such impulses, it is not easy to argue.

It is the eye that determines what it sees. What Miss Mayo discerned in India was the suffering of the people. What appealed to Miss Miller, and all that appealed to her, was the pleasure enjoyed and offered by a Prince. In her decisions, it is not easy to discover any save a selfish and, we are bound to add, a mercenary motive.

The land of Miss Miller's adoption is among the poorest in the world. A reason of that poverty, as Miss Mayo points out, is the fact that India holds the largest reserve of metals and jewels of all countries on this planet. Her bullion alone is worth five billion dollars, and, in the year 1924–5, she imported $328,000,000, or

forty per cent. of the gold and thirty per cent. of the silver produced from all sources.

According to Mr. D. C. Bliss, of the United States Bureau of Commerce, India, if she developed banking, might be "one of the powerful nations of the world". Yet what happens to the treasure? It is invested, not in banks but in bangles. Admit that this habit is a survival of the days when a wife's ornaments were a guarantee against famine. The fact remains that the farmer is sustaining nearly two billions of mortgages at ruinous interest when he has dormant assets which would set him free.

In the hoarding of treasure, Indian princes are today the worst offenders. And against their display of useless wealth, there is arising a just resentment. It is this public property that is lavished on Miss Miller as a bride and accepted by her—money and jewels not produced by industry but derived by taxation of the people. It is stated that the quondam Maharajah has announced a settlement of $300,000 a year on his latest favorite. It is more than three times the salary of the Viceroy and it suggests a rapacity that has exceeded the worst excesses of the fabled Nabobs of old "John Company" or of the royal mistresses who ministered to Stuarts and Bourbons. If anything could aggravate the social injustice to India, it would be the prospect, as alleged, that these revenues may be disbursed, not in Indore where they are raised, but amid the gilded châteaux of France. Ireland would not tolerate absentee landlords. The absentee Prince and the absentee millionaire may discover in due course that they also are unpopular.

There is a type of young lady, now justly prominent, who is known as a gold-digger. She will seek and she will accept gifts in money and in kind from men, related to her and unrelated, and her view of marriage is that of the market. To be a gold-digger in a rich country like the United States may be good or it may be bad taste. But at least it is a game played by equals. But to dig for gold in the thin soil of the East, to take for luxuries what should be spent on hospitals and schools, this is surely the last word in the acquisitive art.

However, if one is to win the jewels and the rupees, one must not be too particular in one's feminine susceptibilities. There is

no suggestion that the Maharajah whom Miss Miller met in the moonlight has been other than an utter Oriental. To Indian princes, every latitude is permitted, but so scandalous was the conduct of this potentate that the British Raj was forced by Indian opinion itself to depose him from the throne. Miss Miller could not have been unaware of this past. But, to her, it made no difference. Her prince was dispossessed of his power, but not of his purse.

Over plural marriage, it may not be easy for the West any longer to raise an eyebrow. In Russia and in other countries, it is today as simple as it is in India for a person who really desires it to become either a third husband or a third wife.

Still, the fact that an American girl of education and position should have freely accepted the status of plural wife in a polygamous court would have been unthinkable a few years ago in any State other than Utah. No British lady, so surrendering her racial and national prestige, could expect to be received afterward in Western society, except with the coldest of minimum formalities.

The injustice of the marriage would have been mitigated somewhat if the earlier wives of the Maharajah had been at liberty, like Western women under similar circumstances, to marry again. But even the widows—numbering 27,000,000 women, or almost as many as half the women in the United States—are denied this right; and grass-widows, though discarded, are not released.

Indeed, the Maharajah has here a particularly bad record. One of his dancers—a woman in whom he had lost interest—escaped. She was pursued by emissaries with knives. They murdered a merchant who had protected her. They slashed her across the face. They attacked British officers who tried to protect her. It is such wrongs to her sex that, despite her Christian training, Miss Miller has condoned. Indian wives are submissive but, in this case, even they have made known their embittered hostility to the intruder.

In such romances—and they rarely interest the West—there is a habit of inflicting on the later wife a subordinate form of marriage which implies that she is to occupy a humble station in the

home. Miss Miller was accompanied, however, by a vigilant grandmother. She insisted on the highest and most binding of religious rites and, in the end, she had her way.

But the price that she had to pay for an adequate marriage was the surrender of her faith, both religious and civic. As a baptized Christian and as a born American, she had to confess that she was an outcast and an untouchable who had need to apply for and submit to wearisome, humiliating and elaborate cleansings. It was not merely that she changed her allegiances. She allowed her allegiances to be publicly insulted in her person, and from the insult the experts in Indian etiquette spared no emphasis. The girl from Seattle was kept for weeks standing barefoot amid the snows of Canossa, and she consented to the chilly and disgraceful ordeal.

As the Maharani Sharmishta, Nancy Miller now enjoys a high caste. But what does this mean? Educated under a Declaration of Independence which asserts the equal status of all, she has accepted a gospel of inequality which is repudiated even by Islam. The Untouchables, numbering seventy million, whose cause is pleaded by Miss Mayo, are left to their fate by Miss Miller. For a moment, she planted her foot on their necks, but only in order to spring therefrom to the ladder of royal, religious and economic privilege.

Miss Miller, deserting Christianity, is now not only a Hindu but an Orthodox Hindu. In so far as her conversion has stirred enthusiasm, it is among the superstitious and the ignorant to whom the orthodoxy of Hinduism appeals. Thousands, we read, are flocking to the faith and there are to be subscriptions for the conversion of Europe. The theory that Miss Miller is a prophetess of the higher life of India need not be taken, however, too seriously. The position was one in which a religion, not devoid of the sordid instinct, was able to name its figure.

The orthodox Hinduism which Miss Miller accepts is the orthodox Hinduism which Miss Mayo exposes. It is this orthodoxy, with its defiance of hygiene, which is mainly responsible for a deathrate in India that is double the deathrate—at least double—of the United States. It is this orthodoxy which, by forbidding the slaughter of animals, imposes on the Indian poor

the burden of tens of millions of unproductive cattle and live-stock, including the black rat. It is this orthodoxy which has developed the scandals of child marriage and of perpetual widow-hood, which has fastened illiteracy on women, which has denied them Western medicine, which has made it six times as dangerous to be a mother in India as it is in England, and three times as dangerous to be an infant. For the sake of her palace, with its guards and its servants and its jewels, the Maharani Sharmishta has endorsed those cruelties of conservatism in the East which Miss Mayo has had the courage to condemn.

That no missionary would endorse the marriage of Miss Miller, goes without saying. But there are many missionaries who, while deploring the marriage, also condemn Miss Mayo. They believe in Christianity, they practise it, but is there not good and evil in every faith? Let the aim be to help the Hindu to be a better Hindu and the Moslem to be a better Moslem.

It is very generous. It is also utterly unreal. Did the Hindus say to Miss Miller that they would turn her into a better Christian? Not a bit of it. They knew that here is an issue on which there can be no compromise, and their terms were unconditional surrender. The case of Miss Miller demonstrates that a Christianity which hesitates to convert others, will be itself converted. If this girl, who has vanished behind a veil of occult indulgence, had gone to India to teach the people, to serve them, to help them, she would not be luxuriating today at the expense of the peasantry, and trying to salve her conscience by building Hindu shrines in Paris.

WHITHER IS THE COLLEGE HEADED?

BY G. H. ESTABROOKS

FIVE hundred years ago the university was an institution of learning, and nothing more. The student body consisted of a few hundred individuals whose ultimate aim was some branch of the priesthood and a few score eccentrics who just wanted learning for its own sake. The real élite of the country—the gentry—could neither read nor write and were proud of it. The great mass of the common people regarded learning with that attitude of respectful contempt taken by our football stars toward Phi Beta Kappa students in general.

But times have changed. Today the college is still an institution of learning, but to the public mind this is a mere incidental. The average citizen cares nothing about the scholastic standards of Harvard, Chicago or Leland Stanford. But he does know that Yale had the best football team in the country last year, that Notre Dame was beaten decisively by Army, and that Southern California was top dog on the Pacific Coast. He will also follow college basketball, hockey and baseball with greedy eyes.

There is something more which the average citizen is slowly realizing. He goes to the movies and sees some such film as *The College Widow* or *Tom Brown at Harvard*, and he begins to think. College means to him something very different from what it did twenty years ago. He sees the glamor of the social and athletic life portrayed on the screen. He sees the athlete and the social idol always crashing through in the rôle of hero. There are a color and a glow to it which are infectious. Studies? Oh, yes, to be sure he thinks of them, but they must be very much in the background. They are of minor importance, and he never gives them a second thought.

Then comes that line of reasoning which is as certainly going to change our colleges as the Sophists changed ancient Greece. He wants these advantages for his children. Not only that, but he

intends to have them. He is feeling this want very vaguely as yet; but give him time! He'll learn and learn quickly. His money is supporting most of these institutions. He is living in a democracy. There are plenty of astute politicians who will voice this want for him if it means votes—and it does. He will soon demand, indeed has already demanded in some States, the right of his son to attend these enchanted fairylands we call colleges, and to do this almost regardless of intellectual background. The State college is rapidly being forced into paying serious heed to this movement, and herein is to be found a situation pregnant with danger and rich with the most wonderful opportunity which has yet crossed the path of any group of educational institutions.

Let us realize that there is danger, real, live and immediate. When John Citizen thinks on big issues, he often merely reflects the words of some very astute but possibly very ignorant politician. If this demand of the citizens is met by an uncompromising attitude on the part of our colleges, then the colleges will change and the change will be forced upon them. Under these conditions they will admit whom they are told to admit; and we must hope the good Archangel Gabriel will protect the scholastic standards, for certainly no mere earthly power will be sufficient.

But there are more ways than one in which to kill the proverbial cat. We can, if we choose, admit virtually whom we must, and yet keep our scholastic bars up; though a very diplomatic technique must be applied. And how? Paradoxical as it may seem, we will turn to Oxford for an object lesson in how to handle a difficult college situation in a democracy. Oxford has solved this problem in beautiful fashion; though it is an aristocratic institution and caters to the aristocracy of England. Nevertheless a problem to all intents and purposes similar to our own has been met and solved at this institution. It is, perhaps, owing to the Englishman's temperament.

The American believes in the principle of "All-or-None"; absolute rigidity in morals, in athletics and in matters intellectual. Our football stars are high grade professionals, our moral leaders uncompromising bigots,—this is just a little harsh, but we must carry out our analogy,—and our intellectual leaders are pure

intellect without a spark of æsthetic background. Once again we are rather harsh, but we insist on being logical.

The Englishman is the exact opposite. By his very nature he takes all things in moderation. Compromise is his watchword, and by the use of this magic talisman he has solved the intellectual problem at Oxford. To this institution come the sons of England's aristocracy, with a few others who are of little importance. And many of these scions of nobility are frankly non-intellectual. They come to Oxford for the social life, for the athletic recreation, for the friends and contacts they will there obtain, for the glamor and splendor of college life in which Oxford excels. Their interest in things intellectual is *nil*. They are quite frank on that point.

And, strange to say, Oxford, the greatest of the English universities, the one institution which every American educator mentions when he wishes to personify the last word in a liberal arts college, this Oxford of such wondrous reputation receives them with open arms. For the Englishman, most unscientific of all modern educators, has arrived at certain conclusions by the use of common sense which we in America are writing libraries to prove. He realizes that many students who come to the university for admission either cannot or will not work. At the same time he has a very definite sense of duty for all his cynicism on certain New World reforms. These men are coming to Oxford for what they can get, and they are from that aristocratic class which Oxford serves. The Englishman solves the problem by letting them come, take what they can get, and depart not only in peace but with the Oxford A.B. attached to their names.

Do the standards of the institution suffer? Not in the least! The authorities have a very neat little device for insuring that those standards remain where they are, which is probably quite as high as those existing at Harvard or Yale.

The Oxford A.B. is divided into the honor and the pass degrees. About one-fifth of the students at Oxford and Cambridge are out for "pass" degrees. The standards required for this type of A.B. are probably considerably lower than those demanded at any of our good small American institutions, and any student who fails to obtain a "pass" is hopeless so far as college work is concerned. But even in his case, owing to the fact that all his real examina-

tions come at the end of his three years' work and that there is no very serious check-up before that time, he may still remain at Oxford for three years even if he cannot make that very easy pass degree. The authorities are far more lenient on the subject of allowing poor students to remain in college than are we of America.

Those students who feel like really making an effort will try for an "honor" degree, and these are divided into firsts, seconds, thirds and fourths, dependent on the grades obtained in the final examinations. A "fourth" is probably about the equivalent of a low "C" at an American institution. I know the impression at Oxford is that a really normal human being can obtain one without any very serious effort. But the "first" or "distinction" enjoys no such reputation. In fact the general opinion is that you must be not only "all there" but somewhat of an intellectual wizard to obtain one. The real standards of Oxford are to be judged by the standards required for "firsts" and "seconds", and let no student think that he has an easy task at this point. His awakening will be a sad one.

But you will see clearly that by this simple device the Englishman can afford to be very lenient in the matter of college standards and yet keep his real standards at a very high level. By this means about one-fourth to one-fifth of the students at Oxford can obtain all the social advantages of that great institution and never really worry about such things as grades.

Not only that, but the Oxford authorities find that the presence of these men in the institution in no way handicaps the better students. The Don's attitude is different from that of the average American instructor. He is in no way concerned with getting his subject across and raising the great bulk of his class up to some mythical standard. He lectures or tutors, as the case may be, and awaits the final examinations. These will separate the sheep from the goats most effectively. And yet I have no right to use such terminology. There are no such things as sheep and goats to the Oxford Don. A certain proportion of his class are frankly in the institution for the social life. They hope for a "pass" degree, but really are not terribly worried whether they get it or not. The Don recognizes this, and also refuses to worry. They may know absolutely nothing about his subject, but he evaluates them

just as much on their qualities as gentlemen as on their abilities as students. Merely another case of the Englishman's love for moderation in all things. The college can give certain things which this type of student wants. He has no desire whatever for certain other things. Then why, in the name of heaven, try to force them down his throat?

And as Oxford serves an aristocracy, so must our colleges sooner or later serve a democracy. For the college is no longer merely an institute of academic training; it is now becoming an educational force in the very highest sense of the word. Here we have true manhood personified as harmonious development along mental, moral and physical lines. To be sure, the erudite professor will scoff at the intellectual training of most college men, the religious bigot will point to the wild "house parties" and whisper about the terrible curse of drunkenness in our universities, while the professional athlete will find little consolation in the physiques of many college men.

But for all that our universities and colleges represent something very fine. Scare rumors are one thing, facts are another. I know the student life at Oxford, Harvard and my present institution. There are low standards at all three; scrawny physiques can everywhere be found, and isolated cases of vice always refresh the zealous critic. At heart the institutions are sound, mentally, morally and physically.

It is an excellent sign of the times that the public is becoming vitally interested in these institutions and is determined to obtain for itself those ideals for which the college stands. To be sure, this demand may cause a popularization of the college and flood it with many ill prepared students. But that is a mere side issue. Oxford has met the difficulty; so can we. The great thing is that the college can in this manner pass on to the great bulk of our citizens those ideals of manhood which are slowly taking shape within its walls.

A CHINESE IDYLL IN THE MAKING

BY CHIANG CHAO-LIN

A POPULAR Chinese couplet of unknown origin says, "If China is to be Germany, Hunan must be her Prussia." It is hard to conceive of China as a second Germany; it is harder still to conceive of Hunan as playing the rôle of Prussia. The sentiment which gave rise to the couplet was undoubtedly the vague general longing for national unity and international respect which it was hoped would come with unity. The pardonable pride of a provincial assigned the glory of leadership to Hunan. Yet this pride is not entirely without foundation. The people of the province of Hunan, like all mountain peoples, are doggedly persistent, proud, of good fighting instincts and powers, and conservative. The central province of Hunan has had none of the court associations of the northern provinces; neither has it enjoyed the splendors—material, artistic, and intellectual—of the coast provinces; but it has solidity and self-confidence.

In one of the most isolated hill districts of Hunan, a lad of five was one day touched in his imagination by one of the distant ramifications of the Boxer uprising. In the hot and dry summer of 1900, a local fanatical patriot raised the loyalist standard to exterminate foreigners and things foreign. He collected around him about one hundred followers, but was arrested and executed by Government troops only fifteen *li* from the lad's home. The soldiers carried the corpse past the home, which, being by the road-side, served tea gratis to all travelers, as such homes in China with a tradition for charity do. At the sight of the soldiers, most of the folks fled to the innermost apartments of the house, but the lad and his father went out to satisfy their curiosity. The head of the "martyr" was large, his face bright as with indignation. The lad's sympathies were entirely with the hero, as he had been told that his country was being ruined by the devilish powers of the foreigners, such as the mysterious power of

extracting children's eyes by merely touching their heads, and making of them elixirs. How deadly were these foreigners! But the lad was curious: he touched the heads of his playmates this way and that way, but was never able to discover the mysterious power of the foreign devil.

Of the lad's early experiences with his parents, the man—or the boy, according to the American scale of evaluation—remembers only a few. Of his mother who died when he was nine, he remembers, for one thing, the everlasting drug-pot which was always brewing on the brick oven, and the country doctor with his white horse that kicked ferociously when the boys tried to pull his tail. He also remembers the stiff gingham shirts which she put on him on the first and fifteenth of every month. His father he knows to have been stern and taciturn, but he recalls with pleasure the rock candy, the *lee-chi* nuts, and the preserved persimmons which the father brought home when he returned from his business in a city on the Yangtze.

At six, the lad was put in a little school held in one of the larger halls of the family residence. Equipped with a writing brush, some paper, a stick of ink, a grinding stone, and a copy of the *Three Character Canon*, he was led to the school by his uncle. The teacher lit some incense before a tablet of Confucius; the uncle laid a row of cash wrapped in red paper on the table; the three then kowtowed, the lad imitating his elders, putting as much reverence on his face as he could. Here, in the company of his brothers and cousins of various degrees, the lad shouted his lessons and practised calligraphy. He did so well that his uncle, who was the real superintendent of his education, decided to send him next year to a boarding school three miles from home, where under a better teacher and in the company of maturer boys he would, it was thought, make quicker progress.

In the next three years, the lad labored to master the classics and to learn to be literary. He began his day with the sun and continued under a wood-oil lamp after the sun had set. In the morning he memorized assignments in the classics; in the afternoon, he reviewed; in the evening, he recited poetry and essays. Every fifth day, he wrote essays. Yes, essays, with a beginning, a body, and a conclusion, modeled after masterpieces. At first,

the lad had to take sentences of Confucius for subjects; later, a figure in history or some modern problem was given out for treatment. Modern problems were the lad's favorite, not the teacher's: the latter thought them a necessary concession to boyish whimsies, not likely to train a mind; the former felt the burden of country, would fain solve all the problems of defense, industry, and government. Games, what are they? A school is the place to study, not to play. No Chinese lad in those days knew what a ball was. There were no inter-class, no inter-scholastic contests of any kind. Holidays were few. Of vacation, there were two periods, one month at New Year and two months in the summer.

Even in China, in old dignified China, boys had to have escapades. The lad had a few of them, not of an adventurous nature, but mischievous enough, so he was told. One day, when three visitors were engaging the attention of the teacher, the lad played a game of chess with a mate in the next room. Unluckily, the teacher passed by the window and stooped to peep through the little hole left there by the lad in order to watch the doings in the bamboo grove behind. As soon as the shadow of the teacher appeared on the opaque paper-covered window, the boys threw the chessboard on the floor, but the teacher saw the guns, the chariots, the soldiers, the kings and generals on the table. When the visitors had left, the two boys were summoned to the teacher's room. His Majesty's simple question was: "Which do you prefer, a thrashing or kneeling on the floor for the afternoon?" "What for?" demanded our lad. "For playing." "What did we play?" "Chess." "No, we did not play chess." "I saw the things on the table." "You saw no board; surely we cannot play chess without a chessboard." "No argument! Make your choice!" Our lad thought it over: thrashing, though grievous, could not last a whole afternoon, and he chose thrashing. The teacher went into the bamboo grove and gathered a goodly-sized bunch. The lads were thrashed till no leaf was left on the bamboo branches.

Another happy and evil day when the teacher left the school to see his wife and children, the boys went to a farm near by and stole a chicken. Before they had had time to kill their prey,

the farmer appeared. One of the older boys commanded quiet and engaged the farmer in conversation; a second got some hot water, and put the chicken underneath the wooden bathtub; a third then took the farmer through the rooms of the school and sympathetically helped him to locate the chicken. Every room was thoroughly examined. "Now," said the boy-guide, "there are only the bathroom and the kitchen which you have not seen. Please follow me." They went to the kitchen; there was no trace of the fowl there. They went to the bathroom; the farmer, perceiving that a boy was in the process of bathing himself, apologized profusely for having violated propriety and withdrew.

In summer, the lad helped his folks in supervising the harvest. Most of the family land was let out to peasants who worked it and divided the crop equally with the owners. The lad was usually sent out to watch the gathering of rice. When the sun had set and the workers had put the rice in large bamboo baskets, he was asked to choose his share. He thought he always did that with good wit. But sometimes when the peasant had invited him to a chicken dinner at noon, he had to let him have the little extra rice left in the thrashing-box, which, he was assured, was not much and could not possibly be piled on the baskets. In winter, he spent his vacation in preparations for the New Year and in enjoying them when they came to be enjoyed. His chief delight was, however, to go to his uncle's quarters and sit by the fire with his girl cousins. The uncle would tell him in a quiet dignified voice about the troubles of the nation and the reforms that the Emperor was making. Once in a long while the conversation would strike a jocular vein. Or, the uncle would describe the new schools he had seen in Changsha, the capital of the province, telling of the big foreign-styled schoolhouses with glass windows, of the hundreds of schoolboys clad in foreign clothes and foreign straw hats, marching in the city to band music with flags flying. It was his opinion that these new schools were the hope of salvation for China, for they taught Western science and gave the boys Western physical exercises. "Perhaps," he would end by saying, "the Emperor will abolish the examinations. Then you will have to go to one of the new schools in Changsha."

The lad thought and dreamed about the new schools. How wonderful it would be to wear foreign dress and to learn all the secrets of the devilish powers of the foreigners! If he had to go to one of them eventually, why, the sooner the better. But the uncle declared solemnly, "No, you cannot go this year. The Emperor may or may not abolish the examinations. Furthermore, the new schools are not good in Chinese literature. We are Chinese; our root study is Chinese literature. If you do well this year with the classics and essay-writing, I will take you to Ming-teh School next year."

Both lived up to the bargain; the boy was sent to Changsha next year. The novelties of the new school absorbed him for months. Marching to breakfast, dinner, and supper, to classes, and to bed was fascinating; wearing a cap with a visor, a uniform, saluting teachers in school and out, gave him a sense of self-importance; studying flowers and buds, the whats and hows and whys of air and water, drawing, singing, going over the geography of the world with stories about the Western countries, playing games including football—all this was simply rollicking. Saturday afternoons and Sundays, he was out in the city with his new friends, visiting the Heart-of-the-Sky pagoda, exploring the windings of the city wall, or getting a peep at the Governor's *Yamen.*

Gradually, interest in the new school died out and suspicion of its inefficiency grew. To be sure, quite a few of the teachers had been to Japan, but many had not. Besides, Japan is not the real source of Western knowledge. The boy thought he was expected to learn Western knowledge in order to help China resist foreign aggression; but why was he not taught English, the key to Western knowledge? Foreign physical exercises and foreign clothes did not enable him to make a gun or a steam engine; they must be trappings, not the real stuff. When his uncle asked him about the new school, his laconic answer was, "A name without substance." The boy could not claim originality for this criticism, for it was in the air: young and old, radicals and conservatives, were alike applying the same criticism to all that pertained to the new régime in the country for exactly opposite reasons. "When we stand on one hill, we think the other hill

is higher. That is an illusion." This was the uncle's diagnosis. To this the boy, though he made no answer, made certain definite reservations. He thought he knew what he was talking about; he was not to be silenced. Time and time again, the uncle asked the same question and the boy made the same answer. "What do you want to do?" finally asked the troubled uncle. "I want to go to Europe or America." "No, you are too young to go. How would you like to go to a foreign school in China and study under foreign teachers?" "Well, that is one step nearer the source." The transfer was then made.

Here, for five years, the boy worked on "the key to Western knowledge". Even before he went to the missionary school, he had learned the English alphabet. "A" was most expressive to him, for it resembled a coolie carrying lumber on his shoulders; "O" was the easiest, being a simple circle; "R" was the hardest to pronounce, for it required the difficult operation of turning the tongue up; "Q" sounded queerest. The first word to enter his ken was "book", which he repeated as being b-o-o-k. He could not quite understand why he should not say "I am, he am, we am," etc.; nor could he comprehend the "s" in "he sits". Those things he attributed to the perversity of foreigners. He kept a note-book in which he wrote every new word he learned with its Chinese equivalent. He practised English penmanship as assiduously as he had Chinese, conceiving both as fine arts. At the end of the fifth year, he was possessed with a desire to know exactly how much English he knew. He took an English-Chinese dictionary, covered the column of Chinese characters, and then numbered every word he knew as he ran down page after page. When the process was over, he found he had learned 1,738 words.

One large feature of the boy's school life was the student strike. Juvenile orators magnified petty complaints against the missionary Principal into great national issues. One boy was caught smoking by the Principal, who used his cane on the spot. The orators immediately called a mass meeting at which two indictments were brought against the Principal: one, that he, a foreigner, by striking a Chinese, had insulted the national honor; two, the school code not providing corporal punishment, the

Principal's action smacked of that of an autocrat, not to be tolerated in this age of freedom. A strike must be called to compel the Principal to make a public apology.

One lesson the boy learned thoroughly from his American teachers, namely, the superiority of America over the European countries. His ambition narrowed down to going to America to study. He sent to his uncle an incessant current of information and emotion. Was he not prepared to go beyond the ocean after he had studied English for one year? And was not a boy of twelve able to take care of himself? Surely two years of preparation would be enough for anything. "Uncle, you cannot expect me to stay here forever. I have been here already three years." "After four years of patient study here, I think justice demands that I be sent abroad."

In the summer of 1911, the family business collapsed. In the fall, the Revolution came. All schools were closed. The boy wanted to join the Revolutionary army, but everybody laughed at the idea of a boy-soldier. He recalled the history he had learned: Did not the American Revolution last eight years, and was not the French Revolution prolonged over decades? The thought of staying idle while the Chinese Revolution worked itself out was appalling. He resolved he would go to America to study for eight years and then go home to help reconstruct the Revolution-swept country. He went to his folks with the decision. The answer was, he was too young and they were too poor. "I will go with my missionary teacher, who is returning to America. If you will give me three hundred dollars now, I will not ask one cent more of you in all the years." After days of agitation, he won.

While he was waiting in Shanghai for his passport and his new real foreign clothes, he found a friend, who admired the boy enormously and accompanied him to all meals, for which, however, the boy felt he must pay. When the time came for departure, the missionary had changed his mind; he would not return till two years later, as the Revolution was already over; and the boy's purse was sadly depleted. In this plight, he sought the advice of a missionary doctor. "Are you afraid to go alone?" asked the doctor. "No, I am almost sixteen."

"Have you enough money?" "I have thirty good American dollars." There was a long silence; the doctor thought about the thirty dollars; the boy thought about the humiliation he would face in the school if he returned after he had got as far as Shanghai. Both came to an instant decision: The boy decided to go; the doctor decided to lend him one hundred dollars, if the boy was willing to work after he reached America. On a bright January day, the boy boarded an ocean steamer, accompanied by his good friend the dinner-mate, and a Chinese evangelist who presented to him a copy of the lives of the Martyrs of 1900.

The first gentleman in America to greet him was the immigration officer, a portly, elderly man in blue uniform and heavy spectacles. He understood the English of the officer as well or as poorly as the Chinese of the Cantonese interpreter. The boy constructed a long sentence in his mind and then delivered it: "If you will speak English very, very slowly, I will understand." He thought he had made his subject agree with the predicate and the tenses correct. When the examination was over, he waited for the coolies to come to the steerage to carry his baggage. Everybody had left and still there was no coolie. Then carrying his suitcase with one hand and a bundle with another, he walked out and crossed the plank. "At last, I am in America. This is firm land." And he stamped on the ground several times to see if it was really firm.

The warehouse on the wharf was almost empty. The sky was blue; a gentle breeze was blowing on the California coast. The boy surveyed his surroundings to find out which direction he should go. The passers-by seemed all too busy to answer the many questions he liked to ask. In a moment, one of his own countrymen strolled along leisurely, in true Chinese fashion. To his great disappointment, the man did not understand the boy's English and the boy did not understand the man's Chinese. They resorted to hands and head. Then the man carried the suitcase and led the boy through the streets of San Francisco to a part which looked very much like China. There, they went into a church whose pastor in turn took the boy to the American Y. M. C. A. A bright-looking secretary, who seemed to understand every need of the boy, expressed or unexpressed, took

charge of him. In the evening, the boy was taken to a hotel where after writing his name in a book he was led into a steel cage which immediately started to go up. Next morning, he did not know whether to entrust himself again to that steel cage; to play safe, he walked down. "I have never had to walk so many flights of stairs," he told the clerk as he passed out.

In a week, he found himself in a school in the great Middle West, where the students worked half a day and studied the other half. His first job was shoveling coal from a freight car into a wagon. In all his previous existence in China, he had never done a bit of manual labor. In the cold of a February afternoon, he found that if he did not work continuously his teeth would chatter, and if he did his hands would hurt and his back ache. But he earned the right to study, beside blisters on the hands. His first book was Scott's *Ivanhoe*, out of which, with the aid of his English-Chinese dictionary, he got a dim idea of the woods and castles, knights and yeomen of mediæval England.

From the preparatory school, he went to college, and from college to the graduate school. He has almost finished his pilgrimage. He thinks he has learned Yankee grit and some of the Western knowledge that confers devilish powers. He has not forgotten China, but he is afraid that the task of governing it is greater than he and his two friends in Changsha could handle alone. But this is frankly only an idyll in the making. What the sequel will be, only the next half century of Chinese history can tell.

CHICAGO'S FIELD MUSEUM

BY D. C. DAVIES

THE Field Museum of Natural History was founded in 1893, its establishment being made possible by the late Marshall Field, who gave $1,000,000 for the purpose. A further sum of $8,000,000 was bequeathed to the institution by Mr. Field when he died in January, 1906. Of this amount, $4,000,000 was allotted for the erection of the present building, and $4,000,000 for endowment.

The Museum originally occupied the Fine Arts Building in Jackson Park, the most beautiful of the buildings which had housed the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition. Since 1920 the Museum has been in its own new building, in Grant Park. Three main objectives were kept to the fore in planning and designing this building: First, to provide perfect exhibition rooms for the display of scientific collections; second, to furnish adequate quarters and equipment for the scientific and working staffs needed for such collections; and third, to erect a building which would attain the high standard of Greek architecture, and hold a worthy place among the monumental structures of Chicago.

The building is of white Georgia marble, classic in design and massive in proportion. The main architectural motifs were inspired by the Erechtheum, generally recognized as the most refined example of the Ionic order. The museum building modelled on this classic structure is 700 feet long, 350 feet wide and 90 feet high, and covers an area of about eleven acres. The north and south façades are divided into a large pedimented central pavilion and two long wings, the latter having each a complete series of Ionic columns running throughout its length, and terminated by a smaller pavilion at the end. This order rests upon a basement story and is crowned by an attic, pierced with windows.

An attractive feature of the exterior is the terrace, sixty feet wide, extending all the way around the building, and rising six feet above the ground. This terrace has a retaining wall, steps and balustrade of the same marble as the building proper. The main entrance is provided with an ample flight of steps leading to the central doorway, and is emphasized by decorative flagstaffs on the terrace to the east and west.

The interior of the museum building consists, in its general arrangement, of a great central hall or nave, flanked by transverse exhibition halls on both sides; these exhibition halls being again united by halls running parallel to the nave at either end of the building. The rest of the structure is divided into floors, all of which are devoted to exhibition purposes, except the third floor and clerestories which are used for offices and laboratories of the scientific staff.

The central hall, which is dedicated to Stanley Field, president of the Museum, contains four fine statues designed by Henry Hering. These figures symbolize the purposes of the Museum, and blend with the architectural treatment of the hall. The figures represent symbolically "Natural Science", "Dissemination of Knowledge", "Research" and "Record".

The Museum contains a theatre seating more than 1,000 persons, built with funds provided by James Simpson, and named in his honor, and a smaller lecture hall, both of which are used for illustrated science and travel lectures, moving pictures for children, and other such public purposes.

Exhibits in the Museum have been gathered by collectors, specialists in their respective departments of the natural sciences, who have been dispatched to many parts of the world for the purpose of accumulating material. So closely have they adhered to the best practice that today the Museum is noted for exactness and purity of method, and the material exhibited is becoming more and more appreciated for its attractiveness, coördination, high educational value and economic usefulness.

Exhibits are grouped into four departments, Anthropology, Botany, Geology and Zoölogy. The collections in each are arranged systematically under their respective divisions, descriptive labels being attached to all exhibits. Stanley Field

Hall is an exception to the arrangement described. In this hall, which occupies the nave of the building, and into which the main entrance opens, representative collections from each of the departments are shown, to give a general glimpse of the activities of the Institution as a whole.

In the Department of Anthropology are life-size groups of Eskimos, Indians of various tribes, and other primitive peoples, surrounded by the weapons, implements, utensils, art products and other objects representative of their lives and cultures; Etruscan, Greek and Roman antiquities; a complete Maori council house from Polynesia; gorgeous silken dresses, grotesque masks and other objects from the interior of forbidden Tibet; and collections representing the ancient cultures of Mexico, Peru, South Pacific Islands, Japan, China, and Africa. These are but a few of the exhibits indicating the scope of this department devoted to the fascinating "Science of Man". There are more than 160,000 objects illustrating the achievements in arts and industries, and the social and religious life of the peoples of the world outside of modern Europe and America, in both historic and prehistoric times.

A comprehensive idea of the Plant Kingdom and its relation to human life may be obtained in the Department of Botany. Particular emphasis is laid on economic uses of plant materials in the exhibits, thus making them of interest to students of economics and business men. There is a display of characteristic plant forms from the lowest bacteria, represented as seen with a microscope, to the higher forms of plants. Of striking interest is a collection of wheat specimens, including wheat that grew in Egypt and Mesopotamia 5,500 years ago, believed to be the oldest grains in existence. Rare beauty is to be seen in exotic trees, plants, and flowers brought from remote parts of the world. The various woods of America and foreign countries are illustrated by a series of specimens and explanatory monographs, pictures and maps. Rare and curious plants and flowers are shown; and there are exhibits affording economic studies of such important products as grains, sugars, coffee, tea, spices and so forth.

The development of life on the earth from the time of the

simplest invertebrates, many millions of years ago, down to that of the highest forms in recent times, is illustrated in the historical, or paleontological, section of the Department of Geology. Complete or partial skeletons of prehistoric creatures of terrifying aspect, such as dinosaurs, mammoths, mastodons, and sabre-toothed tigers are found here. Another feature is the collection of meteorites, which is the largest in the world, and includes one huge specimen weighing 3,275 pounds. A model of the moon, so far as known the largest and most elaborate ever made, is another object of interest. Comprehensive series of mineral exhibits, containing more than 20,000 specimens, illustrate the scientific, economic and industrial relations of these products. The economic collections include models of mines, metal treatment plants, brick and cement plants, and an early oil refinery, and specimens illustrating the most important mineral substances and their great varieties of derivatives.

The Department of Zoölogy is noted not only for its large collections of animals, including many very rare specimens, but also for its beautiful landscaped habitat groups, in which animals, birds, and marine life are shown in settings accurately depicting their natural environments. By the use of advanced ideas in taxidermy, and in museum art and lighting, these exhibits are distinguished for their pictorial and artistic worth as well as their scientific value. The principal masterpieces of the famous explorer, taxidermist and sculptor, the late Carl E. Akeley, are found here. The department includes a classified series of animals in which each important one can be found in its proper place, facilitating study; and preparations of animals or parts of animals to illustrate facts, ideas and theories about them in their relation to each other and to man. Nearly all known species of American birds, and the principal types of foreign birds, are on exhibition. There are also large collections of fishes, reptiles, amphibians, and skeletons of vertebrates.

The Field Museum has a broad educational programme. In addition to the educational and cultural work accomplished by the exhibits, large study collections are maintained, which are available to students and others interested in special branches of science. The museum has a library containing approximately

90,000 scientific books, which is open to the public, as well as for reference by the Museum staff.

An elaborate organization is maintained to coördinate museum and school studies, both by work in the museum and through extramural activities. The N. W. Harris Public School Extension of the Museum circulates 1,000 travelling exhibits among all the public schools of Chicago, and to many other institutions. The James Nelson and Anna Louise Raymond Public School and Children's Lecture Division of the Museum sends lecturers with slides and films out to the schools to address classrooms and assemblies, and provides several series of educational moving pictures for children, given each year in the James Simpson Theatre of the Museum.

Several courses of illustrated science and travel lectures for adults are also given at the Museum each year. The Museum staff produces many important scientific reports, treatises and other publications each year, which are printed by the Museum press, and given wide circulation throughout the world.

Each year the Museum has expeditions at work in many far corners of the world, seeking old and new treasures for all the departments of the institution. The extent of these activities may be grasped by noting that in 1926 the Museum had sixteen expeditions operating, and in 1927 there were fourteen. Several are now at work, and others are in contemplation for later in 1928. Expeditions in the last two years, to mention only a few, have ranged from Labrador and Baffin Land to Madagascar, from Alaska to Abyssinia, and from Mesopotamia to South America.

THESE THINGS SHALL STAY

BY HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Some things there are which change not—
  As green leaves in Spring
And running water;
  The beach in waiting silence fraught
With songs the salt winds bring
  With strange sea laughter murmuring
Till they have taught her
  Their shifting songs to sing;

At drowsy summer window ledges
  Fingered winds that press and pass
And trample soft-foot through the hedges
  Or poise a-tip-toe in the grass
Swaying along the pathway's edges;

  The wet wind's breath on a gray beech bole;
The flash of sun on a swallow's wing;
  The riot in a robin's soul
When love of earth has made him sing
  At the middle moment of the dawn
Before day comes and the night is gone.

  Song and love and wind and rain
Have been, are, will be again. . . .
  Behind the wind's swift changes,
And the green leaf's growing,
  A deathless spirit ranges
Beautiful past knowing
  By day and by night. . . .
Roof-trees may fall
  And granite moulder,
Old love take flight
  And new love grow older.
These things shall stay,
  None of these all
Shall pass away.

PALPITATING WOODPULP

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

GREATER far than the triumph of Ford in the automobile game, greater far than the triumph of Standard Oil in the lubricating business, greater far than the success of the motion picture, greater, I say, than all of these, is the triumph of literature in America. There are persons who can still remember the time when earnest dreamers declared that the solution of all ills lay in the education of the masses. Be that as it may, it is certain that the solution of one set of ills was accomplished with the education of the aforementioned multitudes—the ills which used to beset the purses of the authors, in days gone by. For the nation has learned to read, and those who read must have that which can be read, and those who write—well, they have seen their duty and have done it nobly.

I

There has always existed the thing called popular fiction. It was known to us in an aggravated form as long ago as the time of the lamented Mrs. Aphra Behn, and even as far behind that estimable scrivener as the most careful of researchers would care to research. But it never, perhaps because of the mercy of Providence, has been so acutely present as it is now. It used to hide itself, to assume the outward appearance of modesty and shyness, and there surrounded it a general aura of unworthiness. People read it, of course, but they never gloated over the fact.

Now all that is changed. Popular fiction, being popular, must be good, by the fine rule which makes democracies out of mobs; and he who denies that it is good is branding himself as somewhat more than merely peculiar. But it is not only upon this peculiar bit of reasoning *a priori* that its goodness depends. Popular fiction, in this day and age, is good because it is well written, because it stirs the emotions it starts out to stir, because it fits the

need it is designed to fit as smoothly as a good silk stocking fits a shapely shank, and because, lastly, it makes people sit up and beg for more.

I am not concerned with that hybrid kind of popular fiction which wavers between art and amusement, the sort turned out by novelists who usually are referred to as the Dean of American this-and-that, the kind of stuff which can be read in public by the most hardened of expressionists without serious damage to his reputation. Material of that nature is neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring, though it manages to combine the characteristics of all these things very ingeniously. I am absorbed in the contemplation of an art which is just what it is and no more, an art which suffers from nothing so little as it suffers from the attempt at concealment. I am speaking, in short, of the literature which frankly exploits the interests which the psychologists have shown to exist beneath the smooth dome of the Average 'Omo, an art which aims to please rather than instruct, and to stupefy rather than enlighten.

What is the Average 'Omo interested in? Primarily, money. All right; but he spends all day in attending to that particular interest, and so we must determine what comes next. The answer is not singular but plural, and the items rush out upon each other's heels. We may catalogue them conveniently, thus: (a) adventure, (b) love, (c) filth and (d) truth. Not every member of the species Average 'Omo (if you have not guessed it by this time, the apostrophe stands for H) is interested in the same assortment of the points so listed. The finest members are, but of that, more anon. Some care only for adventure, with its various subheadings, war, the West, mystery, and so on. Others are born with a predilection for the gentler passion, so to speak, and still others care for nothing so much as for filth. Those who avow a love for truth might be supposed, on purely speculative grounds, to be the least in numbers. That is by no means the case, for figures show that their number is many-legioned, and that they are the most faithful supporters of those who bring to them the brand of truth which they find best suited to their liking.

Being certain of the things the average man wanted, the scribblers of the day have given them to him, and, if we were

facetiously inclined, we might add, and how! They have supplied him with adventure and love and truth and filth. They have brought him the mystic glamor of the cruel East, the deep-dyed villainies of the sophisticated West, the true stories of the greatest of sinners, the passions of the most enthusiastic of lovers, and the experiences of the most. . . . But the only category remaining is filth, and so we apply the soft pedal.

They have printed the verbal responses to these innermost desires, and they purvey them daily upon the public streets, made glorious with color and expert lithography. The seekers after adventure need no longer, now, gird themselves with trusty swords and hie them to distant shores in search of the bright eyes of danger. Those who would pay homage to Venus need not encumber themselves with perfumes and ointments and wend them to the habitat of the lovely. The many who seek the glorious light of truth may safely refrain from casting themselves apart from mankind in chilly hermitages and unheated tubs. And those who would smack the sensuous lip in vicarious vice may do so in their own homes. For the adventure magazine is here, specialized, as all good things must be in this day and age; the love story periodical has reared its Titian head (Titian makes a brave show); the confession journal will give the truth, pure, unadulterated, and bleeding, so that all may read and run—to buy and read again; and, lastly, the sloppy story, filthy story, and dirty story magazines will provide the owners of the hitherto mentioned sensual lips with what to be sensual about.

Notice the genius back of the specialization. It serves a double purpose, of course. Those who want the one kind of stimulation, and the one kind only, need not be hampered from buying by the presence of the other kinds between the same covers, and those who want more than one sort—may buy more than one magazine. The idea is simple, like all great discoveries, but it has led to the building of vast fortunes. For understand that no publisher publishes but one kind of magazine. There are dozens of houses in the game, and each of them furnishes a complete assortment, with combination subscriptions, if wanted, supplying everything from love to mystery. Thus we have humanity catalogued, apparently, but not entirely, unwittingly.

Each of these publications represents a culture of its own, and quickly develops a jargon and a psychology. The sea tales publications have a salt, wet flavor about even the subscription announcements; the detective mystery journals breathe cleverness and the fighting spirit; the Western magazines are redolent of such things as ranch houses, cowpunchers, sagebrush, steers, and branding irons, and those five words seem to be the only ones needed in the vocabulary of romancers who would stick to the true spirit of the great West. No one could mistake the editorial style of the love story magazines for that of the more-or-less-true story periodicals. The one is tremulous with romance and with the charm of youthful days beneath the whatever it is that youthful days are spent beneath, while the other sturdily reaches out its tentacles in search of the gory truth. It would be more than interesting to know whether the reading of these exerts an effect comparable with the writing of them. I cannot imagine a dyed-in-the-wool confession story editor ever being much good for anything else.

II

I have spoken of the completeness of an individual as being measured by the range of his interests, and have indicated some possible combinations of these interests. But such a presentation is hopelessly unscientific, and so, in this day of point scales for the measuring of everything from intelligence to pickle warts, I offer a little scale of my own, for the measurement of nothing less than social intelligence. Social intelligence is rather awe-inspiring in sound, and is selected for that reason. A little explanation will make it clear. The person who cares only for love is obviously one-sided, and is thus lacking in some degree of social intelligence. The individual who combines an interest in love with an interest in adventure is as obviously of a better cast. He should be so graded, and it is this that my point scale sets out to do. Then again, the person who is interested in neither love nor adventure, but who is absorbed in the search for truth and in, let us whisper it, filth, must be compared with the persons mentioned above, and some means must be found of putting them all on a single scale. The process is simplicity itself.

Let us assume that all those things which make an appeal to the human mind are of equal value. This assumption is necessary, for the double reason that we cannot proceed without it, and that no other valuation can be reasonably upheld. Thus we assign a certain point-value to each of these interests. Let us take twenty points as the unit, and see what we get. Interest in love, as shown by a reading of the love story journals, gives a man a credit of twenty. Since one hundred is perfect, he would be only one-fifth of a man. Suppose, however, he reads regularly two, and not one, of these journals. Well, twice as much interest in love is worth twice as many points. Therefore he becomes two-fifths of a man, and it is apparent that he can easily enter the pale of humanity, with perseverance and the cultivation of his tastes. One may object that a man who reads five love periodicals is not so good a man as he who reads one each of five different kinds of magazines, but the argument is weak. Obviously, he who is five times as much interested in any subject as any other person is a genius, and so gets his one hundred points willy-nilly.

I can already see the statisticians beginning to standardize scores and arrange graphs on the basis of this method. Before they proceed a few remaining points must be elucidated. What of the man who reads those hybrid productions, the general fiction magazines, which publish stories of adventure, love, filth, and, sometimes, truth? Shall he receive one hundred points at once, regardless of the fact that he reads but one magazine? Or shall he receive a demerit for evading effort? After all, he may be interested in only one feature of the entire journal. But we must score him, and so we will call every paper of this type the equivalent of thirty points. Thus, two of these equal three mixed or three of one kind—a rule which would not hold in poker but which seems peculiarly applicable here.

And now, at last, the latest manifestation of our genius has acquired true significance. Each man reveals himself, and there is none so sharp but that we can find him out and rate him thirty, or forty, or zero, as the case may be. No longer can he hope to evade by taking his magazine of love or truth and reading it in the close-locked seclusion of his study. We have, as we may say, his number, for if he hides the things from us, the lower is his

rating, and the lesser man is he. And so we find that we have removed the cause for hypocrisy by a harmless bit of strategy. A man must mention all he reads, or he fails to capitalize himself for all he is. He is forced to the revelation of his tastes, and it is not hoping too much to long for the day when every man will be proud to stand up for everything he likes, and when the education and indulgence of tastes now considered low will become one of the highest of pedagogic duties.

Regard the spectacle! as the French say. A nation devoted to adventure and the consequent improvement of health and vigor; a nation devoted to the pursuit of love, and the consequent improvement in delicacy, taste and manners; a nation devoted to the investigation of filth, and the resulting destruction of prudery and hypocrisy; a nation, lastly, set aglow by the fine fervor of the search for truth, truth as everlasting as eternally bright, truth resplendent in its transcendent purity of motive, truth, in short as our True Tale periodicals give it to their palpitating seekers. Only now do we see the covers of our popular magazines in their true light. And only now can we see the beings who read these magazines as they really are. And what are they? Dolts and lepers, indulging knavish inclinations through the charmed proxy of the printed word? Or men and women of vision and enterprize, responding to the age-old calls of the heart and the mind, striving, seeking . . . but one's voice breaks at this crucial moment, and one finds it hard to continue.

One final point before we leave the charmed vicinity of the point scale for the measurement of social intelligence. What of the sex problem involved? There is a sex problem in everything, and we have left this one for the last, in order to show the culminating glory of our classification at its brightest before we leave for the improvement of other fields. What of the woman who reads adventure magazines, and of the man who reads nothing but the frills-and-fancies group of papers? Are they to receive full credit, or less, or more? Before answering, we must remind the constituency that this is the age of equal rights. Since equal rights are, of the utmost importance to the development of the body politic, the one who encourages them is deserving of credit. Enough! He gets it—forty points to the man who

reads a feminine journal, and forty points to the woman who reads a he-man paper.

III

So much settled, there yet remains a task. These periodical *compendia* hide something else behind their lithographed covers beside the sheafs of newsprint upon which their pabulum is printed. This is nothing less than a group of philosophical definitions. If a magazine is to call itself the purveyor of love tales, then the premise it goes upon is that it knows what love is. The same lucid bit of reasoning holds for all the other works in this class, for the mystery magazines, the filth journals, and the true tale tellers. Similarly, the one who reads this or that magazine in the series must have a comprehension of love, or filth, or adventure, or whatever it is he is buying, else how will he recognize it when he comes upon it, and know that he is getting his money's worth? It is apparent then that these definitions exist, and it remains for us, as constructive social philosophers, to peer behind the gaudy covers, to examine carefully the cheap paper and the lines printed upon it, and, lastly, to formulate our observations so that we may really know what love, what adventure, what truth, and what filth come to in this living exploitation of their very essences.

The classical view of the gentle passion, to start with that, holds that it is a perennial and enduring sympathy, a fitness of personality subsisting between two individuals of opposite sex, a fitness which renders them capable of living with each other in peace and harmony throughout their mortal days. Nothing could be further than that from the truth. If they agree upon anything, all the love periodicals agree that love is a force. It is more than a force, it is a dazzling force. And, far from permitting the victims of itself to live in peace and harmony throughout their days, it renders them miserable. It never relents until the last paragraph, or, in exceptional cases, just before the last one. Then another force enters in (unnamed) and assures them that they will be happy forever more. But until then—to fall in love means to enter a snappy plot, to be subject to all sorts of misfortunes, to be misunderstood, reviled, spurned, flouted, jilted,

stood up, thrown out, neglected, misused, stepped upon, hissed at, laughed at, leered at, mocked at, and otherwise employed in the same general manner. True love not only refuses to run smoothly but insists upon taking for itself the most tortuous and inconvenient paths to get from the place where it is perfectly happy to somewhere else where it can be properly miserable. Then, after a period of probation, it goes back to where it started, which return is much shorter than the going, being accomplished by a mere transitional phrase in the last sentence. I had not known that love was all of this, but these crystallizations of the popular spirit cannot be wrong.

True adventure, to continue our cataloguing, is a bit easier to define in concrete terms. Any person, say A, starts to do something. A complicating circumstance, say B, or circumstances, as B, C, D, E, and F, attempt to stop A from reaching his goal. These circumstances may be helped or hindered by other persons, as X, Y, and Z. In the end A reaches the goal, say T, or else finds that he always preferred another goal, say U, all the time without knowing it, and that he owes a great deal to B, C, D, and so on, for hindering him from finding the right one. The true goal and the false goal, that is, U and T, may be (1) money, (2) the crook, (3) the girl up there in the mountains, (4) fame through a great exploit, (5) the saving of the country through finding and destroying the papers, (6) that thar' grizzly b'ar, and, (7) what have you? The leeway here for the creative imagination is, of course, far more open than in the case of fiction dealing with the tender delight. A certain increased vigor of phrase is also called for, and local color, divided into several classes as Northwest Mounted local color, Chinese local color, Malayan local color, cowboy and Indian local color, underworld local color, etc. A lexicographer who prepared standard lists of words to give the requisite local color for each part of the world would do the writing profession a great service.

Strangely enough, the popular magazine conception of filth need not alarm the most prudish. Filth, in the eyes of those who furnish it to the public, consists in a woman's (a) kissing another man just before a row of dots, (b) winking slowly and wickedly just at the end of a paragraph, (c) being "kept", and (d) being

intimate. Nothing more salacious than this ever appears behind the suggestive pictures on the covers. The characters don't even love each other, in the confession magazine sense of the term, and the details are all harmlessly and amusingly formularized. Into the meaningless formula employed one is at liberty to read whatever he chooses.

Remains truth, truth sought of the ancients, truth, the goal of five dozen centuries of philosophic endeavor, truth, the beacon light—but I said that before. Well, what does this awe-inspiring thing turn out to be? Is it "the last seeming"? Is it the "easiest connecting chain between old knowledge and revolutionary information"? It is not. Truth is, to revert to the convenient parentheses, (1) I loved him, oh, how I loved him! (2) I sinned —but I repented, oh, how I repented! (3) I knew it was wrong, but I was an innocent girl. (4) I never suspected the foul fiend; (5) at once a thrill of terror shot through me; I knew that this was no place for me, and, (6) it was the end, oh, it was the end, and I was ruined. There it is, set out under six headings. How must the old Greeks in heaven feel when they look at this, in the light of their own painful searches? No one can say that we moderns aren't the thing. We've found truth—just like that: and we can sneer, all of us, at Parmenides and the sober Aristotle.

IV

Remains the peroration. These magazines have given us that which humanity in all ages has held dearest. They have shown us the fine flame of love; they have demonstrated the depths to which shameful passion may sink; they have taken us in wild adventure journeying from the sinister streets of Hangchow to the depths of the Malayan jungle; they have given us truth, everlasting and never old. Behind the bright covers of these symbols of our progress beats the heart of our civilization. Their gaudy covers mirror the joy in perfect life, and their absorbing contents add to the zest of living. They have defined difficult philosophic concepts, and they have provided a scale for the estimating of mankind. Long may they rave. Forever—but I have a lurking fear that my voice will break again.

A PREDESTINED DRAMATIST

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

Of the French dramatists who produced the major part of their works in the first two decades of the present century, Henry Bataille will probably best stand the test of time. This we infer not only from the intrinsic merit of his finest plays, but also from the frequency of their performance at the Comédie Française and other Parisian theatres, where they are greeted by large audiences. In this respect he shows greater vitality than such of his older *confrères* as Hervieu, Curel, Brieux, Capus and Lavedan. Indeed, Bataille's growing fame makes us regret the more sincerely his untimely death in 1922, at the age of fifty. Having attained the zenith of his intellectual powers, rich in culture and human experience, the gifted dramatist was scarcely midway in the period of fruitful maturity. Had he not launched six notable new pieces after the end of the World War?

Not since the death of Rostand had the French stage suffered a loss so grievous. Although Rostand enjoyed larger popularity in foreign countries, Bataille was endowed with a more complex personality and a deeper psychological understanding of character. He possessed, as well, a broad vision and a taste for generalization, which give to certain of his pieces a firm philosophical structure. Few writers have so deftly seized the elusive and the intangible. Few have painted more accurately the fleeting shades and the complexities of their *milieu*. None of his contemporaries have portrayed in strokes more telling the suffering of aching hearts. Bataille blends romanticism and realism with lyric idealism, his plays usually being constructed around a lyric idea. In his dramas, then, the most divergent influences meet, only to fuse in the brilliant flame of his genius.

Henry Bataille was an apostle of truth, in art no less than in life. A firm believer in "art for art", he drew a sharp distinc-

tion between truth and morality. That is why he abhorred prudery and social hypocrisy. He conceived of a morality more liberal and human. True, he has mostly painted personages unable to resist their appetites—a right that must be conceded to the artist. All we can reasonably ask is that characters seem lifelike and interesting; they need not be saintly. Measured by this standard, Bataille's portraits often score high. Think what we may of his stress upon instinct, the trait unquestionably has served his purpose.

Thus, in scrutinizing the mind, he takes due account of its close relation to our physical being, often seeking in the obscure manifestations of instinct the reasons for our actions. Quite naturally, he ennobles his portrayal of human infirmities in compassionately stooping to assuage them. Owing perhaps to his impressionable temperament and his palpitant sensibility, he felt for suffering mankind, especially the slaves of passion, an immense pity. Like Tolstoi, whose *Resurrection* he adapted for the French stage, he accords to such victims of passion his full sympathy. On the other hand, for love, their despotic tyrant, he shows less indulgence. In fact, his dramas constitute an impressive indictment of love's crimes. After the manner of Racine and Porto-Riche, he explores the hearts of characters consumed by passion and devoid of will. His best plays exhibit love's ravages and disenchantments. Yet, even though love be an "inexplicable disaster", it is, in Bataille's own words, "our refuge from the infinite solitude imposed upon us by nature". What is more, "love dominates matter and expresses our rebellious protest against the ephemeral character of life". Surely, no one familiar with Gallic tradition, no admirer of Gallic literary ideals, should think this creed strange.

Henry Bataille's literary career comprises three periods. The first, from 1890 to 1903, shows him to be a melancholy lyric poet haunted by dramatic art. His second manner, which ends with the year 1911, reveals a healthier outlook. Here we find his best known plays, all dealing with "love". Similarly, in his last period, the dramatist evinces a predilection for love themes, though from a broad point of view, usually with a philosophic background.

Bataille's early poetry is characterized by a charming simplicity. Both *La Chambre Blanche* and *Le Beau Voyage*, with their fragile grace and tender sentiment, seem like delicate reflections from nature. Autobiographical, they depict the author's impressions in childhood and adolescence. Every thought of that enchanting part of life draws from the poet's harp-like temperament vibrations at once caressing and painful. Not less engaging are his first dramas—incursions into the realm of the primitive. While their versification occasionally echoes Baudelaire's art, their mystic and legendary features suggest the plays of Paul Claudel. With Claudel, Bataille believed that life was dominated by the unconscious. His heroines Aliette and Marthe symbolize two aspects of love, the sensual and the sentimental. However, dramatic situations are not the chief object of this *spectacle dans un fauteuil*. Rather does the young playwright seek to charm our emotions. Although his temperament appears more clearly in *L'Enchantement* (1900), he still expresses passion largely by means of lyrical effusions.

Maman Colibri (1904), which inaugurates Bataille's second manner, attests notable forward strides. His art has become vigorous, lucid, and free from encumbrance. Here he shows real talent for dramatic situations and for scenic effects. He has learnt the value of technique; his psychology, previously rather rudimentary, now gives to his characters greater naturalness. The contemporary French drama offers nothing more remarkable than this play, which depicts love as an imperious instinct obsessing a woman of middle age who falls enamored of her son's companion. In spite of the delicate theme, Bataille boldly attacked the danger and overcame all obstacles. Large audiences, moved by the tragic passion of Irène de Rysbergue, acclaimed the play night after night; and it bids fair to remain a favorite of the French stage.

In 1905, Bataille achieved a similar success with *La Marche Nuptiale*, the pathetic story of an upright girl who, heeding what seems to be the call of her heart, elopes with an unworthy piano teacher. But alas! the heart may lead us into disaster; for is not love blind? Nevertheless, there is logic in this tragedy. Unlike Bataille's weak-willed heroines, Grace de Plessans has

the courage of her convictions. When, therefore, she has lost faith in her ideal, she ends her life. Love no longer seems to her unique and sublime. Disillusioned, she realizes its mediocrity, and so punishes herself for her mistake. *La Marche Nuptiale* probably owes something to *L'Assommoir*, though Bataille has idealized Zola's art. The flavor and charm of his drama lie particularly in its minor touches—emotional reflections and analyses which lend to it beauty, cohesion, and naturalness.

Those very qualities, in a maturer form, contribute to make *La Femme Nue*, produced in 1908, Bataille's most lifelike play. To be sure, the theme, again, is commonplace. An artist marries the devoted companion of his evil days. Then, tiring of her, he abandons her for a woman of higher station. Pierre's ingratitude so grieves Loulou that she attempts suicide. The simplicity of the plot is characteristic of the play. Disdaining artificial devices, Bataille here clings to human nature. His masterpiece owes its merit entirely to the sincerity of its sentiments, the fidelity of its characterization, and the atmosphere of tender pity which envelops the whole. This play consecrated his fame. In the contemporary drama, the French stage has nothing more admirable to offer.

In his final period, Bataille frequently strikes a philosophical note. For this reason, he has been likened to Ibsen and François de Curel. Truly, he impresses us somewhat as an Ibsen unobscured by the foggy mists of the fiords. But, whereas Ibsen frequently becomes declamatory, Bataille is never didactic. None the less, his plays contain a philosophy, individualistic like Ibsen's, although it deals only with what the French call "sentiments". Bataille concerns himself little with social evils; rather does his interest centre in man's inherent attributes. In his philosophic plays, therefore, he purposes to probe deep into life, seeking its eternal sources and mysterious manifestations. He believes that, if they be considered from this point of view, new interest attaches to such subjects as genius, ambition, love, and devotion. Representative of his philosophical manner are such dramas as *Les Flambeaux*, *L'Animateur*, and *La Tendresse*.

Les Flambeaux (1912) is a well-composed piece teeming with mental food. The title has reference to the savants and other

people of superior intellectual attainments. The dramatist considers the psychology of an eminent scientist who illicitly falls in love with his secretary. The affair having resulted in a duel, the repentant savant, mortally wounded, implores his wife and his assistant to continue his epoch-making investigations.

Related in theme to *Les Flambeaux* is *L'Animateur* (1920). This word is to be taken in a double sense: the "animator" of people and of ideas. Every father is the creator of his child, though not necessarily its "animator". By the latter term should be understood an intellectual force capable of communicating to others the power of animated activity and of access to the higher spheres of life. In other words, Bataille aims to show the supremacy of the fundamental ideas that lead civilization, forces superior even to human bonds, family or racial. Thus, Dartès, the principal "animator" in the play, not only molds a girl's mind, but even holds her affection more securely than do her parents. To be sure, his liberal ideas encounter stubborn opposition from the reactionaries, yet the cause sponsored by him eventually triumphs.

Some critics have seen in *L'Animateur* Bataille's most powerful drama. It certainly is his best social play, and affords a splendid illustration of the increasing importance of ideas in his work. His dramas depicted, at first, chiefly outbursts of passion; then passion or sentiments in conflict with ideas; then sentiments in collaboration with ideas. In *L'Animateur*, however, the sentiments arise from ideas, passions being merely ideas in dynamic form. *La Tendresse* (1921), although philosophical in tendency, treats rather of the fundamental sources of affection. While the subject may seem singularly lacking in dramatic possibilities, the play paints a pathetic picture of life. For creating an interesting play out of nothing, Bataille rivals Musset, Halévy, and Porto-Riche.

Henry Bataille was truly a "predestined writer". Unlike Flaubert, he "composed as naturally as he breathed", a fortunate circumstance in view of his delicate health. Eternally inspired, he could not stay the ferment of his creative impulse. His extensive work—poetry, dramas, and articles—cost him little effort. Some of his finest pieces were "dashed off in one stroke".

Still, in spite of their frequency, his offerings always attracted appreciative audiences. His dress rehearsals were real theatrical events. Occasionally his plays irritated; oftener they irritated and delighted. Being the expressions of a strong personality, they usually awakened either passionate enthusiasm or violent criticism.

Henry Bataille's work, magnificent and varied, glowing with passion, replete with sensibility and pity, forms one of the most imposing monuments of contemporary French literature. His art of blending sensibility with pathos reminds one of Daudet and Loti. In nearly all his dramas we can detect a lyrical element. Yet, despite this lyricism, he never loses sight of nature. Although idealism most attracted him, he excels for realistic scenes. Indeed, some of his plays, notably *Le Phalène* and *La Chair Humaine*, suffer from a glaring realism. This fault may have been a precaution of nature to prevent him from going astray in chimerical abstraction. He has aptly been compared to Baudelaire, a Baudelaire dramatically inclined, less stern and disdainful, but endowed with Baudelaire's keen penetration and preference for the elegiac, the sensual, and the eternal.

A romantic by temperament, Bataille was a classicist in his art of painting character. He evinced little fondness for the comedy of manners. Nor was he, like Becque, Lavedan, and Capus, an ironic satirist. On the contrary, for earnestness and sincerity he ranks with Hervieu and Brieux, even though in other respects his work bears to theirs only a slight resemblance. He extolled the beauty of disinterested toil, and eventually came to believe that we can discipline, even if not always conquer, our passions. Chief among Bataille's traits is his talent for visualizing images and for intensifying sentiments, qualities which enabled him to paint scenes unsurpassed for plenitude and emotion. His influence has been considerable, and his work seems destined to survive among the important dramatic productions of his generation.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

The Mexican Settlement

It would be ungracious to question or to speculate upon the motives of the Mexican Government in issuing regulations which bring to a satisfactory end the ten years old controversy between that country and this over the rights of American owners of oil lands. We prefer to apply to the matter that wise and generous provision of our Constitution which requires each State to give full faith and credit to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State; a principle which, if observed in International as well as Interstate transactions, should go far toward the establishment of universal peace and good will. It is sufficient, therefore, that the American Ambassador to Mexico, than whom, because both of his official position and his personal qualifications, there can be no better authority, confidently reports a "determination, by the judicial, the executive and legislative, and the administrative departments of the Mexican Government to recognize all rights held by foreigners in oil properties prior to the adoption of the 1917 Constitution." It may be added that the State Department at Washington accepts this view of its representative, and feels sure that any further questions which may arise "can be settled through the due operation of the Mexican administration and the Mexican courts." We commend that achievement to the consideration of those who have regarded the Coolidge Administration as inept in diplomacy, and also, coupled with the distinguished achievement of Mr. Hughes at Havana, upon which it closely followed, to the "calamity howlers" about our Latin American relations.

The Nicaragua Canal

Senator McKellar's bill for a Nicaragua Canal Commission is timely. We might indeed say that it is urgent, in view of known

conditions and facts. The Panama Canal, successful beyond the most roseate visions of Ferdinand de Lesseps, has nearly reached the limit of its capacity. Enlargement of it, or construction of a parallel canal, would be of no avail, for the reason that there would be no sufficient water supply to flood it. If canal traffic continues to increase at its present rate, within ten years there will be needed to float it every available drop of water on the Isthmus; and thereafter there can be no further increase. The inevitable alternatives will then be to have traffic come to a standstill or to provide additional facilities. Dismissing the former as intolerable, the latter in turn presents these alternatives: Either reduce the Panama Canal to sea level—Bunau-Varilla's "Straits of Panama"—with practically unlimited transit capacity, or construct a new canal at Nicaragua. As neither of these projects could probably be completed before the time when the Panama Canal will reach its limit of capacity, we feel justified in our suggestion that Senator McKellar's proposal is urgent. As for our right to go to work at Nicaragua, it is not only a right but a duty; seeing that for fourteen years we have had a treaty with that country giving us the exclusive title to such a canal. The part of a do-nothing would not comport with American enterprise, nor that of a dog in the manger with American honor.

A *Canadian Monroe Doctrine?*

Are the various members of the British Commonwealth of Nations to refuse to enter into "entangling alliances" with each other? That would be an extraordinary performance. Yet it is difficult to place any other interpretation upon the refusal of Canada to participate in or to approve the proposed British treaty with Egypt. As made clear in a recent article in our pages, that treaty will be of vital importance to Great Britain and to a majority of the other members of the Commonwealth, but it will not be vital to Canada, wherefore that great Dominion will have nothing to do with it, and presumably might not aid the Mother Country in physical enforcement of it, should that become necessary. How resolute this attitude of Canada is may be realized from the fact that it has compelled the British Foreign

Office to change the wording of the draft treaty in a most significant respect. As originally drawn the treaty purported to be made by "His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India"; but now it has been modified so as to style him merely King of Great Britain and Northern Ireland; a designation unique in English history. We have of course no thought that this indicates the slightest slackening of Canadian loyalty to the British Empire. Yet it would not be far fetched to see in it a certain analogy to the American attitude toward purely European affairs as declared in the Monroe Doctrine.

Lynch Law and Mob Mercy

Lynch law is generally and deservedly condemned. In many cases it doubtless executes justice, but that fact is not sufficient to warrant such substitution of mob judgment for the ordered judgment of a court of law. But is there any more justification for what, to continue the alliteration, we may call mob mercy? We mean the granting of a pardon or a commutation of sentence in response to the clamor of the multitude or to numerously signed petitions. Such demonstrations are usually caused by unreasoning sentiment, just as much as lynchings are provoked by unreasoning passion; and the former are just as likely to err as the latter. The exercise of clemency toward a criminal is properly a judicial function, no less than the imposition of a sentence, and the clamor of a mob is as unfitting in the one case as in the other.

As to an Arms Embargo

It would not be a becoming function of a civilized nation to make a business of manufacturing arms and ammunition and supplying them indiscriminately to all belligerents the world around. On the other hand, a perpetual and universal prohibition of such exports to any nation might seem somewhat incongruous, particularly for the United States. It would have been decidedly awkward for this country for France to have made such an embargo effective in 1776. In the historic phrase of Mutt and Jeff, let us use discretion—as we have been doing.

"The War (of 1776) Is Over!"

Some pertinent and profitable observations upon Anglo-American relations, past, present and prospective, are made by "Augur" in *The Fortnightly Review*, which we heartily commend to all whom they may concern; to wit:

> We know of no historian or political writer who holds the view that, if the American Revolution had been defeated, Great Britain would have been better off today. On the contrary, it is certain that, if the link between the Mother Country and the States had been preserved, the British Empire, as it exists at present, with its splendid resources, its unexampled vitality and unrivalled possibilities, would not have been created. This, because North America would have drained the forces of the United Kingdom to an extent that would have left nothing over for enterprise in other parts of the world . . . the growing colony would have overshadowed the homeland, and London would have become the appendix of New York and Britain of no consequence in the international councils. . . . There are no bitter memories in Great Britain about the American Revolution, as also there is not the shade of a desire for a return of relations now prehistoric.

What the Mayor of Chicago will say to that is matter for curious speculation, though we should not be surprised if he denounced it as British propaganda, subtly camouflaged, and put us, for quoting it, in the pillory as secret agents of King George.

"Stabilizing" Easter

After the pound and the franc and the lira and what not else, Easter is to be stabilized; if the British Parliament can have its way. Only, it isn't to be absolutely stabilized, but approximately. It will not be made a Fixed Feast but will continue a Movable, but with considerably less latitude. Instead of falling anywhere from March 22 to April 25, it will be confined to some date between April 9 and April 16; eight days instead of thirty-five. And it is prudently announced that no Order in Council for making the change effective and compulsory will be issued until the other European Governments and also the Roman Catholic and Orthodox Greek churches signify their approval of it. That reservation, we should conservatively reckon, will probably postpone the change until the Greek Kalends. It will be ob-

served that the attitude of the Jews toward it seems not to have been taken into account; despite the obvious fact, duly weighed by the Council of Nice, that in order to have its full historical fitness and spiritual significance the Christian feast of Easter must approximately coincide in date with the Jewish feast of the Passover. The logical course would therefore seem to be either to leave Easter as it is, or else to make it an absolutely fixed day, as Christmas is, on the actual anniversary of the event which it commemorates. To separate it from the Passover, and yet to give it no fixed date, would be to destroy the good and to retain the evil of the present system.

International Waterways

A curious echo of the long ago has been awakened in current discussions of the proposed St. Lawrence waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. Mr. B. K. Sandwell, the Editor of *The Financial Times*, of Montreal, reminds us that just about a hundred years ago America urgently sought from Great Britain recognition of the "natural right" of this country to navigate at will the lower St. Lawrence, where it runs through exclusively Canadian territory, as an outlet to the sea from the undeniably International waters of its upper reaches and of the Great Lakes; which recognition Great Britain refused. We may also recall that at a still earlier date there were two such controversies over the Mississippi River, in one of which Great Britain wanted the right to navigate that stream from Canada—in which it was supposed to rise—to the Gulf; which of course we refused. In the other case, America demanded the right to navigate the lower part of the river, through Spanish territory; a demand which was granted only as a treaty privilege, and which led ultimately to the Louisiana Purchase. Curiously enough, if not paradoxically, Jefferson and Madison seemed to believe in the "natural right" of one nation thus to use the territorial waters of another, while Hamilton held the contrary view, which has in fact prevailed. Happily a rational adjustment between America and Great Britain was long ago effected through a treaty which gives this country perpetual freedom of navigation of the St. Lawrence and Canada similar use of Alaskan waterways to the Pacific.

The Dean of Americans

Chauncey Mitchell Depew may well be regarded as having been for years the Dean of American citizens in public life. In mere length of service we can recall no other career comparable with that of the man who was an active campaigner for Abraham Lincoln in 1860 and was about to take part in the selection of a successor to Calvin Coolidge in 1928. In variety, moreover, and in importance and distinction, his services were as noteworthy as they were in their years. In neighborhood, in city, in State, in Nation and in International affairs, he was a singularly useful man. Nobody would ever have hesitated to name him as pre-eminently a "one hundred per cent. American", and yet he was many years ago acclaimed as conspicuously a "citizen of the world"; a combination as felicitous as it was exceptional. He ranged the whole gamut of human interests, equally efficient in domestic, social, religious, educational, political and business life. Few men have ever got more out of life than he, or have given more to it out of the opulence of their own individualities. In an exalted sense he realized the whimsical tribute paid to him in verse by his bosom friend Bromley, as one who "now prays with the pious, now drinks with the dry". We can recall no other man who so perfectly possessed the rare and precious gift of adapting himself to his companions and his circumstances without discounting his personality or abdicating his authority. Nor can we forget what many with reason regard as perhaps his crowning quality, his invincible and perpetual optimism; because that characteristic was inspired by and based upon his unwavering faith in God and his equal confidence in the ultimate triumph of goodness in man. It was that spirit of his, unclouded and unconquerable, that made at least his corner of the world, a very considerable corner, perceptibly better for his having lived in it.

No Pax Russiana Rubra

Lord Cushendun fittingly scathed the impertinent hypocrisy of the Bolshevist envoys at Geneva in professing to seek International peace through universal disarmament, while at the same time their colleagues and agents were seeking to foment civil war

in other countries than their own. Not under its present misrulers will Red Russia be freed from Tennyson's reproach of "a monstrous liar" or Kipling's of "the Bear that walks like a Man".

Men Who Knew How to Die

Nothing could fully atone for such a heartrending tragedy as that of the Submarine S–4. Yet a certain thrill of consolatory triumph was felt at the piteous disclosures of the sunken hulk, when after a weary while it was at last explored. For there it was found that the members of the crew, trapped, betrayed, abandoned to slow torment and agonizing death, amid all the horror of their helplessness, knew how to die like men. In circumstances more maddening and appalling than we can well conceive, there was no panic, no frantic mania, but rather a calm and confident confronting of fate, like that of "one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams". Nor was such manly heroism unique, though happily rare because of the rarity of such occasions. The story of the sinking of the *Birkenhead* has been a familiar inspiration to successive generations of schoolboys; and the final surmounting of the Northern Pole was not more splendid than the spirit of those Arctic voyagers who failed in the quest and were able at the last only to report to their rescuers, "Here we are, all that are left of us, trying to die like men." There is after all something in man that can "tire torture and time", and triumph over even the most abhorrent fate.

Understanding the Doctrine

"On our side," says the always Americophil *Spectator* of London, "we may be accused of not understanding the Monroe Doctrine. We can only say that every nation that signed the Covenant of the League accepted the Doctrine, and we must be given credit for that." Yes; we do give full credit for that, and we hope that very much more may properly be given. For there would be little satisfaction in crediting any nation with accepting the Doctrine under the definition of it that is given in the Covenant of the League; a definition which is comparable with that of a crab as "a red fish that swims backward". Whatever under-

standing of it other nations may have, we must believe that the countrymen of George Canning know what the Monroe Doctrine really means.

The Greek Homecoming

Legends of the Dorian Invasion, the Flight of the Golden Horde and what not find a parallel in an actual transaction of our own day. Greece is now repatriating in her homeland about a million and a half of her people who have hitherto been living in Ottoman Thrace and Asia Minor. That would be an enormous migration in any land and among any people, in its actual numbers. Relatively to the population of the country concerned it is simply overwhelming. For it means an increase of the inhabitants of Greece by more than twenty per cent. It is equivalent to our having twenty-four million people poured into the United States in the course of a few weeks, most of them little better than paupers, for us to provide with homes and means of maintenance. The task thus presented may well tax to the utmost the economic resourcefulness of the Greek nation, though, with its keen vitality and indomitable spirit, we shall expect to see it perform it with success and even greatly to profit by it in the end. For it is not an alien influx, but one homogeneous with the existing population, which may be expected to strengthen the Greek State in spirit and national purpose even more than it increases it in numbers.

Cannot Poets Imagine?

An announcement which must cause the literary world to sit up and take notice is made to the effect that Longfellow conceived the entire epic of *Hiawatha* from looking at a photograph, or daguerreotype, which somebody had made of the Falls of Minnehaha. This is comparable in interest with the cavern in a rocky hillside which is, with equal authority, said to have inspired Augustus Toplady to write his hymn *Rock of Ages*, and is not likely to be surpassed until somebody finds the upholsterer's shop in which a display of violet velvet curtain material moved Poe to write *The Raven*. Strange, that people should deny to poets even an infinitesimal measure of that inventive imagination which they themselves possess and exercise to so amazing a degree!

"Old, Unhappy Things"

Perhaps it was just as well to eliminate, as the English have done, some portions of the cinematograph films portraying the martyrdom of Edith Cavell; and that quite irrespective of any question concerning their truthfulness. The waters of Lethe are in flood. Our Northern States have returned to the South their captured Confederate battleflags, and Spain has returned to Cuba with the honors of war the revolutionary standards which Weyler and Martinez Campos took from the patriot bands. Everywhere there is forgetfulness of "old, unhappy things, and battles long ago," save in Chicago, where Big Bill, recalcitrant and inexorable, shouts at the shade of George the Third, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Cotton Economics

A striking parallel in embarrassment is presented by the conditions of the cotton trade respectively in England and in New England. In the former, the competition of India is severely felt, where vast factories have been erected, with labor at only a fraction of the British wages. In the latter the competition of the Southern States is causing depression and is ominous of disaster, because these have built and equipped factories equal to those of the North, with the great advantages not only of proximity to the cotton fields but also of longer hours of labor at much lower wages. The problem, which is the same in both countries, is a serious one, the solution of which is still in the lap of the gods. One thing, however, it will not and cannot be. There can be no reduction of wages or increase of hours, to meet the competing standards. Twentieth century economics can take no backward and downward step.

Washingtoniana

The erection of a magnificent memorial chapel at Valley Forge commands hearty patriotic approval, despite one fearful anticipation. That is, that there will be aroused an interminable dispute as to whether Washington did or did not go into the woods and pray to God during that winter of suffering. Prob-

ably the matter is insusceptible of absolute proof; though on the face of the case it seems rather more likely that he did pray at Valley Forge than that he "swore like an angel" at the Battle of Monmouth. However, we may as well be resigned to the impending wrangle over that one detail, as a mere advance skirmish in the war of words that will rage a few years hence when the bicentenary of his birth is commemorated. Will there, we wonder, be a single jot or tittle in his entire record that will escape dispute?

Agricultural Revolution

It is something far more than mere evolution, it is a most impressive revolution, which is promised in one of the oldest of our great agricultural industries. Sugar production in Louisiana has in late years suffered a disastrous decline. Once it amounted to 350,000 tons a year, and employed half a million persons. Now it has fallen to 70,000 tons, with a like decline in the number of employees. Among the causes have been overproduction in other lands, the rivalry of beet sugar, and destructive diseases of the canes; against which some have despairingly thought it impossible to contend. Not all have been fainthearted, however; and now it is announced that a new variety of cane has been found which successfully resists disease, and which yields from four to seven times as many tons to the acre, and thirty per cent. more sugar to the ton. Moreover, it is found that there is fully twice as much available sugar plantation land in the State as ever yet has been cultivated.

In brief, instead of the former 350,000 tons, there is now a prospect of something like 5,500,000 tons. We need not point the obvious fact that if those anticipations are realized to the extent of only one-half, the result will be the greatest agricultural revolution in our history, save possibly that effected through Whitney's invention of the cotton gin. The example is to be commended for possible emulation to other departments of agriculture, as a practical vindication of the apophthegm of the King of Brobdingnag concerning the value of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

Shamed by a Neighbor

In Argentina at the recent Presidential election more than ninety per cent. of the qualified voters went to the polls and cast their ballots, and "no disorderly incidents were reported anywhere". In the United States at the last Presidential election only about fifty-one per cent. voted, and in the second largest city of the country at this spring's primary election there was a virtual state of siege, marked with ballot box stuffing, use of machine guns by criminal gangsters, kidnapping, and murder. The facts of record are their own most trenchant comments.

Is Shakespeare to be Padlocked?

It is to be hoped that as a result of the publication of the diary of a vicar of Stratford-on-Avon the works of Shakespeare will not be placed under the ban as offensive to the Volstead Act. Yet we are not without our apprehensions. For that ancient and presumptively veracious record informs us that "Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." There is surely ground for fearing that that will be regarded as warranting enforcement agents to raid with force and arms any place where a play of the bibulous bard is being enacted, if not indeed to confiscate and suppress all copies of his works, as containing more than one-half of one per cent. of suggested wetness.

Freedom of Hearing

Freedom of speech is guaranteed, within appropriate limits, by the Constitution, with not a word about freedom of hearing—or not hearing. Yet we must contend that the ear is no less entitled to protection than the tongue. This reflection arises from the partly silly and partly malicious pother that has been raised against the Daughters of the American Revolution, because they have decided not to waste their time in listening to the harangues of propagandists who are striving to defeat the very objects for which that honored society exists. Of course the talk of "blacklist" and "denial of freedom of speech" is as foolish as it is insincere. Students in a school of music do not "blacklist"

farmers because they do not invite them to come in and teach them how to grow potatoes. A man does not interfere with the freedom of speech of his neighbors because he declines to let them conduct a debating society in his drawing room. A church is not bigoted because it does not invite into its pulpit preachers of an antagonistic creed. Why, then should a society founded and conducted for the protection and perpetuation of certain principles be railed at for not caring to listen to those who are striving to overthrow and destroy those principles? It is a gross impertinence to expect or to ask it thus to waste its time. In the preceding number of this REVIEW the President-General of the D. A. R. set forth the principles and described the work of that organization in an article which abundantly vindicated it in advance against the attacks which have since been made upon it. The society is quite willing that all the Pacifists and Pink Bolshevists in the land should talk as freely as they please to any audiences that they can get to listen to them. And it claims for itself an equal right not to listen to them nor to put them on its programmes. That is all there is about it.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"THEY'RE having a rough time in Chicago," remarked the Deacon, laying down his paper and taking up his pipe.

"Yes, it's pretty depressing," I answered. "It seems to mean that democracy can't stand the strain put upon it by such an ignorant and cosmopolitan population."

"I guess it hasn't much to do with democracy," said the Deacon. "It's civilization's big fight everywhere. The way I put it in my own mind—it's the fight between the predatory and the social instincts; it started with the Cave Men, and it'll go on till the millennium, inside each individual as well as inside each group, however they're governed."

"But don't you think the fight is a more hopeless one in a democracy, when a lot of uneducated people crowd together in one place?"

"If what you mean by education is formal schoolin', I don't think that makes much difference; an' as for democracy, it only brings the old fight to the surface, where you can see it goin' on. I'm not prophet enough to say how it's goin' to turn out in the long run, anywhere on this footstool; but the social instinct is just as likely to come out on top in a mixed and crowded democracy, an' I'm optimist enough to think it has a better chance there."

"It looks to me like this," he continued warmly. "The Cave Man had to get food an' wife an' shelter, an' he got 'em wherever he found 'em handiest, even if he had to take 'em away from another fellow. He took 'em if he was big enough. But then the time came when he needed the other fellow's good will an' his help to tackle a dinosaur, so he got to chummin' with the other fellow, an' then got to likin' him in a way. He began to get a social instinct. When the other fellow had somethin' he wanted, his predatory an' his social instincts had to fight it out first.

An' that fight has been goin' on inside of every man ever since."

"But education must fight on the social side!"

The Deacon shook his head emphatically. "Not if you mean the three R's an' Latin an' all that. Just look for yourself. When you find more predatory fellows than there are social ones in a community, democracy breaks down. If a man seizes somethin' for himself away from all the others, an' injures them by doin' so, he's a grafter. He's just as often educated as not. It ain't a question of his knowledge; it's his spirit. Now suppose he runs for office, an' folks know he's a grafter. Who votes for him? Lots of educated business men do. They say it's easier to do business with him. They know just where he stands. They're lookin' out for their own business an' nothin' else, an' that makes them all grafters too. When a man don't vote at all, an' *lets* such a fellow into office, that puts him in the same boat."

"I don't see that you've made out any case for democracy," I remarked. "You've just explained Chicago and any other places like it."

The Deacon puffed away for a while. "They tell me," he said, "that there's more graft in China than anywhere else; it runs all through the social system—servants graftin' on their masters an' lesser servants on them. An' they say Russia came next, leastways in the old days under the Czar. But the Government kept on bein' the same old ship that held 'em, an' kept 'em under cover. Democracy brings everybody up onto deck. When you get more predatory minded fellows in a democratic community than socially minded ones, the old ship steers a wobbly course."

"But I still think that the safety of a democracy lies in education," I insisted.

The old man pursed his lips obstinately. "If a man's predatory instincts are on top," he said emphatically, "he's more dangerous when his mind's educated than when it ain't. If you had a community chock full of socially minded folks without any education at all, it could be a perfect democracy. No, educatin' the mind of Chicago won't do it any good. You've got to educate its soul."

Some chance remarks by the Deacon on Manners seem to have troubled the mind of a reader. She (for it is undoubtedly a lady) protests the statement that manners are nothing more than a code, and have no intrinsic values. "Some manners, of course," she says, "are merely ephemeral, changing with times and places. But there must be some that are inevitable and universal evidences of the spirit behind them."

I reported this difference of opinion to the Deacon when I chanced to see him next, and it amused him greatly.

"I would like to argue with the lady," he said. "Didn't she name any particular politeness, just for instance?"

I answered regretfully that she had not; but I felt inclined to take her part. "How about a gentleman standing up when a lady enters the room?" I suggested. "Could that mean anything other than respect, anywhere, any time?"

"Sure," said the Deacon. "It would be easy for it to mean that he wanted to be ready to run. Standin' up might mean an enemy gettin' ready to attack. It's easy to imagine that in some society, somewhere, some time, if a man stayed seated it meant hospitality, and an invitation to the lady to sit down too."

"How about kneeling?" I suggested. "Doesn't kneeling universally suggest an attitude of mind?"

"How do I know?" said the Deacon. "I can easily figger a society point of view which made kneelin' a contemptuous gesture. Some African savage might get down on his knees in front of another in order to show that he figgered out the other fellow wasn't more than so high, or else to show contempt for the other fellow's physical power—'I can lick you on my knees with one hand behind me,' would be the idee.

"No, manners never meant any more than just what the people who generally used 'em agreed to have 'em mean. The polite Chinaman practices so he can belch nicely at the dinner table in front of his host. It shows he's et even more than he ought to, the food was so good. Generally speakin', the white man practices how to avoid it. But the yellow man and the white man both have the same thing in mind—they want to show consideration for the feelin's of the fellow that provided the dinner.

"There's a lot of manners that haven't been codified yet, even among nice people livin' at the same time in the same place. Business men haven't decided whether an elevator is part of the entrance to a buildin' or a room inside of it. Some polite men take their hats off when a lady comes in, and some polite men don't. Why, even in one little town on the same Sunday you can find some men puttin' their hats on when they enter a temple dedicated to their God, and some takin' their hats off, and some men kneelin' down when they pray, and some standin' up. And in another part of the world they take off their shoes instead of their hats for the same reason, and get down on their hands and knees. The fellow who left his hat on among a lot of folks who took theirs off, and the fellow who took his shoes off in church among folks who were in the habit of leavin' theirs on, would both be called impolite by the crowd around 'em.

"Whenever new social conditions arise, you have to get a new set of manners to go with 'em," continued the Deacon thoughtfully. "It takes a long time for nice people to decide what is the nicest way to act under new conditions. For instance, we haven't got any code of manners for the telephone yet. A perfectly nice man, who wouldn't ever push rudely out of his place in a line waitin' at the doctor's office, will step out of the line, go down to the corner drug store, telephone the doctor and get his consultation ahead of all the rest!

"Folks generally say it's impolite to interrupt, but a telephone interrupts anybody, any time, anywhere, and gets away with it. The way I figger it, society will finally get the idea that a telephone is an extension of the manners of the fellow that is usin' it. If nice people get to feelin' that way about it, you won't find a polite business man askin' his secretary to get somebody on the telephone and then lettin' him wait with the receiver to his ear until the business man is through with what he is doin' and can begin the conversation.

"A long time ago a polite man, when he met another, got the habit of saying, 'My name is Jones,' and then waitin' to let the other man name himself if he wanted to. It's taken us thirty years to get around to that in telephone manners."

I knew that the Deacon was right. I have so often been

annoyed by the impudent, interrupting ring of the telephone bell, and then a voice demanding to know who I am, while itself remains anonymous and offers no excuse for the demand. Every man cannot have a secretary to return discourtesy for discourtesy. Sooner or later polite people must find a telephone code of manners that will prove them to be gently intentioned.

"How can one discipline a telephone?" I asked.

"By leavin' the receiver off the hook if you find it's treatin' you without any consideration," answered the Deacon. "But you can't call it rudeness," he continued, thoughtfully. "Nice folks ain't agreed yet as to how they ought to behave over the 'phone, that's all. It's the same at the movies. Folks ain't agreed yet about talkin' durin' a picture. Just when nice folks have gotten a set of theatre manners to show they really are nice folks, they have to start in and get a brand new set of manners for the movies."

"I suppose you want me to send all of this to my lady correspondent?" said I.

"Go ahead," said the Deacon; "but it won't do any good. If she is really a nice lady, manners are awfully important to her, and you never could convince her that a man who made a noise like a hydraulic pump when he ate spaghetti might be a gentleman back in his own country."

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

The need of high standards in the Legal Profession was felt more than a century ago by the great Jurist, Justice JOSEPH STORY, *who wrote in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for November, 1817, as follows:*

To become an eminent lawyer is now a task of vast labour and difficulty. The business of the profession has extended itself, as we have already intimated, incalculably, both in quantity and variety. The most diligent study and practice of a long life are scarcely sufficient to place any gentleman beyond the necessity of continual exertions to keep pace with the current of new opinions and doctrines. It is true that in the humbler walks of the profession, men of feeble talents and acquirements may now obtain a maintenance and sometimes perhaps accumulate a fortune; but this is no more than what the experience of all ages has shown. There have always been obscure attorneys, whose industry, or cunning, or patronage has given them the command of that portion of business, which is not without profit, if it be not attended with honour.

EDWARD TYRREL CHANNING, *the famous Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, wrote thus of* THOMAS MOORE *in a review of* LALLA ROOKH, *in the November, 1817, number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

Mr. Moore may be very adroit at this work—he may call it poetry if he please; but he must allow us to infer from the pleasure he takes in it, that his mind is not of the loftiest character, nor ever under the influence of genuine enthusiasm and rapture. There does seem to be a natural alliance between genius and purity. A man, who can pass through his earliest years, with no love of intellectual dignity, no regret for the sins of his race, nor wish to make them better, unmoved, unchastened by the sweet influences of nature, and deliberately and almost perpetually employed, in disfiguring and degrading every thing pure in sentiment, or fair in creation, must be essentially wanting in some of the higher powers and perceptions of a truly poetical mind. He will never be lifted from the ground, nor forget for a moment the encumbrances of flesh and blood.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT *contributed to* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1818, his poem* To a Waterfowl, *generally esteemed as one of his finest lyrics. In that original draft it appeared "letter perfect" precisely as it has been printed in all editions since, with the exception of two words in the third line of the second stanza. In 1818* BRYANT *wrote:*

As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,

while in 1928 it has been made to read

As, darkly seen against the crimson sky;

a change of critically disputed merit.

JOHN GALLISON, *lawyer and anti-slavery pioneer, paid this tribute to the Netherlanders in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

It has been much the fashion to ascribe all, that the Dutch have done, to the strong passion of gain, which is alleged to hold in their breasts the place of every other affection. It is only necessary to have read their history, to be convinced that this charge is unjust, and that they have qualities, both publick and private, which render them capable of acts of the most generous and elevated virtue. Nor is there a better foundation for imputing to them, as has been often done, a tardiness of genius, suited indeed to slow and patient labour, but unfit for any of the finer exertions of intellect, and dead to the enchantments of the heart and fancy. They have produced historians, and poets, and criticks, and painters, of the first class, and these, not as the authors of the *Universal History* assert, "like grapes in Siberia and contrary to the usual course of nature," but in numbers, which, when considered in reference of the size and population of the country, are not exceeded by any other nation.

Those who think that Americans have always been inclined to "let the Eagle scream" may be rid of that delusion by recalling what ANDREWS NORTON, *famous father of a famous son,* CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, *wrote in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

There is no nation which has been outraged with such profligate calumny; and there never was a people, who seemed less disposed to form a correct estimate of their privileges, their advantages, and their distinctions. Our hearts have been too cold, when reminded that *This is our own, our native land;* and the attachment of which we have defrauded our own country, we have given somewhat too lavishly to others. This is the main fault in our national character. It is time for us to be a little more remiss in our admiration of what is

foreign, and to learn to respect ourselves. It is time for us to learn to think of ourselves more justly. In looking so much abroad for models and precedents, there is danger that we may receive from other nations some of the hereditary mischiefs by which they are oppressed, some of the decrepit prejudices to whose authority they still submit, and some of the corruptions of age by which they are disgraced and made miserable.

The strangely baseless tradition of the UPAS TREE *was thus disposed of in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

The literary and scientifick world has rarely been more grossly imposed upon, than by the account of the *Pohon Oopas*, or, as it is commonly written, the *Bohon Upas*, published in Holland in 1780. The history and origin of this celebrated forgery are still a mystery. The account came out under the name of one Foersch, a surgeon in the Dutch East India Company's service, and was published in the different publick journals in almost all the languages in Europe. This account, as it relates to the situation of the poison tree, its desolating effects on the country around, the mode of punishing criminals by sending them on the fatal errand of procuring its gums, and the description of the poison, has been proved to be palpably false.

The multitudes to whom today MARIA EDGEWORTH *is only a name may well consider the esteem in which her works were held by the eminent lawyer,* WILLARD PHILLIPS, *as expressed in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

To criticise the works of Miss Edgeworth fairly, is much the same as to praise them. They are every where marked with the traces of a philosophick mind, a fertile invention, and a good heart. She does not, like many of her fellow labourers in fiction, imagine situations that never can be realized and elaborate personages that come into the world upon absurd errands;—that live without making us desire to be acquainted with them, and act without exciting our sympathy; she carries us into the throng of living, suffering, and enjoying men and women, animated by the passions with which real life is glowing, and busy with pursuits in which we ourselves are interested. She does not idly amuse herself and her readers with the forms and exteriour show of life, but penetrates to the secret springs of action, and discloses the sources of the passions and the innumerable circumstances that contribute to their accumulating depth and swell—she scientifically demonstrates the almost imperceptible tendencies of opinions and maxims of conduct—and describes with philosophical accuracy the gradual stealing on of habits, of which we are apt to be unconscious till we find them indelibly fixed and wrought into our most intimate composition.

The character and motives of the early New England Colonists had a warm champion in WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *who wrote of them in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

That exaltation of mind, that religious fanaticism, which stimulated the first settlers, was perhaps necessary to the solid establishment of the colony. The poverty of the soil, severity of the climate, the horrours of Indian hostility, the grief at a separation from friends and a country they loved, of which several affecting proofs are given in the history of some of these individuals, were all calculated to try the resolution of men, who had left enviable situations. The difficulties they had to encounter from these sources, would have disheartened them, if their object had been wealth; and the first attempts would probably have failed. But if the climate was cold, their hearts were warmed with zeal; and if the soil was poor, their harvest was to be reaped in heaven; if the tomahawk of the Indian was suspended over their heads, they were willing to be martyrs. Religion and education were their almost exclusive concerns. Their preservation they constantly attributed to the special providence of God; and their constant belief of His particular interposition was useful in its effects; though others perhaps, in many cases at least, might account for the result by merely natural causes. They believed that their success was the reward of their religious devotion, and that other colonies failed when they were undertaken from a different motive.

Qualifications for admission to college a century ago differed much from those of today, as witness the requirements at HARVARD *as given in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1818:*

Candidates for admission are examined by the President, Professors, and Tutors. No one is admitted to examination, unless he have a good moral character, certified in writing by his preceptor, or some other suitable person. To be received to the freshman class, the candidate must be thoroughly acquainted with the grammar of the Latin and Greek languages, including prosody; be able properly to construe and parse any portion of the following books, *viz.*, Dalzel's *Collectanea Græca Minora*, the Greek Testament, Virgil, Sallust, and Cicero's *Select Orations*, and to translate English into Latin correctly; he must be well versed in Ancient and Modern Geography; the fundamental rules of Arithmetick, vulgar and decimal fractions, proportion, simple and compound, single and double fellowship, alligation medial and alternate, and Algebra, to the end of simple equations, comprehending also the doctrine of roots and powers, arithmetical and geometrical progression.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

The Active Ticker

DESCRIPTION of the stock market continues to exhaust the superlatives of the chroniclers. In fact those who were put to the necessity of depicting the April market must have regretted the prodigality with which they had drawn upon their adjectives during March. A 3,000,000 share day upon the New York Stock Exchange, which until a few weeks ago was exceptional, is now a synonym of quietness, and from 4,000,000 up is the usual thing. By all precedent activity should be greater after the market begins to decline than it has been during the advance, but the likelihood of a 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 share day is diminished by the inability of the Stock Exchange mechanism to take care of it. Even now the ticker runs so far behind the market that as a guide to trading its usefulness is almost destroyed, and it has twice been necessary for the Exchange to declare unaccustomed holidays to enable its members to catch up with their clerical work.

The number of persons who have bought and sold securities on all of the country's exchanges and over-the-counter markets during the past few months totals, according to various estimates, anywhere from 10,000,000 to 20,000,000, and it is certain that all of the United States and Canada is participating to an unprecedented degree. A few years ago fully 60 per cent. of the business of the New York Stock Exchange originated within New York; today, under present conditions, probably 90 per cent. comes from outside the city, brought in over the hundreds of thousands of miles of private wires which forty or fifty of the larger brokerage houses operate. Within the past ten months Stock Exchange firms have opened 150 additional branch offices, and the ticker now clicks out its quotations in the most distant parts of the South and the Pacific Coast. The significance of this may be sought in the well-known fact that the "public," as Wall Street terminology has it, always speculates on the buying side, and always loses. The "public" is a fountain of youth which extends the life of a bull market long after its days of good health are past and organic decay has set in.

If the chronicle is confined to the United States the story falls short of full truth. The wave of stock market speculation is rolling forward in London, Paris, Berlin and Brussels as well as in New York. In Brussels, the cables say, "the fever of speculation that began with the depreciation of the franc has been growing worse ever since and hundreds of office workers are going without their lunch to save a little money with which to gamble in stocks." In London, despite trade depression, the rise in shares and the activity of trading are scarcely less pronounced than in New York, and instead of publishing crossword puzzles the newspapers are offering prizes for the best investment lists sent in by their subscribers. Reports from Paris and Berlin are of the same tenor.

Recently, also, some of the more important speculative commodity markets have been more active at advancing prices; they include the grains, cotton and coffee.

Why Excessive Speculation?

For a condition that thus seems to be common to all the world there must be a common cause. It is true that specific reasons for advancing prices can be adduced in each instance. In the cotton market it is an unfavorable crop start and the boll weevil threat; in the other commodities it is something else; in London, *The Spectator* suggests, the cost of living and taxation are so high and trade is so quiet that "the investor may well be excused for a desire to seek relief through appreciation of capital which does not come under the ban of the tax gatherer; and the undoubted gains secured by those

who have bought low-priced industrials within the past two or three years and have amassed large fortunes may well explain the eagerness of others to emulate their example." From other quarters other reasons are advanced. Nevertheless it must be apparent that the basic condition which has made possible and stimulated speculation on such an extraordinary scale is none other than the abundant supply of credit. Even those who argued six months ago that there was no inflation in the United States are hardly as ready to maintain their position now, as loans on securities have shown a continuing expansion. The effects of currency inflation in France have been felt far beyond her borders, through the deposit by French banks of foreign exchange to the value of many billions of francs in the financial centers of other countries. Those deposits are now being drawn back to France in the form of gold, in preparation for legal stabilization of the franc, and this gold movement marks at least a temporary disappearance of the easy money rates that were known last autumn; but meanwhile the inflation has done its work and started a ball rolling which may not be safely checked until it runs with a crash into some stone wall.

But before considering monetary conditions in more detail it is highly interesting to observe the reasons why excesses of speculation should, in the face of rather quiet business, have taken place in securities rather than in land or wildcat oil shares or tulip bulbs or some of the other media of which the pages of history tell. It is due, says Col. Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Co., "to an increasingly wide-spread belief that business and industry are rapidly coming under the control of the giants among the corporations, and an eagerness to participate in the expected profits of these leading firms through the ownership of some of their capital stock. It is this belief that is the foundation of the popular opinion that well-selected common stocks are preferable to bonds and mortgages as long-term investments."

To that concise statement there can be no dissent. Unquestionably those are the motives which are actuating literally millions of people. The same thought is expressed by one of the most prominent of the bull leaders in the stock market, a man whose operations and profits have been enormous during the past three years. He says, "Less than two years ago when prices were very much lower the average investor regarded such stocks as American Telephone and Telegraph, General Electric, United States Steel, General Motors and American Smelting and Refining Company as selling at about their true value. The same people today have come to realize that these institutions could not be duplicated at any price and that consequently their good will is practically priceless, and with this knowledge, regardless of bearish propaganda, the investor is not as easily frightened as formerly."

Experimental Revision

This attitude is bringing about what may be called an experimental revision of ideas of the value of many industrial stocks. The most dramatic example that the market has given of this revision was its reaction to a statement by the chairman of the Finance Committee of the General Motors Corporation that in his opinion the shares of that corporation should sell more on a parity with other industrial stocks whose current price was from twelve to fifteen times the annual earnings on each share. With enthusiasm the market seized upon the thought that here was a tangible basis for the valuation of stocks. General Motors was immediately bid up to a price about fifteen times its 1927 earnings, and about twelve times its expected earnings for 1928, and it is undoubtedly a widespread expectation, voiced in many quarters, that if those expected earnings are realized and the outlook continues reasonably propitious the market valuation will be marked up again. And other common stocks which were selling at basis lower than that suggested were eagerly sought out and marked up correspondingly. The result is that the twenty common stocks listed in the Dow-Jones averages, which a year ago were selling at about eleven times their earnings per share, have lately been selling from sixteen to seventeen times earnings. In fact there are only two on the list

which are selling at less than fourteen times earnings, and no less than seven are quoted at more than twenty times earnings. Book value has become a subordinate factor.

Is it possible to describe any such radical revision of the basis of valuation, occurring in such a short time, as other than an experimental adjustment of the most extreme sort? It must depend for its success upon continued low money rates, lower, it seems, than those now quoted. If a stock sells at fifteen times its earnings, and pays out two-thirds of those earnings in dividends, a brief calculation will show that it will yield 4.44 per cent. upon its selling price. That is almost exactly the yield that is returned by the only public utility bond with a 4 per cent. coupon that has yet been sold in this country. This gilt-edged bond was recently offered at a price to yield 4.40 per cent. Is it possible that our ideas of the values of investments must be readjusted to a belief that high-grade common stocks are worth as much as high-grade bonds, and that the old belief that the proper spread between the yields of the two classes of securities is at least one per cent. must be abandoned? The only answer is, perhaps. The working out of the experiment must be awaited. Meanwhile it is perfectly apparent that present stock quotations are based upon a ratio that is insufficiently tested, a foundation for which no preliminary borings have been made. Deep down there may be rock, or there may be sand. It is equally evident that this "fifteen times" theory of valuation, by reason of accepting a dividend yield as low as bond yields, discounts the future heavily, that it relies upon a constant increase in earnings to put a little more substance behind present prices and to provide the wherewithal for stock dividends and "extras" to compensate for low yields for the moment. One who thinks that fifteen times present earnings is a bargain price, since he believes earnings will increase, may consider ten times quite enough to pay when the business outlook is less certain and the future prospect holds out a probability of decreasing rather than increasing profits.

Still other points may be suggested in examining the validity of the present theories of value. One of the most common ideas that is found among their supporters is that good stocks will achieve a scarcity value because they are being purchased by investment trusts. The bull leader previously quoted said in the same interview, in listing the causes of the advance, that in his opinion the most important is "the purchase of our high grade securities in tremendous volume by investment companies and investment trusts, many of which are operating most successfully. If, as I am led to believe, companies of this character with billions of dollars of capital are to be created, our choicest securities by reason of the demand for this purpose are destined for very much higher prices."

This belief is so common that it may well be examined to see whether two and two can make five. Investment trusts of course obtain their capital by selling their own securities to investors. Obviously, therefore, they subtract from the funds potentially available for investment in stocks exactly as much as they add to them. The size of the stream is the same though part of it is diverted through another channel. It is of course true, to some extent, that the investment trusts bring funds into the securities markets which otherwise might be invested in other ways, in personal enterprises of various kinds, let us say. But the obverse is equally true; the supply of corporate securities must inevitably increase, because the demand for capital will turn to the markets where the supply is, and corporate enterprise flourish over the individual.

Finally, if the investment trusts continue indefinitely to buy stocks at prices which return only bond yields, and come to a time, as they inevitably will, when they can no longer obtain profits on principal to add to these low yields, the returns on their own securities will drop to an unattractive figure and their rate of growth will be checked materially. It must be remembered that the stability of investment trusts in this country has not finally been proven, for they have yet to pass through a severely declining market. Until they do, and until some of the weak ones are eliminated, there is almost as much reason to fear them as a source of liquidating sales as to cheer them as continuous and enormous buyers.

Money Rates

In last analysis the values of securities will have to be judged by money rates. One of the best indicators of market trends in the past has been the relation between the yields of stocks or bonds and the cost of the money that is borrowed to carry them. A year ago the relation was favorable. With stocks yielding over 5 per cent. and time loans available at about 4¼ there was obviously a small profit to be gained in addition to trading profits simply by carrying securities which looked to have possibilities of long term appreciation. Now the situation is reversed. The yield of the stocks in the Dow-Jones list at this writing averages only about 4⅛ per cent.; the theoretical yield on a price of fifteen times earnings, as calculated a few paragraphs previously, is only 4.44 per cent. But 90-day loans on Stock Exchange collateral are currently quoted at 4⅞ to 5 per cent. Thus there is a loss in carrying stocks under present conditions; the cost of capital so employed is greater than the return from it. This situation has existed since early in February. If prices continue to advance under these conditions all precedent will be upset. A decline is indicated by all experience, unless it is offset and quickly, by one of two things: cheaper money, or increased dividends.

So inevitably we come back to the question of money rates. There has been, as usual, since the first of the year a seasonal expansion in commercial demand, not great, to be sure, but totaling about $250,000,000 in the case of the reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve system. The increase in loans on securities by this group of banks, oddly enough, has been smaller than that figure, but brokers' loans in New York, which were then at the highest total on record up to that time, are now some $400,000,000 higher. So much for demand for credit. As for supply, gold holdings of the Federal Reserve Banks are almost $100,000,000 smaller, and the amount of bills and securities held by the Reserve Banks, representing the contribution of the system to the open market supply of credit, is about $250,000,000 smaller. That money rates, therefore, are one half to three quarters of one per cent. higher is entirely natural, and the probability that they will turn any easier is distinctly lessened by Federal Reserve policies. The Banks have been losing gold steadily, but instead of offsetting the loss by the purchase of Government securities as they did last autumn they have intensified its effect by selling securities and subtracting from the amount of credit. During that time, also, they have raised rediscount rates once, to 4 per cent at all banks, and at the time of writing another advance is under way to 4½ per cent.; it started with the Chicago and Boston banks and will presumably extend throughout the system. For this advance there is but one explanation: a desire to check the speculative excesses that are taking place, or at least to put the Federal Reserve System above suspicion of fostering them. It is an attitude that the Reserve Board might well have assumed late last summer when it approved and compelled cuts in the rediscount rate throughout the system.

Whether the action of the Reserve system in thus advancing the price and diminishing the supply of credit will be ignored again, as was the rate increase early in the year, remains to be seen. It is true that an advance of one-half of one per cent. in money rates is a puny weapon to control such an avalanche of speculation. Nevertheless it is effective in the long run; it dominates one-half of the cost of money-yield of capital relation.

Turning to the other half of that relation, what hope is there for higher dividends to swing the ratio once more in support of present prices? Building is well maintained; some of the automobile companies are doing extremely well and will show increased earnings unless the retail market suddenly collapses from excess of Presidential year caution, a bad break in stocks, or some similar shock; and the steel companies are more active, reflecting the larger demand from the motor makers. But some of the other industries which were active in 1927, such as cotton manufacturing, are lagging and complaining loudly of inadequate profits. Distributive trade is generally hesitant and the volume of car loadings runs consistently below that of recent previous years. In

the main there is little prospect for the alleviation of competitive conditions to allow greater profits and dividend payments for business as a whole. Rising commodity prices during the year would make profits larger, undoubtedly, and therein lies the chief hope of better returns. But will commodity prices rise if the business structure has to withstand the shattering effect of a break in the stock market?

How Far Will Speculation Go?

Obviously reasoning seems to fall in a circle. But while business seems to hold its breath, watching the stock market, the stock market has passed the stage of paying much attention to business. The trade outlook is of academic interest to it. The only present question is, how far will speculation go?

One point that the business man and banker as well as the investor may carry in mind is that in times like the present there is a distinct differentiation between quotations and values. Some of the big brokerage houses, who have increased the margins they demand from their customers, know that; and the New York banks, who refuse to loan against as large a percentage of present "values" as they did a few months ago, know it. If the ordinary business man and investor will conduct his affairs on the same enlarged margin of safety the country will be better for it. It is impossible to say when the strain will come. When speculation is so rife a shock correspondingly great is required to check it and reverse its direction, but experience has shown that such a shock inevitably arrives. If it is not large enough in itself it is quickly magnified to the necessary proportions. The shares of 100 corporations listed by one of the Stock Exchange firms were marked up two billions of dollars during the first quarter of 1928; but that any such amount of actual wealth was added to the assets of those corporations in that period it is of course absurd to suggest. And any over-discounting of the future that the present market has indulged in must eventually be corrected.

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SIR:

Permit me to congratulate you for the splendid article on Mexico by Bishop Diaz which appeared in the April issue of your fine publication. The article is written with great saneness and, merely by the presentation of facts, draws up a very strong indictment against the present Mexican Government. No other paper could have presented a more unbiased article upon a question of great moment.

PATRICK F. SCANLAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Young Man from Ottawa

SIR:

Few busy men stop to write letters to editors when they chance to read something that impresses them in their publications. This is my first offense.

I am about four thousand miles from my home in Vancouver, on the Pacific; and being a British Columbian I have been asked here several times by New Yorkers if I had read a remarkable article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on the destiny of the British House of Lords by John Gladstone Grace. Knowing Mr. Grace by reputation and by sight, I bought a copy of your magazine. Then I wanted several more for my friends. His style is singularly his own and I congratulate you and the N. A. R. on having enlisted the pen of so able and entertaining a contributor as that young man from Ottawa.

G. H. COLLINS.

New York City.

The Criminal Gets His Start

SIR:

The article *Dealing with Criminals* by Lewis E. Lawes, is a comprehensive statement. It is true that much of crime is due to economic maladjustment, but there are other phases about which we hear little. Prodigal and even vulgar display is one and insurance is another. Rich people, women in particular, display jewels and works of art. Stores, especially the big ones, display goods in the open, on counters and tables, ready to the hand of any clever thief; jewelry emporiums display in windows and glass cases,—all this principally for advertising purposes. Men wear costly gems and carry hugh rolls of money, which is bait for the footpad and the burglar. Insurance covers nearly everything, causing the owner of property to become careless and the thief to be bold. I know a man who was glad to have his car stolen because he would get the insurance or a new car. The crime of arson is common in connection with insurance. We have records of murder committed to secure the life insurance. In a word, temptation to commit crime is everywhere rampant.

It seems to me apparent that before we can relieve the so-called crime wave, which in reality is a flood, it will be necessary to remove some of the temptation placed in the way of the potential law breaker. What a ridiculous thing for banks to provide armored cars to transport money from place to place, and not take equal precautions to safeguard it after it reaches its destination. Why not armored cages for bank tellers with automatic shutters for pay-windows, operated by a button in the floor? Or armored cages for shotgun guards suspended from the ceilings; or compartments for the tellers that disappear money and all, into the cellar by simply pressing a button?

Many a habitual criminal got his start lifting some cheap article in a store. We really have no right to subject people to temptation to bait the trap and punish them after they are caught. There should be clauses in all insurance policies guarding against inordi-

nate display. The loss by thefts is added to the retail price and the honest public pays the bill, or else the insurance company does, which is just the same in the end, for the ultimate consumer pays all of the cost. Society is waking up, as Mr. Lawes points out, but it must cover all angles in order to get the best results. Men are just grown-up children, and children should be protected against temptation.

C. F. DISTELHURST.

Omaha, Nebr.

Letter to the Editor from a Lady to Whom He Did Not Sign His Name

SIR:

How I yearn over you! How little I dreamed what your signature reveals! I thought they were extinct, and that King Arthur's bunch was the last. How lovely—yet it fills me with a certain trembling dread lest you may be infected by the wickedness of the world. Still, knowing that you are no spring chicken, and have, according to your pure signature, lived hitherto without spot or blemish, I will cast my cares overboard, and just deliver myself over to the delight of being addressed as "Dear Ellen" by such a one as you.

I am sorry you did not have the time to start in on your job of psychoanalyzing. I will start in on mine. You are older and steadier than your associate, Willis. He perhaps has wavy hair and much feminine admiration. Oh, no; of course not if he is married! By the bye, I do not know exactly how to address either of you as you both are mysterious about whether your state is single hap—I mean double cus—. Oh, what is the matter with this d—I mean this dear typewriter, which is helping to put me in touch with one such as you.

If ever an unguarded word escapes me, please remember that in infancy I heard bad words—just passing where a man and his wife were addressing each other on some question of religion, I imagine, as he named our future home after death several times.

I am enclosing what a friend said about subscribing. She is a teacher and says her superintendent described your magazine as the best in the country. The last number was not up to the mark of the one before. *Jim Reed* was fine. I think *Cuba's Place in the Sun* good.

I will take a crack at your character now, probably may miss it. You have an agreeable personality. You are very intelligent and a superior person mentally but you are modest and do not think so. You are a magnanimous person and tolerant of others' weaknesses. You have a vein of pure humor, and like all of that ilk, that string has overtones of sadness.

Now go on with mine. I am not handing you bouquets. I sincerely believe every word I say. I simply get that hunch about you and I shall not accept your refutation of my judgment without having had it passed upon by your wife (?) or by some of your associates. "Self-depreciation is egotism turned wrong side out." Do not be an egotist. You know whether I am right.

"DEAR ELLEN".

Adams Center, N. Y.

Inaccuracy Detected

SIR:

I should like to call your attention to an inaccurate statement regarding the proposed merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific which appears in an article by Mr. Franklin Snow in your April issue. The statement is as follows: "In the Northwest, for example, economies of $10,000,000 annually were forecast by promoters of the Northern lines' merger, but not one cent of this would be reflected in reduced freight rates, the witnesses testified."

I think that Mr. Snow was misled by the publication in one of our local papers of what purported to be verbatim testimony of Mr. Kenney denying that there was any intention of reduced rates. This newspaper statement was given very wide circulation in a pamphlet issued by the receivers of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company. As a matter of fact, the purported testimony was not verbatim and did not express either the spirit or meaning of Mr. Kenney's testimony. Because of Mr. Snow's reiteration of this error, we have felt it necessary to circulate a correction statement among the papers

of the Northwest quoting the actual verbatim testimony.

While I am not surprised that Mr. Snow should accept this newspaper report as accurate, I am a little surprised that he should place any particular stress upon any expressed intentions one way or the other of the railroads with regard to rate reductions because that is a matter that is entirely within the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission . . . Instead of being subject to just criticism for not promising any general reduction in rates, I think that the Companies would be subject to a very grave criticism if they had expressed any such promises. I think that they went as far as could be justified when they ventured a prophecy that the reduced operating expenses would result in lower rates and when they pointed out the reductions that would automatically and immediately follow unification.

I trust that you will pardon the length of this communication which I have felt to be justified by the importance of the subject.

F. G. Dorety.

St. Paul, Minn.

Politics and Bigotry

Sir:

When Mr. McAdoo's right hand man, George Fort Milton, says that it is Rum, not Rome, that the South holds against Governor Smith, he does not know what he is talking about. Against that statement I beg leave to place the conviction of another eminent editor, Mr. Julian Harris, of Columbus, Georgia. In a recent communication to *The New York Times* he says: "The simple truth of the political situation in the South is that religious intolerance is the keynote of the opposition to Governor Smith." And Dr. C. C. Selecman, President of the Southern Methodist University of Dallas, Texas, did not scruple to admit with pride the truth of this assertion in a recent address before The Educational Association of the Methodist Church South, held in Memphis, Tenn. If you had lived among Southerners as long as I have you would realize that religious bigotry is the very breath of their nostrils.

Henry Cobb Flesh.

San Francisco, Cal.

Modernizing Biographies

Sir:

Reading the March issue, I agree with the editorial comment on page 369 concerning the practice of modernizing biographies, which according to my way of speaking seems like taking highly esteemed personalities from their accredited positions on pedestals and seating them on the curb-stone with their feet in the gutter, to make them more "human", or is it to make them more like the author of the biography, and thus a sort of vicarious "self-expression"? Be that as it may, the editorial has moved me to again congratulate myself on having at hand each month as a permanent consulting mentor, to assist in keeping at all times cognizant of my location, The North American Review. More years to it!

Edwin M. Case.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Mirrored Opinions

It is refreshing to know that we can have such excellent readable literature every month.

Something in every issue that sticks to the ribs.

It is too interesting to do without.

The North American Review is the best of its class. Have always felt that some magazine could issue that did not offend good taste. The North American Review nearly reaches that point, but there are spots on the sun, so why should such an able vehicle demean itself by printing in February *On the Comfort of Cussing?* Why use an article, even if clever, that is a direct insult to that part of your readers who believe in the Ten Commandments—and Deacons do not swear as in the *Cracker Barrel Philosopher*. The Review is just fine in the main.

Your magazine gives a clearer understanding of the trend of national politics than any magazine I know.

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